

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL

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THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL

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{ No. 111 Fulton St., N. Y.

Exploring the Handi-johi.

* "Kaodi jahi" are two Dacotah words, and mean "gathering place of the buffalo fish."

It is surprising to me that Mr. Blackford, or some of the enterprising fishermen of the North, do not utilize our well stocked fishing grounds during the winter season. Fish as it is called in that quantity, is ice is very cheap, and we are seldom troubled with storms during the winter months. The hotels and boarding houses of our city would consume quite a quantity of sea fish if they could be obtained. The cities of Savannah and Charleston, and the cities and towns of Tennessee, Kentucky, and of the interior of Georgia and Alabama, and the English good markets. One steamship leaves Florida weekly, and another leaves New York, and leave our river weekly for Savannah and Charleston, connecting with steamships for Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York

and Boston. If our fish could be iced, forwarded and introduced into the northern markets during the winter months, I feel assured that they would find ready sale. If a steam fishing smack were used the fish could be taken to Savannah, placed on board one of the new steamers leaving for New York, and could be landed in the latter city in a little over fifty hours. In our river we have plenty of shad, mullet and sea trout, and if it was too rough to fish on the "banks," the men could engage in fishing with gill nets and seines. The mullet and trout would find a ready sale in Southern cities and the shad could be shipped North.

I have reason to believe that there is money for an enterprising crew in our coast fisheries, and if any of your readers feel disposed to engage in the business and wish information, they can address "Al Fresco," Jacksonville, Fla., and he will communicate any facts in his possession. AL FRESCO.
Jacksonville, Fla., June 25, 1878.

Fish Culture.

THE McCloud RIVER HATCHERY.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

The season's work here is well advanced. We have a large force of men at work, about a dozen, and as many Indians. The unusual high water of last winter did considerable damage to the place. The McCloud was higher than ever known before, and covered the whole place. The water rushed through the hatching house and swept out tanks, troughs, and every movable thing; carried away all the fluming and fencing, and it was feared at one time the buildings would go as the water was several inches over the floors, which he raised four feet from the ground, and tore away a part of the piazzas. The water that supplies the hatchery is raised from the river by means of a large current wheel, which rests on two boats. These boats were securely fastened with a wire rope and could not get away, but they were swept into the bank, and when the river subsided, were left high and dry. Small brooks running across the stage road, that in ordinary winters are easily forded, and cut in the summer are almost entirely dry, were rapid streams and impassable for the stage. All the damage done is about repaired now. The boats have been relaunched, flumes rebuilt, and the wheel is running, sending a stream of twenty inches through the hatching house, where new tanks have been built and one double line of troughs put up. Four more lines will be added, giving us 800 feet of troughs, room for 10,000,000 eggs.

The passage of salmon up the river was obstructed early this month. The piers were placed in the river the last part of June, and by the 4th of July the racks were in place and the river closed. Salmon is very abundant this year; very many have gone up to the headwaters, and below the racks the river seems alive with them. We have counted eighty jumping in a minute in the evening. On the 11th we made a trial haul with the seine and landed between a thousand and two hundred fish, of which many were young salmon, two and three years old. Of course they were all returned to the river again. The prospects for taking a large number of eggs this season is very good, and if we meet with no accident, hope to secure ten or twelve millions. The weather is very pleasant this summer, not as hot as usual, although to-day has been rather warm. Temperature 3 p. m.: Shade, 103 deg.; sun, 130 deg.; water, McCloud River, 69 deg. On the 4th we had a little rain, and in the evening the first thing in the morning we raised a handsome new flag, made by Mrs. Stone; then followed rifle and pistol shooting, foot races, Indian bow and arrow shooting by the Indians, a swimming match, and the most amusing of all, a wheelbarrow race. The course was over rough, uneven ground, and each contestant was obliged to wheel a large, round boulder the entire distance, and the efforts to make good the situation, and the barrow were very laughable. In the evening there was a display of fireworks, and the entire day passed very pleasantly. I must mention a pet we have—a young cinnamon bear. Some two months ago an Indian brought him here and Mr. Stone bought him. He was quite small, and as ungainly looking a creature as one can imagine. At first he cried almost incessantly, but as he had plenty to eat and perfect freedom, soon became reconciled to the situation, and improved very fast. He has increased in weight from eight pounds to twenty-eight, has a new coat of hair, and, in fact, is quite a handsome young bear. It is necessary to keep him tied up now, for he is so mischievous. He has a half-grown pup for a play-fellow, and they are excellent friends, though sometimes in frolic they pinch each other a little too hard, and then have a little spat, but it is soon made up. Jack is very sociable and does not like to be left alone at all. Jack frequently takes him out for a walk. He follows like a dog, but if he loses sight of Mr. Stone he immediately begins to cry.

Although there are many more Indians up through this part of the country than whites, which in these times of Indian uprisings causes some feeling of insecurity. I cannot think there is any danger to be apprehended from those in this vicinity. Some eighteen or twenty years ago they were very troublesome, but have committed many depredations, but were severely punished by the whites they have two wholesome dread of them to ever think of any more mischief. Many of them are quite industrious and find plenty of employment on the ranches. Some are engaged in mining over on Pit River and Squaw Creek, a few miles from here. Of course, there are some restless, unruly spirits among them who, perhaps, would like to "break out," but they are in a decidedly small minority.

The Pit River Indians mentioned in the papers as being unfriendly behaved up near the head waters of that river, some two hundred miles or more from here. We have heard that there have been runners among these Indians from the Pit River tribe, and also a Piute Indian, but think they did not accomplish much. K. B. PRATT.

A WISE SUGGESTION.—East Boston, Mass.—Editor Forest and Stream: Would it not be as well for the gentlemen, who have undertaken the commendable task of re-stocking Lake George with bass, to turn their attention, first, to some means of checking their wholesale destruction? Lake Malapog was stocked with bass more than twenty years ago, and under the natural course of things would now be swarming with them; but thoughtless boys, and men without conscience or consideration, are on the watch, in season and out of season, to catch them from their spawning beds as fast as they appear, thus

destroying hundreds for every one they catch. If the farmers, or others owning land around the lakes, or the hotel proprietors (whose interests are especially at stake), would adopt severe measures to protect the fish while spawning, an abundance of fish, in a year or two, would well repay them for their time and trouble. DRYMOS.

In the United States fish culture is at its maximum, but fish protection at its minimum. That is all there is about it.

FROM SETH GREEN.—Mr. Editor: In the year 1875 Mr. Nevell sent us 500 California brook trout spawn. We have now 300 fish raised from the above eggs. They weigh over a half pound each. We took 40,000 spawn from them this spring. We will raise 15,000 of them for breeding fish. I think they are a good fish to stock many of our streams with. They spawn in the spring, and will hatch in much shorter time than our trout, and are a much harder fish, and are game to the last and a good table fish. I can furnish any State or county or private parties with men that are practical fish culturists, and who could take charge of any works. Address, SETH GREEN, Rochester, N. Y.

The men Mr. Green proposes finding positions for are all practical and reliable persons, who have been in his employment for the last five to seven years. They have not only a knowledge of fish and how to hatch them, but are conversant with the waters adapted to fish. In fact, our friend, Seth Green, keeps a first-class fish school.

TROUT FRY.—We invite the attention of interested parties to the advertisement in another column of the Ludlow Trout Ponds.

Natural History.

REPORTS OF THE MUSEUM OF WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.—The Fifth and Sixth Annual Reports of the Museum show it to be in a very flourishing condition. Through the tireless energy of Prof. G. Brown Goode its collections have recently been greatly increased, not only in size, but in real value, since they now contain the types of the numerous new forms discovered by this naturalist during his connection with the U. S. Fish Commission and his explorations in the West India Islands. At the close of the report for the fifth year we are told that the collection contained about 98,000 specimens of animals representing 11,000 species, about 6,000 specimens of 3,000 species of plants, about 10,000 specimens of 400 species of rocks and minerals, and about 500 specimens in ethnology, a total of 115,000 specimens. Since that report was presented the results of seven months' exploration in the Bermudas, six by Professor Goode and one by Professor Rice, have come to hand and are represented by sixty-five barrels, boxes and crates filled with alcoholic specimens, shells, plants and geological collections. This material will be submitted for study to leading specialists, who will report to Professor Goode on the collections.

As the Museum of Wesleyan University was first organized in 1871, we cannot but feel surprised and gratified at its rapid progress since that time, a progress wholly due to the earnestness and enthusiasm of those who have it in charge.

FOUR NEW BIRDS FROM THE WEST INDIES.—We have just received an interesting paper, describing four new species of birds from the islands of Grenada and Dominica, through the kindness of the author, Mr. Geo. N. Lawrence. In this contribution to our knowledge of the ornithology of these islands, read before the New York Academy of Sciences, Mr. Lawrence defines *Turdus caribbeus*, *Thryothorus grenadensis*, *Claytonia brunneicapillus* and *Quiscalus lutescens*. *Claytonia brunneicapillus* was given by the author as *B. blancoi* in his "Provisional List of the Birds of Dominica," published in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 6, 1877, but additional material, and an opportunity to compare the former with Dr. Gundlach's type of *Blancoi*, has convinced Mr. Lawrence that, although closely allied, the two species are distinct.

The specimens on which these descriptions are based were recently received from Mr. Ober, and the types are now in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

THE WAIF OF THE SEA.—The Carolina rail, which was caught 350 miles at sea by Lieut. Commander Evans, of the U. S. steamer Saratoga, has been sent by us to Mr. Cooklin, the Director of the Zoological Department at Central Park. There the bird, in a large and commodious aviary, will have better chances of life than in a small cage in a newspaper office. During the four days he was in our office the bird had become quite tame. If ever a bird deserved to live this Carolina rail did.

SAID AND BACHITA.—Two Nubians are they, and the prettiest little hippopotami you could want to look at. It is not often that in describing these beasts the final plural "i" can be used. We generally speak about seeing a hippopotamus, but in this case there are two hippopotamuses. These two creatures, with the most engaging mouths in the world, studded with nascent tusks, arrived here on the Rhine from Bremen on Saturday, and are now lodged in the Aquarium. They were captured last February in Nubia by one of Reiche's expeditions. The two beasts are male and female, Said, the masculine representative, being somewhat the heavier of the two. Both of the hippopotami will weigh together fully 500 pounds. Dr. Kohn of the Aquarium, who had the last hippo in charge, will lavish now his affection on this pair, and will make them as docile as the last one—Baby—which died. On being introduced into the Aquarium, they took to the water

with huge delight, playing in it like kittens. Their food is milk, as they have not yet been weaned—the milk strengthened with a dozen or so of the yolks of eggs. These are the only pair of hippos at present in the world, and all New York ought to go and see them.

THE NOTE OF THE MIGRATORY QUAIL.—Williamsport, Pa., July 3.—Mr. Editor: I have taken great interest in the attempts—which now promise to be successful—to acclimatize the migratory quail in this country. There is one pleasant feature about this bird that I am surprised none of your numerous correspondents ever mentioned, and that is their exceedingly pleasant song or call note. We had one in confinement, procured from a New York bird store, for a number of years, and every spring or summer morning, even before the wood thrush or robin thought of shaking up their little feather buds, preparatory to singing their morning prayers, the clear, metallic notes of the quail, in its German *Wachtel haas*, would stir the morning air. These notes, although not as sweet and melodious as old Bob White's, can be heard a longer distance, and, as before remarked, have a peculiar metallic ring about them, from which I presume the expression, *schlagen* (German for "to strike"), comes. The German does not say "The quail sings," but "The quail strikes (*schlagt*). After a preliminary strut and a guttural cluck! the quail raises itself to its full height, and then from three to eight times it repeats, as near as can be written, "Plek-per-a-wick!" There is a pause of perhaps a second between each sharp and clearly defined note. After the last note there is a pause of two or three seconds before repeating. Throughout perfect time is kept. BOBOLINK.

NESTING OF THE MISSINA QUAIL.—We are very thankful for the welcome tidings given below. We shall promptly publish information of the young birds, sent by our numerous friends all over the country who have promised to give us the earliest news of the mating of these new-comers: Mr. Editor: I have good reason to believe that a pair of the newly introduced European quail has nested and hatched the present season in this place. Visiting a friend who lives on the outskirts of the town yesterday, he reported having twice seen a quail (with young) which he was sure was not our importation, having apparently long been equally pointed wings. I shall take an early opportunity to follow this up; but a sure identification can of course be made only by shooting one of the birds, which must not be done yet awhile. We will report further when able. F. C. BROWN, Framingham, Mass., August 2.

Mr. Editor: The migratory quail imported by the Salisbury Game Club last spring are doing finely, several broods of young ones having been seen, and their calling, which as much resembles the "twit, twit, twit" of a young turkey as anything, is to be heard all over our fields. If sportsmen generally will let them have a few years to get established here, we feel sure of success. We should like to hear from the other importations of this spring. If all have been equally pointed with our club, we should have a fine stand by fall. Our farmers like the birds very much, and think that they kill bugs and worms enough to more than pay for the grain they expect them to eat this fall. W. H. V. Lakeville, Conn., Aug. 5.

AN ALBINO SWALLOW.—Mr. W. B. Garrahou, of Newark, informs us of having killed an albino swallow, but unfortunately his choice-brood spoiled the bird as a specimen. He was not pure white, our correspondent writes us, having two light but colored feathers in his left wing. His eyes were black, with legs and feet of flesh color.

ABNORMAL BIRD'S EGGS.—Editor Forest and Stream: June 20, 1878, Mr. John H. Sears collected a nest of the golden-crowned thrush (*Sialia auricapilla*) at Boxford, Mass., containing four eggs, three of which were of the normal form, and of distinctive size and markings. The other was of an elliptical form, and of unusual size. The rest of the series were of the normal form, and were selected this spring. ARTHUR F. GHAZ. Danversport, Mass., July 29, 1878.

READ THE PAPER MORE CAREFULLY.—A correspondent, writing from Pittsfield, Mass., under date of July 15, says: "Is it a usual thing for the red squirrel (*Sciurus hudsonicus*) to be carnivorous? Having always considered them strictly vegetarian, was more than astonished to see one eat a young robin, taken from the nest on Thursday, 13th. We were informed by the farmer and his family, who were much excited over the occurrence, that that was the second bird taken from the nest in two days. On further inquiry we learned that the red squirrel also catches and eats mice."

We dislike to have to give up our really valuable space to questions that we have answered time and again. If our correspondent will refer back to our issue of June 37 he will find his question answered in the "Natural History" column.

A FOND FOSTER-FATHER.—Our friend, Mr. S. W. Williston, writing to us from Maclean, Kansas, relates the following very interesting incident. He says:

"My sister here has a male *Cardinalis virginianus* that has been lived in a cage of newly-hatched birds. The male's more or less were put in his cage a few weeks ago, and since that he has devoted his whole time to rearing them. He has stopped his singing and feeds them assiduously, and when turned into an empty room is trying to teach them how to fly. It is extremely comical."

ROBINS POISONING THEIR YOUNG.—The Lancaster Intelligencer says:

"Two robins in Westchester recently fed their offspring on poison vine because the children had caged them. It is characteristic of these birds to poison their caged young when no hope of their liberty is offered."

A very old idea, but whether it has any foundation in fact is doubtful.

Woodland, Farm and Garden.

THIS DEPARTMENT IS EDITED BY W. J. DAVIDSON, SEO. N. Y. HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

NEW YORK FLOWER AND FRUIT MISSION.

(Extracts from the Reports of 1876 and 1878.)

THERE is an Arab proverb—"If any man have two leaves of bread let him exchange one of them for the flowers of the Narcissus; for bread nourishes the body alone, but to look on the Narcissus feeds the soul." It is to satisfy the hunger of the soul that the Flower Mission came into being. What it has accomplished during the past eight years is now so well known that it seems hardly necessary to defend our existence. Still, if here and there some skeptics are to be found who exclaim: "What, all that fuss over a few roses and strawberries! Do you think it is worth while?" to them we would say: "Is it not worth while to bring such cheer into crowded pauper hospitals, that the physician says, 'Even the operations are more successful on flower day, for then the patients seem to take courage? Is it not worth while to carry a bunch of grapes to the old woman dying alone in the attic of a Baxter street tenement and hear her murmur with tears in her eyes, 'Ah, but my lady, the best is, they taste so sweet to my heart? Is it not worth while to bring the 'glory of the lilies' into the darkened lives of that great multitude of struggling, starving, and sorrowing beings living in the depths of our great city, to show those whom, perhaps, words would never reach, the purity and blessedness of Him whose loving heart yearneth after them?"

Those of us who have accompanied the flowers on their mission have seen how a few violets softened the heart of a poor suffering girl who had been preached and prayed over in vain, and that a bunch of roses often brought new life to a sufferer whom medicine had failed to relieve.

If those skeptics who think that charity should be confined to soup and bannet, the necessities of life, could have witnessed the joy with which the "Flower ladies" were received on their first visit to one of our great Charity Hospitals, we think they would have been more ready to believe that, after all, now as of old, we do not live by bread alone.

At first the patients to whom the little bouquets were offered, though looking at the flowers with longing eyes, all said they "didn't care for any that day;" but at last one poor girl, almost too far gone in consumption to speak, exclaimed, in broken tones: "Indeed, I would give anything for one of them roses, may I have one?" and so it went. And so we explained that the flowers had been sent as a gift by those who, although strangers, had thought about and felt sorry for them in their suffering, the news seemed too good to be true. These poor creatures were so accustomed to be forgotten by the outside world, that at first they could hardly realize this touch of brightness which had come in to them; but in a few minutes, however, all those who had been placed by the flowers around our buckets, began to cry in single file, while those who were too sick to be out of bed were beckoning to us with a most pitiful eagerness. We shall long remember the joyous tones of a poor crippled girl, who limped off on one crutch, waving the other in the air, and shouting at the top of her voice: "Look a here, girls; git up, git up; here's some ladies with a lot of flowers to give away for nothing."

The joy and feature of the occasion was that, though our bouquets were of the smallest, possible dimensions, we could not make enough to supply the eight hundred patients, and the disappointed looks of those who were passed by were most trying to us.

When we visited the hospital again, several weeks after, many of the patients had allowed the dried flowers, which they were given, to blow away till you brought some more."

When we had not flowers enough to go round—too often, alas! the case in our great hospitals—preference was always given to those confined to their beds, and the various subterfuges to which the convalescents resorted to secure the much-coveted bouquets were most comical. One old blind woman, though well enough to be up and dress, and to get up, would not let the flowers go, begging for one in single file, while those who were too sick to be out of bed were beckoning to us with a most pitiful eagerness. We shall long remember the joyous tones of a poor crippled girl, who limped off on one crutch, waving the other in the air, and shouting at the top of her voice: "Look a here, girls; git up, git up; here's some ladies with a lot of flowers to give away for nothing."

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During the past summer (1877) every hospital in this city and vicinity, from Chambers street to Hart's Island, has been visited by the Flower Mission, and the unanimous testimony of the nurses and physicians in charge as to the good actually accomplished, has been most encouraging.

But a branch of our work which has greatly increased within the last two years, and to which we would now call special attention, is the distribution of fruit and flowers among the sick poor in tenement houses. This has been done chiefly by the aid of Bible readers, City Missionaries and Children's Aid Society visitors. Last summer over 11,000 bouquets, with large quantities of oranges, lemons, grapes, strawberries and currants were taken to such cases.

The miseries endured by the sick in a New York tenement house during the intense heat of our summer can scarcely be exaggerated. Without the distribution of fruit and flowers among our charity hospitals; with a scanty supply of the most unpalatable food; with absolutely none of the comforts which alleviate the sickness of our own dear ones; breathing the stilling atmosphere of a tiny room which often serves for a kitchen as well as a chamber, what wonder is it that every summer the mortality list of our poor rises to thousands. After seeing the surroundings of many such a sufferer, one only can be thankful that he is able to live. We are sure that in perhaps with some disease which cannot be admitted into the ordinary hospitals, friendless, losing faith in God and man, it is to such that the Flower Mission goes. The cluster of roses, the basket of fruit fresh from some country garden, and the few words of sympathy given week after week, bring a cheer and comfort that are often the first steps to recovery. And if, as is also often the case, the struggle for life is too hard for the sick children, enfeebled by bad air and lack of food, the Flower Mission has comforted the heart of many a poor mother by laying on the coffin of her little one, who was as dear to her as yours are to you, the bunch of flowers picked and sent by some other child, whose happier lot was to live in God's blessed country.

Tossing upon the straw pallet laid so often on the bare floor of a tiny room, which serves for kitchen as well as chamber, in the stifling heat of a New York July day pouring in, a cup of warm water and a bit of bread the only food—one can well understand how the gift of a bunch of delicate wild flowers, fresh from the fields, an orange and a few kind words seem almost like a glimpse of heaven. One little girl, who lay on the floor mourning her life away with a hopeless disease, said, when she grasped the little bouquet and looked up to see a lady holding out a bunch of white grapes, "Is it an angel, mother?"

As one of the flower ladies climbed, last summer, the steep stairway which led to an upper tenement, where a little boy had lain sick for weeks, she was met by the weeping mother, who said: "Oh, man, Johnny died this morning, but do come in and see him." There on a bed of rags lay the little boy, his eyes closed, his lips cold, his hair matted, and his face as white as a sheet. "It's the one you brought him last Monday. I couldn't get it away even to put it in the water, and last night, when he was a little out of his head, he kept saying, 'Don't it smell like the country, mother?'"

One woman, who had been confined to her bed nearly two years with a most painful disease, was delighted by the gift of a little bunch of pink slips. Some friends had taken her to the hospital, and she had been placed in the wretched room she occupied. Day after day she watched it with the greatest interest, counting every new leaf that came out. As she grew worse and worse, it was almost her only pleasure, and the day before she died, as her last request, she begged it might be taken over and placed on her grave.

The summer of the ladies' visit with the Mission made it her work to take a week's basket of flowers and visit the various tenement houses in some of the most wretched quarters of the city. She sought out especially the sick, but also gave as far as possible a single rose, a spray of lilacs, or, what among the Germans was always most highly prized, a piony, to any poor woman who seemed to specially care for just such a gift. Going into some of these rear-lying, windowless rooms, and finding the sick and dying, and the children, who were quickly surrounded by a crowd of women in every stage of wretchedness, and the eagerness with which they begged for a single flower was really pitiful. These were not children, but grown women, from the tottering grandmother who could hardly crawl along, to the young girl worn misery and want had made a woman of almost before she was twenty.

If the lady had brought a basket of bread to distribute, not half the excitement would have been caused. It was as if the wealth of the Indies had been offered them. One poor creature said, with tears of joy in her eyes, "Why, I never had a bouquet in all my life before." And another exclaimed, as she took the pure and fragrant lily of the Annunciation (a flower to which especially welcome was placed a cross of wood Heart, and said, "I never saw it through every street in New York you couldn't find a sadder or more wretched woman than I." Sometimes they would almost overwhelm the flower lady in their anxiety lest there should not be enough to go around, but some stout-fisted woman was always found to offer herself as a protector, to say as one of them really did, "I'm just going to see that, there ain't, my family in this house mean enough to want two bouquets."

One hot day last July this lady found her way with her basket to the upper story of a great tenement house, knocking at several doors without response. At last a feeble voice was heard to say, "Come in," and there she found in a dark bedroom, having light only through a door opening into another room, a woman in the last stages of consumption. She was sitting alone on the floor, and she had placed a cross of bread and a cup of water. When asked if she had nobody to take care of her, she answered, "There is only my husband and me, and if he should stay at home he would lose his work. When I cough very hard I do feel a bit lonely, but then the neighbors come in sometimes, and it isn't as bad as you'd think." She could hardly realize that the bunch of fragrant lilies was really for her, and said, "Oh, how happy, how happy I am; now I shan't be afraid of dying alone with them by me."

The avenues are continually opening before us. One day last summer a large box of flowers came to our rooms too late in the afternoon to be taken to any hospital. Having heard that there was to be a meeting held that evening at a mission among fallen women in one of the worst quarters of the city, we were suggested that we send the loose flowers there, which we did.

The next day the missionary in charge came up to tell us of the excitement they had caused. At the close of the meeting it was announced that some flowers had been sent, which would be given out to all those who cared to wait for them. The women were almost wild with delight, and crowded around, begging for even a bit of green. One poor girl was

found in the corner of the room sobbing piteously over a faded rosebud of a kind "just like those which used to grow in mother's little garden at home." Several of the most hardened women went away in tears, hugging their flowers to their bosoms.

The lady in charge said, "The great difficulty has been to induce the girls to come to our meetings, but if you would only send us flowers sometimes I really believe we could be the means of saving some of these poor creatures."

But not for flowers alone do we appeal. We would remind you most earnestly how acceptable, not only fruits of all kinds, but even the fresh vegetables which you have in such profusion, would be to our sick here. The poor in tenement houses have not even the comforts of the hospitals. Imagine your own loved ones trying to recover from a fever on a diet of lumps of greasy soup of the toughest description, with the occasional luxury of some wretched vegetable which has been kept in the market until its price has fallen to the limits of the poor man's purse. Think of the young girl dying with lingering consumption (brought on by overwork and exposure), with only a crust of bread and a cup of water, not even cold, to tempt her appetite.

But while dwelling upon what yet remains to be done, we would not forget to thank most heartily those friends whose generous contributions in the past have already enabled us to accomplish so much. And list, the various express companies to whose liberality we are most deeply indebted. Indeed, but for their generous offer to bring us packages free of charge, our work could not have been carried on. It has been a great gift, and one which we all appreciate. Even the expressmen have taken the liveliest interest in the Flower Mission, and when staggering up to our rooms with the heavy baskets and barrels they so often bring, their cheer, "Well, we've got a splendid load for you to-day," was always encouraging.

Then to the children, who have ever been among our best friends. Many day-schools in neighboring towns have made most liberal contributions, and several Sunday-school classes of young people, who have loved the flowers they have themselves collected and made into little bouquets.

And lastly, our warmest thanks are due to the hundreds of friends throughout the country who have taken such a hearty interest in the New York Flower and Fruit Mission. They have made us most liberal contributions of both flowers and fruit, whose collection and packing have often cost them real personal sacrifices. It is to their efforts that the success of our work is due, and, as the summer draws near, and we would every individual contributor by letter, we would say here that more thanks and blessings have been bestowed by the grateful recipients of their bounty than would suffice to reach every one of them. During the past season forty towns sent us regular weekly contributions, while from thirty-eight others occasional contributions were received. In many of these towns the Flower Mission has been organized, and forward flowers and fruit, and we would recommend that our plan should be carried out whenever practicable, as so much more is accomplished by organized and systematic effort. In order to form such a branch it is best to have notices given in the churches and newspapers that contributions for the New York Flower Mission will be received once or twice a week at some specified hour. Then appoint a committee to urge people to send, and if only a few flowers or a handful of forward flowers and fruit, and we would recommend that our plan should be carried out whenever practicable, as so much more is accomplished by organized and systematic effort. In order to form such a branch it is best to have notices given in the churches and newspapers that contributions for the New York Flower Mission will be received once or twice a week at some specified hour. 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The Kennel.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Those desiring us to prescribe for their dogs will please take note of and describe the following points in each animal:

1. Age. 2. Food and medicine given. 3. Appearance of the eye; of the coat; of the tongue and lips. 4. Any changes in the appearance of the body, as bloating, drawing in of the flanks, etc. 5. Breathing, the number of respirations per minute, and whether labored or not. 6. Condition of the bowels and secretions of the kidneys, color, etc. 7. Appetite; regular, variable, etc. 8. Temperature of the body as indicated by the bulb of the thermometer when placed between the body and the foreleg. 9. Give position of kennel and surroundings, outlook, contiguity to other buildings, and the uses of the latter. Also give any peculiarities of temperament, movements, etc., that may be noticed, sign of suffering, etc.

THE MINNESOTA FIELD TRIALS AND BENCH SHOW.

ST. PAUL, July 30, 1878.

MR. EDITOR.—It is a matter for congratulation and a hand-shake all around, that the prospects of a completely successful show and field trial here next September are so brilliant. Assurances strengthen as plans mature and letters arrive at the headquarters of the Kennel Club. There is no doubt a wide-spread interest felt in the coming events. The exhibits of the Bench Show will not be confined to Western dogs, and I know it to be the intention of one Boston gentleman at least to enter the pick of his kennel in competition with dogs which have been broken on game not known in New England. As usual, Mr. Charles Lincoln's efforts have been most happily directed and employed, while his experience in the management of similar affairs, his acquaintance with sportsmen and dogs all over the country, and his general knowledge of the physical features of geographical sections and the habits of game, are felt to be invaluable. The advantage of personal acquaintance with men, and the attributes of their dogs, cannot be too highly estimated. By some logical sequence of fortuitous circumstances Mr. Lincoln has gradually drifted into the position of Superintendent of Bench Shows; and I now consider his aid and advice, gathered from long experience, quite as essential to a proper presentation and a satisfactory result as those of a general officer would be in an engagement. It is the same kind of discipline and education—a gradual growing into and annealing of the work, as it were, which gives to FOREST AND STREAM its vantage ground among journals, and enables it to know and administer to the requirements of its constituency with the same intelligence and sagacity that a physician diagnoses a disease.

I regard the Minnesota Field Trials as most important in their immediate and ultimate bearing upon the whole subject of dog culture and selection. Hitherto our field trials have been run on quail only, the latitude of whose habitat is wider than the range of the speckled trout. Dogs are more generally broken on quail than on any other single variety of bird, taking the entire area of our country into the account. Of course I do not mean to intimate that the dog so broken may not be a good all round dog, equally staunch on woodcock, ruffed grouse, snipe, etc.; but to the nose of three-fourths of the dogs in the country the scent of the prairie fowl is a stranger, and we are anxious now, not only to inspect the work of western-reared animals at home, but to note and compare with theirs the performances of our Eastern and Southern dogs in scrub oak and grass. We wish to learn what constitutes a thoroughly competent dog; whether any special qualifications are requisite for prairie work; and whether, in the opinion of the judges, Mr. A's dog, of Boston, is an inferior animal to B's dog, of Kansas, only because he fails to pick up his points on *pedicetes phasianellus*. Rule 9 of the N. A. Kennel Club requires dogs to discriminate between plover, snipe, etc., and the quail and grouse which he is being hunted on, but it awards no demerits for pointing terrapins, shoats, and stink-birds. There is a delicate question involved here, which I hope the keen perception of the judges will be able to decide; for (I am pleased to state) the rule referred to has been scratched.

It was my good fortune to be present last night at a meeting of the Kennel Club, held in the Court House, to adopt a scale of points for judging the Field Trials, or rather, to adapt those of the National Kennel Club to the conditions of the coming competition. Certain changes were made with much care, after conferring with prominent sportsmen in many States; but it is particularly desired that fanciers and owners of dogs shall bear in mind that the schedule in question applies solely to the forthcoming trial—on sharp-tailed grouse. Two more points have been allowed for nose, and with very good reason. Birds lie much better to dogs which wind them than to those which track; or rake; and if nose is to be depreciated we may as well hunt with a greyhound (who hunts by sight only), as with setters and pointers. The scale of points as reconstructed now stands:

SCALE OF POINTS FOR JUDGING THE FIELD TRIALS.	
Merits.	
5 points.....	25
Backing.....	8
Nose.....	7
Face.....	10
Style.....	5
Quarterming.....	5
Retrieving.....	5
Total.....	60

In the puppy trials no merits or demerits are to be allowed for retrieving; also the rule requiring puppies to be drawn and work singly, is cancelled. It is also to be left to the judges to decide whether points made are true or false.

I cannot reconcile myself to the negative value placed upon retrieving, especially as applied to setters, whose ancestors were retrieving spaniels. To ignore this quality in a setter is simply to bar one of his chief natural characteristics. It is an English prejudice that too close contact of game with the nose injures the scent, but I am inclined to pin more faith on the natural propensity of the setter to fetch and carry than on the opinion of men. Of the pointer I have nothing to say; and while I advance the foregoing thoughts, I admit that the question is a delicate one, for which there is still room for much more discussion.

The great charm of the coming Field Trials will consist in the fact that they are to be held *en bivaque*. The entire army of owners, handlers, judges, exhibitors and commissaries are to go into camp by one of the most beautiful lakes near Sauk Centre, in Stearns county. I know the region well as one of the best in the State, with an abundance of birds, a magnificent outlook and unsurpassed natural scenery. The advantages of a bivaque on the field, with an early start, fresh dog and fresh man, will be appreciated by those sportsmen who are wont to rise with the lark to bag the early bird that catches the worm. What an experience can be more charming to men to whom the prairies are a novelty! As an Eastern man, sojourning here for a brief period, I can truly say that no trip or experience can be more enjoyable to Eastern men than a jaunt to Minnesota next September. Birds are unusually abundant, and the breadth of stubble will be vast; and after the formal trials are over sportsmen will have only to lapse confidently into the hands of those hospitable Western friends, who are more than anxious to do them service and honor. Here will be an opportunity not often afforded to come to what was so recently the Far West, and to enlarge one's ideas in the proportion afforded by 3,500 miles of travel. The railroads are, as usual, liberal and fares are much reduced.

Mr. Charles Lincoln has been kind enough to supply you with current notes of the events to come, and through his courtesy I am enabled to send you the following list of special prizes, which will be much enlarged:

For the best English setter stud dog, to be shown with two of his get, Messrs. M. F. Kennedy & Bros., manufacturers of fine guns, offer a handsome Smith & Wesson revolver, pearl handle and silver mounted, suitably engraved, value \$25.

For the best English setter brood bitch, to be shown with two of her progeny, a splendid silver cup, value \$25, presented by the Metropolitan Hotel.

For the best Irish setter stud dog, to be shown with two of his get, a splendid silver cup, presented by the Merchants' Hotel, value \$25.

For the best Irish setter brood bitch, to be shown with two of her progeny, a splendid silver cup, presented by the Windsor Hotel, value \$25.

For the best Gordon setter stud dog, to be shown with two of his get, a splendid silver cup, value \$25.

For the best Gordon setter brood bitch, to be shown with two of her progeny, a splendid silver cup, value \$25.

For the best pointer stud dog, to be shown with two of his get, a splendid silver cup, value \$25.

For the best pointer brood bitch, to be shown with two of her progeny, a splendid silver cup, value \$25.

For the best dog or bitch, of any breed, most suitable for ducking purposes, Capt. Lee Davis offers a splendid trout rod, value \$20.

For the best collection of fox hounds, to consist of not less than three couples (dogs or bitches), a splendid silver mounted rifle, presented by S. B. Dillay, Esq., of Lake City, value \$50.

For the best cocker or field spaniel (dog or bitch), prize \$10, presented by W. B. Burkhardt, Esq., dealer in sportsmen's goods.

For the best greyhound (dog or bitch), Messrs. Myers & Finch, jewelers and manufacturers of silverware, offer a splendid silver cup, value \$25.

St. Louis Ball Co. have presented 2,000 shells to begin to the best Gordon setter stud dog, to be shown with two of his get.

By the way, I may mention as an incident of the approaching competition, that I have met Mr. George B. Clason, of Milwaukee, who offers to run after the main trial a brace of 6 months pups by Royal Duke out of Gift, against Mr. J. H. Whitman's Berkenthall's Rake out of native Pearl. Mr. Clason is a most proficient sportsman and earnest advocate of the silent system of training and working dogs; and when we allow that the trained dog reflects the character of the man, it is easy for us to judge "what a man he's kind of," as the Dutchman says. The performance will be a most interesting one.

P. S. I hope to send you the fourth letter of my regular series in time for your next issue.

LIST OF PREMIUMS—MINNESOTA BENCH SHOW.

DIVISION 1—SPORTING DOGS.

[Note.—No Dog or Bitch can compete in classes numbered 3, 4, 5, 9, 13, 14, 16, 17, 21, 22, 26, 27, 28 and 29, that has ever won a first prize at Chicago, Baltimore, New York, St. Louis or Boston. All other classes are "free for all."]]

Class 1—Champion Imported English Setter Dogs. Free for all. Silver cup, or \$30. Class 2—Bitches. Free for all. Silver cup, or \$30.

Class 3—Imported English Setter Dogs. Silver cup, or \$20; second, silver cup, or \$10. Class 4—Bitches. Silver cup, or \$20; second, silver cup, or \$10.

Class 5—English Setter Puppy, dog or bitch, under 12 mos. Silver cup, or \$10; second, silver medal.

Class 6—Champion Native Setters, of any strain. Free for all. Silver cup, or \$30.

Class 7—Champion Native Setters, of any strain. Free for all. Silver cup, or \$30.

Class 8—Native English Setter Dogs. Silver cup, or \$20. Second, silver cup, or \$10. Class 9—Bitches. Silver cup, or \$20; second, silver cup, or \$10.

Class 10—Native English Setter Puppy, dog or bitch, under 12 mos. Silver cup, or \$10; second, silver medal.

Class 11—Champion Irish Setter Dogs. Free for all. Silver cup, or \$30. Class 12—Bitches. Silver cup, or \$30.

Class 13—Imported Irish Setter Dogs. Silver cup, or \$20; second, silver cup, or \$10. Class 14—Bitches. Silver cup, or \$20; second, silver cup, or \$10.

Class 15—Irish Setter Puppy, dog or bitch, under 12 mos. Silver cup, or \$10; second, silver medal.

Class 16—Native Irish Setter Dogs. Silver cup, or \$20; second, silver cup, or \$10. Class 17—Bitches. Silver cup, or \$20; second, silver cup, or \$10.

Class 18—Native Irish Setter Puppies, dog or bitch, under 12 mos. Silver cup, or \$10; second, silver medal.

Class 19—Champion Gordon Setter Dogs. Free for all. Silver cup, or \$30. Class 20—Bitches. Free to all. Silver cup, or \$30.

Class 21—Gordon Setter Dogs.—Silver cup, or \$20; second, silver cup, or \$10. Class 22—Bitches. Silver cup, or \$20; second, silver cup, or \$10.

Class 23—Gordon Setter Puppies, dog or bitch, under 12 mos. Silver cup, or \$10; second, silver medal.

Class 24—Champion Pointer Dogs. Free for all. Silver cup, or \$30. Class 25—Bitches. Silver cup, or \$30.

Class 26—Pointer Dogs over 50 lbs. weight. Silver cup, or \$20; second, silver cup, or \$10. Class 27—Bitches over 50 lbs. weight. Silver cup, or \$20; second, silver cup, or \$10.

Class 28—Pointer Dogs under 50 lbs. weight. Silver cup, or \$20; second, silver cup, or \$10. Class 29—Bitches under 50 lbs. weight. Silver cup, or \$20; second, silver cup, or \$10.

Class 30—Pointer Puppies, dog or bitch, under 12 mos. Silver cup, or \$10; second, silver medal.

Class 31—English Retrievers, curly or wavy coated. Silver cup, or \$15; second, silver cup, or \$10.

Class 32—Chesapeake Bay Dogs. Silver cup, or \$15; second, silver cup, or \$10.

Class 33—Irish Water Spaniels. Silver cup, or \$15; second, silver cup, or \$10.

Class 34—Cocker Spaniels. Silver cup, or \$15; second, silver cup, or \$10.

Class 35—Field Spaniel, other than Cockers. Silver cup, or \$15; second, silver cup, or \$10.

Class 36—Box Hounds. For the best couple, silver cup, or \$15; second, silver cup, or \$10.

Class 37—Beagles. Silver cup, or \$10; second, silver cup, or \$5; Class 38—Dachshunds. Silver cup, or \$10; second, silver cup, or \$5.

Class 39—Fox Terriers. Silver cup, or \$15; second, silver cup, or \$10.

Class 40—Greyhounds. Silver cup, or \$10; second, silver cup, or \$5.

Class 41—Scottish Deerhounds. Silver cup, or medal, \$15; second, silver cup, or medal, \$10.

DIVISION II—NON-SPORTING DOGS.

Class 42—Mastiffs. \$5; second, silver medal.

Class 43—St. Bernards. \$5; second, silver medal.

Class 44—New Foundlands. \$5; second, silver medal.

Class 45—Shepherd or Collie Dogs, rough or smooth coated. Silver cup, or \$15; second, silver cup, or \$10.

Class 46—Dalmatians or Coach Dogs. \$5; second, silver medal.

Class 47—Ball Dogs. \$5; second, silver medal.

Class 48—Bull Terriers. \$5; second, silver medal.

Class 49—Black-and-Tan Terriers. \$5; second, silver medal.

Class 50—Skye Terriers. \$5; second, silver medal.

Class 51—Yorkshire Terriers. \$5; second, silver medal.

Class 52—Scottish Terriers. \$5; second, silver medal.

Class 53—Pugs. \$5; second, silver medal.

Class 54—Italian Greyhounds. \$5; second, silver medal.

Class 55—Poodles. \$5; second, silver medal.

Class 56—Miscellaneous. For any breed of dogs that have not been named, a silver medal.

Class 57—Trick Dogs. For the best performing Trick Dog a silver medal.

WHAT IS A NATIVE?—The following question has been put to us by Mr. W. Arthur Wheatley, of Memphis: "Joe, Jr., was conceived and born in this land. His father had been here for years, and his mother is several generations removed from any imported strain, and is of Irish, English and Gordon stock mixed. Question: Is Joe, Jr., a native?" Answer.—Joe, Jr., is a native. The same rule applies to dogs in this matter as to man or any other animal. There can be no official organization which has the power to make arbitrary rules applicable to a dog, so as to determine when he becomes a native. The race-horse is imported or native, according as he is bred in this or some other country. It is the same with a man. This can be verified in regard to the man at any bureau of naturalization. The question as to whether in this case Joe, Jr., is a native requires no argument. The opinion that the dog in question is a native can be proved by the best authorities in New York.

FEEDING DOGS ONCE A DAY.—Editor Forest and Stream: For the past eight years I have owned a dog, and most of that period several dogs; sometimes to the number of five and six. I have preferred to have my English setters fed once a day and tan. My rule is to feed them once during the day, and I doubt any one can show three healthier, stronger or better looking dogs of the same breeds. I am not troubled with skin humors or weak eyes in my dogs, for I think the great portion of diseases of dogs arises from over-feeding. My setters I feed about 5 p. m., giving them all they want. If they clean the dish I get more, and as soon as they leave the dish with food on it I take it away. In the morning they are not hungry, and do not wish for food then. If I am going out for a day's gunning I put some crackers in my pocket, and after they have worked an hour or two give them a bite. This fall I shall use Spratt's cakes. I should like to hear from some dog owners, and if those who have dogs with skin diseases breaking out every little while would try the feeding once a day method, they might be less troubled. Of course I don't break a dog from three meals down to one per day immediately, but do it gradually. PAUL.

West Babylon, Mass.

Without agreeing precisely with our correspondent as to the one-meal a day idea, what we do think is that a great many dogs are over-fed. In the numerous tests of maladies, cures for which are asked of us, our diagnosis generally shows that half the diseases in adult dogs arise from a surfeit of food. A light breakfast for a dog is wise, and the great bulk of the food should be taken by the animal at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Still, in working a dog the case is different. We are quite certain that a light meal before starting in the morning is good and proper. You must have something in the dog to draw upon. Like a good traveler who doesn't know where he can get the next meal, and always takes a good truck before starting on a journey, it is wise to give a dog something before going into the field. The excellence of Spratt's biscuit lies in the fact that three or four of them can always be carried in the sportsman's pocket, but then one can't always get the biscuit. We have known, if it can be o

any advantage to our correspondents, of horses on heavy work only getting one meal a day and doing well. There was a case of a man, lately recorded in the public prints, who never ate but one meal a day, and was well and happy. Still, such a condition we consider as abnormal.

A DASTARDLY OUTRAGE.—The poisoning of dogs seems to be on the increase. We call attention to an advertisement in our paper, where \$50 is offered by Dr. Stubb, of 136 Dean street, Brooklyn, for the discovery of the malicious person who poisoned a fine Newfoundland dog. This case seems to be a most aggravated one, as the dog was known to be kind and gentle. A good sentence, with a term of imprisonment if a heavy fine were not paid, would inculcate a good lesson.

THE SHEEP QUESTION.—Mr. Editor: In reply to your query, Will female dogs worry sheep? I must say they will. A very fine pointer bitch owned here by Thomas Haeist was shot while fastened to a sheep, so there could be no mistake about it, as both bitch and sheep were killed by the same discharge. In defence of the bitch, I must say that her education had been sadly neglected. J. O. F.

AN ADMIRER OF PODGERS.—*Savannah, Ga., July 23.*—Mr. Editor: I have read with great pleasure in your paper of July 4 a letter from "Podgers," of San Francisco. I would like to meet this gentleman and be able to "talk dog" with him. I have owned dogs from childhood, and never saw anything in print or heard any one say before what so exactly met my views of our four-legged friends as does "Podgers." I now own a Gordon and a pointer, both trained by me, and I understand them and they me in every word and look. My dogs are as good as I, but for the good reason that I do not think many can beat them. We often talk together, and every night my pointer, Punch (who has his liberty at night, being more sedate than Don, the setter, and not so much given to roaming), comes to me on the piazza and we have a little talk. Very few men know what they lose in not treating their dogs more like friends, and very often they are truer friends than humans. "Talking Podgers" for the pleasure I took in reading his letter, I remain yours truly, G. L. A.

ALWAYS BE POLITE.—A brave, active, intelligent Terrier, belonging to a lady, one day discovered a monkey belonging to an itinerant organ-grinder seated upon a bank within the grounds, and at once made a dash for him. The monkey, who was attired in jacket and hat, awaited the onset with such undisturbed tranquillity, that the dog balked within a few feet of him to reconnoitre. Both animals took a long steady stare at each other, but the dog evidently was recovering from his surprise, and about to make a spring for the intruder. At this critical juncture the monkey, who had remained perfectly quiet hitherto, raised his paw, and gracefully saluted by lifting his hat. The effect was magical; the dog's head and tail dropped, and he sneaked off and entered the house, refusing to leave it till he was satisfied that his polite but mysterious guest had departed. His whole demeanor showed plainly that he felt the monkey was something "uncanny," and not to be meddled with.—*Nature.*

DENIS.—Denis is an Irish water spaniel, and the property of A. O. F. Bruce, now of Criterion, Lake Megantic, Canada. Denis is by Patsy out of Nora, Patsy by Young Doctor out of Champion Bitch, now of Ontario, Yr. Ling Doctor by doctor out of Beauty, Nora by Grigilback's Pat out of Champion Duck, Pat by Boatwain out of Juno, Duck by Palling's Drake out of Lord Howth's Duck.

CZAR.—Pedigree of Czar, the property of Mr. F. A. Gage, of Fulton, N. Y.: Czar is an English cocker spaniel, liver and white, whelped May 17, 1878. Czar is from Flora and Sam, out of Caper and Captain, and Nellie and Captain, from Juliet and Romeo. The dog came from Mr. McKoon's well-known kennel in Franklin, N. Y.

NAMES CLAIMED.—*Franklin, N. Y., August 3.*—Mr. M. P. McKoon claims the name of Belle (formerly Lively) for his liver and white cocker spaniel bitch, out of S. B. Thorstein's Snip and Juliette, whelped November 20, 1875. Through an oversight she still retains the name of Lively on Mr. Bestor's record book, hence the above to rectify a possible error.

MR. E. S. WANNAKER claims the name of Fame for his red Irish setter bitch pup, by Elcho out of Rose, born April 6 at Centerville, N. J.

WHIRLS.—*St. Louis, July 23.*—The St. Louis Kennel Club Irish setter champion Biddy has whelped to Thorstein three dogs and four bitches. Irish setter Erin has whelped to Thorstein three dogs and two bitches.

Strathroy, July 23.—Mersey, Leicester-Dart, seven puppies, to Gladstone.

SALES.—Mr. H. C. Cornell has purchased from Mr. E. S. Wannaker his English setter dog Ripple; Pride of the Border-Jessie.

—Mr. G. H. Goodrich, of Toledo, Iowa, has recently made the following sale of the Dasa-Nellie litter: To McKoon Bros., Toledo, Iowa, two dogs; Wm. Whalin, Howard, Iowa, one dog; Stoner & Emmerling, Toledo, Iowa, one dog; J. S. Margerum, Washington, Pa., dog and bitch; C. M. Walker, Dubuque, Iowa, one dog; J. R. McClarkie, Toledo, Iowa, one dog; Geo. N. Beckwith, Pittsburgh, Pa., one dog. The black and tan dog advertised in *FOREST AND STREAM* is disposed of. G. H.

VISITS.—*Strathroy, July 23.*—Dart to Leicester; Mr. D. Bryson's Zephyr, Rake-Fanny, to Gladstone.

—Dr. William Jarvis, of Claremont, N. H., has placed in Mr. Wannamade hands for breaking his pair of red Irish setter pups, by Elcho, out of Rose, born April 5, 1878; Raleigh, dogs. Lorna, bitch.

Yachting and Boating.

HIGH WATER FOR THE WEEK.

Date.	Boston.	New York.	Charleston.
Aug. 9.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
Aug. 10.	9 45	6 17	1 18
Aug. 11.	9 43	6 07	6 36
Aug. 12.	9 41	5 57	12 42
Aug. 13.	11 23	7 44	6 46
Aug. 14.	M.	8 36	7 47
Aug. 15.	0 17	9 18	8 47
Aug. 16.	0 51	9 52	8 56

YACHTING NEWS.

BROOKLYN YACHT CLUB.—At a special meeting of this club, held July 31, it was resolved to start on a cruise to the Eastward August 28. The rendezvous is to be Glen Cove. Commodore Lester Wallack spoke on the necessity of the club making a good display, and he hoped that all craft that could get away would join, while there was a probability of several yachts enrolled in other clubs joining in the cruise if invited. Authority to extend invitations was granted the commodore. The course laid out is to Black Rock, New London, Greenport and New Bedford.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.—Four yachts entered for the match of this club on the Harlem August 1, and sailed for the Harlem River challenge cup, presented by Mr. Dowling, one of the owners of *Emma D.* Course, from 104th street, East River, to stake-bait off Ward's Island; thence to Eighty-ninth street and return, four times around. Tide was ebb and the wind fresh from the southward. It was a free wind up to the first mark, which was rounded by *Emma D.* in the lead, *Mary D.* second. Dowling & Lull's boat was well handled by Ed. D. McLennan and his regular crew. Her only rival was *Mary D.*, the old-time *Comet*, built some twenty years ago by the famous Archie Smith. On the second round *Cora*, up to this time the last in the fleet, took third place, with *Joe Egan* astern. The wind in the meantime had come out puffly, accompanied by squalls and rain. On the third round *Mary D.*, when her chance of winning was fair, was struck by a squall and put on her beam ends without further notice. On the fourth round, and the race finished by *Emma D.* winning in 1h. 53m. 45s., corrected time, beating *Cora D.* 7m. 40s. The challenge cup goes to *Emma D.*, this being the second time she has won it. If successful once more the cup becomes her property, in accord with the deed of gift.

MATCH AMONG THE SMALL FRY.—Mr. J. M. Sawyer, of this city, in connection with what yacht owners, has been making arrangements for an open race for boats 23 to 26 feet in length. Entries \$100 each, first boat to take the entrance fee, second to save hers. *Mardiha M.* and *Vettie* were the only entries made up to August 2, but others are expected. Course to be same as that for New York Bay Regatta.

QUAKER CITY YACHT CLUB.—The ocean match of this club was sailed off Cape May, Del., July 27. Course from Denizor's Pier around lower buoy on Eph's Shoal, thence around the upper buoy on same shoal, rounding these buoys twice and return home, distance twenty miles. Entries: *L. Belle*, Captain W. E. following; *Stella*, Captain W. E. following; *M. E. Quay*, Captain Thomas Kloss; *Phantom*, Captain Charles Selme; *White Wing*, Captain Paul Klotz. They all crossed the line under plain sail, the two sloops of the first class having top-sails set. *L. Belle*, *Stella* and *Phantom* hoisted jib topsails on the run down to the buoy. The latter was rounded by *M. E. Quay* first, *Stella*, *L. Belle*, *White Wing* and *Phantom* following. The latter two went off to the northeast, having mistaken their sailing directions. On the stretch between the two buoys *L. Belle* overhauled the *Quay*, and *Stella* brought up the rear. There occurred another difference of opinion at this point as to the true course, for while the *Quay* went around the two buoys a second time, the other two yachts recalled the whole course. The *Quay* first changed her opinion, and followed the others around the whole course a second time. On rounding the lower buoy again, *L. Belle* led, *Quay* second, and *Stella* third. On the run home *Quay* parted her topsail halliards and doused the *L. Belle* crossed the line in 1h. 57m. 30s., *Stella* 1m. 33s. later, and *Quay* in 2h. 0m. 27s. *White Wing* and *Phantom* not timed. The match was sailed under the auspices of the following gentlemen: Judges—General J. T. Owen and Harry Jackson; referee, Mr. Magee, G. F. Agar and A. A. Hynehan; starter, John Hockley, Jr.

BOATED FOR THE LAKES.—It has been mooted that several yachts of the Brooklyn squadron will, after the termination of their cruise, make for the lake region via St. Lawrence River. Mr. W. H. Wood, a member of the Brooklyn club, is now in Detroit trying to arrange a series of matches with local yachts from Detroit to Cleveland, races to take place in September.

A MONSTER SAFELY DOCKED.—The beautiful Inman Line steamer, *City of Chester*, was successfully docked on Wednesday last, in the large sectional dock foot of Rutgers street. It was at first doubted whether any dock in New York could lift the big ship, but as it was absolutely necessary to replace her broken propeller with a spare one borrowed from the *Algeria*, the attempt had to be made. The *City of Chester* is the longest ship of the Inman Line, with the exception of the monster *City of Berlin*. She measures 476ft. over all, and displaces when fully loaded 3,500 tons. The steamer was docked at the foot of Rutgers street, and the hull towers high above the neighboring shipping. She has an extremely handsome model, her bows being almost those of a yacht in fineness and beauty. Her midship section is easy, with moderate "tumble home," and her run is remarkably clear. She represents a model in which there is a union of lines noticeable throughout the design, a greater degree than generally met with in ordinary Atlantic sailing ships. Like all vessels of the Inman Line, she is full ship-rigged, and is able under canvas as well as under steam. She will be delayed only a day or two by the docking, and will sail immediately for Liverpool in command of Capt. Brooks. Messrs. Dale & Inman deserve credit for the energetic manner in which they have had the vessel fitted again for duty.

THE PLAQUE OF BRITISH YACHTMEN. The inventive Yankee is a veritable nuisance to staid John Bull across the water. No sooner has he tumbled into the belt than he has reached perfection, when up starts some pestiferous Yankee and beats him out of sight, inflicting a rude awakening upon his phlegmatic constitution. The latest that has turned up to plague him is the catamaran. A veritable Herreshoff double-huller sailing around the British fleet, at the Royal London, on or off the wind, or as *Land and Water* has it:

"The Yankee nondescript twin sailing boat was out trying with the British, and went along as if she had a steam engine in her. She easily passed the racing boat on all points of sailing; but such a craft has no pretensions to be styled a yacht; she is a mere sailing machine."

ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB.—The annual cruise of the Atlantic Yacht Club of Brooklyn, set down for Aug. 3, brought together a fleet of eight yachts off Baylis Dock, opposite Whitestone, on the evening of that day. The *Triton*, Commodore Thayer, is the flagship for the occasion, and *Peerless* and *Vision*, with the sloops *Orion*, *Dolphin*, *Imperia*, *Intrepid* and *Nomad*, formed the fleet. *Thistle*, lately from Boston, also accompanied the squadron. In the forenoon a made sail for Glen Cove with a leading wind. *Thistle*, famous in Boston waters, but recently outmatched by the wind-jammer *Undine*, showed the good stuff she has in her, in spite of her defeat by the New York built sloop. She showed her stern to *Orion*, and as she is a weatherly craft likewise, there will be some close work ahead for Commodore Cooper's able *Orion*. The fleet made harbor with *vision* leading, *Thistle* second, *Orion* third, *Peerless*, *Dolphin*, *Imperia*, *Nomad* and *Vision* in the order named. A large accession to the fleet will be made at an early day, as the craft now cruising fall in with the flag-officer's command. *Lizette L.*, *Alma*, *Mela*, *Undine* and others are expected to join, and the fleet will probably number twenty sail by the time Greenport is reached. Thence the open regatta, already mentioned in our columns, will bring together a very large fleet of cabin yachts, and a spirited match is expected. On Sunday divine service was held aboard the flagship, the Rev. Dr. W. H. Thompson, chaplain of the club, officiating. New Haven, New London and Greenport is the order of the cruise as far as settled yet. At the latter port further instructions will be issued to the captain. The open cruise has been ordered under the most favorable auspices, and bids fair to maintain the high standard which this club has acquired for the zeal and drive its members put into the sport, and for the Corinthian character of the yacht owners sailing under the white and red.

BEVERLY YACHT CLUB.—The forty-first regatta of this club will be held off Coult, Mass., August 16. Open to all yachts under 35ft. on water line. Only one class. Prizes in money. Club time-allowance. Start flying. No restriction in regard to crew. Men allowed for 35ft. and under, three men for 31ft. to 35ft., four for 27ft. to 31ft., five for 24ft. to 27ft., six for 21ft. to 24ft., seven for 18ft. to 21ft., eight for 15ft. to 18ft., nine for 12ft. to 15ft., ten for 9ft. to 12ft., and eleven for 6ft. to 9ft., and under 30ft., seven men. No trimming by weights allowed. These last two rules accord so entirely with our own views concerning the proper limitations to be set upon crews and the abolition of sand-bags that we are glad to notice the strict enforcement of these rules by the Beverly Yacht Club, and only wish that the matches among open boats in metropolitan waters could be made by the same sportsmanlike spirit. Entries must be made by August 15 to Mr. John T. Coolidge, Cotuitport, Mass. Regatta Committee—Messrs. G. P. Gardner, J. G. Minot, J. T. Coolidge, G. P. Upham, Jr., and W. Lloyd Jeffries. Judges—J. T. Coolidge, A. L. Lowell, F. C. Lowell and G. Crocker. For the forty-second regatta of the same club, to be held the day following, there will be two classes, yachts over 35ft. and under 30ft., and yachts of 17ft. and under. Regatta Committee same as before. Judges—G. C. Lowell, G. P. Gardner and J. T. Coolidge. The yacht *Elise*, B. Y. C., will serve as judges' boat for the occasion.

BOBSTAY FALLS.—There seems to be considerable trouble among English cutters with parting their bobstay falls. Have they never tried reefing off wire? The *Muriel* has a flat-check block of iron at the end of her bobstay-rod, a single block at the bowsprit end, and a plate wire rope above through, the standing part being secured to the block at bowsprit end, then rove down through the lower block, back through the upper one and inboard to the winch.

SALE OF THE SLOOP ANNA.—Mr. Thomas Manning, yacht broker, 53 Beaver street, has sold to Boston parties the C. B. cabin sloop yacht *Anna*, 43ft. 6in. over all, built by Kirby in 1899. While lying the Atlantic Yacht Club burgee she won seven regattas and has never been beaten. She will be added to the fleet of the Eastern Y. C. Club, and the wire rope reaches Boston will go on a cruise with the *Wayward*, which has been chartered for the season. Mr. Manning has been appointed honorary agent of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club.

CHALLENGE TO JIB AND MAINSAILS.—Mr. Taylor, of Jersey City, will match the *Addie Taylor* against any 23ft. boat for \$250, or will take part in any sweepstake race for \$100 entrance fees.

LONG CRUISE.—The yacht *Okanetta*, of Cleveland, O., arrived at Charleston, S. C., July 31, via the Gulf of Florida.

OAR AND PADDLE.

RETURN OF THE SHOR-WAR-OAE-METTES.—The Monroe crew returned from their visit to Bournemouth, England, in the steamer *Ugboat* of Anchor Line. They arrived in New York, July 31, and were met by delegates from the Triton and Eureka clubs of Newark, who invited them to become their guests and be present at the coming regatta of the N. A. A. O. It is not probable that the invitation will be accepted, as the members of the crew desire to remain at home a while, and the distance from Michigan to Newark is too great. They will attend the coming regatta of the New York Yacht Association however. Concerning their visit to Henley, they say that, though well treated by the townspeople, they did not receive that attention or courtesy which was their due, and which would have been extended to English crews visiting us. But for the sickness of Mr. J. Nadeau, they feel confident they would have won. Mr. Lee, who returned in the same steamer, was given to Mr. Lee by Mr. Brockway of London, that he could enter for the championship race from Putney to Mortlake, and even went so far as to send his boat to the club-house of the London Rowing Club, and was only then informed that it had been decided not to allow visitors to enter. He repudiates the idea of the London press that he was used up, and says, very truly, that it is ridiculous to suppose he could not pull one or two strokes more when leading the race, but that he had been directly instructed to stop at the stump, and when he did so he was under the conviction that he had won the race. Moreover, when he passed the stump the flag was dropped. No explanation was given him of this doubtful proceeding. Moss himself considered Lee the winner, and Mr. Playford assured the American that he had an easy thing of it and was sure winner. Altogether, the action of the Henley Regatta Club, either a sad case of indiscretion and incapacity, or something much less excusable.

HANLON ROSS RACE.—After five postponements Hanlon finally met Ross at St. John, N. B., July 31, and the race terminated in an unsatisfactory manner. The water was smooth, and everything favorable to the match. In the morning Ross objected to row on account of the water not suiting

him and the starting buoy being out of line. Hanlon offered to give him two lengths start, but nothing could induce the St. John man to put. Sheriff Harding, the referee, then threw up his arms and went aloft from the judge's steamer. In the afternoon, however, Mr. Harding, being telegraphed for, consented to act, and steamed out into the bay on the judge's boat at a quarter to five. Both scullers soon put in their appearance, and a start was effected at 5h. 5m. For the first 20 yards neither seemed to gain. Ross was pulling 86 and Hanlon 39. Ross then got a slight lead and kept it for the first quarter of a mile; but Hanlon spurring caught him and at the half mile the two were even. Ross slowing down to 34 and the Toronto man to 31. At Appleby's Wharf, two-thirds of a mile, Hanlon led by half a length, pulling 30 against 33 of Ross. Both spurred vigorously, and by the time that the lead was spun out to a length Ross put on another spurt, when suddenly his oar jumped the patent rowlock and in an instant he was overboard and disappeared. When he came up the boat was rescued by the judge's boat. Ross claims that his boat got in bad condition soon after the start, and that he was watching it and not his opponent. The prevailing opinion seems to be, however, that he was overmached and would have been beaten anyway. From the mile mark, where the accident occurred, Hanlon took matters easy, and paddled over the course in 30m. 58s. And so the great sculler from Toronto has ended up another race. Gradually but surely the list of candidates for him to pull is being narrowed down to Courtney of Union Springs, and efforts are now being made to bring about a match between the two at Ottawa for a purse of \$5,000.

CANOEING IN OPEN WATER.—Mr. Editor: The canvas "Clochette," N. Y. C. G. (Shadow) and "Star" (Rob Roy), which left New York on July 6, cruising, and bound for Newport, by way of Long Island Sound, arrived safely and in good order at Newport on July 26, after making stops at several days at New Rochelle, Rye, Stamford, Sachems Head, New London, Watch Hill and Narragansett Pier. The weather and wind were all that could be desired between New York and New London, but between the latter place and Newport the canoes experienced heavy weather, still though favorable winds, and an ugly sea. While off Rocky Point, three miles west of Point Judith, on July 23, such a heavy sea was rolled by the wind, that the canoes were obliged to put for the shore and come in through high surf. No damage was done beyond a thorough wetting, the breaking of a paddle and some small spars. During the cruise the "Clochette" had an extra two-inch keel attached, which added greatly to her sailing powers. Under sail she was much faster than the "Star," but was no match for the latter with the paddle. L. F. O'G.

THE DORY NAUTILES.—The little dory *Nautilus* has safely arrived in European waters, and put in at Mount's Bay, Cornwall, England, Aug. 1. She left Beverly, Mass., June 12, making the passage in fifty days all told. With the exception of the fatigue occasioned by their cramped quarters and continuous duty at the helm, the brothers Andrews experienced no difficulties on the voyage which good seamanship and watchfulness could not cope with. They propose, after a short rest, to start for Havre. The crew complain only of the fatigue, due to the impossibility of obtaining undisturbed rest, their sleep being akin to stupor and but little refreshing. The dory is 19ft. over all, 15ft. on the bottom, and 27in. deep; carries a lug sail of 25 yds. duck; mast, 8ft. above deck, 8in. diameter; and the boat and rig weigh 500lbs. She was of the usual "dory" model, flat bottom, flaring sides, and raking stem and stern.

WOODSIDE ROWING CLUB.—The new boat-house of this club was appropriately opened for the use of the members, August 6, at Kearney on the Passaic. The house is 80x32 ft., two stories high, and built in Swiss style. The lower floor will accommodate a dozen club-boats and as many more private shells. A dressing-room is partitioned off, fitted up with lockers, bath and wash-stand. On the upper floor is the reception room, handsomely ceiled and finished in black walnut. Balconies surround the building, affording a fine view of the River Passaic. The house is 80x32 ft., 20x16 ft. The club is in a prosperous condition and owns six club-boats, besides the private property of the members. The officers are as follows: President, F. B. Littlejohn; Vice-President, E. W. Sadler; Secretary, F. M. Wheeler; Treasurer, E. N. Norton; Captain, J. H. Osborne; Lieutenant, F. M. Wheeler.

ROWING HIPPLES.

M. F. Davis, F. Plaisted, Evan Morris, and J. A. Kennedy have formed a new professional four on the Hudson, and have addressed a general challenge to the Boston crew, with whom they have deposited \$1,000. This means business. Their challenge is directed to Messrs. Faulkner, Rengan, McGeary and Hosmer, the Boston Four..... Woodside, of Kearney, N. J., are having a fine boat house built.....Ricketson and Mitchell scored three successive victories at New Bedford, Mass., July 20, and take the flags.....Tufts-Cove crew beat the Ross-Poley and Williams crews on Bedford Basin, Halifax, July 16, in a four-oared race, four-mile course.....Weisgerber and Felsinger will pull a three-mile race with turn, for \$600, at Wheeling, Va., Aug. 13.....Eric Railroad carries boats free and oarsmen at half fare to the national regatta at Newark; same on return trip.....O'Donnell, of Hope Club, New Orleans, and Croty, of Galveston, are likely to meet. Bet on Croty.....Union Rowing Association offer \$400 for four-oared race, "outs" of the trip. Will they have the same time in August. Big guns all expected to row.....Hosmer may get foul of Davis, of Portland.....Playford won the Wingfield Scull on the Thames, England, July 22. Fortunate for him that Lee, of Newark, was defeated; time, 24m. 19s.; Putney to Mortlake.

CANOEING IN THE BAY STATE.

PUTMAN, CONN., July 19, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Perhaps some of the canoeists of the old Bay State who are beginning to look forward to the pleasure of a short summer cruise would have no objections to our pointing out a route over which we paddled a summer or two since, and one which includes the advantages of being near to the "Hub" and yet affording opportunities of camping, fishing and pleasant incidents that will repay the captain and all hands for the troubles and "outs" of the trip. We call on you to have the reader to the north of Mass. and, beginning to trace with the point of your pencil at the mouth of the Charles River follow its winding and devious course as far as the town of Natick, where you find yourself only three miles distant from Lake Cochituate. Follow the lake to its foot, where you approach the head of the Sudbury River and again you trace the course of this stream until you reach the Concord; and from thence into the Merrimac River, which you follow to

the city of Lowell, and you are back once more to within only twenty-six miles by rail from your starting point. Here you can either have your canoe and self transported back to the "Hub," or continue your trip to Lake Winnebago.

If the canoeist's leisure time is short he can make the cruise as far as Lowell by water in a week, including time spent in portages over dams and across the lake from the Charles; or, if more time be at his disposal, he can pass two or three weeks very pleasantly fishing and camping wherever inclination predisposes him. The canoe which carried us over this route was a Itob Roy of fourteen feet in length and two and one half in width, and supplied ample storage room for cooking utensils, rubber coat and blankets, fishing rod and all the "accidents" incidentally necessary to the cruise. It was a simple affair. We carried no tent, as it was our intention to sleep in the "cabin" at night, and the mast, with malsail and jib, when folded up, was about the size of an old-fashioned family umbrella. Canned corned beef and boiled chicken, coffee, sugar, potatoes and hard tack formed the requisite provender for the inner man, and with everything stowed away in good shape, and all hands happy over the strong easterly breeze blowing in our favor directly from the ocean, the Itob Roy left the dock at the Union Boat Club on the heels of Boston were striking the hour of seven one bright July morning in 187-. In quick succession we passed under the bridges that span the Charles River, past the Brighton slaughter house and Harvard's famous college, past farm and garden, meadow and woodland, and at noon reach our first portage at the town of Watertown, the dam there stopping the farther flow inland of tide water. Here we transport canoe and baggage, partake of a short lunch and halt not in our journey until just beyond Waltham, where, as night is approaching, we propose to make our resting place. On the edge of the woods close by the water's edge we land, draw the canoe on shore, light a fire, and shortly the strong odor of old Java unites with the incense of pickled fried brown and crisp, caught with a trolling spoon as we paddled along past the lily pads, and, with the addition of fried potatoes and hard tack, comprised a repast that full justice was done to. And here began the troubles of a coffee-put with a tale, as that necessary convenience parted with its spot by incautiously allowing too much heat to strike it from the stove-fire-place on which it rested. The following the covering was discovered, then followed in rotation the hinge of the cover, and finally the handle of the coffee pot, so that when the cruise was ended we hung upon a nail the battered and limber remains of a once useful utensil in "memento" of our experience. Sapper disposed of and dishes cleared away we open a box of cigars from the hold of the Itob Roy and, lazily reclining on the grass, with the blankets for a pillow and one of "Wilkie Collins" novels for perusal, we smoke and read away the time until darkness draws a mantle over the scene; and remembering the old adage, "early to bed and early to rise," we at once conveys in the clear quarters of the canoe and, with rubber blanket over the back-hole to keep out the damp air and moisture, we are lulled to sleep by the melodious bass notes of a huge bull-roarer executing a solo to admiring brethren from the top of a dead stump protruding near by from the water.

Shortly after daybreak we are astir, dispose of an early breakfast, and the Itob Roy is under way again. Passing numerous small towns, stopping here and there to fish, or idle away our time, trolling for pickerel or perch as we sail or paddle snug and, when inclination suggests, taking a bath, we reach Concord, where we anchor under a hanging ledge of rocks, or in the shadow of the woods that at portions of the route line the banks of the river. The end of the fifth day brings us to Natick, where our store of provisions is replenished and the sum of three dollars pays for transporting canoe and cargo to Lake Cochituate. Three days are passed on the lake, two of pleasure and one of discomfort, as a heavy rain-storm from morning until night made any attempt at enjoyment a decided failure. Passing by day and a half on the Sudbury River we continued onward to the Concord, exciting frequent and hearty greeting from the farm hands engaged in making hay, and the innumerable "small boy" who stand on the river's bank to see the strange craft invading the hitherto quiet stream. Into Concord River, past Concord, with its well-tiled surrounding farms and fruitland orchards, we pass on our way and are fully satisfied with our cruise, when the tall chimneys and brick buildings of Lowell, on the Merrimac, come to view, and our two-weeks' trip is at an end. The Itob Roy takes passage on a freight car to Boston and we are once again ready for business, hale, browned and hearty, and remember long the beauties and sport of living in the open air. BEST.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN AUGUST.

FRESH WATER.	SALT WATER.
Trout, <i>Salmo fontinalis</i> .	Sea Bass, <i>Scorpena ocellatus</i> .
Salmon, <i>Salmo salar</i> .	Sheepshead, <i>Archosargus probato</i> .
Salmon Trout, <i>Salmo confinis</i> .	Striped Bass, <i>Rocky Mountain</i> .
Land-locked salmon, <i>Salmo gairdneri</i> .	White Perch, <i>Morone americana</i> .
Grayling, <i>Thymallus tricolor</i> .	Weakfish, <i>Cynoscion regalis</i> .
Black Bass, <i>Micropterus salmoides</i> .	Bluefish, <i>Pomatomus saltatrix</i> .
M. nigricans.	Spanish Mackerel, <i>Cybinus maculatus</i> .
Muskalonge, <i>Esox nubilus</i> .	Cero, <i>Cybinus regalis</i> .
Pike, <i>Esox lucius</i> .	Boito, <i>Sardinia pilchardus</i> .
Yellow Perch, <i>Perca flavescens</i> .	Kingfish, <i>Morone chrysops</i> .

FISH IN MARKET—RETAIL PRICES.—Bass, 20 cents; bluefish, 6; salmon, 25; mackerel, 15; weak fish, 10; Spanish mackerel, catfish, 30; green turtle, 10; halibut, 15; haddock, 6; king fish, 18; codfish, 6; black fish, 12; flounders, 10; porgie, 6; sea bass, 15; eels, 18; lobsters, 10; sheepshead, 18; frogs, 30; whitefish, 12½; Canada brook trout, 40; Long Island do, 31; pompano, salt water, 25; smoked salmon, 18; hard crabs, per 100, \$3; soft crabs per dozen, \$1.50.

Spanish mackerel have been taken in quantity on the New Jersey coast in the vicinity of Port Monmouth, selling at 80 cents; pompano, large catch in Chesapeake Bay; bluefish abundant on the coast from Canarsie east as far as Cape Cod.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Nantucket, Aug. 4.—Bluefish are very thick at present, and expect to have good sport for the next week or so. The largest catches are as follows: Gypsy, 107; Favorite, 77; Elor del mar, 63. Sea fishing is in its prime, one party bringing in thirty-five last Monday. The *Undine* caught a man-eater—the first of the season. While coming through Great Point Rip Friday, the *Vesta* spring her mast, and was damaged to the extent of \$100. JACK CUDWELL.

CONNECTICUT.—East Hampton, July 24.—East Hampton Lake, half a mile from the depot, is the resort of anglers. We spent an afternoon there the other day, from 1:30 to 6 o'clock, catching 14 black bass and two yellow perch. Used shiners, small bluefish and roach. The island in the lake is a favorite camping ground. H. C.

RHODE ISLAND.—Pasque Island Club, August 2.—Two more large bass were taken here last week, one 50½ pounds by Mr. Thomas E. Tripler, and the other 34½ pounds by Mr. A. B. Dunlap. F. O. H.

NEW JERSEY.—Kinney's Ashley House, Barnegat Inlet, Aug. 3.—Unprecedented success among the sheepshead and blackfish. As high as 310 pounds of sheepshead taken in one day; with one pair of hands 197 taken in one day; they run larger than heretofore taken. Blackfish weighing from 3 to 5 pounds taken off the different reefs. The following are some of the scores: O. S. Bilyan, T. S. Dando and G. G. Sill, Philadelphia, 67 weakfish, 76 blackfish, 1 sheepshead off the mediator; Howard, Middleton & Co., Philadelphia, 71 barb; G. T. Mills, 43 barb; Geo. Birdsal, Philadelphia, 34 barb; G. P. Snowden, N. Y., 27 sheepshead; same day 107 taken by all the other boats. Not less than 150 taken per day on the 1st, 1st and 2d. Bluefish—the 1st a dead specimen, Messrs. Cartledge, Westcott & Co. scored 32 on the 2d. They run about 2 pounds, and were caught in the inlet immediately opposite the house.

FISH PESTILENCE IN ILLINOIS.—Mr. Editor: A destructive epidemic is raging among the fish of Rock River, Illinois, and one of its tributaries, the Peconic. It was noticed on the 20th that hundreds of dead fish were floating on the surface of the water. Thousands of them drifted to the shore and lay in heaps upon the flats. They are of all sizes. A surgeon stranded near Rockford that measured eight feet, and weighed 100 pounds. It is noticed that no bass, pickerel or game fish are taken from all parts of the country, and being well stocked with black bass, afford much sport to anglers. Charles Zimmerman, of St. Paul, and friends, have been taking them with a fly. II.

AN OFFICE BOY ON HIS TRAVELS.—The following, from one of the FOREST AND STREAM office boys, is characterized by brevity and pith:

COAST OF MAINE, Aug. 2, 1878.

DEAR FOREST AND STREAM:
I had a good passage to Portland via Maine Steamship Company's line and can well recommend the route for a short summer voyage to get a good sail of the ocean and a little sea sickness. We are camped out on Hog Island and have named it "Camp Lookout." All well and feeling good. More anon. THAD.

BLACK BASS.

THIRD PAPER.

It is good luck to any man to keep on the good side of the man who knoweth fish.—Complete Angler.

IT would perhaps be well to notice some errors concerning black bass before we enter the last and deep mysteries of black bass fishing. There is no subject on which so little is known as upon this, and yet thousands will tell you that they understand it very well indeed. I notice in FOREST AND STREAM that many Florida correspondents speak in glowing terms of the "black bass" they have caught in Florida waters. Now, I deliberately and solemnly deny that there ever was a black bass found in Florida, or, indeed, in the waters of any Southern State, except they have been introduced by human agency. I make this *bona fide* offer to any of the correspondents of whom I have spoken, that if he can find a black bass in Florida—caught there—a native of Florida waters, I will send him a fifty-dollar bill, and on his failure to do so he is to send me the like sum. The fish to be sent to any scientific man or men for examination.

There is a fish in Florida—a congener of the black bass—which looks somewhat like a musky; but he is no more a black bass than a negro is a white man. These fish are found in all southern waters, and they are known from Virginia to Texas as "trout," yet they are less like trout than they are like black bass. They are bold biters, but they soon tire, having none of the game qualities of the black bass; nor are they near so fine a fish for the table, their flesh being coarse, and in many instances giving forth a peculiar musky odor. I bring this in to show you that the fish which you attain to the weight of twelve or even fifteen pounds, a black bass that weighs ten pounds is considered an exceptionally large fish. Longitudinal bars mark the trout, giving it a very pleasing appearance. In many localities in Virginia and North Carolina these fish are called "chub." Why, is a mystery, for they don't look like a chub; and, indeed, in some parts of Georgia they are called "chub" or "chubfish." The perch is called a chub. Why, is another mystery, for the "waymouth" perch is first cousin to the rock bass. And I know no fish that looks less like a rock bass than a chub; yet the rock bass has found in some southern waters—only in Georgia, and only in three streams emptying into the Flint River, and in some emptying into the Coosa.

But our southern fish which is usually called a trout nor a bass—when sold we are told, is often caught in Kentucky and Missouri while fishing for bass. He is there called "green bass" on account of his color. Neither a bass nor a trout, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth he remains suspended until he shall have been taken down and placed in his proper scientific niche.

But, *recens unus a veris bassis*. Go with me some still, calm evening in June, to the White Sulphur Springs, in Indiana. The gentle current sweeps light, and murmuring at every obstruction, piling masses of foam and yellow blossoms against every overhanging bough. Mark well those places, for under them lurk some black bass that will try your rod, your line, your temper and your skill. Sit down here while I cut away those vines loaded down with yellow

Blossoms—while I part the boughs of this noble sycamore, just putting on its summer liver of green leaves. Now drop your line, with one single buckshot on it, about a yard above the foam; it will float down under it, where the black and yellow beauties lie. Was that the current which gave the line that tug? "No, by St. Bride of Baitwell—no!" It is a veritable six-pounder! See how gallantly he dashes down the river and spins out fifty yards of line, and then leaps high in air, mouth wide open, fins extended and a general air of determination to get rid of the hook at all hazards! Depress the end of your rod now and the real work of capturing a six pound bass with a nine ounce rod commences. Stand a little higher up the stream and you can see the fish, which he is now turning. Give him the butt! The good, tangy rod bends until you can touch the tip with your hand. You hear the timber creak and groan, but it holds, for it was made by an honest man and an honest maker (Conroy), who stands no chance of being beaten by, or with, rods! Now let him run at his own sweet will—and he will be sure to do it. Round and round, in constantly decreasing circles, until, all pained exhausted, he is lifted up the bank—a full grown specimen of

And yet, all the youthful fire is not gone out of the old man. As I recall all the exciting sports of my youth and boyhood, I am tempted to say: "Would I were young again." But age has its hallowed pleasures, to which all other periods are strangers—the fond pleasure of a genial retrospection. To have merely lived, that is not enough. If we have not done some good in our "day and generation" then indeed must our lives be called miserable failures. That the few lines we have written may induce some half dead dyspeptic to try his hand at "bass fishing" were reward enough; to know that genial sportsmen and accomplished gentlemen have read them with pleasure were a still higher reward; but the highest of all, the knowledge that what I have written has been a solace and a pleasure to my own jaded and wearied mind.

Soon, I promise you some articles on "Southern Angling," *Lavinton, Ga.* ST. CLAIR.

The black bass of the North is *Micropterus nigricans*, that of the South *M. salmoides*, and the question of the relationship is very fully discussed in the "Sportsman's Gazetteer," which contains the latest information on the subject. The differences between them consist mainly in the size and arrangement of the scales and the bones of the head, and in the number of the dorsal, pectoral and anal fin rays. There are also differences of habit, the Northern bass preferring running waters while the Southern delights in stretches of still water, such as the mill ponds and quiet bayous of the Southern States afford. There are many variations from these two types, and it is as yet difficult to say whether some of these varying forms are not entitled to be regarded as permanent varieties, or whether individual variation will account for all differences. As stated in the "Gazetteer," "The differences of the two primary forms are, however, perfectly appreciable, so that even the veriest tyro, seeing them side by side, must admit their distinction."

The fish of which our friend St. Clair writes is of course *M. salmoides*, which may be called "the cousin german of the black bass proper."

THE STRIPED BASS IN TEXAS.

HOUSTON, Texas, July 9, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Your correspondent, St. Clair, in his article on bass fishing in FOREST AND STREAM of the 4th states that the striped bass is not found anywhere in the West except Missouri and Arkansas. If Texas is a Western State, then he is mistaken in his statement, or I am mistaken in a fish. For some time past we have had in our market a fish which exactly resembles the fish described by St. Clair as the striped bass, and the fishermen here call it by that name. The only difference that I can see is, that as we have it here it rarely reaches a pound or even weighing several pounds. It is caught in the San Jacinto River and other streams flowing into Galveston Bay. It is a most excellent little fish for the table, and the fishermen tell me that for his size he is remarkably game. I have noticed them for the first time this season, but the fishermen say they are plentiful in the river. I intend to go out to that river in a few days and try them on.

It was for some time perplexed to know where to place this fish ichthyologically, and I may be mistaken in it yet. I at first thought they might be the young of the *Roccus lineatus*, or sea bass, but I never heard of that fish in Texas, and my opportunity has been a pretty good one to become acquainted with our coast fishes. Then I concluded that it must be the *Labrose lineatus*, but Mr. Hallock does not credit us with the possession of that fish. It is very evident that it is St. Clair's striped bass, whatever that may be.

And while on this subject of bass, "which I wish to remark," is this: I have seen nothing in any of the books which properly describes the bass of Western Texas, or the fish commonly known there as the trout. He is very unlike our black bass here. The latter is of a dark greenish color, with a distinct dark line along his flanks; his shoulders are very heavy, and he has a most monstrous and ungainly mouth. He is a furious fighter when hooked. A few days ago I caught one in Eagle Lake, sixty miles west of Houston, weighing 3½ pounds, which fought with such desperation that I thought for a while I had hooked a wild horse. They are sometimes caught weighing 10 or 12 pounds. They are never seen in brooks or shallow water, but stay altogether in deep and still water. The bass of Western Texas are longer, slimmer, of a light color, with no line on the flanks, and have no such shoulders or prodigious mouths. They rarely reach 4 pounds weight. They are very game, but not at all equal in that respect to the terrific hump-shouldered "cusses" we have here. Though inhabiting mainly still water, they are never seen by hunters except in mud brooks, where the water was not more than five or six inches deep. Coming upon them in such sports, they dart like lightning toward the deep water, jumping clear out of the water over one another in their haste to get away. Every brook in Western Texas, in the hilly regions, is filled with them. Indeed this bass is a highland or mountain bass, while our black bass belongs strictly to the lowlands. At least I have never seen the West Texas bass in the lowlands,

or our black bass in the highlands. I believe the West Texas bass is the true *Salmo fontinalis* in everything except his scales and spots.

Is this West Texas bass been described in the books, and if so, what is his name? N. A. T.

We have doubts whether our correspondent is exactly right as to the fish being the *Roccus lineatus*. The Fish Commission is not informed that *R. lineatus* ranges in the Mississippi Valley. At the Smithsonian there is a single specimen from the Gulf, taken at Pensacola. This is the only case of its occurring below the St. John's River. Perhaps the fish may be the *R. chrysops*.

SHOULD FISH BE KILLED AS THEY ARE CAUGHT?

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 27, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

In your journal, May 16, 1878, page 283, you publish a communication on this important subject from Charles Roedel. You supplement his advice on the question with a strong and characteristic article advising each angler as each fish is caught, either to knock it on the head or to throw it over the head "on a stone or the thwart of the boat," or what you say is more genteel and to the point, pierce the cervical column at the "base of the brain with a sharp knife." You say further, "This produces paralysis, or almost immediate death." The postulate with which you commence your interesting article, viz.: "Fish will keep twice as long by being killed by a blow on the head directly after being caught than if left to die a natural death," is, we think, with due respect to your larger experience, rather a proposition needing proof.

We have faithfully tested the matter for ourselves and find your postulate an *ignis fatuus*. Those fishes which we have knocked on the head begin to decay long before those which we have left to die a natural death, and the decay begins first at the bruise. But, further, is it possible to kill a fish by knocking it on the head, or by the knives, as proposed, *id est instantler*, so much so as to become to a humane action? I reply to this question, which I raise with hesitation and all the respect for your experience in these matters, by stating the following facts—nothing but facts will serve at this stage of the argument:

Two or three years ago I spent many days with that noted and most skillful fisherman, the late Republican candidate for Mayor of the City of Perth Amboy, that city just one day older than New York City. Hon. Isaac C. Acken. Every day I accompanied him in his fishing excursions about Perth Amboy bay for nearly a year. He had a very good boat, and he had served for, say twenty minutes, he would up anchor and start for home. As fast as we caught our fish we placed them in a car, thus keeping them alive. If the time was just before dinner, I would take the oars and he would seize his knife and proceed to prepare some of the weakfish for dinner. Many times I have witnessed the following, and I make the statement without fear of contradiction, for Isaac C. Acken's word will not be doubted by any one who knows him, and he is my witness to prove my statement:

After the head of a weakfish had been cut off, and entrails taken out, taken alive from the car, and killed in cleaning for dinner, I have seen the fish actually jump off the seat of the boat and continue hopping about on the boat's bottom. Further, I have seen the cook of our homestead bring a codfish to the table, which she had just killed, and she had just killed and cleaned, and just as she was going to put it in the pot, it actually leaped from the table to the kitchen floor. Like all good and faithful cooks, she uttered a nice little scream and said: "Why, really, that fish ain't dead yet!" I now propose to show that a fish suffers no pain whatever as soon as it is out of the water. I own, at the start, that I cannot show it nearly so clearly as I can by induction. Two one asked to believe unless convinced. "If so be the ship's gone down, she's gone down; if so be the ship's afloat, she's afloat," etc., etc. The hypothesis upon which this showing must rest is as follows, to wit:

Place a man in a room filled with pure oxygen gas, and his life will be short but ecstatic. He will live a lovely life of exquisite happiness in a very short time. He will literally die in ecstasy. Man, in his common air to pure oxygen presents the ratio of a fish from water to common air. The very jumping of the fish is, therefore, by induction, an exhibit of ecstasy, not pain. It is proper to conclude by adding, we faithfully and devotedly believe that the Creator has wisely and with Godlike skill appointed it so that fish should die a death of pleasure when wanted for the sustenance of man.

C. HATCH SMITH.

The question of the fish having no feeling when out of water is only hypothetical. That different organisms have different perceptions of pain is, however, true. When fish jump out of the frying-pan into the fire, it is automatic, and certainly there is no sense of pain. It is, no doubt, true, as our correspondent writes us, that a bruise in an animal is the first place where decomposition takes place. If a knife is used, and the spinal column be touched, instant death occurs, without bruise of course. An excellent way to kill a fish is to take the head, and with the thumb and fingers move it to the right or left, and so the vertebral column at the base of the head is severed. The oxygen theory, however, of fish enjoying themselves when taken out of water into the air we do not agree with. A fresh mackerel on a gravel bank has very little appearance of being happy.

—The Pennsylvania R. R. Company, with its vast and continuous branches, is the best route to take for the great West. We can assure our readers that all dogs intended for the St. Paul Bench Show will receive the best attention, and on as good terms as by any other line. Officers and superintendents of the road are selected with special care as to efficiency, and travelers are forwarded with comfort and dispatch. The ride over the Alleghany Mountains is one of the grandest as to scenery in the world.

—We have seen several very elegant specimens of penmanship—both curious and ornamental—executed by Mr. Charles Gonzalez, of this city. With a pen this gentleman reproduces articles copied from the FOREST AND STREAM so plain and so singularly uniform as to give his work the appearance of original print. It is not only the lettering which is perfect, but the chaste and elegant scroll work around his designs that stamps him as an artist of rare ability.

National Pastimes.

NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB.—The ninth annual fall games and third annual competition for the amateur championships of America will take place at the club grounds, Mott Haven, October 12. The club also give notice that the second annual one mile swimming race for the amateur championship of the United States will take place on the Harlem River on Saturday, August 17, at 5 o'clock p. m. The swimming course will be between the Railroad Bridge and Macombs Dam Bridge. Entrance for the swimming race (entrance fee \$1) will close on Tuesday, August 13, at the club post office box, No. 3, 101.

SCOTTISH AMERICAN ATHLETIC CLUB.—The club will hold a series of open games at their grounds on West Fifty-fourth street, August 10, at 5.30 p. m.

ARCHERY.—Following is the score of the regular weekly meeting of the "Orlando Archers," Hackensack, N. J., July 27. The target used is 24in. in diameter, with gold, red, blue, black and white rings, 5in. in diameter. Scale of points: Gold (bull's-eye), 9; red, 7; blue, 5; black, 3; white (outer), 1. Distance, 30 yds, 7 in.:			
J. McD. Gardiner, Capt.....	24	W. Holberton, Capt.....	36
F. A. Poor.....	11	J. Hopper.....	20
G. B. Gooden.....	8	W. Wells.....	12
Miss E. Hopper.....	6	J. M. Knapp.....	11
Mrs. W. Holberton.....	7	Miss K. Poor.....	8
Miss A. Sherman.....	10	Miss Wells.....	11
Miss L. Zingman.....	12	Miss M. Ward.....	12
Miss E. Sherman.....	16	Miss Gardiner.....	21
Total.....	88	Total.....	106

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME IN SEASON FOR AUGUST.

Woodcock, *Philohela minor*. Red-backed snipe, or ox-bird, *Tringa americana*. Black-bellied plover, ox-eye, *Squatarola leucella*. Great marbled godwit, or marlin, *Limosa fedoa*. Ring plover, *Lygospiza semipalmata*. Willet, *Tringa semipalmata*. Silt, or long-shanks, *Himantopus nigricollis*. Tattler, *Totanus melanoleucus*. Miss L. Zingman..... Yellow-shanks, *Totanus flavipes*. Hebert's snipe, or dowitcher, *Megascopus asio*. Macrorhamphus griseus.

"Bay birds" generally, including various species of plover, sand piper, snipe, curlew, oyster-catcher, surf-bird, phalaropes, avocets, etc., coming under the group *Limacola* or Shore Birds. Many States permit prairie fowl (pinnated grouse) shooting after August 15.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Nantucket*, Aug. 4.—Black ducks continue to arrive in great numbers. Birds are also coming in in great numbers, and our ponds are so full that they have no place to feed. JACK CURELAW.

CONNECTICUT.—*East Hampton*, July 29.—Shooting prospects in this vicinity are very good. Quail plenty. H. C.

NARRAGANSETT GUN CLUB.—The Narragansett Gun Club elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Pres., James Gordon Bennett; Treas., Frank B. Ponter; Sec., S. Howland Robbins; Governing Committee.—James Gordon Bennett, Frank B. Ponter, S. Howland Robbins, Travis Van Buren, John G. Heckscher, Martin Van Buren, Carroll Livingston and Perry Belmont; Committee on Birds.—S. Howland Robbins, Carroll Livingston and Travis C. Van Buren.

ADIRONDACKS.—*Martin's Saranac*, July 31.—The usual rush here and to surrounding points has not commenced yet, and I do not think will. "Disregard to game laws has rendered this region less attractive to the sportsmen. Another infringement on the region has just taken place—a steamer has commenced running on the lower lake. I find booked here, Mr. Clegg, of New York City. Mr. Wood, of Brooklyn; Mr. Brandy, New York. Yesterday, Dr. W. W. Ely and Mrs. J. S. Ely, of Rochester, N. Y.; Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Romeyn, E. K. Romeyn, of Keeseville, N. Y., and Miss Babcock, Brooklyn, N. Y., passed through here en route to Bartlett's. A grand hunt took place a day or two ago, but the two deer driven in the lake by the boat escaped. The State law forbids killing deer until Sept. 1. Here they make the law to read Aug. 1, and overlook the fact that the law forbids hunting with dogs at all. We need State Fish Commissioners to prosecute every offender, and not until then can we save the deer and trout from being unmercifully slaughtered. S.

A CAT CHASE BEFORE BREAKFAST.—"Val" writes from Columbia, Tenn., of what must be lively fun:

"Do not think that I have reference to a moonlight chase in nether garments after the feline that discourses sweet music from back fence and convenient sheds. The cat in question is her more retired brother, the wild-cat. Daylight found our party of three mounted on bery mules and at the haunt of the cat. We soon surrounded the catnapper and put the cat to flight. A few minutes of silence ensued, and then time each rider kept an eye on his mule's ear to tell when he was going to buck. We were soon relieved of our suspense by the bay of the leader, and we knew 'the cat was thar.' It took some time to drive him out of the brake, but finally we succeeded in ousting him, when he made for the swamp, but was headed off by a gallant charge from 'Tom D.' He then took to the woods, hard pursued by the dogs. After half an hour's run he was tired and brought down by a ball from Uncle John's trusty rifle, and his skin now adorns the sanctum of your humble servant. After the cat was bagged we returned to Uncle John's to breakfast, about sunrise. VAL."

ILLINOIS.—*Charleston*, July 31.—Squirrel hunting is tolerably good around here this summer. Some very good bags made, the best by Freeman Biggs, the old squirrel hunter, and the best in the State. There has been a fine doe seen galloping over the prairie, near the three groves. It is believed that she has a fawn in there. The underbrush is very thick. The unmerciful pothunter is making a terrible slaughter of the pinnated grouse. J. B. D.

Freeport, Illinois, has a newly-organized "Freeport Shooting Club," whose object is the protection of game and glass ball practice. The officers are: President, L. Z. Farwell; Vice-President, Dr. W. H. Mills; Secretary, E. B. Hall; Treasurer, J. H. Stansbury; Executive Committee, President, Farwell, Vice-President, Mills, Jesse Burdard, E. Y. Hall and Charles D. Knowlton.

Wisconsin—*Alerton, August 1.*—If any of our people should come West this season, they will do well to take in Lake Koshkonong and the canvas-backs. At the present time snipe and woodcock shooting is good. The engineer of the steamer, Joe Mackree, with a friend, bagged 33 woodcock Tuesday afternoon last, and not content with that, he bagged six more before breakfast the next morning. Summer ducks are quite plenty now, but the season is not yet open for them. Prairie chickens will be quite plenty, though it was feared the early rains would drive them out. Now is the best time to get the chickens, early that the chickens are on high ground, and are consequently safe. A little steamer has been placed on Rock River and proves of great convenience to sportsmen, who are thus enabled to have quick communication with the sporting grounds. S. M. E.

CALIFORNIA—*Full Brook, San Diego Co., July 10-1*, and very pleasantly located in a lovely little valley of live oak etc., in a very wild country, with plenty of game around. The deer have not yet come down from the high mountains but soon will be here. I have shot three, however, since the deer are not so numerous as there are in the mountains. I have secured per deer for good sport. The quantity of quail within a circle of a mile from where I am writing is truly astounding, but I shall not bother them until winter. There is also fine duck shooting within a few miles in winter. Here are also many other places. It is a different country in every respect from any I have ever seen. The climate is just what I need. The soil is as delightful as one could wish and not half as hot as one would expect of this latitude.

T. S. VAN DYKE.

A BOY, AN AX AND A BEAR—*Mr. Editor*—While a
Aiken a few days ago I saw the foot of a large black bear
that was killed within a few miles of that high and dry town.
It is common to find them on the Edisto, fifteen miles from
the town, but very uncommon to find one so far from his old
haunts. The discovery of the old fellow caused quite an
amusing incident. Mr. Daniel Cook, a respectable farmer
living five miles from Aiken, had sent a colored boy to look
up a very gentle old black ox named Buck. In about an
hour the boy returned with the animal, and a lumbering
lumbering sound, a heavy cloud of dust and a black streak
coming with lightning speed right for his house. This some-
what alarmed Mr. Cook, not being accustomed to such sights
and sounds, and he at once concluded that it must certainly
be the eclipse of the sun coming ahead of time. On it came
right for the house by the front gate, and over a ten-foot fence
clear right into his house lot, where it came to a sudden halt
and stood looking at Mr. Cook. He cautiously approached it
lot and to his amazement and old Bessie's surprise, the lit-
tle key all in a pile, and the boy apparently in his last gasp, with
both hands completely tied up in the hair of Buck's tail. Mr.
Cook called for help and soon extricated the boy, took him
into the yard under a shade, and after using a bottle of cam-
phor and rubbing an hour, the little fellow opened his eyes
and said in a low whisper, "Bar! bar! bar!" and he was
then soon able to give a rational account of his troubles.
The old black buck had him by the tail, driving him
through the beard of the old fellow, and all the while he
reared up on his hind feet and fotch a snort, and bar! he
big bar in tree feet ob. Buck break for de house. I faint
and when I come to Mars. Daniel been rubbin' me in de fac
wid camphine." Mr. Cook alarmed the neighbors, collected
all the dogs and guns he could, and they were soon in hot
pursuit of old bruin, and after an exciting chase of half an
hour and thirteen shots, the old fellow felt a victim in his
foolishness in leaving his old range. Weight, 281 lbs. (Gone
from the bear, the boy and the little boys cried, "Go up
toun Bald-head"—En. l.)

While in Aiken we attended a meeting of the Goddard Shooting Club, and saw some good shooting at glass balls. Probate Judge Williams, of Aiken County, is the Bogardus of the club.

ONE OF THE GANG.

Williston, S. O., July 8, 1878.

A. VIRGINIA BEAR HUNT.—*Big Spring, Va., July 21*—*Mr. J. C. Hays* had been on a bear hunt in the Fort Lewis Mountains, which are three miles from this place. He made several trips in the mountains, and have had fair sport among the birds, but had never been successful in encountering my desired game until the 12th of July, when I fell in with Bruin. I started early on the 11th, taking with me a colored servant and two good bear dogs, and provisions sufficient for two days. After a hard tramp over the mountain we camped for the night; were up by sunrise next morning. Early in the forenoon we started on our hunt. For the rest of the morning without any success. When our dogs passed down into a deep ravine, struck the trail. On coming up to the dogs with the utmost caution, I beheld Bruin at the foot of a tree, snapping and growling at the dogs. Taking steady aim with my rifle, I pulled the trigger; the ball striking too low, and not taking much effect, only served to increase the excitement and fury of the brute. Catching sight of me, he layed back his ears and opening his mouth, with a snort that would have sounded very strange to me, if it had not been between us. Fortunately the dogs fell suddenly on his rear, with a fury which completely diverted his attention. Dropping my gun I ascended the tree, from which I watched the fight below. It lasted some minutes, one of the dogs springing badly hurt from a blow of his paw. The bear suddenly beat a retreat down a slope, followed by one of his tormentors. I descended the tree and looked round for my servant, who was nowhere to be found. Picking up my gun and placing a cartridge in it, I started with all speed, and soon met him as he continually turned to drive back the dog. Placing the rifle to my shoulder I fired, the ball hitting in the right shoulder. It wounded him badly, and roused him to a picture of fury almost impossible to describe. The roar he gave when the ball struck him I shall never forget. It so scared me that I almost dropped my gun. He bounded toward me with a speed one would hardly believe the unwieldy brute capable of. He came within five feet of my left hand, cutting my hand as he getting it out in the hunt. He then gave a snort, and for the attack, which did not take half the time it takes me to write this. He reared on his hind legs, and as quickly as possible I placed three bullets in his chest, when he fell off a heap in front of me. In his dying struggles he continually tried to grab hold of the dog, who still continued to attack him. I now proceeded to look for my servant. After wandering about the woods I discovered him up a tree, half dead, and death staring him in the face, with his hands returned late that night. The next morning he took on trophy home. He was in pretty good condition, weighing 436 pounds.

NOTES OF WESTERN TRAVEL.—Our readers will be glad to learn that the party convoyed by Texas Jack are now well

under way. The following letter is from Rawlins, Wyoming, under date of July 26 :

N. Y. Editor The 16th of this month we left New York City by train for Chicago, where we had for two days a job time with our friends. After Jack had joined us there, I started for Omaha, to stop there twenty-four hours. I think this is a very good place to purchase saddles; we bought a handsome and comfortable one for \$35 apiece, having a kind of choice from. Here we made our usual visit to the saloon to get a drink. Then we went to the station, our destination, intending to save money, as we had about 200 pounds over-weight. After many introductions to reporters and Jack's numerous friends at almost every station, we found ourselves at the Railroad Hotel, which was so crowded on account of the eclipse that, although we telegraphed for rooms, we there were put up in one little room like herring. A good night's rest made us rise early; we were anxious to get ready for our trip. It was possible to get a pair of saddles and some of the available horse or ponies were very scarce. After two days of search we bought seven ponies, four for pack and three for saddle, at the rate of \$45 apiece. Our second guide, whom we hired for \$2 a day, had his own pony and outfit. The usual price for ponies such as we got is \$35 to \$40, but they say that this season the price is higher than it used to be. Our outfit, consisting of pack saddles, tent, blankets, provisions, ammunition, etc., we purchased at moderate prices. We had a good outfit for a party of four, and for a trip, even rifle cartridges for any kind of rifle and any calibre. Our first trip will be south of U. P. R. R., near the border of North Park of Colorado, to Battle Creek and Battle Lake, about 65 miles from here.

The auspicious fishing and hunting both seem to be first rate. Everybody here speaks with great enthusiasm of the abundance of trout in the above-mentioned stream and lake. They say that they bite at a bare hook, but that they saw only one fishing with a fly. The trout are large, fat and plump, and are said to be just as plump as there are trout waters. What is true of this we will soon find out ourselves. This first trip will not extend longer than about three weeks as we made an appointment with Mr. Story, from Chicago, gentleman whom I got acquainted with at A. P. Jones' hospitable retreat at Homosassa, Fla., and another gentleman from Chicago, to leave for the latter place on the 10th of August. The second trip very likely will be none to Wind River Mountains. The last three days we had thunder storm, which cleared the weather, so that we may have it fair for the first week or so. My friend Frank is a very good sports and humor, and cannot await the time to kill his first deer; so is Jack, who is now engaged in packing, and who is sure to have some good things happen to him to-morrow morning. You will shortly hear from us in the field.

MONK ADO. WILD RICE.—*Mr. Editor*: I wish to write through the FOREST and STREAM to all who are writing terms regard to wild (or Indian) rice, that I am not in the business of gathering it; that the article in the FOREST and STREAM of July 4, page 430, was not an advertisement, but, through out suggestions as to the manner of gathering it, in order to secure its germination by parties who are at the trouble to get the seed and desirous of introducing this desirable wild-for attracting food. I will refer those wishing to get the seed what is said in that communication. I still doubt if it will grow after being sown in second year, but may be so. I have been getting it, and sending it any distance. I wish parties who have gathered the seed and been successful in making it grow would post up the "boys" how long before sown, whether dried, how far carried, etc. I would suggest to parties who order the seed to tell in what manner to send it; whether in sacks, green; in sacks, damp; boxes, dry, or seed damp in boxes or kegs, in water. I have received so many inquiries and applications for the seed that I have got the promise from parties to gather some. They cannot fix the price, never having gathered any. I will sell the seed as cheap as I can. It is ordered, probably \$3 to \$5 per bushel. After this year's price can be fixed, but now no one here has any idea what it's worth to gather it. No more will be charged than it costs to grow and ship. It must go by express. I will not advise over half-bushel in one package. If more is desired, put up in different ways. I will see to the putting up and send in the best manner, or as ordered, as soon as the seed is gathered, so that it can be sown in the shortest time. Parties who order must be responsible, or send the money with their order. It will be paid about the middle of September before it will reach the parties, and I will not be responsible for it. I will be glad in something to give pleasure to sportsmen. Let the sufficient answer to all interested.

W. B. RANSOM.
St. Joseph, Mich., August 1.

PIGEON MATCHES.

[illegible]

New Jansen	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey
Driving Park	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey
Jersey City Heights	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey
Ten birds	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey
50 yards bonus	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey
use of both barrels	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey
club rules to govern	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey
W Hughes	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey
Smilh	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey
Barclay	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey
Williams	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey
J Hughes	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey
Fearson	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey
33 yards	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey
Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey
22 yards	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey
Ties on base	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey
W Hughes	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey
Replay	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey
Second tie	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey
W Hughes	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey
1-3	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey	1	1-3	Dusey

W Hughes.....1 1 1 1 0-4 Dusey.....0 0 1 1 0-2
Hepsley.....1 1 1 0
Third tie.
W Hughes.....1 0 1-2 Hepsley.....1 0-2
Fourth tie.
W Hughes.....1 1 1 1 0-4 Hepsley.....1 1 0 0-2
Fifth tie.
Same day Mr. James Hughes won the club badge (glass balls), using
Hepsley's patent glass ball traps.

PALMSPRING CLUB CLIMB—West Hoboken, N. J., August 8.—Regular club
competition a 100 yard race, 100 yds. 100 yds. 100 yds. 100 yds. 100 yds.
13 yards, and 21 yards for all that have won the badge once.

L Palmer.....	101111111001111010011115	
W Lengerke.....	110000100111111111011115	
A Anderson.....	00001001001001010010011110	
C Corbett.....	0000101010111000100000010	
W Lengerke.....	110111111101011011100015	
A Anderson.....	00001001001001001001001113	
O Hesse.....	101111110101111110101110	
E Collins.....	011010011001111111110113	
B Thompson.....	0000100111111001001001113	
O. Hesse wins the badge the second time.		
Sweepstake :		
Dr Talcott.....	01110-3	C Antoine.....109111-3
A Anderson.....	11111-5	W Payne.....11100-3
A Anderson.....	1111-5	S Smith.....01000-0
L Palmer.....	1111-5	J Van Der.....01111-3
On shoot of Anderson took first, Von Lengerke second, and Antoine third.		

ILLINOIS Freepart—Regular matches of the Freepart Shooting Club Wednesday, July 24, three traps, Bogardus rules, 15 yards rise. First match, ten balls:

Burdahall.....	1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1	7	Hall.....	1 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 0	3
Knowlton.....	1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1	7	Devore.....	1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1	7
Merrill.....	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	8	Miller.....	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	9
Piersall.....	0 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1	6	Jenkins.....	0 0 0 0 1 1 0 0 0 0	3
Stevens.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	10	Farwell.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	10

Second match, ten balls.

Burdahall.....	1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1	8	Stevens.....	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1	7
Knowlton.....	1 1 0 1 1 0 1 0 1 1	7	Hall.....	1 0 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1	7
Merrill.....	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	8	Miller.....	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	9
Piersall.....	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 1 1	3	Jenkins.....	1 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 1	4
Rose.....	0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1	8	Farwell.....	1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1	9

Third match, ten balls.

Burdahall.....	0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	8	Hall.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	10
Knowlton.....	0 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1	8	Miller.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	10
Merrill.....	0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	7	Jenkins.....	0 1 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 3	3
Piersall.....	0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	8	Farwell.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	10
Stevens.....	0 0 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1	6			

Friday, July 26.—Three traps, Bogarius rules, 18 yards rise. First match, ten balls:

Stevens.....	1	0	0	0	1	1	1	0	-	Rose.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	-
Mills.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	-	Burrell.....	1	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	-
Richards.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	-	Knowlton.....	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	-
Merrill.....	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	-	Hall.....	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	-
Peters.....	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	-										

Second match, ten balls:

Hall.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	-	Rose.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	-
Mills.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	-	Nicholls.....	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	-
Richards.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	-	Fierstone.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	-
Stevens.....	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	-										
Knowlton.....	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	-										

Third match, ten balls:

Wilcox.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	-	Rose.....	1	0	0	1	1	1	0	0	-
Mills.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	-	Merrill.....	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	0	-
Richards.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	-	Peters.....	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	0	-
Stevens.....	1	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	-	Florsoll.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	-
Knowlton.....	1	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	-	Borchardt.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	-

WILMINGTON SHOOTING CLUB—Wilmington, O., July 30.—Club shoot ; ten pigeons, 21 yards 1ise, 50 yards boundary :

Rannells.....	1 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 1	4	Nichols.....	0 0 1 0 1 0 * 1 0 1	4
Sayres.....	1 0 1 1 1 * 1 1 1	8	Welch.....	* 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1	7
Baldwin.....	1 0 0 * 1 0 0 0 0 0	2	Van Horn.....	1 0 1 0 0 0 1 * 1 0	4
Haynes.....	1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1	8			

[illegible][illegible]

HO! FOR BRIGHTON BEACH!—On Tuesday another new route to the Atlantic beach was opened. Nearly five hundred persons embarked on the Pullman cars at the Long Island City depot of the Long Island Railroad for Brighton Beach. Time to be occupied from the foot of Thirty-fourth street to Brighton Beach will be some 45 minutes. The new feature of this road, which is most important for some of the 500,000 people who swelter in New York and Brooklyn during the summer heats, is that Brooklynites can take the elegant cars of the road at Flatbush avenue and go straight to Brighton Beach. The trains leave every 20 minutes up to 4 p. m. from Flatbush-avenue, and after that every 15 minutes. Tens of thousands of people will avail themselves of this new route. On the 6th, Messrs. Breslin & Sweet, of the Brighton Beach Hotel, did the honors at a sumptuous meal, was presented with a check for \$100,000. The rapidity with which the island has been converted into a famous place of summer resort is marvelous, and the Brighton Hotel, with its special roads, will be sure to be the favorite house of resort. Our thanks are due to Colonel Sharp, of the Long Island Road, for attention.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Communications.

W. R. K., Lebanon, O.—For an answer to your inquiries see last week's paper.

F. M. N., Silver City, Idaho.—The sage hen and the pinnated grouse are two entirely distinct birds.

J. A. B., Crawford, N. J.—Very good shooting for boys who had never tried their hands at it before.

R. P. B., Louisville, Ky.—Write to Secretary Narragansett Gun Club, Newport, R. I. Send us your scores.

H. L., Versailles, Mo.—You will find Bond's portable boat quite handy in Florida waters. Take a small sail along.

G. K. J., Richmond, Va.—Use solution of bromine or iodine. Gum myrrh mixed with olive oil gives great relief.

J. H. B., O. C. R. R.—Having carefully read your letter we think the rifle you mention best would suit your purpose.

TRAMP, Inks, Miss.—There is no difference between hard water and soft water in regard to the fish dwelling in them.

C. M., Dauphin, Pa.—In Minn. the open season for pinnated grouse opens Aug. 15; quail, ruffed grouse and water fowl Sept. 1.

I. S., Gallipolis, N. B.—You will find good duck shooting in Chesapeake Bay and in the Sasquehanna at Havre de Grace.

C. W. B., Urbidge, Mass.—For information as to the Government lands of Minnesota write to the State Commissioner of Immigration, St. Paul, Minn.

J. A., Rawsonville.—You could have barrels made by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., by the Providence Tool Co., by Sharps and by Maynard.

SUBSCRIBER, Baldwinville, Pa.—The season for water fowl shooting in Maryland opens Nov. 1. In the vicinity of Elkton you may find good duck shooting.

I. N. M., Toledo, Ohio.—In regard to wild rice see letter in this week's paper. Send to this office the address of your friend. It will not be used without your consent.

A. C. T. B., Lake Megantic.—Cannot give you plans of catamaran at present. Have sent you papers containing information of same. See answers in last week's paper.

A. M. B., Phila., and A. Van D., N. Y.—Send your application to John Avery Esq., City Hall, New York City. He is the President of the Blooming Grove Park Association.

L. M. H., Belvidere, N. J.—Cannot give you plans of racing boat in this column, but will send you a design for \$2, if you will be more specific as to kind of boat wanted.

ADUSTA, Augusta, Me.—You can procure any of the books you desire by sending to Appleton & Co., Broadway, N. Y., or to Charles Scribner's Sons, Broadway, N. Y.

J. P. L., Indianapolis.—Letter at hand. Englehardt's Roving Almanac sent; also paper requested. No design for single shell published, but can send you a set of lines for \$2.

TUNA, Bradford, Pa., and G. K. M., Mount Holly Springs, Pa.—I. M. Brown, of 160 Nassau st., New York, wishes to correspond with you. Will you please send him your address?

R. M. F., West Granby.—Where can I get a book on fish-culture, the best book on brook trout? Ans. Mr. Livingston Stone's "Domesticated Trout." Published by Osgood & Co., Boston.

BLACK GEORGE, Mobile.—In a mis-and-out match C breaks three balls and misses the fourth. D also breaks three straight. Must D shoot at a fourth ball to win the match? Ans. Certainly. It is now a tie.

RAND, Itasca.—Please give me the number of pellets in a good target with 10 gauge gun, 4 drs. of powder, 1½ oz. No. 8 shot in a 30-inch target, distance 6 rods? Ans. Three-fourths about of the whole count of pellets.

W. E. F., Cambridge, Mass.—On Mt. Chocorua, N. H., you may get a shot at a bear if your aspirations are so high as that. Partridge shooting is good. Go to see Piper, an old hunter, who lives at the foot of the mountain.

C. A. T., Glenville.—The Hart shell has two kinds of primers, the common one and the Berdan. Common caps would not do. You would want an ejector to load with. The Winchester cannot be wiped from the breach.

H. W. B., Romeo, Mich.—Please explain what you mean when you say, "Load with 3 drs. powder and 1½ oz. shot?" Is it struck measure or heaping, just as you would take it out of a quantity with a dipper? Ans. The load is a struck measure.

E. T. H., Augusta.—Have a pup 8 months old. Eyes inflamed and running. Has no meat for a month. Appetite good. What can I do for him? Ans. Keep them clean with warm water and use a wash containing three grains of salicylate to one ounce of water.

DICK, Palmetto, O.—In shooting pigeons from trap, double rises, if a man misses his first bird and, his gun being properly loaded, misses fire on his second bird, is he entitled to another bird or another double rise, or not any bird? Ans. He is entitled to another pair.

C. L. S., Berwick, Pa.—Please inform me of some responsible parties that breed and have for sale pure blood dachshunds and fox terriers. Ans. For dachshund address Dr. Twaddell, West Philadelphia. For fox terriers, Captain John M. Taylor, Bellefonte, Nottoway Co., Va.

J. W., Pittsburgh.—The three patterns you send us (251 pellets, No. 6 shot, at 40 yds., Parker gun, 10 gauge; 240, No. 6 shot; and 944, No. 10 shot—made up with 4 drs. Dittmar's just class, good all around, and difficult to better. We think the Dittmar just as safe as any other powder.

J. J. P., Cleveland, O.—For a fast sailing yacht write to Pat McGiehan, Pampano, N. J. He has built the well known clippers Bella, Excelior, Mella, Kaiser, Ina, Corn, etc. H. Smedley, of South Brooklyn, or R. Wallingford, of Court st., South Brooklyn, also are known for their fast turn-outs.

SALTON, N. Y.—The centre of buoyancy is the centre of displaced water. The centre of gravity is the centre of weight of the entire yacht, outfit and crew. The former varies its position as the displacement changes in form; the latter always remains in the same place of the vessel.

O. K., Boston.—I have access to a very large muzzle-loading single gun very well made. Barrel 31 inches. Bore just the size of a silver quarter. What would be a correct charge for same and what size shot would apply to it? Ans. Your gun is a No. 6. Load with 5 drs. powder and 2 ozs. shot.

J. N. P., Auburn.—You want us to give you a good *voies de plaisir* for your hunting stories. We would suggest Jackass-rabbit, Jim, or Coyote Chris. We have not been, however, reading much about Western adventure lately. Buy some ten cent novels with a blood-dripping picture cover and choose for yourself.

E. T. E., Washington, D. C.—Think my setter must have worms. Keeps thin, and throws up his food. Have given him vermifuge, is 17 months old. Ans. Give him a teaspoonful of salt each morning for three days, and then a purge of castor oil. Note effects. If not strong give 2 grs. quinine three times a day for a week.

T. L. M., Brookbridge, Ind.—I ask your opinion of the guns made by —, and advertised for sale by —? I want a good gun—one that will wear well, shoot well, and look well. Are the — guns at \$55, \$100 and \$125 to be relied upon? Ans. You can put the utmost confidence in them. First class work, and will last a lifetime.

F. P. H., New York.—It is not a violation of any express statute to shoot with a rifle on Sunday, but a person so doing might be liable to arrest upon complaint that he was disturbing the quiet of the Sabbath. Creedmoor rules prohibit Sunday shooting on that range, and the example is a good one. Day was not made for rifle shooting.

W. J. M., Danville, Ill.—I. Where can I get a copy of "Randall's Practical Shepherd?" 2. Which is best, a long or mid-range rifle for hunting on the plains and in the "Rockies?" 3. Which is best for use, a 10 or 12 bore? Ans. 1. Write to Orange Judd, New York. 2. Mid-range. 3. According to game. If four-footed, a 10; if wing game, a 12.

G. W. H., Goshen.—1. What size or grade of Dittmar powder should be used for duck and quail shooting? 2. Does Bogardus shot with both eyes open? 3. What sizes of chilled shot should be used for duck and quail with No. 10 gun, one barrel choke and the other medium? Ans. 1. O. powder. 2. Yes, 3. No. 4 for duck; we prefer 8 always for quail.

I. M. B., New York.—Answer Proprietor Hotel, Cobbs's Island, Va., and send your letter to care of Old Dominion Steamship Line, New York. Keating's Insect Powder will give the gentle hint to woodticks that their room is better than their company. Carbolic acid is also effective. For duck shooting use 4 drs. powder and 1½ oz. shot. The F. and S. is mailed Thursday morning.

SUBSCRIBER, Phila.—I have purchased a gun made by —, of London. How do they stand as makers? The gun I have reference to is a 9 pound 12 gauge modified choke, Damascus barrels, rebounding locks, pistol grip and cost \$50. Please state in your next issue if such a gun is reliable and what is the proper load? Ans. Your gun is perfectly reliable. Load with 3½ drs. powder, 1½ oz. shot.

R. M. B., New York.—In Pike Co., Penn., you will find excellent sport at Lackawanna. Williamson's Hotel there is headquarters for sportsmen; board \$8 per week. Deer, ducks, snipe, grouse, trout, bass and pickerel will be found in the neighborhood. Good hotels at Milford \$10 to \$12 per week. Another good centre is Schuylers. There are reasonable hotel accommodations. You can hardly go astray.

R. H. E., Middletown, Conn.—We repeat the oft-repeated recipe for aquarium cement. Make a thick paste of these ingredients: Two ozs. powdered litharge, one oz. ground white lead, three ozs. boiled linseed oil and one oz. corn meal. Another good cement may be made by mixing litharge and glycerine to the consistency of putty. It may be used to mend all sorts of broken household ware. Give it a week to harden.

A. R. C., Germantown.—My Skye terrier has a swelling on his utrial organ. In great pain. Have tried an ointment of carbolic acid which seemed to give some relief. Passes water with difficulty. What shall I do? Ans. Difficulty arises from some local irritation. Purge him with castor oil and give five grains nitrate of potash in a little water three times a day. For all diseases of the bladder the nitrate of potash is excellent.

E. C. D., Montrose, Pa.—For a safe steam yacht write to N. Y. Safety Steam Power Co., 30 Cortlandt st., N. Y.; or to Baird, Huston & Co., Beach and Venus sts., Philadelphia; or to Geo. Farr, Buffalo, N. Y. They are all reliable parties and can do as well with you as any one else. For a second-hand yacht advertise in our columns. A 20 foot steam launch will cost new about \$375 to \$400. Will seat six to eight persons. Speed ten to twelve miles.

D. D. M., East Rockaway.—I have a very fine W. & C. Smith & Sons Shore breech-loading, purchased of Schuyler, Harve & Croft expressed for wild fowl shooting, and am thinking about having one barrel choked. Please inform me through the columns of Answers to Correspondents what your opinion is in choke bores for shooting coarse shot, say No. 4 to BB? Ans. A choke bore, if anything, shoots the larger numbers better than the smaller ones.

J. P., St. Paul, Minn.—My Irish setter has felons over her eyes. I thought I had cured her. Since then occasionally matter will form in her eyes. The eyes look glossy, nose dry, appetite fair, but not strong. What shall I do? Ans. Try to improve general health. Plenty of exercise and good food give a good coat. Give a little sulphur once a week and now and again a mild purge of castor oil, and wash the eyes with weak alum water once a day, three grains to an ounce.

J. W. W., Baltimore.—My Setter dog is 4 years old and has something the matter with him. Coat looks dead, and stomach is swollen. Is dull and apathetic. Have given him oil. Does not seem to suffer. I feed him on scraps. He is troubled with fleas. Ans. Perhaps your dog has dropsy, any physician can tell you, and you must destroy the fleas about the kennel at the same time you kill them on the dog. Cleanse the kennel with lime, and wash the whole with water containing a little carbolic acid.

O. V. L., Springfield.—Setter pup, 4 months old, has been sick a month. Gave him oil and he passed a few worms. As he kept growling worse I thought I would destroy him, but thought I would try some salts. He threw up a great many worms. Gave him then arsenic but he is not in good order. Had cancer in the ear, but that is cured. What can I do for him? Ans. Give him two grains of quinine three times a day for a week. Also a teaspoonful of salt the first thing in the morning for three days.

R. E., Newport.—I want to purchase a new breech-loading shotgun to be used on quail, grouse, chicken, snipe, duck and occasionally geese and turkey. How shall I have the bore for this variety of game? I want the gun light, say seven pounds. Should it be true cylinder for one barrel and moderate choke for the other, or should it be moderate choke for one and full for the other? 2. Is the — the best for the money? Ans. 1. Get a 12 bore gun, one barrel moderate and the other full choke. 2. An excellent gun.

PAUL, West Boylston.—1. Please give proper charge, powder and shot, for a muzzle-loading, 15 bore, 30 gauge barrels? 2. In the trial of "Chilled vs. Soft Shot" I see the Orange Lightning gives better penetration than the Dittmar; also, better pattern. Is the Dittmar as good for every-day shooting as black powder? 3. What would you recommend for fall use in breech-loading shot-gun, Dittmar or black powder? Ans. 1. 2½ grs. powder, 1 oz. shot, 2. Dittmar excellent for all kinds of shooting, 3. Both equally good.

G. O. A., Fitchburg, Mass.—Parrishboro', Nova Scotia, is a fine initial point for game and fish. It is the starting point for hunting moose, caribou, bears, wildcats, red and cross foxes, ruffed grouse, black grouse, woodcock, snipe, plover and curlew, and fishing for trout and salmon. Good hotel accommodations, and guides for hunting and fishing. You cannot lawfully kill moose in the Province before October, and then, being a non-resident, you will have to procure a license (fee \$50) from the Provincial Secretary.

J. A. C. K., Parker City, Pa.—1. What is the best gun for a boy of 16, a muzzle, or breech-loader? 2. How much would a book on canoe and sailboat building cost? 3. Where can I get such a book? 4. How much would it cost for a muzzle-loading rifle? Ans. 1. A breech-loader. Half the excellent article in looking, and for this reason a breech-loader is safer. 2. and 3. "Nelson's Practical Boat Building" will cost about \$1.50. Can send it to you as soon as shipment arrives from England. 4. From \$12 to \$20—most any price now.

T. T., Beaver Avenue, Allegheny City.—Where can I get information on the breeding, management and breaking of goats? Ans. There is a series of articles now being published in the *London Live Stock Journal*. It is a very easy matter to break a goat, providing he is not too old. First break him so that he can be driven around without a wagon. After you have him accustomed to the bit you can put a wagon behind him. You will find it a tough job to break a goat after he is one or two years old, as after this age they become very stubborn.

G. P. K., Norwalk, Conn.—The crawfish are, popularly speaking, a cross between the shrimp and the lobster. The scientific name is *Decapoda bartonii* of the Northeastern States, and *A. mississippiensis* of the Western States, with other names for the species of other localities. They are common in all fresh water streams, and we should presume that you would find them about Norwalk. Can be procured in the market. Do not prefer them to Dolous as bait for bass, though much depends upon locality, etc. See *E. P. S.*, Vol. IX., p. 105; Sept. 13, 1877.

G. G., Homosassa.—You told a boat give her a thin coat of linseed oil and dust on the blacklead, rubbing it down smooth. Pot lead may be obtained from R. J. Waddell & Co., 52 Beekman st., N. Y. Cost 10c. per pound. Order 20 pounds. A gallon of fresh water weighs 10 pounds. Six and a quarter gallons make one cubic foot, which weighs 62.4 pounds; if salt water 64.2 pounds. There are 35.24 cubic feet of fresh water in a ton (2,240 lbs.) cubic feet salt water. Ton, 2,240 pounds. Will send book on boat building as soon as shipment from England comes to hand.

L. F., New York.—What kind of game is found in Wyoming and Montana? Which of the two are best for a hunter and trapper? Ans. In these territories you will find elk, mule, black and white-tailed deer, cinnamon and black bears, buffalo, moose, mountain sheep, antelope, mountain lions, jack rabbits, common rabbits, squirrels, gray wolves, prairie wolves, beavers, otters, pinnated grouse, snipe, ducks, geese, cranes, pelicans, brant, herons and sage hens. You will find enough game in either one of them. The Winchester is the better of the two rifles you mention.

J. W. L., Bowmansville.—1. Is powder best kept by putting it into a glass bottle tightly corked? 2. Should it be kept in a warm, dry place? 3. Would Creedmoor rules allow moveable rubber butt to be used if with it the rifle weighed over ten pounds; and in weighing rifle would this be taken off or included in its weight? 4. Would a pad fastened to arm be allowed? Ans. 1. Admirably well. 2. Yes. 3. The rifle alone must not weigh over ten pounds, with trappings. 4. It would be allowed—so that it was not a sling or support to the piece.

SUBSCRIBER, Brooklyn.—I have a breech-loading shot-gun 10 gauge, 9½ pounds, which is too heavy for summer shooting. Could I procure a pair of barrels, 12 bore, 25 or 30 inch to fit the stock? How soon could I procure them? Does chilled shot injure the choke of a gun, or has it a tendency to lead it? Ans. 1. A 12 gauge barrel would lighten your gun so very little as to make but little difference. Would cost about \$75. Go to Squires, No. 1 Cortlandt st., N. Y., or to Madison, Fulton st., Brooklyn. 2. About a couple of months. 3. Not in the least.

F. W. B., Boston.—On account of crowded condition of our columns the design for a deep sleep yacht has been deferred. You may take the design on page 181, vol. 10, draw in the desired depth and retaining the beam, sketch in the frames and so make an acceptable design. But when opportunity offers later on we will devote attention to large displacement craft. A twenty foot jib and mainsail will cost about \$300 new, according to quality of build. Would advise you to pick up a second-hand boat. There are many in Boston to be had from \$150 up. Address "X" has been sent to you. Will take about twenty-five days to build such a yacht.

CANYASBECK, Cleveland, O.—The following are the dimensions of canvas for a sloop 24 feet long, medium rig: Mainsail, 21 feet hoist; 21 feet on boom, 14 feet on gaff; jib, 30 feet on foot; 22 feet on leech. Lay out the canvas on paper, find the centre and place mast so that it will balance with centre of longitudinal immersed section, centreboard down. No definite rule for setting upon dimensions of canvas can be given. Experience governs the amount. It also depends upon stiffness of the boat, consequently above figures are only approximate, as we have not full particulars of the yacht at hand. Total area about 700 feet, and assuming immersed cross section of the yacht to measure 11 feet she will have about 64 feet of sail to 1 of cross section, which is a fair amount for ordinary use.

BOTH IRYS, New York.—Does Carver use a rifle with two sights, or in shooting does he use the sight or sights? I think it would be very difficult for him to use two, or even one sight, and my impression is that a sight on a shot-gun is not needed. These inquiries are elicited by reading the article of "Excursions" in your issue of Aug. 25. Are the Damascus barrels in the — guns imported or made in this country? Ans. 1. The Winchester is the ordinary one with the two sights, but the sights are not used by Carver in shooting. It would be impossible for him to catch the shots with the sights, so quickly does he aim at flying objects. It is very possible that Bogardus does not use the sights in his shot gun. At first he may have done so, but the end of the barrel directs his aim. We could not, however, dispense with the sights. They are used by the shooter instinctively, 2. Imported.

A. F., Sixteenth U. S. J., Fort Riley.—Subscription expires August 9, 1878. To rig a boat 12 feet long, canoe model, proceed as follows, for ordinary rig: Mast, 8 feet long; stepped 3 feet from bows. Lug sail, 6 feet on foot; 4 feet 6 inches on huff, the latter being perpendicular to the foot; 7 feet 6 inches on leech and 4 feet on head. The light pole for the head and one for foot. Have single halliards run through sheave in masthead, or a simple "hitchable" seized on one side of the mast. The lower boom is kept down by a lashing round the mast, or a cleat. Single rope for sheet about 1 foot in from end of boom. For tacking use a "leeboard." If more sail is wanted add a small jib forward and a corresponding "jigger" aft. Latter is simply a light pole, with boom on bottom and a triangular sail stretched between the two. If required have line of reef points in the lug sail 2 feet up from boom. Make sail tight and draw the drilling. Haul all around. If you get gaff and boom through attached "eyeclets" in the huff. Have line from gaff and boom to masthead and down again, so that you can brail up the boom up and down the mast. Lee board should have 1½ square feet immersed.

A CRITIC CRITICISED.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INJUNCTION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1878.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guaranty of good faith and be addressed to the FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous communications will be regarded.

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CHARLES HALLOCK, Editor.

T. C. BANKS,

Business Manager.

S. H. TURKILL, Chicago,

Western Manager.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS FOR THE COMING WEEK.

Friday, Aug. 9.—Trotting at Rochester, N. Y.; Prophetstown, Ill.; Figma, O.; Mansfield, O.; Charlotte, Mich. Base Ball: Indianapolis vs New Bedford, at New Bedford; Buffalo vs. Utica, at Buffalo.

Saturday, Aug. 10.—Scottish-American Athletic Club Games. Base Ball: Indianapolis vs. Providence, at Providence; Milwaukee vs. Cincinnati, at Milwaukee; Buffalo vs. Utica, at Buffalo.

Monday, Aug. 12.—Professional sculling at Barrier, Ont. Trotting: Mendota, Ill.; Utica, N. Y.; Genesee, Ill.

Tuesday, Aug. 13.—Sculling as above. Weisgerber-Feinsinger sculling match at Wheeling, W. Va.

Thursday, Aug. 15.—Eastern Rowing Association Open Regatta at Silver Lake.

ANOTHER MILE-STONE.

To-day our readers receive Volume Eleven, Number One. This reminds us that, with the rolling years, the days of our youth are passing and we are growing old. But while assuming with becoming grace the quiet dignity and the increased wisdom which are popularly ascribed to age, we mean never to lose the freshness and buoyancy of the youthful spirit. With ten bound volumes behind us, a subscription list larger than ever before, a steadily increasing demand upon our advertising space, and the most flattering prospects for the future, we might crave the reader's indulgence if we gave way to a little self-laudation. But the many friends whose names have been on our subscription list from the first few weeks, will not expect any such exhibition of this latent talent, and those who know us less intimately might misunderstand our lapse from accustomed modesty. With an expression of hearty good will to all, then, we go on our way, trusting that in the future, as in the past, the FOREST AND STREAM and ROD AND GUN may pursue its onward course among an ever-increasing number of congenial and warm-hearted friends.

FOREST AND STREAM will be sent for fractions of a year as follows: Six months, \$9; three months, \$1. To clubs of two or more, \$3 per annum.

IN the August number of the *Atlantic Monthly* appears a critical note which should not be left unanswered. A correspondent, in the "Contributors' Club," takes exception to Judge Caton's statement that the Black-tail Deer is confined to the western slope of our continent, and asserts that, having hunted in most of the States and Territories between the Rocky Mountains and the Missouri River, he has found the Black-tail in all of them, and he is informed that it occurs in Idaho and Washington. He also states that the question as to whether the antelope shed their horns is still a disputed one, and winds up his note with a statement attributed to Jim Bridger, and which is worthy of the old man.

The note to which we refer is an unfortunate one, for it is calculated to convey entirely erroneous impressions to all readers of the *Atlantic* who are not up in scientific nomenclature. The case in hand is only another instance of the lamentable looseness with which common names are applied to animals of all kinds. The Black-tail blunder appears especially hard to kill. We have corrected it many times, but it still comes up—smiling, if we may use the term.

The fact is that there are two entirely distinct species of deer inhabiting our western country, both of which are called, in their respective sections, Black-tail. The one to which the contributing critic refers is the *Capreolus macrotis* of naturalists, called, from the great length of its ears, Mule Deer, but known throughout its range as the Black-tail. It inhabits the Missouri River country, and the Rocky Mountains as far as the eastern foothills of the Sierra Nevada. A variety of this species is found, too, in Arizona and Southern California, where it is called by the Mexicans the Burro Deer—a name synonymous with its proper English appellation, for *burro* is Spanish for jackass.

Capreolus columbianus is the other, and the true, Black-tail. It is most abundant on the Pacific Coast, but its range probably extends eastward beyond the Sierras, so that it no doubt somewhat overlaps that of the Mule Deer. The two species are so different in appearance that one need not be a naturalist to distinguish one from the other—an inspection of the tail will decide the matter at once. That of the Mule Deer (*C. macrotis*) is naked below, covered with short, white hairs above, and terminates in a heavy brush, or pencil, of black hairs. It is as different as can be in appearance from the tail of the Virginia Deer. The tail of the Black-tail, on the other hand, is broad, and, except in its color, resembles the tail of the Red Deer (*C. virginianus*), but it is black above and white below. Besides these characteristics are many others which would render the confusion of the two species well nigh impossible even to the most casual observer. It is the name that has done the mischief, and nine men out of ten, no matter where they have hunted, when they hear of the Black-tail imagine that it must be the deer which they know by that name.

This confusion of names is very common, and a few examples will serve to call attention to its unfortunate consequences. All of our readers know that the partridge of the South is the quail of the North and West, while the partridge of the Middle and New England States is the pheasant of the South and West, and is, after all, neither a pheasant nor a partridge, but a grouse. The gopher of Georgia and Florida is a land tortoise (*Xerobates carolinensis*—Ag.), that of the plains is a little ground squirrel (*Spermophilus*), while the gopher of California is another and very different rodent, the pouched rat (*Thomomys* and *Gromys*). Dozens of analogous cases might be cited.

In nine years of campaigning on the plains, in the Rocky Mountains, and on the Pacific Coast, we have never met a reliable hunter who did not believe and strenuously affirm that antelope shed their horns, and the fact has been known to naturalists for about ten years. We must not be understood as maintaining that the whole horn is shed, as is the case with the deer. It is only the sheath that drops off, leaving the core of the horn clothed with a soft, hairy skin which grows hard in a short time, and within a month or two attains its full length. This shedding takes place in late November or December, some little time after the rutting season is over. An interesting account of the process of shedding will be found in Gray's "Catalogue of the Ungulata in the British Museum" (London, 1872).

We may mention in this connection that we have on hand two very interesting articles, one on the "Black-tail of the Pacific Coast," and the other on "Antelope Shedding Their Horns," which will appear as soon as we can find space for them.

THE FLOWER MISSION.

THE conception of the Flower Mission was eminently feminine. Like many another charitable project sprung from the impulse of woman's good soul, it was not at once recognized by the prosaic. We are not surprised that when the New York mission was started some nine years ago, there should have been well-meaning advisers to urge the substitution of the utilitarian for the aesthetics—bread and butter for violets and lilies. How the wisdom of the ladies has been shown by the sequel, and how the flowers have proved themselves to be famished souls more than meat and raiment to the body, is eloquently told in the simple recital of facts which we publish in our Woodland columns. These records are a contribution to floral literature. In all the prose and poetry of flowers we recall nothing more beautiful or touching than some of the incidents here recounted.

The first Flower Mission originated in Boston; there are now similar missions in Baltimore, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, and possibly elsewhere. There should be one in every city in the land. The New York society was formed in the spring of 1869, and has since carried on its modest work of love with most surprising and gratifying results. The work and its object have only to be known to be warily seconded by generous contributions of flowers and fruits from woodland, garden and conservatory. During the summer of 1877 contributions from seventy-eight different towns amounted to 73,823 bouquets, which were distributed among Hospitals, Homes, Asylums, Prisons, etc. Eleven thousand distributions of fruit and flowers were made to the sick in tenement houses. The actual expenses of carrying on the Mission for the past eight years have only been a little over one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Any donations of money, which are always thankfully received, are spent in the purchase of fruit for special cases of severe illness in tenement houses.

But with the increasing facilities and larger means have also come new avenues of labor. As the work is better known new demands come pouring in, the field constantly enlarges, the demand is ever greater than the supply, and the complaint of the ladies is that with all their careful management they cannot split a rose.

The simple story of their work, as told by the ladies who are engaged in this ministry of the flowers, is a much better plea than any comments we ourselves could make upon it. Our purpose in devoting space to it is a very practical one: Let the men and women and children who read this journal contribute their quota to the good work; and if modesty stands in the way, let the fruits and flowers be sent to the Mission as coming from the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM.

THE DORY "NAUTILUS."

OUR London advices of the 2d inst. announce the safe arrival at Mount's Bay, Aug. 1, of the dory *Nautilus*, from Beverly, Mass. Though we find little to commend in any such foolhardy undertakings as that of the brothers Andrews, who formed the volunteer crew of this little boat, and believe such trips are they undertook to be fraught with dangers altogether out of proportion to the benefits to be obtained from the rash undertakings, the arrival of the *Nautilus* carries with it a little lesson probably never thought of by those who, without any apparent object or aim, set their lives needlessly at peril. The public at large is imbued with a fallacy which the venture of the *Nautilus* will do much to disprove. It seems to be generally the impression that size is one of the chief elements of safety in ships and yachts, and that the smaller the boat the greater the risk of fatal issue at sea. This, however, is not the case. On the contrary, the very reverse is true. The smaller the yacht the safer she becomes. Model, and not size, is the main element of safety. The dory had a better chance of safely crossing the ocean than the big *Mohawk*, and many another craft of her kind. The latter are built on wrong principles for sea-going vessels. Their curves of stability indicate clearly the great danger such craft are in of capsizing at sea. But a boat of only 20ft. in length can be so modeled as to be absolutely uncapizable, and therefore perfectly safe in any kind of weather. She may be less comfortable than her larger sister, it is true, but for all that her small tonnage has nothing to do concerning her safety. It is model and not size, then, that should be considered either in designing a vessel for sea, or for investigating her chances in heavy weather. The smaller the boat the stronger will she be in proportion to the strains brought upon her. Cork up a bottle, put some weight on the bottom, and no gale can destroy it at sea—the neck will float above water dry and snug. Build a yacht on similar principles—ballast low down, easy form, handy rig, and you can brave the storm that would make matchwood or a scrap heap of the biggest vessel afloat.

A NEW HAPPY HUNTING GROUND FOR ENGLISHMEN.—No sooner has the European imbroglio been cleared, and that good lady, Victoria, been made Queen of Cyprus, than Englishmen are casting longing eyes on the game to be found in and near their newly acquired possessions. Perhaps to many English gentlemen, when the news reached them that Cyprus was theirs, this idea was paramount, "What a jolly good time we are going to have with the game in Cyprus! Earl Beaconsfield is a thoughtful fellow after all." As a centre from whence hunting expeditions can be made, Cyprus must present great advantages. The *Field* tells us that on the mainland of Asia Minor, extending from Adalia to Marash, on the Taurus Mountains, there are red deer, fallow deer, roe deer, ibex, chamois, bears, and any quantity of wild boars, besides francolin, while on the plains, between the mountains and the sea, there are partridges, woodcock, snipe and large quantities of wild fowl. With the wonderful facilities England possesses for travel, in four days the sportsman might leave England, be in Cyprus, and in a day more find himself amid the lofty ranges of the Taurus. When England exhausts one hunting ground, she casts her eyes about for another. The gobbling up of Cyprus, and the facilities it will give in Asia Minor for hunting, will make the present diplomacy of the greatest man in Europe most popular. The first wild boar shot ought to be sent to "Dizzy." He would not be prevented by religious scruples from eating it.

MARK BALL.—Scores of our readers will learn with sadness of the recent death of Mr. Mark Ball, who was so well and

widely known among sportsmen. For twenty-three years he was a conductor on the Erie Railroad, in which position his uniform courtesy won many friends. Later, as the traveling agent of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, he extended his acquaintance among traveling sportsmen. From 1863 to 1870 he was a member of the Forester Club of Buffalo, N.Y., and afterward the founder of the Canisteo Valley Sportsmen's Club.

ARRIVAL OF CAPTAIN TAYLOR.—We had the pleasure of receiving a visit from Captain John M. Taylor, who arrived from Europe on Wednesday last. Captain Taylor brings with him a pure Yorkshire blue terrier for C. H. Raymond, Esq., bred by the Fosters of Bradford. His portrait and pedigree will appear in this journal in due time. He has also brought with him for his own kennel one lemon and white pointer bitch pup, also a black and black-ticked pointer dog pup, both bred by J. H. Salter, of Tolleshunt D'Arcy, and stud, Dandle Dimmont terrier, bred by Hugh Dalzell, Esq. Captain Taylor had with him also a stud fox terrier. The latter jumped ashore, however, at the Victoria docks in London and bolted home. Captain Taylor trusts they will find the fox terrier again; if not the National Line will have to make it good, as he has the receipt of the National Line, and paid freight on all the dogs. We shall receive from Captain Taylor a course of letters of what he saw connected with the dog, rod and gun in England. Our correspondent speaks in the highest terms of the courtesy he met abroad, both in England and the Continent. Captain Taylor proceeds at once to his plantation in Nottoway County, Virginia.

TIME, SPACE AND "THE HERALD."—Captain Bogardus defeated Mr. Aubrey Coventry, Tuesday afternoon, on the grounds of the London Gun Club, London, England. New Yorkers who read the *Evening Telegram* and the sign boards say that every one reads it—were discussing the scores over their tea biscuits, and the *Herald* account over their morning coffee. The *Herald* and its safety-valve, the *Evening Telegram*, make nothing of time and space. It is a matter of perfect indifference to them whether a thing to-day happens in Paris, London or New York. It all appears this evening and to-morrow morning.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.] IN ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

ST. PIERRE MARTINIQUE, July 3, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

In the language of the eminent statesman of my native State, "I still live." Notwithstanding the time that has elapsed since last I wrote you, I have held my memory ever dear, as usual. Two months ago I nearly "burst the bonds of silence" that bound me, and poured forth my soul in ink flow. The how of it was thus: A weather-stained, storm-beaten package of papers—the same you sent me in February—reached me just as I returned from a month in the woods. I was hungry, I was thirsty and tired, and yet, though my quart of Bass' pale ale stood at my elbow ready to be quaffed, it waited half an hour longer than usual; for just then I espied, in a corner of my shanty that veritable package of FOREST AND STREAMS. With what eagerness I pitched into that same package, only he who has been deprived of their presence for a good year can imagine.

In traveling with the goodly band of hunters who narrate their experiences in your columns, I forgot both food and drink, and only the waning light of afternoon and the little darkey who arrived with my dinner, recalled me to my duties. Then I was hunting over hallowed ground; no less a place than "Robinson Crusoe's Island." Of a truth, my dear friend, I have trodden the very sands in which "poor old Robinson Crusoe" first saw the impress of Friday's foot; I have gathered shells on the very reef on which his vessel wrecked; I have hunted the wild goat, the peccari or wild hog, the wild dog, armadillo and agouti in the forests made ever memorable by De Foë as those in which his hero lived; even the very cave in which was stowed the powder that Crusoe saved from the wreck and in which Friday secured their prisoners, I have visited. In the dark and gloomy forests of the interior and along the rocky shore, with its numerous beaches of silver sand, I have shot birds whose plumage might vie with the rainbow; birds of strange shape and with weird notes; birds with feathers of gold and green, blue, yellow, crimson, and vermilion. My camps have been by the side of rushing streams, beneath gigantic tropic trees and palms that lifted their plumed heads far into the sky.

And this was in Crusoe's Island.

In writing this I give you the credit of having read, when a boy, as every boy has done, the adventures of Robinson Crusoe; of having neglected breakfast, dinner, supper; of having "played hooky," as I have done, to read the pages of that wonderful book. I have a vivid recollection of my first sight of that volume. How I waited for months before the librarian of our public library "forked over" the number which had been on my card so long. With what avidity did I devour it, piecemeal, as I walked home; how many times did I stop—beneath the old elm, beneath the poplars by the cemetery, sitting a while on the ledge that jutted into the road, and when I once got it safe home there was no rest until it was mastered. No book, I can safely say, possessed the interest that centered in Crusoe and his man Friday.

It was only through great exertions that I reached Crusoe's Island; by slow sailing in a small sloop, beneath a tropical

sun, glowing stars and a silver moon, alternate; guided at night by the beautiful Southern Cross, which here serves the same purpose to the mariner that the North Star does to the sailor of more northern seas. I was sailing then from an island where still exist, in almost countless numbers, bands of monkeys, monkeys with the intelligence of human beings (always excepting ourselves, of course); monkeys who would, when I missed a shot at them, curl their mighty tails over a limb and "thump their noses" at me; monkeys that nightly robed cocoa and nutmeg groves and placed the useless hands of the former on the owner's doorstep. That was a month after leaving the island in which I camped in the crater and ferreted out, through storm and mist, the truth respecting the mysterious bird of the volcano. And now I am back again in this island in which I landed one year and a half ago. I have two things to encounter here—snakes and prejudice—but hope to successfully triumph over both.

The snakes are the deadliest known to man; there is no known remedy for their bites, no antidote for their venom. Weekly occur deaths among the laborers, and not a hunting season passes without a death being chronicled of some gentleman of the country. That there are antidotes known to the negroes, I have been assured, and shall try to secure them for the benefit of science. Relying upon the old and tried alligator boots, that for five years have defied alike elements and serpents, I expect to escape. There is, however, no snake possessing the peculiarly venomous nature of this serpent. It seems to entertain a feeling of positive hatred against the human race. It lies in wait, curled over a branch overhanging the bridge paths of the mountains, for the horseman, and deals quickly and certainly a fatal blow. The poorer classes have a superstitious horror of it. They positively declare that it will watch the people from the country going to market, and will stretch itself across their path at dusk when they return, in order to bite them. I hope he is not so black as he is painted, though. Regarding this individual, as well as many others, I must write more fully at some future time. In my gorges and in comings out of the forests and mountains, I much resemble some water animal coming up to the surface to breathe, for no sooner have I shaken the mists of the mountains from my eyes and taken in a good gulp of civilized atmosphere, than back I plunge into the depths of my retreats.

FRED. BEVERLY.

The Rifle.

MASSACHUSETTS—Gardner, July 31.—The Gardner Rifle Club, Haverack range; distance 200 yards, off-hand; two scores of ten shots each; possible 240 Massachusetts, 100 Creedmoor:

	M.	C.	M.	C.	Totals.
H. O. Knowlton.....	104	46	103	45	207
J. R. Pratt.....	102	44	105	45	207
C. F. Edwards.....	97	43	105	45	200
G. H. Brown.....	93	44	103	45	201
William Austin.....	91	41	98	40	191
Charles Hildreth.....	62	31	87	40	149
Oliver Hudson.....	95	40	99	42	193
J. Kresinger.....	85	35	92	40	177

WALNUT HILL—Boston, July 31.—Third competition, long-range match at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards. This match brought out some superb shooting. Captain Jackson's score of 210 in a possible 225 is immense, as are Messrs. Tyler and Brown's 211. We give the scores in full:

	800.	900.	1,000.	Total.
Captain W. H. Jackson.....	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	73
H. Tyler.....	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	71
J. F. Brown.....	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	71
J. S. Sumner.....	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	69
H. L. Lee.....	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	67
S. Wither.....	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	67
William Gerrish.....	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	67
W. Arthur.....	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	65
S. Lewis.....	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	63
W. M. Ward.....	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	63

On the 28th the second competition for the honor of being placed upon the American Team took place. All the aspirants were present except G. W. Davidson, who is absent at Creedmoor. The other members of the team who represent the Massachusetts Rifle Association are Captain Jackson, H. Tyler, J. E. Brown, J. S. Sumner and William Gerrish, whose elegant scores it will be hard to excel.

CONNECTICUT—Bridgeport, July 23.—The tie on the Howe swing machine, was 255 3 4 5 Geo. F. Hull and J. H. Teackle of Stamford. Mr. Geo. R. Hull won the score of 20, Mr. Teackle making 17. The following is the list of those taking prizes: 200 yards, all comers match—G. F. Hull, score 23, 1st prize; Harry Nichols, 2d, 2d; R. S. Bassett, 2d, 3d; Captain D. E. Marsh, 3d, 4th; G. C. Smith, 20, 5th. Two hundred yards military rifle match—E. R. Latham,

score 21, 1st prize; D. P. Lyons, 20, 2d; William Gormley, 20, 3d; Wallace Gunn, 10, 4th; J. H. Teackle, 19, 5th. Five hundred yards military—Wallace Gunn, score 23, 1st prize; J. H. Teackle, 3d, 2d; Harry Nichols, 14, 3d. Five hundred yards, all-comers match—R. S. Bassett, score 24, 1st prize; S. C. Kingman, 2d, 2d; Wallace Gunn, 2d, 3d; Harry Nichols, 2d, 4th; J. L. Moore, 20, 5th.

CREEDMOOR.—The second competition for the selection of a team to defend the Centennial Trophy during the coming year was continued on Wednesday week last. Three competitors participated, and all made good scores. The weather was very favorable for shooting, a very gentle breeze blowing from the northwest, the light being good and elevations steady. The scores made by the contestants were as follows:

	800 yards.	900 yards.	1,000 yards.	T. I.
F. H. Clark.....	73	72	57	202
G. W. Davidson.....	73	62	64	199
S. G. Dudley.....	73	62	64	199

The spring of Dr. Dudley's gun broke before he finished his score at 1,000 yards. A match was shot by the members of the Irish-American Rifle Club for a Sharps special military rifle. The ranges at which the match was shot were 300 and 600 yards, ten shots at each; standing at 300 yards, any position at 600. This was the first competition. The first winner of the prize was N. D. Ward, who recorded a fine score of 82 points. A number of members of the Twelfth and Twenty-third Regiments shot at the competitions for the selection of teams to represent these organizations in the military matches of the fall meeting.

COMPETITIONS AT CREEDMOOR FOR AUGUST.—Competitions for places on the team of 1875 will be held on Tuesday 13 and Wednesday 14. Saturday, 10th—"National Rifle Association Match," at 300 and 600 yards; Skirmishes' Badge Match, at unknown distances. Saturday, 17th—"Soldier's Match," at 230 P. M., at 200 yards, for military teams of eight; Champion Marksman's Badge Match, at 200 and 500 yards; Wednesday, 21st—"Ballard Match," at 230 P. M., at 200 yards; no cleaning. Saturday, 24th—"Sharps Match," at 10:45 A. M., at 800 and 1,000 yards. Sunday, 25th—"Long Range Challenge Badge Competition," at 230 P. M., at 200 yards. Wednesday, 28th—"Match for 'Gildersleeve Medal,'" at 2:30 P. M., at 200 and 500 yards. Saturday, 31st—"Remington Match," at 10:45 A. M. The Seventh Regiment Rifle Club will shoot for the "Rifles," Saturdays, 10th and 31st. The members of the Amateur Rifle Club will shoot their "Long Range Match," Wednesday, 21st, and the "Short Range Match," Saturday 31st. The Washington Greys Rifle Club will shoot for their "Life Membership" prize, Tuesday, 20th.

COMPETITION FOR AMERICAN TEAM.—To-day the matches will be closed, and next week we will give resume. Ten competitors made their entries on Tuesday. Five of the competitors, Messrs. Jackson, Gerrish, Sumner, Rockwell and Brown, are members of the Massachusetts Rifle Association, and shot in their first two competitions at Walnut Hill range, near Boston; Mr. Davidson is from Providence, and Col. Clark is from Poughkeepsie. The remaining competitors, including Col. Clark, shot their first competitions at Creedmoor. Dr. Dudley, who was one of the competitors heretofore, broke his rifle last week, and as it was not ready yesterday, he will begin the first of his final competitions this morning. The scores were:

	800 yards.	900 yards.	1,000 yards.	T. I.
W. H. Jackson.....	73	73	68	214
Col. H. Clark.....	72	75	66	213
J. S. Sumner.....	73	64	64	201
R. H. Robinson.....	70	71	64	205
R. Fisher.....	66	70	65	201
J. F. Brown.....	67	61	63	191
E. F. Rockwell.....	57	61	53	169
William Gerrish.....	70	51	Retired.	
G. W. Davidson.....	68	61	Retired.	

UTICA—Mohawk Valley Rifle Range, Aug. 3.—Competition for five lion prizes, 200 and 500 yards, seven shots at each distance. We give the leading scores:

	200 yards.	500 yards.
G. A. Trowbridge.....	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5
D. E. Pomeroy.....	5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5
W. Parks.....	4 3 4 3 4 3 4 3 4 3	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5
W. F. Martin.....	4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5
F. W. Paterson.....	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5
W. T. Tinsley.....	3 2 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5

B. A. G.

NEW JERSEY—Lakewood, Aug. 3.—Match between members of Amalgamated Rifle Club of Paterson; Creedmoor rules; 100 yards; off-hand; possible 50:

	100 yards.
Joe O. Sigler.....	4 5 5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4
Ed. Williams.....	4 3 5 5 4 4 4 4 4 4
Alfred W. Martin.....	4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4
Alfred Dr. John Quinn.....	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4
At 200 yards; position, lying on the breast, heels six inches above the head, target elevated:	
Joe O. Sigler.....	4 5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4
Ed. Williams.....	4 3 5 5 4 4 4 4 4 4
Alfred W. Martin.....	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4
Alfred Dr. John Quinn.....	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4

E. H. Jr.

NEWARK.—The Amateur Rifle Club, of Newark, Wayne County, N. Y., have issued the programme for their annual prize meeting. It will be held in Wayne County to-day and to-morrow. On the former day a match at 200 yards will be shot at 9 A. M. for prizes aggregating \$35. Forty dollars in prizes will be offered. The feature of the second day's shooting will be a competition at 800 and 1,000 yards for a rifle valued at \$30, and money prizes amounting to \$200. Entries will be received on the range up to the commencement of each match.

ATLANTIC CITY.—A match was shot at Atlantic City, N. J., on Monday, 29th ult., between teams representing various Irish volunteer organizations of this city and Philadelphia. The distance was 200 yards, the highest possible team total 150 points. The best scores were as follows: Irish Volunteers, 105 points; Montgomery Guards, 101 points; Shearers Rifles, 97 points; Emmet Guards, 78 points.

COLUMBIA RIFLE RANGE.—The Columbia Rifle Range, located at Bergen Heights, will be open a few days. It can be reached by the E. R. R. in fifteen minutes. The officers are Col. E. P. C. Lewis, the Hoboken millionaire, President; J. C. Bruce, Vice-President; John Kennell, Secretary, and Colonel Bird W. Spencer, Treasurer.

GEN. SHERMAN AT A SCHUTZENFEST.—Washington, Aug. 6. At the Schutzenfest of the Washington Verein this evening, Gen. Sherman performed the ceremony of crowning the King of the Schutzen Cadets, and made a short speech.

FRAGMOOR—New Orleans, July 28.—Match between teams of four, seven shots each at 200 and 600 yards:

Louisiana Field Artillery.				200 yards.				600 yards.			
Schmitz.....	4	5	4	3	4	4	23	5	5	4	5
Glynn.....	4	5	4	3	4	3	22	4	5	4	5
Goldthwaite.....	4	4	4	4	4	3	23	4	5	4	5
Bereogay.....	3	4	4	4	3	3	24	4	5	4	5
Total.....											230
Continental Guards.				200 yards.				600 yards.			
McQuilly.....	4	4	4	4	4	3	25	5	5	4	5
Pierce.....	4	4	4	4	3	2	29	4	5	4	5
Renard.....	4	4	4	4	3	2	25	4	5	4	5
Rosenburg.....	4	4	4	4	3	2	25	4	4	2	2
Total.....											212
Washington Artillery.				200 yards.				600 yards.			
Bradford.....	4	4	4	4	4	3	26	5	5	4	5
Babbitt.....	4	4	4	4	3	2	29	4	5	4	5
Glynn.....	4	5	4	4	4	3	25	5	5	4	5
Repp.....	4	4	4	4	3	2	25	5	5	4	5
Total.....											200

Scores made in the final competition for the Crescent City Rifle Company prize. The prize having been won three times by the Louisiana Field Artillery, it becomes their personal property. Teams of eight, seven shots each, at 200 and 600 yards:

Louisiana Field Artillery.				200 yards.				600 yards.			
Beaumont.....	4	4	4	4	4	3	25	5	5	4	5
Collet.....	4	4	4	4	3	2	27	4	5	4	5
Schmid.....	3	4	4	4	4	3	19	5	5	4	5
Callean.....	4	4	4	4	4	3	27	4	5	4	5
Charlton.....	3	4	4	4	3	2	29	4	5	4	5
Goldthwaite.....	4	4	4	4	4	3	25	4	5	4	5
Schmitz.....	4	4	4	4	4	3	25	4	5	4	5
Bereogay.....	3	4	4	4	3	2	24	5	4	3	5
Total.....											411
Washington Artillery.				200 yards.				600 yards.			
Vellender.....	4	3	4	2	3	4	29	4	2	4	2
Henderson.....	5	3	4	3	4	3	25	4	2	4	2
Brown.....	4	3	4	3	4	3	24	4	3	4	2
Charlton.....	4	3	4	3	4	3	24	4	3	4	2
Babbitt.....	4	4	4	3	4	3	25	4	2	4	2
Seip.....	3	4	3	4	3	3	23	4	3	4	2
Bradford.....	4	4	3	4	3	3	28	3	5	4	5
Total.....											398
Continental Guards.				200 yards.				600 yards.			
True.....	3	5	3	4	3	4	27	4	3	2	3
Talbot.....	3	4	4	3	3	3	25	4	3	2	3
Glynn.....	3	4	4	3	3	3	25	4	3	2	3
Talbot.....	3	4	4	3	3	3	25	4	3	2	3
Pierce.....	4	4	4	3	3	3	25	4	3	2	3
Renard.....	4	4	4	3	3	3	25	4	3	2	3
McQuilly.....	4	4	4	3	3	3	25	4	3	2	3
Total.....											398

MEETING OF THE N. R. A.—On Tuesday, August 6, the programme of the International Military Match, as before published by us, was adopted. General Wingate stated that he had received correspondence in regard to the military match from the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts; General Smith, Commander-in-Chief of the Militia of Connecticut; Colonel Fraser, of Montreal, and Colonel Lorrer, of Nova Scotia. Louisiana and the Department of the Atlantic will probably send teams. On motion it was decided to allow teams to enter from the Engineer and Ordnance Departments of the United States Army, and allow competitors to shoot their fourth competition upon any ranges which they may choose. The beginning of the meeting will be on Wednesday, September 17. The place and dates not yet been determined as of the matches. There will be 24 contests, including the Military Champion Match. The match will be shot in two stages, the first at 200, 500, and 600 yards, seven shots at each distance; the second stage will be shot at 800, 900, and 1,000 yards, and will be open to the competitors who make the 21 highest scores in the first stage.

DR. CARVER'S PROGRAMME UP TO NOVEMBER.—Albany, at Central Park Picnic and Driving Grounds, August 6 and 7; Saratoga Springs, at Glen Mitchell, August 9; Sing Sing, at Brookside Driving Park, August 10; Utica, August 12. Thereafter at Syracuse, Rochester, Auburn, Buffalo and Watertown, arriving at New York, August 15. Newark, N. J., August 16. Place and dates not fixed from August 20 to August 29. Probably at Deckertown, N. J., August 28; at State Fair, St. Paul, Minnesota, six days, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7; at Pittsburg Exposition, Pittsburg, Pa., twenty-four days, Sept. 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 30, October 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5. Address all letters and applications for dates of exhibition care FOREST AND STREAM, 111 Fulton street, New York City, N. Y.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE SECOND WEEK AT WIMBLEDON.

WIMBLEDON, July 20, 1878.

After all, the second week of the rifle work here is of the most interest to the general reader. True, any one who has donned the uniform and followed the drum and file as a volunteer—has taken part in matches and company competitions, may feel a high degree of interest in the turn of the Queen's Cup, the St. George and the Prince of Wales competitions; but for work of precision, for interesting matches, where the nip and tuck sustains the spectators until the last shot is fired, the second week bears off the palm this year. The second week of the big shooting match has proven even more successful than the first. The weather was not enough to drive all London out to the camp—not that it was much cooler there, but there were plenty of sights and scenes to make one forget the excessive heat. In many of the private camps within the great inclosure there were athletic sports and other entertainments in progress almost every evening. The Canadians in their camp entertained the Duke of Cambridge one evening, and were treated to a speech from the Commander-in-Chief, who regretted that he could not congratulate them as the winners of the Kolopore Cup, but in view of the excellent general work done by the team in the individual competitions, their visit had not been in vain.

"Middle" Sunday, as it is called, gave opportunity for a grand church parade by representatives of the several detachments in camp, to whom the Rev. Dr. Shore, Chaplain to the Queen, preached, while the hymns were accompanied and the musical part of the services given by the bands of the Victoria. The afternoon brought new jam, and luncheon to and fro between the officers and old members of the association were in order. Farrow and John, who are here doing

good work with the Ballard rifle, were invited to luncheon by Sir Henry Hallford, who speaks at all times in highest praise of his visit to America, and never tires of praising the excellent American system of team shooting.

This second week of this nineteenth meeting at Wimbledon has been important in the way it has shown up the American rifles to the eyes of the English shooters. There has been a growing feeling that the American breech-loader had in it some merit which the muzzle loader did not possess, but the tenacity with which Englishmen cling to their opinions, right or wrong, is strikingly exemplified in regard to the relative merits of rifles. They have long held that, while the breech-loader is better for military purposes, for the work—that is, accurate shooting—the muzzle-loader is the preferable weapon. Several members of the American-British team had their faith shaken. Lt. Col. Fenton and Sergt. Gilder have been doing excellent work with the Sharps rifle, and one member took care to carry back a Remington breech-loader with him, that having been the rifle used by the majority of the American team. The member referred to was Mr. A. P. Humphrey, of Cambridge University, and his good sense has been fully justified by subsequent events. Mr. Humphrey this summer, by the use of the Remington rifle, has added materially to his fame in winning the Cambridge Cup by an unprecedented score. This prize was shot for at the annual meeting of the Cambridge University Long Range Rifle Club, June 15 and 19, on University Rifle Ranges, Cambridge.

The shooting in this match was quite unexampled by any previous performance in the competitions for the coveted trophy. The score of Mr. Humphrey (the winner) stands alone, far away, the finest performance that has ever been made in a public match at these ranges (900, 1,000 and 1,100 yards), and the scores of the next eight competitors are much less than that with which the cup was won last year. Mr. Humphrey's grand total, 218, while the scores of the "next eight" ranged from 178 to 180.

But this, crushing as it is to the Englishmen's pet notion, is not all. The recent shooting at Wimbledon bears on it with even greater weight. At this meeting Mr. Humphrey, still shooting with the Remington, won no less than four first prizes during the first eight days of the contest, making in all nearly every day the highest score possible at 900 yards. Thus he made the highest possible score at 900, 1,000 yards respectively in the Armer's and Whiteley competitions, and in the contest for the Halford or Ne Plus Ultra prize at 1,000 yards, in which only "bull's-eye" counted, he made the highest possible count by a magnificent score of seven consecutive eyes.

The superiority of the American gun was further attested on July 1, in the Lords of the Commons match. The highest individual score at both ranges (200 and 600 yards) was made by the only competitor who used the Remington breech-loader, the Hon. R. Plunkett. At the 500 yards range Mr. Plunkett put in ten successive eyes. Of course these results, reflecting great credit on American inventive and manufacturing skill, will inevitably have the effect of upsetting the English prejudices referred to in the beginning, and of bringing American guns into increased demand.

All it means is that the marksmen, determined to have the best possible weapon, think they see it in the almost perfect American breech-loader. The weather, too, has been favorable—hot and dry. "The greatest care has been necessary with the muzzle-loaders to prevent caking of the powder and lead. In the case of the Sharps, this is noteworthy with what care the muzzle-loading advocates take of their weapons. The new arms a glance through the tube tells at once whether it be clean or not. When the next international match comes the Americans will find one of the points which told in their favor—that of superiority of rifles—entirely removed, for the teams here will either shoot with the imported rifle or will use others of precisely similar make on the same side.

Passing over a dozen of matches, team and individual, merely mentioning that the Canadians lost the Kolopore Cup by 11 points, and that after the Eaton boys had taken the Ashburton Shield, with the Scotch lads from Glenalmond at the bottom, a youth from this latter took the Spencer Cup at 500 yards against the Cheltenham and Charterhouse champions, we come to the Elcho Shield match, which is, after all, the chief attraction of the week. As American riflemen, the "match" came off on Thursday last, and if there ever was an American summer's day at Wimbledon it was that one. From an almost cloudless sky the sun came down with terrific force, and the mercury rose to 140 degrees in the open. The teams were not over ready in getting to the firing points, and it was nearly 11 o'clock before the opening shot came from the American quarter. Ferguson fired it. A bull's-eye it was, but upon one of the Irish targets, and his blunder cost his side five points.

The wind was blowing across the range pretty strongly, but what was more important for good work, it was not gusty. It was soon manifest where the victory was to lie. All the teams were strong. No raw men were put in, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, all the teams were made up of old Elcho Shield men. At one of the Scotch targets Whitelaw and Lake coached, and at the other Fraser and McIsaac acted; but the team shot quicker and there was too much Scotch stubbornness. McKerrill, Girdwood and Menzies held to the old face position. The variety of rifles made coaching in the team difficult, even had the men been amenable to it. The English team had three face men, Toller and Blackhouse—perhaps the best of the Scotch riflemen—and Baker, who has fired very wildly and seems to get good scores despite his handicapped position. All the other members of the English team used the back position in some form. A. P. Humphrey, with his Remington, used your Fulton position, as did Lieutenant-Colonel Fenton, who fired a Sharps. The Irish team were all back men, and all but one used Rigby rifles. The Americans secured one of your team marksmen to have seen the style in which they coached each other. One of your American team men of last year, who sat looking on, said he had never seen such team system outside of Creedmoor. They shot very slowly, Wm. Rigby particularly putting in some of those long waits for which he is famous, and when the other teams had completed at 800 yards the Irish had not yet fired rounds to go. The arrangement of the men on the Irish targets showed that they were not without a few lessons. The two Rigbys were squadded on the target with Dyas and Banks, the young men of the team, who are good holders, but need the judgment and advice of old veterans to keep them on the target. There were now and then during the day points which showed that the men had not grasped the American system entirely. At one time a full of the wind brought the four teams to a standstill, and the want of steadiness by the coaches, glancing over the Irish score, it will be noted that they have but two others—and one of them an opening shot—and not a single miss. This shows a wonder-

ful steadiness in holding. In the English squad three others and a miss tell of poorer work, while the Scotlands deserve a better luck with their single outer and unfortunate miss.

At the end of the 800 yards range, however, there was no reason for either team to despair, seeing that Ireland had a lead of only six points in front of England, and eight above. At 900 yards there was not a brilliant shooting, but Humphrey, of the English Eight, scoring 73 out of a possible 75. The Irishmen, profiting by the lessons in team shooting learned in their recent visits to America, increased their lead still further here to twenty, while Scotland, pulling up a point or two, tied England on both ranges.

It was about five o'clock when the last range was commenced in the morning. Some thousands of people, who had anxiously watched every shot as it went, stood giving expression to their approval, as bull's-eye after bull's-eye came up on the targets, by cheers that were, however, instantly suppressed. At the very first round the Irish increased their lead by five points, and from this time the match resolved itself into a case of "Eclipse first to the rest nowhere," as by the finest shooting ever seen in Wimbledon County, the English all crept further and further to the front, until they had attained the splendid total of 1,610, or 43 points ahead of their winning score of last year, which was the highest that had ever been registered to that time.

The struggle for second place between England and Scotland was gallantly fought out to the end. The northern team seemed to get well on the target at first, and the curious light seemed to enable them to make the bull's-eye more easily than as ever on the barrels and sights of their rifles. There was still a glow on the hot sands between them and the butts, but the targets were veiled by a dark, deceptive haze, and another element of discomfiture was the strange fickleness of the wind at this moment. The Irish representatives went on, however, scoring bull's-eye after bull's-eye with monotonous steadiness, and the English, in the end, were driven to the wall. They were led us to suppose that his rifle was held in vice while he fired. Among the English, Humphrey had begun with an inner, and went on making nothing but bulls until suddenly there came a full in the wind, and his ninth shot at 1,000 yards failed to find its billet on the target. McVittie and Menzies for Scotland, William Rigby and Major Young on the Irish side, all nearly made the bull's-eye, but the wind was by this time well nigh impossible that Ireland could lose. The English thing short of a total collapse, and their admirable steadiness forbade all idea of this. Up to the fourteenth round John Rigby had not dropped a point, every one of his shots being a bull's-eye. Again a change of light came, and the champion was thrown off by it to the extent that he could only get centres for the last two shots, and at 1,000 yards with 73 points, precisely the same as Mr. Humphrey had made at the previous range. John Rigby's total of 215 in 45 shots, or only 10 points short of the highest possible, is the best that has ever been made in a team match in England, and only four behind that which Bruce, the American, made at Creedmoor last year. Mr. Humphrey has beaten it once in preliminary practice, and narrowly escaped doing so again yesterday. But for the one chance he would have won it, and probably have beaten it. As it was, his total of 218 was a great performance, for out of his 45 shots only seven failed to find the bull's-eye; while John Rigby had eight inners and a "maggie," and Lieutenant Fenton's 213 was made up of eight inners, two maggies, and 35 bull's-eyes. The English and Scotch teams had finished first, and the close struggle between them in the last two or three rounds had been a very interesting one, but in absolute silence. Then the spectators thronged among the Hibernians, but though the effect of every shot was marked eagerly and whispered among them all, suspense had gone when it was seen that with yet six shots to fire Ireland already led by some points. Only curiosity to see whether Rigby might complete a magnificent score of all bull's-eyes kept the spectators from waiting to join in the cheers for the winning team, which were called for by Mr. Malcolm, Captain of the Scotch eight, and acknowledged by Major Leech on behalf of the Duke of Abercorn and the Irish eight.

IRISH TEAM.

J. Rigby, Rigby Rifle.				200 yards.				600 yards.			
800.....	4	5	5	4	5	4	5	5	5	5	5
900.....	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	4	5
1,000.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5
Total.....											215
G. Fenton, Rigby Rifle.				200 yards.				600 yards.			
800.....	5	5	4	5	5	3	5	4	5	5	5
900.....	5	5	4	5	5	3	5	5	5	5	5
1,000.....	5	5	4	5	5	3	5	5	5	5	5
Total.....											213
J. F. Banks, Rigby Rifle.				200 yards.				600 yards.			
800.....	4	3	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5
900.....	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
1,000.....	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Total.....											208
J. Dyas, Rigby Rifle.				200 yards.				600 yards.			
800.....	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5
900.....	4	3	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
1,000.....	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Total.....											202

S. B. Young, Metford Rifle.

800.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5
900.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
1,000.....	2	3	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5

J. K. Miller, Rigby Rifle.

800.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5
900.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
1,000.....	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5

W. Rigby, Rigby Rifle.

800.....	3	4	5	4	5	5	5	4	5	5	5
900.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
1,000.....	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5

R. S. Greenhill, Rigby Rifle.

800.....	2	4	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5
900.....	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
1,000.....	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5

Range totals—800 yards, 510; 900 yards, 555; 1,000 yards, 555—1,610											
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ENGLISH TEAM.

A. P. Humphrey, Remington.											
200 yds.	300	400	500	600	700	800	900	1,000	Total	Average	Remarks
.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5-69
.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5-70
.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5-63
.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5-63-202
Col F Fenton, Sharps.											
.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5-71
.....	3	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5-64
.....	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5-65-201
H W Toller, Metford.											
.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5-69
.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5-64
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FALLACY OF THE PAD RECORD OF PENETRATION.—We give below some extracts furnished us by a correspondent, from a private letter written by an experienced gunmaker of England. They substantially confirm what we have long ago asserted—that the pad, as a test of penetration, gave the most varying results. Some months ago we gave an account of the O'Neil system, which seems identical with that employed in this instance. Mr. Dennison, the well-known paper manufacturer, told us himself he was not satisfied with the pad system. We believe with our correspondent that the method of trying guns with boards of paper, one placed behind the other, will only give philosophical results. The method is not only certain, providing paper of the same thickness and texture is used, but, in addition, penetration can be determined at a single glance:

"I constructed a longish box, with grooves at irregular intervals, cut perpendicularly on the inner sides. I fitted into these grooves, at such distances as prevented all possibility of their touching each other under the shock of the pellets passing through them, carefully selected Bristol board or drawing paper—thin, fine, regular paste-board in fact, all of one thickness. * * * By charging a large number of cartridges with varying loads, so widely different as to prevent all possibility of arriving at erroneous conclusions, even if the evidence of our senses could not tell the fact and slow shaking by sound, etc., and by firing the whole out of one barrel, we arrived at the two loads, giving, respectively, the highest and lowest velocity beyond cavil—the highest penetrating nearly one half more boards. Tried by this proper test, the penetration was found to correspond with the amount of powder, its composition, of course, the force of shock, the quantity of powder with a light charge of shot giving the highest velocity accompanied with the highest penetration, a foregone conclusion under a proper test. * * * Having then got at the highest and lowest velocity-giving charges, I proceeded fearlessly, yet on mere theory and observation, to give a kind of average, and I used the *Field* paper, forty-five sheets stitched, and prepared by the maker as for the *Field*—in a word, identical. At forty yards the lowest velocity gave the deepest penetration! My friends stared. Again and again this was demonstrated. One of the gentlemen challenged me to go back to fifty yards, so as to give a kind of *terre à rien* assurance. 'This is too severe,' said I; 'say 45.' He threw out a hint that I was afraid, which fired me, and I replied that I accepted the challenge, adding, 'I'll stand or fall by my theory.' Result, penetration exactly equal! Both of the gentlemen present are men accustomed to a high degree of being a magistrate in London, the other a solicitor, and he the most acute men, if not the most acute, on guns I ever met with. I placed myself entirely in their hands. * * * I am not aware that such crucial testing was ever actually carried out before; certainly not in this country. My fellow gunsmiths have been consulting me for some time, and I have been even by the *Field* trials my theory is correct. The penetration at fifty yards, I recollect, was fifteen sheets. I think the respective penetration of the two at Bristol boards was sixteen and twenty-three, nearly 50 per cent. more!"

OYSTER CULTURE IN CHINA.—Nowhere, probably, in the world is greater attention paid to the cultivation of "water farms" than in China, where the teeming population develop to the utmost every source of food supply. Where birds' nests, seaweeds, fish of every kind, from the sea to the land, are used as food, it is not to be expected that the excellence of the different species of shell-fish would be overlooked; but it is only lately that the fact has been observed that the Chinese practice oyster and mussel culture on a system not so very different from that adopted in France and England. In the southern parts of China, "collectors" of the oysters are placed in the oyster beds, much after the same fashion as the elaborate tiles and "lives" employed in France. These bamboo oyster catchers, however, are prepared in a very curious manner. The canes are exposed for about two months to the rays of the sun, and then placed for the same period in salt water, when they are again dried for several days. Notches are then cut in the canes, into which empty oyster shells are fixed, and thus prepared they are driven into the sea shore between high and low water mark, and left standing to catch the young oyster spat. Those localities are considered the best where the same heat and fall of water is the greatest, so that the bivalves may be alternately covered by the flood and exposed to the air on the ebb tide. A large trade is carried on by these simple collectors, and successful oyster culturists are known to have amassed considerable fortunes by the sale of their produce. The young oysters seem to develop very rapidly, for they are ready for the market when two years old, whereas the Thames "native" is not fit to be eaten till it has passed at least four summers. Large quantities of oysters are dried instead of being eaten in a fresh state. For this pur-

pose they are removed from the shells, simply plunged into boiling water and removed at once, after which they are exposed to the rays of the sun till every particle of moisture has evaporated. They will keep for a considerable length of time in this state. The finest and fattest oysters bred and fattened on the bamboo culch, are selected for preparation after this method, those taken from the natural beds being inferior in quality, and not sufficiently fat to endure the operation.—*London Globe.*

THE FALL OF A MOUNTAIN IN SAVOY.—An interesting account of the recent falling of a mountain in Courmayeur, Savoy, causing disaster to two flourishing villages, has been communicated to the *Courrier des Alpes* by M. Berard. The phenomenon has been incorrectly reported as instantaneous and the destructive effect complete, whereas the case is that of a mountain which, for twenty days, without cessation, has been dismembering itself and literally falling, night and day, into the valley below, filling it with piled-up blocks of stone, extinguishing all sounds by its incessant thunder, and covering the distant horizon with a thick cloud of yellowish dust. The entire mass comprised in the slope forms a mutilated cone 200 metres broad at the top and 600 at the base (the slope being about 50 degrees); this is composed of hard schist lying close together, but no longer united, and it is united to the body of the mountain only by a verticle mass of 40 or 60 metres thick, which already is fissured and shaken. Periods of repose occur, lasting only a few seconds, or a minute at the most; then the movement recommences, and continues about 600 hours. Blocks of 40 cubic metres become displaced with no apparent cause, traverse the 1,800 metres of descent in thirty seconds, leaping 400 to 500 metres at a time, and finally get dashed to pieces in the bed of the torrent, or launch their shattered fragments into the opposite forest, mowing down gigantic pines as if they were so many thistles. Each such block was seen to strike a fine fire before reaching the bridge between the villages; the tree was not simply broken or overthrown, but was crushed to dust (volatilized); trunk and branches disappeared in the air like a burning match. Rocks are hurled together and broken into fragments that are thrown across the valley like swallows in a whirlwind; they follow showers of smaller fragments, and one hears the whistling sound of thousands of pebbles as they pass. M. Berard reached the edge of the rock (2,400 metres high), on one of the sides of the falling cone, and ventured along it, obtaining a good view of the "terrifying" spectacle. He confirms his conviction that the phenomenon is inexplicable by any of the usual reasons that account for Alpine disturbances, such as penetration of water, or melting of snows or inferior strata in motion; nor does the declivity of the slope explain it. His hypothesis is that some geological force has worked, of which the complex resultant acts obliquely to the mountain and almost parallel to its sides.

A HUMAN HOG.—The *Whitehall Times* has given publicity to the subjoined challenge. There was a terrible explosion at Whitehall on the Fourth of July if the match came off:

The following has been handed to us for publication. If the challenge is accepted, great sport will be expected on the ever glorious Fourth of July.

EDITOR WHITEHALL TIME.

Sir—I have been told by my friends that Mr. Teff of the Chronicle can eat more than I can at a single feed, and that Mr. Teff made little of my effort on the foot bridge Friday last. Now, sir, I will send this, my challenge, to Mr. Teff, and I want you to print it in your paper so that all peoples may now that Mr. Teff can't eat me.

CHALLENGE.

I, Eli Paquet, will eat Mr. Teff of the Chronicle for 1 hundred \$ dollar a side on the 4th July, 1878, at noon of that day, pay or play, good day and good track. Mr. Teff may have the choice of the vittels, which may be either coked or raw, and wait out in quantities of not less than five pounds each, and repeat, and the match to be the best in three with only 10 minutes rest between halves. I await only objections to Mr. Chancy F. Bates being steak holder, but the steak must be all up on the 3 of July, at noon, all preliminary arrangements can be made through the undersigned.

his
ELI X. PAQUET
mark

GEORGE MARCOO, witness.
Since the above was in type we have been informed that if the match can be brought about the Opera House will be given free for the occasion. No doubt much money will be staked on the result, as both men have records as eaters.

THE ALLIGATORS AND THE OX.—It is the Tallahassee *Floridian* which takes the responsibility for this ox and alligator story; all of which must be taken with much salt and more discrimination:

"The ox went into the lake to drink, and was attacked by the alligator, whose mouth

closed on the foreleg of the animal, crushing the bone. The ox started immediately out of the water, dragging the alligator. Enraged with pain, the poor animal reared and plunged wildly, endeavoring to horn his antagonist. Meantime the edge of the lake was black with the snouts of alligators which had smelled the blood that ran from the ox when it first struck from the water. Four or five of the monsters crawled out, and with wide open mouths started for the attack. Meanwhile the ox loosened the hold of his antagonist, and smarting under the wound, went in with infuriated ardor to the assault of the reinforced assailant. He caught one of the alligators on his horns and threw him high in the air, the clumsy thing falling heavily to the ground, where it lay stunned. Another was tossed far into the lake. But the gallant ox was, by a false manoeuvre, again in the water, in which element his activity was impeded, and being surrounded by his foes, one of which caught a shot by the nose and pulled his head under water, he soon fell a victim by drowning."

A BOY'S LETTER FROM COLORADO.—The following ray letter from a lad has been sent us for publication. The writer is at Bell's Rancho, Colorado Springs, and the date is July 8:

"I am going to ride into town and buy some meat. We raced our thoroughbred mare, Meta, against a very fast horse belonging to a man named Gilpin, and Meta beat by three or four lengths. Charles rode her. We raced for a keg of beer, and we had a tough old house-warming, there being a crowd of cowboy boys on broncho ponies. The beer did not last long. The climate is very nice and bracing, but most of the water has alkali in it. This is said to be a bad place for any one with any heart trouble. We hear the coyotes howling from the place in the night, but they are shy. I got a shot by the nose and pulled his head under water, he soon fell a victim by drowning. From your affectionate son, JOHN E. S."

A PIG TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED.—One of the most remarkable cases of instinct that we ever heard of came under our personal observation a few days ago. Mr. Deveaux, the county jailor, was presented with a small pig by a friend living about four-miles from town, and it was tied by him in the Court-House yard. The pig was not over a week old and was brought the whole distance in a sack. On Friday morning last Mr. Deveaux untied it and did not notice it particularly. In the evening he discovered that it had strayed off. On Saturday morning his friend informed him that the pig had returned to his pen, and was with its mother, it having succeeded in making its way far from town to the place of its nativity. The journey was the more remarkable as the way to be traversed was first across Briton's Bay, which is a half mile wide, and thence through the enclosures of three different farms. The pig was seen by some of the men while crossing the bay, who tried to intercept it, but it swam across and escaped to the cornfield in the direction of its home.—*St. Mary's (N.B.) Beacon.*

VETERAN "JACK."—For many years a low-sized brindled dog, named "Jack," has been the pet of the First Precinct, New York City. He is so sagacious that he will not follow a patrolman belonging to any other precinct, and makes his headquarters on the Battery. With all his sagacity, however, "Jack" could not escape the ubiquitous dog-catcher. While taking shelter under a tree in the Park, some days ago, a wire noose was slipped over his neck and he was jumped into the wagon. The news of Jack's capture spread rapidly through the precinct, and Officer Cotter rescued him from his traveling prison before he reached the Pound. The next day Jack paraded the Battery with a large plated collar bearing the inscription: "Old Veteran Jack, the Pride of the First Precinct. Leave him alone!" The collar is the gift of the police and the Battery boatmen.

THE CHICKEN TORPEDO.—Here is a new infernal machine, described by the *Griffin News*. We bet the unfortunate culled person who comes afool of it:

"The invention consists in placing a torpedo charged with powder, slugs and bullets in the interior of a prepared fowl. The chicken is placed on a perch as natural as life, and the explosion occurs immediately on its removal. The balls within are so arranged that they fly in all directions as the instant that the fowl is removed from the perch or roost, and the remover is certain to be instantly scattered around in small particles. This ingenious contrivance, the inventor claims, is perfectly harmless so long as it remains undisturbed, and no one is responsible for the sudden death of the party who tampers with it except the party himself."

SEREN.—Every body in this hemisphere has heard of Seth Green, our principal fisherman; but few are aware that he hath a merry wit which cometh out on occasion. A few weeks since, at the celebration of the completion of the new State Line Railroad, Seth

was invited to join the excursion. Scarcely had the woe alluded train started from Rochester when the fisherman began a sort of salutation and hand-shaking. He had passed through all but the last car, when Jack—said to him: "Seth, you are out of place; you should be in the car where the Fish is" (referring to the Hon. H. Fish, who was in a forward car).

Seth, after surveying those around him, and noticing certain red noses, replied: "I guess I'm in the right place, as there seem to be plenty of suckers here!"—*Harper's Drifter for August.*

THE IRATE EDITOR AGAIN.—We have already referred to the enraged Western Editor as a naturalist. Another member of the fraternity, the editor of the Omaha *Herald*, adds his contribution to editorial zoology in the following allusion to the editor of the Omaha *Dee*, whom he otherwise designates as a "Bohemian baboon":

"This is the bull ring into which we jerk the stultified and web-footed creature who defies all ethnological classification, and ask a civilized community to note the performance of the thing for whom a United States Senator is playing the part of an unwilling sponsor and reluctant stool-pigeon."

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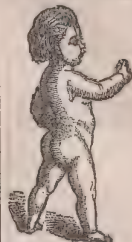
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ramplets, showing sizes of the grain by wood
cut, sent free on application to the above address.

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American Powder Co.

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BOSTON, MASS.

GENERAL WESTERN AGENTS.
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THE HAZARD POWDER CO MANUFACTURERS OF GUNPOWDER.

Hazard's "Electric Powder."

No. 1 (fine) to 6 (coarse). Unsurpassed in point of
strength and cleanliness. Packed in square canisters
of 1 lb. only.

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clean, shooting remarkably close and with great
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FFFG, FFG, and "Sea Shooting" FG, in kegs of 25,
12 1/2 and 6 1/2 lbs., and cans of 5 lbs. FFG is also
packed in 1 and 1/2 lb. canisters. Burns strong and
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GOVERNMENT GANNOON & MUSKET POWDER;
ALSO, SPECIAL GRADES FOR EXPORT OF
ANY REQUIRED GRAIN OR HHOOF, MANU-
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We have just received a direct importation of East India novelties, to which we desire to call attention:

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- 2d. 25 pieces real Seersucker, which was made in narrow stripes expressly for us. We shall make suits to order, and keep in stock Sack Coats ready made during the month of August.
- 3d. Chogas.—A few of these fine embroidered Camel's-Hair Smoking Jackets for gentlemen, such as we offered two seasons ago.
- 4th. 25 pieces Pure Pongee Silk. These silks, made into suits, we offer as the coolest and most attractive summer garments for gentlemen ever shown. Price only \$11 per suit.
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- 6th. 30 pieces genuine old fashioned Nankeen. This we sell by the piece or make to order into suits for gentlemen or children.
- 7th. A few dozen East Indian Silk Sashes, to be worn with Children's Summer Suits. These are very fine in quality, but very cheap. Price \$2.

G. W. Simmons & Son,
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WE ARE THE ONLY MAKERS

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BOSTON SHOOTING SUIT.

Each garment and every button bears our name and address.

The reputation of these goods is now established throughout the country.

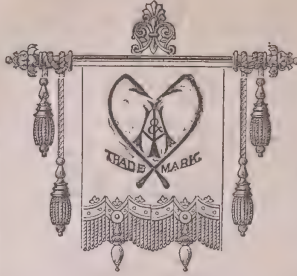
They are the Best.

PRICE PER SUIT, \$13.

For circulars, rules for measurement and particulars, address

G. W. SIMMONS & SON,
Boston, Mass.

ESTABLISHED 1820.



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Patent Needle-Pointed Hooks.
Trout Flies tied to order, \$2 per doz.
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BREECH LOADING SHOT GUN.
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There never was a gun easier to handle, easier to clean, less liable to get loose or out of order, or one so good for the money. Prices range from \$50 to \$300.

WARRANTED IN EVERY RESPECT.

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CHARLES L. RITZMANN,

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Fine Breech-Loading Guns, RIFLES, PISTOLS AND FISHING TACKLE.



943 BROADWAY,
Near Twenty-third Street,
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Implements, Cartridges, Cases, Shooting Snits, Camping Outfits, Etc.
Pathe's Feather-filled, Bogardus' Rough, and the new Composition Balls always on hand.
Bogardus' Glass Ball Traps, \$6 and \$8.
H and T Pigeon Traps, \$1.50 per pair.
The "NEW RECOIL PAD," price \$2. Pronounced by the "Forest Stream," Feb. 21, 1878, the best contrivance made for the purpose. Every sportsman should have one.
Also a cheaper quality rubber pad, stuffed with hair, \$1.
LOOK AT THIS!—A central-fire, English Double Gun, side snap-action, twist barrels, warranted, \$38.
SPRATT'S DOG BISCUIT always on hand, and sold in any quantity.
SHELLS loaded to order with the greatest care, and Repairing done in the most artistic manner.
GUNS taken in exchange, and Second-hand Guns a specialty.
CUTLERY.—Fine Sportsmen's Bowie and Hunting Knives; also, large assortment of Pocket Cutlery, Razors, Clasp Knives, Spring-back Knives, Etc., Etc.

Six Strip SPLIT BAMBOO RODS, three-joint, with extra tip, in case, \$18.

REELS in German silver, rubber and brass, of the best makers, and with all the latest improvements.

ARTIFICIAL MINNOWS, Insect, and Spoon Bait of every description.

Would call special attention to my large variety of the TROUT, BASS and SALMON FLIES.

FLIES tied to order from any pattern at shortest notice.

LINES, waterproof and tapered, oiled, Braided SUE, Braided Lined, Grass, Hair and Silk, Etc.

Walking Cane Rods.

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BLACK FLY REPELLENTS, 50 cents per bottle, and everything required by fishermen and anglers.

OPTICAL GOODS.—Compasses, Field and Marine Glasses, Telescopes, Microscopes, etc., etc.

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LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE.

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WM. R. SCHAEFER,
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The only positive

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Sizes, from 6 to 16 bore.

Equal in finish, symmetry of outline and materials to the finest English Guns, and at more reasonable prices.

The Snelder Rebounding Lock used, the only one with which misfires will not occur.

HIGHEST CENTENNIAL MEDAL FOR "Workmanship, Rebounding Locks and Compensating Features of Action."

GUNS REBORN FOR CLOSE SHOOTING.

STOCKS BENT TO ANY GRODE

Pin Fire Guns changed to Central Fire.

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Mortimer & Kirkwood,
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Feb 14 1878

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Make"—fourteen foreign competitors and seven American, sustaining our assertion of making the best gun in the world.

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MAKERS OF
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Winners, at the Great St. Louis Bench Show and Exhibition of Sportsmen's Goods, of the only two Gold Medals given—"For the Best Gun of Any Make," and "For the Best Gun of America."



THESE ARMS ARE
UNSURPASSED FOR

RAPIDITY, ACCURACY, DURABILITY and EFFICIENCY,
AND ARE NOW OFFERED AT
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WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY,
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Sharps Rifles Against the World.

Record of Sharps Rifles at Spring Meeting N. R. A., Creedmoor 1878:

MAY 23--LEECH CUP, for the Championship of America, won by Mr. Frank Hyde with SHARPS LONG-RANGE RIFLE, MODEL 1878.

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Best record of any other Rifle... **170**
In five-sixths of the matches in which the Sharps Rifles were allowed to be used, and were used, at the Spring Meeting of the N. R. A., May 23, 24 and 26, at Creedmoor, they won First Prizes.

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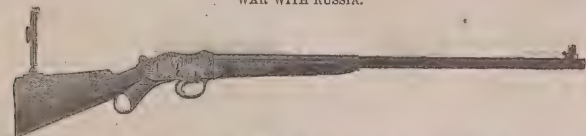
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PEABODY-MARTINI BREECH-LOADING RIFLES.

THE STANDARD ARM OF GREAT BRITAIN.

ADOPTED ALSO BY THE TURKISH GOVERNMENT, AND USED BY ITS TROOPS IN THE LATE WAR WITH RUSSIA.



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Being fitted on the only system suitable for the "Express" principle. Our long-range and mid-range rifles can be transformed to Express Rifles by simply changing the sights and the use of the proper size of "Express" bullet. PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

Send for price list to PROVIDENCE TOOL CO., Providence, R. I.
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THIS POWDER IS NOW USED BY
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In all his matches, both indoors and in the field. He uses no other. It was also used in the wonderful performances of

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At the Brooklyn Driving Park on July 4, 5 and 6, breaking balls at seventy-five yards with a shot-gun.

NO SMOKE, NO DIRT, LESS RECOIL.

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Sportsmen in want of first-class cocker spaniels write at once to ROBERT WALKER, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y. Stock and delivery guaranteed. Price, \$15 each for dog or bitch or spayed bitch pups.
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COCKER SPANIEL Breeding Kennel

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M. P. McKOON, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y.
I keep only cockers of the finest strains. I sell only young stock. I guarantee satisfaction and safe delivery to every customer. These beautiful and intelligent dogs cannot be beaten for ruffed grouse and woodcock shooting and retrieving.
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SPRATT'S PATENT MEAT FIBRINE DOG CAKES.

Twenty-one Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals awarded, including Medal of English Kennel Club, and of Westminster Kennel Club, New York.



None are genuine unless so stamped.
P. O. De LUZE,
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For sale in cases of 112 pounds.

Fleas! Fleas! Worms! Worms!

STEADMAN'S FLEA POWDER for DOGS.

A Bane to Fleas—A Boon to Dogs.

This Powder is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animals, or money returned. It is put up in patent boxes with sliding pepper box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and efficacious.

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ARECA NUT FOR WORMS IN DOGS

A CERTAIN REMEDY.

Put up in boxes containing a dozen powders, with full directions for use.

Price 50 cents per Box by mail.

Both the above are recommended by ROB AND GUN and FOREST AND STREAM.

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BLOODED watch dog pup wanted; large breed Address TRAMPS, N. Y. Herald office
July 4t

FOR SALE—A few thoroughly broken setters. Price from \$30 to \$85 each. Address R. J. ROBBINS, Westfield, Conn.
aug 1

The Kennel.

St. Paul Bench Show.

To be given under the auspices of the

Minnesota Kennel Club,

AT
STATE FAIR GROUNDS,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

SEPTEMBER 3, 4, 5, 6, 1878.

ENTRIES CLOSE AUG. 19.

CHAS. LINCOLN, Sup't.

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ENGLISH PRIZE, STUD, SPORTING AND NON
Sporting Dogs for sale. Greyhounds, pointers, setters, retrievers, spaniels, broke for the field, 420 each; for the field and show bench, of good pedigree, 440 each; fox terriers, bull terriers, black and tan terriers, from 410 each, all dead game, of good pedigree, and very valuable for breeding; better quality for the show bench, 420 each. Also a few Yorkshire terriers, at 410 each. The prize Yorkshire terrier, "Willie," will be sold. Winners of silver cup, Queensbury, first and silver cup Ulverston, and ten other prizes. All dogs will be sent to Messrs. Hampton & Steadles, Express Agents, 60 William street, New York. Drafts to accompany order, payable on Alliance Bank, London. Satisfaction is guaranteed by the advertiser, who is a judge and reporter of English dog shows. P. S. 224, Well Road Farm, Stump Cross, Halifax, England.
mar 7 fm

DOGS BROKEN—Gentlemen desiring to have their dogs broken this year by me will please communicate at once. Want them fitted for the dead ere season opens. Shall go South for the winter with the dogs. My entire kennel (12 dogs and puppies) for sale. Come and see them at Centerville on the Erie Railroad. First buyers best selection. Address E. S. WANMAKER, Clifton, Passaic County, N. J.
j2st 1t

FOR SALE, when eight weeks old, twelve fine setter whelps, seven dogs and five bitches, out of my blue belton Mell, by Burges' Druid; whelped May 14. Five are black, tan and white, balance black and white. Address L. F. WHITMAN, No. 5 City Hall, Detroit, Mich.
j613 10t

FOR SALE—English setter dog, 4 years old, thoroughly broken. Can be seen on game—woodcock, quail or partridge. Address, P. O. Box 2776, Brockton Mass
jy11 1t

FOR SALE CHEAP, when eight weeks old, six Gordon setter puppies, three dogs and three bitches, whelped July 12, Dam, Fannie (Hope-Grouse, both imported); sire, Prince, imported. The puppies are black and tan, with very little white between the fore-legs. Address A. H. THOMAS, Warrensburg, Warren County, N. Y.
j235 3t

FOR SALE OR TRADE FOR SETTER DOG—Gyp, year and a half old, Golden-leeve stock. Well broken on birds and snipe. Address J. H. SHAW, Lancaster City, Pa.
j235 4t

FOR SALE—One grand English setter bitch, seven months old, black and white, evenly and beautifully marked. Sire, Demuth's Dash, Pride of the Border—lora; dam, Nellie, Trap—Nettie. Price \$20. If not sold by August 10 will be put in the breaker's hands for my own use. For pedigree and full description address G. H. GOODRICH, Toledo, Tama Co., Iowa.
aug 1

The Kennel.

\$50 REWARD will be paid to any person who will give sufficient information to convict the party or parties who poisoned my Newfoundland St. Minka. DR. A. STUBB, 130 Dean street, Brooklyn, L. I. Aug 5

FOR SALE—A choice few of extra fine high bred Setter Pups. One litter of black-and-tans by Dr. Allen a Glen out of Horace Smith's Nellie. Another litter of pure red Irish by imported Buck out of Bess. Address, HORACE SMITH, 33 Park Row, New York. Aug 25

FOR SALE CHEAP—An English liver and white Pointer, 2½ years old. Apply in evening at 118 E. 18th street. Took diploma at A. N. Y. Shows. Aug 11

FOR SALE—The English setter bitch "Vick," 7 months old, by Carlowitz. Price low. Also a fine red Irish setter dog. CHAS. DENISON, Hartford, Conn. Aug 15

FOR SALE—A pointer bitch, thirteen months old, sired by Sensation, out of May. Also two well-bred setter pups, four months old; color, one red and the other black. Price of pointer, \$25; setter pups, \$10 each. Address ALBERT PHILLIPS, West Springfield, Mass. Aug 15

For Sale.

FIELD, COVER AND TRAP SHOOTING.

BY CAPT. BOUARDUS.

New and enlarged edition, containing instructions for glass ball shooting, and chapter on breeding and breaking of dogs by Miles Johnson. For sale at this office. Price \$2.

Now Ready in Water Colors.

ZIMMERMAN'S two celebrated pictures, "Tight Shell" and "Trying for a Double." Price per pair, \$3.50 and \$50. for postage. Aug 12

ZIMMERMAN BROS., St. Paul, Minn. Aug 12

FOR SALE CHEAP—One double Scott breech-loader, 9 lbs., 10-bore; also one handsome English setter, not broken. Address W. H. B., Fisherville, N. H. Aug 21

18 ELBAGANT New Style Chromo Cards, with name, loc. postage. GEO. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y. Aug 1

FOR SALE, in Warrensburg Village, a Lot, with good two-story house and store. Also barn, hen houses and garden. Good trout and bass fishing. Woodcock and partridge hunting within a few minutes' walk. Best hunting within one day's drive. Three miles from railroad and six miles from Lake George. For terms, address A. H. THOMAS, Warrensburg, Warren County, N. Y. Jy28 St.

FOR SALE—Crystal Spring Fish Farm and Pleasure Grounds, Oakland, Bergen County, N. J. Double-lens cost over \$1,500; five years old; solid frame villa; all modern improvements; tennis house, stables, etc.—in one, four horses; twenty-three acres, four acres grove, with from twenty to thirty ponds; fine garden; 10 young fruit trees; apple orchards. Address—B. B. Z., care this office. Jy13 St.

CITY AND COUNTRY PROPERTY bought, sold and exchanged. O. S. PECK, 8 West Twenty-fifth street, New York. Sep17 ly

Sportsmen's Routes.

SPORTSMEN, TAKE IT EASY. Common-Sense CHAIRS AND ROCKERS.

My Reading and Writing-Table is separate from chair, and is secured in position by a strong bar. It is easily adjusted to nearly all kinds of arm-chairs, but should be used on my No. 4, 5, or 13, to give complete satisfaction. Table can be set at any angle desired, or lowered to read position for writing. Make a nice table for an invalid. Catalogue-board for the ladies. None of your little 7x9 affairs; but is 16x32 inches. Cannot be got out of order.

My Chairs and Rockers are made upon honor, stamped and warranted. Are unsurpassed for comfort and durability. The favorite seat in the best houses of our land. See that my name is stamped on chair before purchasing.

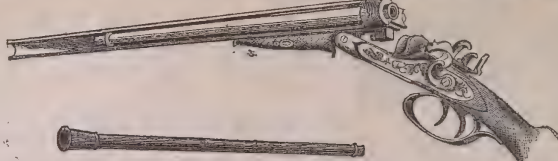
Send stamp for illustrated price-list. R. A. SINCLAIR, Motville, N. Y. Aug 15



No. 20, 01 Finished Grain Leather Hunting-boots, broad, heavy, soles and Spring Heels, with or without nails; English water-tight tongues, adapted for hunters and pedestrians. Price, \$71.50, extra by mail. Send stamp for illustrated Catalogue. THOMSON & SONS, P. O. Box 1,016, 301 Broadway, New York.

Auxiliary Rifle.

SHELTON'S Auxiliary Rifle Barrel for Breech-Loading Shot-Guns.

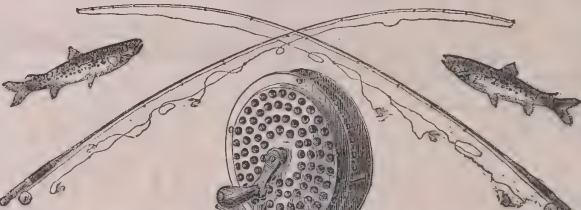


This barrel can be placed in a gun ready for use in a second of time with the same ease as a cartridge, and can be removed just as expeditiously. There is no wear on the rifle barrel, nor on the shot-gun, and it cannot get out of order. With this Auxiliary Barrel, which weighs about one pound, almost instantly fit any standard make of gun of 10 or 12-calibre—calibre of rifle 22, 28, or 44 as desired. Length of barrel, twenty inches. The shells used with the best advantage are the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.'s cartridges, No. 32 and 38, extra long, and No. 44, model 1873. Send for a Circular and Price List.

AUXILIARY RIFLE BARREL COMPANY,

P. O. Box 715

NEW HAVEN, CONN.



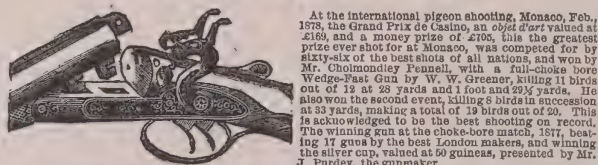
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RODS, REELS, FLIES OF MY OWN MANUFACTURE.

First-class goods at reasonable prices. Reels to the trade at a liberal discount. Send for price list. Mention FOREST AND STREAM.

W. W. Greener's Champion Treble Wedge Fast, Breech-Loader.

THE WINNING GUN.



At the international pigeon shooting, Monaco, Feb. 1878, the Grand Prix de Casino, an object d'art valued at \$160, and a money prize of \$700, this the greatest prize ever shot for at Monaco, was competed for by sixty-six of the best shots of all nations, and won by Mr. Chomondony Fennell, with a full-choice bore Wedge-Fast Gun by W. W. Greener, killing 11 birds out of 12 at 28 yards and 1 foot and 29½ yards. He also won the second event, killing 8 birds in succession at 33 yards, making a total of 19 birds out of 20. This is acknowledged to be the best shooting on record. The winning gun at the choke-bore match, 1877, beating 17 guns by the best London makers, and winning the silver cup, valued at 50 guineas, presented by Mr. J. Purdie, the gunmaker.

The winning gun also at Philadelphia, 1876, in the pigeon shooting match between Capt. Bogardus and Mr. South for \$500 a side, South killing 56 birds out of 100, using one barrel only. The winning gun also at the great London Gun Trial, 1875, beating 103 guns by all the best makers of Great Britain and Ireland. THE PATENT TREBLE WEDGE FAST BREECH-LOADER is the strongest and most durable ever invented, and the most successful gun of the period. Patented in the United States, Oct. 5, 1875; No. 168,993. BEWARE OF IMPRIMENTS OR IMITATIONS.

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ESTABLISHED, 1811.

EDW. K. TRYON, Jr. & CO.

MANUFACTURERS' AGENTS,

Importers and Dealers in all Makes and Qualities of

Breech Loading Fire Arms, AND ACCESSORIES.

STORES: No. 19 North Sixth St., No. 220 North Second St., and No. 527 Commerce St.

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TATHAM'S IMPROVED CHILLED SHOT.

American Standard Diameters.

(RED LABEL.)

Gives greater penetration and better pattern than ordinary shot. Equally well adapted to choke-bore, modified chokes and cylinders.

Our chilled shot will be found free from shrinkage, more spherical, more uniform in size, harder, heavier and of brighter and cleaner finish than any other. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

TATHAM & BROS., 82 Beekman St., NEW YORK.

Also, manufacturers of PATENT FINISH, AMERICAN STANDARD DROP SHOT, and COMPRESSED BUCK SHOT, more uniform than the ordinary moulded shot.

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BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

We believe these celebrated pills are pre-eminently by their inherent merits to be the medicine of the world. They impart a power by which every organ of the body becomes healthy. Nature has formed the bowels so that they are capable of drawing to them the impurity of any organ of the body, however distant. So we have little more to do when we are sick than to purge freely with a medicine time has proved will not hurt. This treatment always quickly restores the health when adopted in time.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS

cure both constiveness and diarrhoea. Ask the man who was dying from constipated bowels what cured him; he tells you Brandreth's Pills. Ask him who had dysentery for months what cured him; he says Brandreth's Pills. Ask him who has the best medicine for small pox, and they prevent any marks. A case occurred recently where Brandreth's Pills cured a deep liver, which the doctors said would never be removed by amputation; yet twenty-five boxes cured it and restored the patient's health. Reference: W. M. Skinner, of White Plains.

Brandreth's Pills are not a quick medicine, but a scientific preparation, which have been prepared by the present proprietor for over fifty years. They are wholly composed of innocent herbs and vegetable essences, are incapable of hurting the most delicate, yet are to cleanse the bowels and blood and exert a curative effect upon every form of disease. Where for twenty years the patient had a movement of the bowels without much relief, or medical means, a month's use of Brandreth's Pills cured, restoring the bowels to regularity.

The secret of recruiting the vital principle is discovered in this medicine; it generates and increases healthy animal warmth. Provided the great organs are not irreparably injured, there is no disease Brandreth's Pills will not cure. Remember, they concentrate the vitality of the system to effect the disease wherever located in the body.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS

are sold by all dealers—35 cents a box, either sugar-coated or plain—and at Dr. Brandreth's

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,

294 CANAL STREET, NEW YORK.

STOP AND READ.

All forms of Kidney diseases, Pains in the Back, Sides and Loins, are positively cured by

GRANT'S REMEDY.

Its effects are truly marvelous in Dropsy Gravel and Bright's disease. No matter of how long standing the case may be, positive relief is had in from one to three days. Do not despair, hesitate or doubt, for it is really a specific and never fails. It is purely a vegetable preparation. By its timely use thousands of cases that have been considered incurable by the most eminent physicians have been permanently cured. It is also indorsed by the regular physicians and medical societies throughout the country. Sold in bottles at two dollars each, or three bottles, which is enough to cure the most aggravated case, sent to any address on receipt of five dollars. Small trial bottles, one dollar each. All orders to be addressed to

Grant's Remedy Manufacturing Co.,

551 MAIN ST. - - WORCESTER, MASS.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and 15 cent free. Address H. HALLITT & Co., Portland, Maine.

Musical Instruments.

WATERS' MIRROR TOP SOUVENIR ORGANS.

These beautiful organs are remarkable also for purity of tone and perfect mechanism. Their cases are all richly finished in Solid Black Walnut. We sell a better instrument at a lower price than any other house in the United States.

Waters' Pianos Grand, Square and Upright, are the BEST MADE, the Tone, Touch, Workmanship and Durability unsurpassed. Warranted for SIX YEARS. Extremely Low for Cash or on Installment. A liberal discount to Teachers, Ministers, Churches, etc. AGENTS WANTED. Catalogues mailed. Second-hand Pianos and Organs at GREAT BARGAINS. HORACE WATERS & SONS, manufacturers and dealers, 40 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO'S ORGANS.

The oldest, largest, and most perfect manufacturing in the U. S.

OVER 58,000 NOW IN USE.

Two New Styles Just Out.

Send for Price-List.

Address BUFFALO, N. Y.

GOLD Any worker can make \$17 a day at home. Cutly. Golden Tree. Address Terms & Co., Augusta, Maine.

Sportsmen's Routes.

NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA NEW LINE
HOLIDAY THROUGH TICKETS.
 FOR TRENTON AND PHILADELPHIA.
 COMMENCING JULY 17, 1915.
STATION IN NEW YORK:—Foot of Liberty st. N. R.
 Leave New York for Trenton and Philadelphia at
 6:50, 8:30, 10:15, 11:50 A. M., 1:50, 4:50, 5:30, 12 P. M.,
 and at 4:50 P. M. for Trenton.
 Leave Philadelphia from station North Pennsylvania
 Railroad, Third and Banks streets, at 6:50
 (7:15), 1:45, 2:30, 11:50 A. M., 1:50, 5:30, 4:15, 4:50, 6:30
 P. M.
 Leave Trenton for New York at 1:20 (except Mon-
 day), 6:50, 8:15, 10:20 A. M., 12:15, 2:15, 3:00, 4:50, 6:30
 P. M.
 Pullman Drawing Room Cars are attached to the
 10:15 A. M. and 7 P. M. trains from New York and to the
 7:45 A. M., 1:30 P. M. trains from Philadelphia.
SUNDAY TRAINS:—Leave New York and Phila-
 delphia at 9:50 A. M., 6:50, 12 P. M. Leave Trenton
 for New York at 1:20, 9:50 A. M., 6:10 P. M.
 East of the "Brooklyn and Erie Avenue" make
 connection at Jersey City station to and from Brooklyn
 and Erie Depot, Jersey City.
 Tickets for sale for 100 days at Liberty Street, Nos. 529
 and 941 Broadway, at the principal hotels, all offices
 of the Erie Railway in New York and Brooklyn, and
 at No. 4 Court street, Brooklyn. Baggage checked
 from residence to destination.
 Sept 15 H. P. BALDWIN, Gen. Pass. Agent

TO SPORTSMEN:

THE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. CO.

Respectfully invite attention to the
Superior Facilities
 afforded by their lines for reaching most of the
 FISHING PARADISES in the United States. These lines being CONTINUOUS
 FROM ALL IMPORTANT PORTS, avoid the diffi-
 culties and dangers of transshipment, while the ex-
 press cars which run over the smooth steel tracks en-
 able STOCK TO BE TRANSPORTED without failure
 or injury.

The lines of the
Pennsylvania Railroad Company
 also reach the best localities for
GUNNING AND FISHING
 in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. EXCURSION
 TICKETS are sold at the offices of the Company in
 all the principal cities to KANE, RENOVIA, ERIE-
 FORD, CRESSON, RALSTON, MINNEQUA, and
 other well-known centers for

Trout Fishing, Wing Shooting, and Still
Hunting.
 Also, to
TUCKERTON, BEACH HAVEN, CAPE MAY,
SQUAN, and points on the NEW JERSEY COAST
 renowned for **SALT WATER SPORT AFTER FISH**
AND FEATHERS.

L. P. FARMER, Gen'l Pass. Agent,
 FRANK THOMSON, Gen'l Manager. feb-14

CHICAGO & ATLANTIC RAILROAD.

THE ONLY DIRECT RAILROAD from
 Chicago to St. Louis, and Chicago
 to Kansas City,
 WITHOUT CHANGE OF CARS.
FIRST-CLASS ACCOMMODATIONS IN
EVERYTHING.

SPORTSMEN will find splendid shooting on the
 line of this road; prairie chickens, geese, ducks, brant,
 quail, etc. Connects direct at Kansas City with the
 Kansas Pacific Railroad for the best Buffalo and
 Antelope range of Kansas and Colorado.

Liberal arrangements for transport of Dogs for
 Sportmen.
JAMES CHARLTON,
 General Passenger Agent,
 Chicago, Ill.

FOR FLORIDA

FOR THROUGH TICKETS TO FERNANDINA,
 JACKSONVILLE, ST. AUGUSTINE, SAN-
 FORD, ENTERPRISE, and intermediate landings
 on ST. JOHN'S RIVER and interior points in
 FLORIDA, by steamship to SAVANNAH, and thence
 by railroad or steamboat, apply to WM. L. JAMES,
 General Agent.

Philadelphia and Southern Mail S. Co.,
 Pier 22 South Delaware Avenue, Phila.

Dec 1-17

TROUT FISHING!

The Wisconsin Central Railroad

THROUGH TO
LAKE SUPERIOR.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Chicago to Ashland
 and return for \$20 and \$30, at Chicago, or the
 C. M. and St. Paul, Madison Street Depot, Chicago;
 also at low rates from Milwaukee. Dogs, guns and
 baggage, never till last season, raised by sports-
 men. Between Silver Creek and Ashland all are
 trout streams, and many others can be easily reached
 along the shore from Ashland or Bayfield, while
 rock fishing for speckled trout and trolling in the
 Bay affords excellent sport.

The Chequamegon Hotel at Ashland, built last
 year, has been enlarged, and is supplied with a
 steam-yacht, sail and rowing, and excellent guides.
 The atmosphere at Ashland is a sure preventive of
 hay fever.

Steamers from Ashland to all Lake Ports.
 Send for Guide Book.

HENRY PRATT, G. T. A.

179 6m Milwaukee, Wis.

Sportsmen's Routes.

Chesapeake & Ohio R.R.

The Route of the Sportsman and Angler
 to the Best Hunting and Fishing
 Grounds of Virginia and
 West Virginia.

Comprising those of Central and Piedmont Virginia
 Blue Ridge Mountains, Valley of Virginia, Allegheny
 Mountains, Greenbrier and New Rivers, and Kan-
 sawa Valley, and including in their varieties of game
 and fish, deer, bear, wild turkeys, wild duck, grouse,
 quail, snipe, woodcock, mountain trout, bass, pike,
 pickerel, etc., etc.

Guns, fishing tackle, and one dog for each sports-
 man carried free.

The Route of the Tourist
 through the most beautiful and picturesque scenery
 of the Virginia Mountains and its most famous
 watering places and summer resorts.

The Only Route via White Sulphur Springs.

Railroad connections at Cincinnati, with the West,
 Northwest and Southeast; at Gordonsville, with the
 North and Northwest; and at Richmond and Char-
 lotteville with the South. All modern improvements
 in equipment.

CONWAY R. HOWARD,
 Gen. Passenger and Ticket Agent,
 Richmond, Va.

CONEY ISLAND—BRIGHTON BEACH.

Opening of the
 BROOKLYN, FLATBUSH & CONEY ISLAND R. R.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT,
 Commencing July 1, 1915.

Trains for Coney Island—Leave depot on Flatbush
 avenue, Wilbur Avenue, Prospect Park, at 6:20,
 7:30, 8:50, 9:30, 10:30, 11, 11:20, 11:50 A. M., 12
 M., 12:40, 1, 1:20, 1:40, 2, 2:30, 2:40, 3, 3:30, 3:40, 4,
 4:40, 5, 5:20, 5:40, 6, 6:20, 6:40, 7, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8,
 8:20, 8:30, 9, 10, 10:30 P. M.
 Returning from Beach—5, 9, 10, 10:30, 11, 11:20,
 11:50 A. M., 12 M., 12:40, 1, 1:20, 1:40, 2, 2:30, 2:40, 3,
 3:30, 3:40, 4, 4:30, 4:40, 5, 5:20, 5:40, 6, 6:20, 6:40,
 7, 7:20, 7:30, 7:45, 8:20, 8:30, 9, 9:30, 10, 10:30, 11
 P. M.

Monday Trains to Island—8:50, 9, 9:30, 10, 10:30,
 10:40, 11, 11:20, 11:40 A. M., 12 M., 1, 1:20, 1:40, 2,
 2:30, 2:40, 3, 3:30, 3:40, 4, 4:30, 4:40, 5, 5:20, 5:40, 6, 6:20,
 6:30, 6:40, 7, 7:20, 7:30, 7:45, 8:20, 8:30, 9, 9:30, 10, 10:30,
 11, 11:20, 11:40 A. M., 12 M., 1, 1:20, 1:40, 2, 2:30, 2:40, 3,
 3:30, 3:40, 4, 4:30, 4:40, 5, 5:20, 5:40, 6, 6:20, 6:40,
 7, 7:20, 7:30, 7:45, 8:20, 8:30, 9, 9:30, 10, 10:30, 11
 P. M.

Time to Coney Island, ten minutes. Excursion
 tickets, 40 cents; single fare, 20 cents. Grand con-
 ceptions every afternoon and evening by Contorno's
 Twenty-third Regiment Band.

MR. LEVY, the celebrated concert soloist, has been
 engaged for the season.

The following horse-car lines run directly to de-
 pot: Flatbush avenue from Fulton Ferry; Bergen
 street, S. B.; Franklin avenue, from South Seventh
 street, S. B.; and Nassau street, from South
 Broadway. W. E. DORWIN, Supt.

St. Louis, Minneapolis

AND

ST. PAUL SHORT LINE.

Through Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars
 between St. Louis, Minneapolis
 and St. Paul.

Burlington, C. Rapids & North'n
 Railway.

QUICKEST, CHEAPEST AND BEST!

TWO PASSENGER TRAINS EACH WAY DAILY,
 between Burlington, Albert Lea and Minneapolis,
 crossing and connecting with all East and West
 Lines in Iowa, running through some of the best
 hunting grounds in the Northwest for deer, quail,
 pheasant anduffed grouse and quail. Sportsmen
 and their dogs taken good care of. Reduced rates
 in parties of ten or more upon application for General
 Ticket Office, Cedar Rapids. C. J. IVES,
 E. F. WINSLOW, Gen. Passenger Agent,
 General Manager.

LONG ISLAND RAILROAD, MAY, 27, 1878—
 Ferryboats leave New York from James Slip
 (except Sundays) 30 minutes, and from Third-
 fourth street, East River (daily) 15 minutes previous
 to departure of trains, and from South Wall street,
 Fulton and East River ferries (daily) 30 minutes pre-
 vious to departure of trains from Depot, corner Flat-
 bush and Atlantic avenues, Brooklyn. Trains leave
 Brooklyn and Long Island City (Hunter's Point) as
 follows: For Greenport, Sag Harbor, etc., 8:30 A. M.,
 4 P. M., and on Saturdays at 8:30 P. M. For Patch-
 ogue, etc., 8:30 A. M., 4:30 and 6 P. M. For Bay-
 View, etc., at 9:30 A. M., 4:30, 5 and 6 P. M. For Port
 Jefferson, etc., at 10 A. M. and 4:30 P. M. For Nor-
 folk, etc., at 10 A. M., 4:30, 5 and 6 P. M. For Port
 Locust Valley, at 8:30 and 10:30 A. M., 3:30, 4:30, 5:30
 and 8:30 P. M. For Far Rockaway, etc., at 9:30 A. M.,
 4:30, 5 and 6 P. M. For Garden City and Hemp-
 stead, 8:30 and 10 A. M., 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30 P. M.,
 and 12:15 night, and from Long Island City only 5:30 A. M.,
 4:30, 5 and 6 P. M. SUNDAYS—For Greenport, Patch-
 ogue, etc., 9 A. M., Bayview, etc., and 6:30 P. M.
 Northport and Locust Valley 9 A. M. and 6:30 P. M.
 Garden City and Hempstead 9:30 and 6:30 P. M., and
 from Long Island City only 9:30 A. M. and 6:30 P. M.
 Trains for Rockaway Beach, Flushing,
 College Point, Jamaica, etc., as per time tables.
 Ticket offices in New York at 341 Broadway, corner
 Fulton street, at Jersey City at the offices of "The Long Island
 Express," 5 Park place, 755 and 942 Broadway, and
 Grand Central Station, at Brooklyn, 100 Nassau
 street, and at Fourth street. By purchasing
 tickets at any of the above offices, baggage can be
 checked from residence to destination.
 S. SPENCER, Gen'l Supt.
 J. CHITTENDEN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

FOR NEW HAVEN, HARTFORD, SPRINGFIELD,
 WHITE MOUNTAINS, Montreal and intermediate
 points. The new and elegant steamer Centennial
 leaves Pier No. 25, East River, daily (Sundays ex-
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 on the wharf at New Haven and leave for Spring-
 field and way stations on arrival of boat.
 For New York and New Haven, the Centennial will be
 in waiting at New Haven, leaving 5:15 A. M. Tickets
 sold and baggage checked at all the above offices.
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 sold

FOREST AND STREAM

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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TROUT FISHING.

This twenty years. Do you remember
When, boy and girl, we stole the skiff,
And went a fishing one September?
The lake so clear, it was as if,
Upborne on love's delicious leaven,
We floated in a pure mid-heaven,
With clouds of lilies for a border.
The fragrant summer seemed to ache
In blossom for dear passion's sake,
Excessive with its sweet disorder.
In you, too, was that fond distress
Of flesh and fear and happiness,
Caresses by caress unhanded,
Till, fingers mated on the reel,
I thought the very trout could feel
His double spoil was caught and landed.

Alas! that love which we remember,
Blush-ripe as all the wanton weeds,
Succoed as a blossom of September,
Bora gullies of the promise seeds—
Sweet dying things, whose only duty
Is clothing life in forms of beauty!
For though I held you in my arms,
As full of honey in your charms
As when the troil holds the clover,
Your fingers, tutored in a thimble,
In playing trout were found so nimble
You hooked the fish and cast the lover.

But often, since we slipped the hooks
To play for life with baited hooks
In pools less pure, do I remember
The fragile blossom of September,
Bora gullies of the promise seeds—
A dying thing, whose only duty
Was clothing life in forms of beauty,
With heaven above and heaven below it.
Though life has grown to other needs,
Our boat lies rotting in the weeds,
And we can neither raise nor row it.

—WILL WALLACE HARNET, in *Harpers Magazine*.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

Two Bear Stories.—No. 2.

BY PENOBSCOOT.

[Concluded from Vol. X., page 274.]

IN regard to the changeable temperature theory, the following perfectly unvarnished statement of facts ought to settle it: A friend in Maine, being out one day with hounds, started up a buck, which, in his course, happened to run over a bear's den, scaring out an old she bear and her two cubs of the spring before. This was the 10th of December, there being eight to ten inches of crusty snow on the ground. The hunt was at once transferred to the new and more exciting game. Failing to secure them that day, a party of four pursued them all the next without success, their numbers increasing instead of diminishing, as these bears, in their terror, ran over the den of a very large male bear, which also came out and joined the others. The next day the hunters killed the two cubs. The tenth day they killed the old she bear, leaving the big male alone in his glory. During all this time they had confined their operations to a piece of woods a little less than three miles square, in the immediate vicinity of which the hunters lived, the track at night being frequently left within fifty rods of some of their homes. I reached home from a trip to Union River the day the she bear was killed, and it is hardly necessary to say that the next morning the party was augmented by one. For five more days the hunt was kept up, when Christmas dawned on us, one of the coldest throughout the greater portion of New England on record, the thermometer in our neighborhood at sunrise registering 35 degs., and the opinion was expressed among the boys, as we plunged into the woods, that the "old fellow would be too stiff to stir," which opinion was strengthened by the fact that he had been twice so severely wounded that he dropped in his tracks, but had at once regained his feet and made off apparently as well as ever, both the men declaring firmly, however, that they had shot him through. During the hunt we had tried every good dog that we could hear of within ten miles around, but had not succeeded in getting one which would attack the bear. This was, doubtless, owing in a great measure to the cowardice of an old hound we were obliged to keep as a tracker, for it is a well-

established fact that the bear leaves a fainter scent than any other animal in the State. Plenty of ordinary dogs cannot follow the track by the scent at all, even when just made, and not one in a hundred can follow it two hours after the animal has passed. The hound in question was the best in that respect I ever saw, but would not get within a hundred paces of the bear if he knew it; and if by chance he caught sight of him making a charge he would run yelping back, and never stop till he reached some of us, even if we were two miles in the rear. This pusillanimous conduct had a fearfully demoralizing effect on all the dogs we could get, and occasioned an amount of profanity among the boys sufficient to have run an ordinary mining camp for six months. We had long ago learned the futility of attempting to get a shot by following his track, and always after leaving him at night he would execute a series of manoeuvres which would frequently take us till after mid-day to unravel.

On reaching the place where he intended to pass away the night (usually in the thickest spruce growth he could find), he would pick an armful of boughs and, carrying them to where three or four short scrubby spruce or fir grew, would lay them down in their midst, and getting on them would bend the tops of the shrubs over him, forming an arbor under which he would remain always till we started him out, but always getting off before we came in sight of him. We had therefore adopted the plan of stationing ourselves at the various points where he would be likely to pass during the day, one man only following the tracks with the dogs. But on this Christmas morning we all followed up the tracks, for a man can't stand on a runway with the thermometer thirty-five degrees below zero, or at least he can't get off it, if he stands there long! After following the trail for about two hours we found it lead into a small opening made by the fire, the trees turning up after being killed, which rendered it extremely difficult to pass through it; so we skirted its edges, and, going entirely around it, made the discovery that there were no tracks out. This was better than we had hoped for, and we immediately disposed ourselves so as to give him a warm reception when forced to make his appearance. One of the boys had a double-barrel rifle, one barrel of which was a double shooter, thus giving him three shots. Him we placed on the tracks leading into the opening, as experience had taught us that he was more likely to come out there than in any other place. It was my turn to go in with the dogs. I had worked my way nearly to the centre of the "blow-down" with the dogs at heel, when I came suddenly on his bed, under the body of a large tree turned up by the roots. The ground was only partially clear of snow, and here he had lain through that bitter night without anything under him but the snow and frozen ground, and nothing over him but the log, at least three feet above him. I whistled forward the dogs, and almost at the same instant heard behind me the crack of Dan's rifle, making innumerable forest echoes in that cold air. The bear, on hearing my approach, had run a semi-circle, straight to his back tracks behind me, and was at the edge of the opening almost as soon as I got to his bed. A second report quickly followed the first, and as I hastened back a third rang out sharply on the morning air, followed by a shout of "All right."

As I neared the spot where the shooting took place I heard some of the most emphatic language I ever listened to, and on getting there I found Dan, usually the coolest of his shoulders, the most placid of men, in a high state of excitement; but no bear!

It was several minutes before he calmed down sufficiently to give an account of the affair, during which time we had all collected around him.

It seemed that when he first saw the bear he was walking on a log, broadside to him, not having yet got into his "back tracks." Taking a deliberate aim just behind the shoulder, he "unhit," and the bear "went down like a stone." He stood for a moment and was just going to call out, when he saw the bear on his feet and about striking his own trail, the log behind which he fell having concealed him up to this point. A second shot again rolled him over; but instantly regaining his feet he started down his tracks directly toward the astonished Dan, who was beginning to regard him as bullet-proof. As he approached Dan delivered his third and last charge full between his eyes. The brute pitched forward and fell headlong. Naturally supposing that an animal shot through the head must be dead, he had shouted to us, and, setting away his rifle, was very coolly taking out his pocket-knife for the purpose of cutting his throat, when the animal again struggled to his feet and stood reeling to and fro for a moment, so near to him that he could see him lap the blood as it ran down over his nose. Stepping back in a moment he rushed forward on his old tracks, and not caring to be caught fooling with a bear of his size and toughness, with nothing but a pocket knife and empty rifle, Dan very respectfully gave him the right of way. A short inspection of the ground bore out Dan's statement.

In the meantime the dogs, which had gone ahead on the track, showing conclusively that the bear was still alive and able to repel an assault in that direction.

On following him up we found that he was barely able to keep out of our way, as we came in hearing of him several times, the dogs refusing to advance any faster than we did. We soon decided that it was best to leave him for that day, believing that the effects of his wounds, and the cold combined, would render him incapable of getting out of our way in the morning, so we struck out for home, the most of us

going to a Christmas dance that night, so as to be sure and not oversleep ourselves! The next morning we were on hand before sunrise, the weather having moderated but very little. We soon reached the spot where we had left the trail—a very favorable place on the side of an open ridge, which they had previously avoided. The dogs, feeling unusually well, bounded forward unchecked, as we did not anticipate starting him till after the usual amount of circling, which would give us ample time to overtake them. We had gone nearly a quarter of a mile, however, before we heard a tremendous outcry from the dogs, only a short distance in advance. The uproar increased every moment; the baying of the old hound and the savage snarls of the other dogs, mingled with the roars and snorting of the bear, showing that a desperate fight was in progress. We soon reached the battle-ground, and were in speechless surprise to see dogs which for two weeks had exhibited nothing but fear and cowardice, attacking the enraged and foaming bear, not only with courage, but with absolute fury. Even the old hound was barking furiously not twenty feet away; and catching sight of us as we came up, he made a gallant charge on the bear, and actually scratched some hairs from his ridiculous apology for a tail. For some moments, so close was the fighting, we could not get a shot at the bear without running the risk of shooting a dog; but as the old fellow warmed up to his work, he soon cleared a space around him, when a shot under his ear laid him low, ending at once his life and the longest bear hunt on record. A short examination was sufficient to show that the shot between the eyes had glanced upwards on the skull and come out between the ears, inflicting only a slight wound. On skinning him, however, four bullet holes were found in his body, two, evidently shot by Dan the day before, had grazed his lungs, and lodged against the skin on the opposite side. His lungs were very much bloodshot and inflamed, showing clearly what had occasioned his distress. The other two bullets went completely through his body, cutting the intestines in twenty places. In his normal condition they would have proved fatal in from two to six hours, and they had been shot through him, respectively, four and six days before. The plug (a name more expressive than elegant) was found intact, not having any use for his intestines, or any action in them; their being out to pieces did not seem to affect him in the least. His coating of fat had greatly wasted away, and that which remained had totally altered in character, being of a tough, leathery consistency, wholly differing from its appearance when the animal is killed without being run. It seems incredible, and a total subversion of all the laws of nature that an animal could run sixteen days without eating or drinking, or having any action of the bowels or bladder, he shot in the meantime five times and then make a desperate fight. He would undoubtedly have whipped the five dogs easily if let alone. But all the participants in the hunt are alive, and can testify to its entire truthfulness. The conduct of the dogs was as unaccountable as that of the bear. We examined the ground with the greatest care to arrive at solution of the mystery. The bear had gone straight from where we left him the day before to an old den that looked as though it had been used for ten years. It was dug under the roots of an enormous upturned pine. Into this he had crawled, it being well provided with dry moss and leaves, and the dogs had attacked him while in it, as he could easily be told by hair lying at the mouth of it, as the furious manner in which he had torn out of it. What induced them to make the attack will always remain a mystery. They probably came upon him unexpectedly to themselves, and the boldest, encouraged by the others, began the battle, upon which the others joined in.

I had just finished this article (as I supposed) when your issue of May 31 came to hand with its "Gossip About Bears." I am afraid the subject will hardly bear so much writing up, but cannot forbear adding a few comments. So far from being "nearly extinct" in the State, they are certainly rather diminished in Maine and New Brunswick during the last thirty years, in proof of which I might cite the payment of bounties is such a heavy tax in Maine that it was introduced into the Legislature last winter (and I believe passed) repealing it. I have a brother-in-law in that State who has yet to see his thirty-eighth birthday, who, when I left last fall, was looking round a mighty pert for two more bears to make up fifty shots or trapped by him in the last twenty years. And they are certainly not decreasing in the North Woods, for it was the unanimous testimony of guides and hunters last October that the bears had not been so plentiful for years. In regard to the assertion that the bear "has from two to six cubs, usually three or four," I would reply that it is doubtful if there is a single perfectly authenticated instance on record of the American black bear having more than two cubs at a birth, for it must be remembered in the last twenty years as where more than that number have been found with a female are no proof, for numbers of bears, having young cubs, are trapped every spring. These, when pressed by hunger, give utterance to a peculiarly plaintive and pitiful cry, which, in the stillness of the forest at night, can easily be heard for half a mile. This will attract other females having young, when the cubs will be made to remember in the last twenty years I have tracked scores, I have never found more than two following one dam; nor have I ever found or heard of more than that number being found *in utero*. Of course I do not insist that triple (or even quadruple) births never occur, but that they are so very rare that they must, if occurring at all, be classed as exceptions.

EELS GOING UP STREAM.—*Liberty Square, Pa., July 28*—*Mr. Editor:* I have often seen eels going up the Susquehanna and always along the shore. I have caught them in a small net for bait from three to six inches in length. When they start you will find them all along the river; when they stop at one point you will find they stop all along the river. I have noticed on several occasions, when they begin to move, you will find them going up at all points along the shore on both sides, but never along the islands. Although the river may be filled with them, I never saw any eels going down.

G. P.

Natural History.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.
CORALS OF LAKE ERIE.

WE have been accustomed to think of the coral animals as having a home only in the torrid zone, which is substantially true of those now living, but the oceanic waters of a former age were sufficiently warm for their existence in other parts of the world, and this is proved by the presence of their corals in beds of limestone far from the Equator. Such a bed lies under the waters of Lake Erie, "cropping out" on the islands and along the shores, and extending many miles away. Nature, not being able to perpetuate the existence of the coral animals in this latitude in consequence of the cooling of the earth, has made their remains immortal by imbedding them in the limy sediments of the ocean, which, in time, together with the remains of other marine animals, became crystallized into solid rock. This ancient formation belongs to the oldest group of sedimentary rocks, which is proved by the fossil remains of trilobites. "Millions of years before man walked the earth these creatures lived their life, and the limestone took on their form, and here they are!" Subsequently this bed of corals was raised above the ocean by "geological revolutions," and it supported large bodies of ice during the glacial epoch. This is proved by the glacial marks on the surface, which are now distinctly visible on the islands of Lake Erie at Strong Point, near Monroe, Michigan, and at Sandusky, Ohio. Those long parallel grooves and scratches may be followed to where they dip into the lake at an angle with the horizon of about five degrees. Subsidence was again effected by other geological disturbances, and it received a vast amount of sedimentary deposits, and then became dry land again as we now see it.

The corals found in these rocks resemble leaves, roots and branches of trees, mushrooms, liverworts and lichens, goblets, vases and the horns of animals. When broken the fracture appears like marble, and the fine lines of the cells or compartments, each like an oval, forming six-sided columns, are distinctly visible. Sometimes the fracture shows spots where the cells are stained a dark red or brown, and in some instances a thick tarry substance has been found in the cells, having the odor of petroleum.

Although millions of years old, we may, perhaps, form some idea of the animals they represent by an examination of those now living in tropical seas. They were simple in structure, each like a form, and some like their skeleton. Their soft, cylindrical bodies were but little higher than their breadth, slightly depressed on top, the outer margin being fringed with leaf-like tentacles, in the centre of which was the mouth opening into the well-like stomach below. Some were identical with those of the present day, so accurately described by Prof. J. D. Dana in his matchless work on "Corals and Coral Islands." He says, "A good idea of a polyp may be had from comparison with the garden aster, for the likeness to many of them in external form, as well as delicacy of coloring, is singularly close. The aster consists of a tufted disk, bordered with one or more series of petals, and in exact analogy the polyp flower, in its most common form, has a disk fringed around with petal-like organs called tentacles. Below the disk, in contrast with the slender pedicel in the aster, plant, the polyp has a short, thick, cylindrical body, often as broad as the disk itself, and sometimes not longer, which contains the stomach and internal cavity of the disk; and the mouth, which opens into the stomach, is at the centre of the disk. Here, then, the flower-animal and the garden-flower diverge in character, the difference being required by the different modes of nutrition and other characteristics in the two kingdoms of nature. The polyp, in fact, is an animal, and the aster is a plant." The part of an animal between the stomach and outside covering or skin, is divided vertically into sections, between which thin, porous plates of coral slowly arise by growth, with one edge in contact with the stomach, and the outer edge joined to a growing circular plate or cylinder of coral inside the skin. This stony structure within the body of the animal is its skeleton. The polyp grows in these partitions grow also, for the bones of an infant grow.

The animals are not "coral insects," as many suppose, moving about hither and thither in search of building materials, as do the bees and the wasps. It is true that corals are found having the appearance of honeycombs, but they were not made in the sense that insects make or build their combs; the polyps do not build at all. They take in food and seawater, from which is secreted carbonate of lime, particle by particle, for the growth of coral, just as other animals secrete from their food the phosphate of lime for their growing bones.

The polyps propagate generally by the budding. A protuberance, or bud, is formed on the external surface of the body, and in time it develops into a perfect polyp, which buds in the same way. Its offspring—also buds, and thus a colony is formed, all united to the parent, and thus a colony, which is one secret from its food its part of the coral formation, which, in time, together with the coral animals, grows into a symmetrical body. This mass of living animals is called a zoothome, and the coral mass is called a corallum.

The above description seemed necessary in order to answer in a more intelligent manner the inquiry, "What gives the six-sided form to the coral cells?"

The bodies of young polyps are soft and cylindrical, and when coral is formed without budding, or when the offspring are not attached to their parents, the coral is cylindrical also. When budding takes place, and a zoothome is formed, all the polyps grow fast to each other, and lose their original form—the cylindrical is merged in the hexagonal. This may be illustrated by a bundle of straw cylinders (rubber tubes, for instance), which, when compressed with an equal force from all directions toward the central tube, become six-sided from necessity.

Some species of polyps do not grow upward in a mass—they spread themselves out horizontally. The parent, on coming to maturity, multiplies by budding, its offspring growing fast to their sides, each having forced within their bodies a rectangular mass of coral, and thus a colony is formed, and all being united to the parent coral growth. A beautiful network, with meshes only one-twentieth of an inch wide, is thereby produced, which conforms to the undulations of the sea bottom on which it rests. In some cases, during the formation, there is a constant deposit of sediment, so that the last, or outside

animals, in coming to life, are obliged to live on a little higher plane of sea-mud than those before them, and the borders of the network will gradually move upward into a scutellated form—a shallow, scolloped basin. Sometimes circumstances prevent their spreading in all directions, and then we have the appearance of skeleton leaves in great beauty.

Fossil corals differ from living corals by having all their cells filled with carbonate of lime by induration. Living corals have their last-formed cells empty when the polyps die.

We may, perhaps, have a faint conception of the age of their ancient formations by going backward through all the generations of man to Adam, and also through all the stages of development of the pre-Adams, then down through the age of mammals, through the age of reptiles, through the age of plants, through the age of fishes to Silurian time, in which polyps first lived. This carries us back to the very dawn of life upon the earth. T. DWIGHT LANSFORD.

Erie, Pa.

MORE ABOUT DEER AND THEIR HORNS.

MARQUETTE, Mich., July 13, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

During a ramble in the woods on the south shore of Lake Superior, and from which I have just returned, I picked up a specimen of deer's horns about ten miles north of Grand Island, which I forward to you by express, hoping it may help to explain the mystery of what becomes of the deer's horns. My own theory of this matter is that they are eaten by porcupines and mice. This specimen shows signs of having been attacked by an animal having larger teeth than a mouse. D. H. MERRIT.

NEW YORK, July 16, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Your correspondent, C. S. J., in your issue of the 6th of June last, I think, is quite correct in his views. From a long experience in the woods in the Adirondacks and Canada, I can testify that deer do not bury their horns after shedding them. The fact that they are so seldom found is no proof of the animal's habit of burying them. The debris of a wood and destruction by mice and other rodent, etc., will account for their disappearance. In Canada, in October, 1874, I made a trip to a hill called Caribou Mountain, hoping to shoot some of the aforesaid deer. I bagged no game, lumbering operations during the preceding winter having apparently frightened the animals off this favorite ground; but I did bag a number of fine caribou horns. The right and left antlers were, of course, separate. The ground was strewn with hundreds of caribou horns, some evidently dropped five or six years before, and some the previous spring or late winter. I did find some signs of preservation, however. I think C. S. J. is right, also, regarding the reasons for the deer's habit of scraping their horns against trees and bushes. In regard to a deer's carcass floating when in the "blue coat," and sinking when in the "red coat," I can testify to those facts from experience with many deer shot in the Adirondacks. When red they sink like a stone; when blue, float buoyantly.

MANHATTAN.

TWIN LAKES, ORANGE CO., Fla., June 30, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

I do not recollect seeing any mention in the "Sportsman's Gazetteer" of the habits of the deer in feeding at changes of the moon. I do not suppose, however, that a native hunter in Florida has not implied just in the moon theory. They say "deer always feed at moon up, moon down, and south moon above and below," which means rising and setting of the moon and when it is in or against the south, whether overhead or underneath us. Four times a day deer feed—about an hour each time—lying down between times. The natives say the same rule holds good with reference to feeding of birds and fish. I know several of the most successful hunters, who have done nothing but hunt all their lives, and they always time their hunts to the above mentioned hours. What do sportsmen say about this in other sections of the country? S.

The suggestions made by our correspondents, Mr. Merrit and Manhattan, offer, we think, a perfectly satisfactory explanation for the rapid disappearance of deer's horns. They have been made before and in these columns.

The specimen received from Mr. Merrit shows well the manner in which the destruction of the horn takes place. In this one the tines are all gnawed off, and the main branch has been so far eaten away that the spongy tissue of the interior is exposed, and at its widest portion the horn is flat and sharp at the edges—like a paper cut. The rough part above the burr has been attacked and a considerable portion of the horn eaten away, leaving a perfectly smooth, flat surface. At various points throughout its length the horn bears the marks of teeth, but it appears that where it is largest the teeth of the animal failed to effect much.

This gnawing is not confined to horns, but bleached bones are often found bearing the marks of teeth. Fossil bones and fossil horns are frequently seen, which bear unmistakable evidence of having been similarly attacked when fresh. Lyell, when endeavoring to account for these marks on fossils from the Pleistocene bone caves of England, conceived the idea of introducing fresh bear bones into the den of the porcupines in the "Zoo." The result was that the bones were gnawed in precisely the same way as the cave fossils, thus clearly indicating the cause of the mutilation of the latter.

Why the rodents gnaw them has not been fully explained, but it is probable that their main object is to obtain the animal matter remaining in the bones, although it may be only "to sharpen their teeth."

We should like to hear more about the moon theory advanced by S. It is new to us.

ANTELOPE SHEDDING THEIR HORNS.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

In a note by Dr. Endlich in the August number of the *American Naturalist* doubt is expressed as to the shedding of the horn sheath in the male antelope. For several years I had been so constantly assured of its truth, by the many hunters of whom I had inquired, that I could not well doubt the fact; but it was not till December last that I had an opportunity of myself observing it.

In November last it was my pleasure to make the acquaintance of Mr. William Reed, of Wyoming, an expert and intelligent hunter, who assured me of its truth, fixing the time as the middle or latter part of December. About the 12th of the month, while hunting with him, his unerring rifle brought down from a small herd six, three of which were males, and I was delighted to find all of the latter with their new growth of horns. One of the best skulls was cleaned and sent to the Peabody Museum, and I make the following description from a re-examination of the specimen: The length is a little over six inches, and nearly straight. Two inches of the point, or that portion beyond the core, is hard and firm, but the remainder is almost completely into a softer, more skin-like appearance, and covered with long, rather stiff hairs lying close to the sheath and nearly concealing it. These hairs are pointed upward. The prong is only represented by a slight protuberance at the base of the hardened portion. The other specimens, if I recollect, had less hair upon them and were nearer developed. Mr. Reed thinks that the horns are fully outgrown and hardened by the middle or latter part of January.

I am fully convinced that the great majority of the males do thus change their horns, but whether it is invariably the case I am in some doubt. At all events such a remarkable occurrence in a caviem is worthy of special study. That the fact has been seldom noticed by naturalists is not at all strange. The region that they inhabit is seldom explored by scientists at the season that the falling occurs. The cast-off sheaths are not unfrequently found in regions where the animal is most abundant. The cause of this apparent rarity is, however, owing to their easy decomposition and the readiness with which they are buried by the spring prairie fires.

With reference to the wool in mountain sheep, I can corroborate Dr. Endlich's statement. A female killed in early June of the present year, while the animal was shedding its hair, had its flanks covered with a fine, heavy coat of wool. The flesh at that season was so strongly flavored with the wild onion to be unpalatable, and I was assured that such is usually the case in spring. S. W. WILLISTON.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

AMERICAN VS. ENGLISH SPARROWS.

I HAVE noticed that for some considerable time controversy has been going on in regard to the advantage or disadvantage of the presence in this country of the English house-sparrow, not only as a common bird, but as a pest in the suburbs, as well as the alleged fact that they drive away our native birds from the districts in which the naturalized foreigners have settled. It is not my desire to enter into this discussion, as my opportunities of observing the birds, on account of absence from America, have not been sufficient to enable me to form an opinion, but I merely wish to describe an occurrence I witnessed a few days ago, which may possibly be of use to some one interested in the question. Around a house I now occupy, numbers of English sparrows are constantly seen, and not many of our native birds. This was easily accounted for, according to one side of the question, by the presence of the sparrows. A few days since, while sitting on the piazza with a friend, I heard a cry of distress or anger from a sparrow who seemed to be in trouble, and on looking at the place it was the place where I had seen from toward which some four or five of the birds were flying. I saw an English sparrow fighting with one of our little chipping sparrows. "Now," said my friend, "you will see them pull that little fellow all to pieces," and I expected to see his words come true, as all the English sparrows attacked the unprotected little chippy with great fury, and in a moment they were all around him, and he was fast. But, instead of this, the ball fell to pieces, and, instead of the mangled remains of the chippy, he was fighting vigorously; and, carrying the war into the enemy's country, he compelled his assailants to retreat. Not satisfied, apparently, with his victory, he selected a particularly obnoxious cock sparrow, who, with tail up and wings down, evidently had some little fight left in him, and who strutted about in a very important manner, and attacking him, drove him to a fence near by, and chased him up and down the rail for a distance of twenty feet, picking him at every jump, until the immigrant was forced to take refuge in a thick cedar near by and hide himself, thus leaving the chippy master of the field. Since then I have witnessed another fight between the same birds with a similar result, thus showing conclusively that sometimes the English sparrows get well thrashed, and that a half dozen of them are no match for one little chippy. D. G. ELLIOT.

New Brighton, Staten Island, Aug. 1877.

THE RED SQUIRREL AS A SAP SUCKER.—The red squirrel has fared badly in the hands of our correspondents. His carnivorous tastes have brought him into much well-deserved ill-repute. The following letter from Mr. R. E. Robinson, of Finesburgh, Vt., mentions a habit of the squirrel, which may be new to some of our readers:

"A habit of the common red squirrel has come to my knowledge within a year, which I have never seen mentioned. This is their tapping of the twigs and small branches of the sugar maple at the season of sap flow and sucking or lapping the sap as it oozes out. I was just told of this by an old hunter, and soon after my niece saw a squirrel in the act of nipping the bark of a maple branch and then sucking the sap. Within a few days of this I noticed the sap trickling down a maple sapling, and upon examination found the unmistakable marks of a squirrel's smooth back and tail, and a wet place extending half an inch or so from each side of the wound, as if it had been licked. So it seems our only true sap sucker is not a maligned bird, but a small quadruped. This same squirrel has become an outlaw with us for his evil practice of stealing young birds, especially robins, from the nest, a sin too great to be atoned for by his beauty and grace.

THE CYCLE OF A PARASITE.—It may be useful in order to better understand the curious circle of life the parasite travels around, to cite the following discovery made by Mr. Gale in regard to a parasite to and in rats and cockroaches. The *Plutaria rhytipleurites* are produced in the alimentary canal of the rat. These eggs are thrown out with the fecal matters and swallowed by the cockroach. The embryos, when hatched, penetrate the walls of the alimentary canal of the latter, and are encysted in fatty matter, where they await the cockroach's being devoured by the rat. In the rat they now complete their cycle. It is not very pretty nor exactly a "cycle of Calvary."

A KANSAS SNAKE DEN.—We are accustomed to give a very limited credence to the marvelous snake stories which are intermittently offered to us by the ambitious and imaginative reporter. The serpent which figures in the columns of the morning paper, with many yards of length, innumerable coils and terror-inspiring fangs, proves, when the account is sifted down to the facts, to be a very attenuated and a very harmless reptile after all. Sometimes, however, to do the much-maligned reporters credit, the snake does exist in all his pictured enormity or multiplicity, as the case may be. Writing to a correspondent for the confirmation of an account of a Kansas snake den, we have received the following:

CONCORDIA, Kan., Aug. 3, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

In reply to your inquiry I would say that there is a snake den half a mile from here, and I was there on the day it was discovered. A little boy found it, and came for me to help him kill them. I stood at the hole and killed for about one hour, and in that time killed over three hundred. Then I had to quit and go home; I gave out, and my hands were all blistered. This was in 1876, and in 1877 we killed 100; and in 1878 we killed some 1,000 or 1,000, but the first thing over 7,000, besides which hundreds were killed that I did not count, for there would be some days from 100 to 500 persons on the grounds; Sundays mostly would be the largest crowd. This year there were several boys who went down into the den and threw them out with their naked hand. The snakes were cold as ice and very numb; let them lie in the sun five or ten minutes and they could run very fast. They are rather harmless snakes. If you crowded on them they would show fight. One day in April we killed 770. I have seen, I should think, at one time, from 100 to 200 alive in a heap or pile. It was a sight to see 4,000 in one pile. People came from 100 to 200 miles to see them. They have quit coming out this year. T. R. GRAYES.

P. S.—It is no humbug; thousands will testify to it.

IGUANAS.—Two living iguanas were recently received at the Smithsonian Institution. They are a large species of lizard, *Iguana tuberculata*, and are found in the West Indies and South America. These specimens came from the island of Navaza. They are about equal in size, about two feet long, having a dark skin and a peculiar serrated or sharp-toothed ridge or crest along the whole dorsal line. Beneath the throat is an extensive pouch or dewlap, which they inflate when under excitement. They are very dull and listless in shade, but become lively and active when exposed to the sun. They live among the trees and also run on the sand and even into burrows, and swim with great activity in the water. They are omnivorous and feed upon fruits, leaves of certain plants, insects and eggs of birds whose nests they are said to search for. Their eggs are deposited in the sand along the shores of the sea, and hatch from the heat of the sun. When enraged they are very fierce in aspect, and will often attack an intruder, but become slowly retreating when exposed to a wound. Their appearance at this time is quite formidable, the dewlap distended, the eyes glaring, and the animal standing erect and threatening. They are considered a very great delicacy, and are hunted in all of the islands for food, in some of them to such an extent that they have become pretty well exterminated. They are usually taken by slipping a noose attached to a short stick over their heads, suspending them by a jerk. Where they are taken to distant parts of the island or mainland it is said they are sent alive, the mouth being sewed up or tied in such a way that they cannot bite.

HENRY HOBAN.

A GARTER FULL OF SNAKES.—*Nantucket, Mass., Aug. 4.*—*Mr. Editor:* Last Friday a man here killed a garter-snake, in the pouch of which were sixty-two little squirming serpents.

JACK COWLEY.

ANIMALS RECEIVED AT CENTRAL PARK MENAGERIE FOR WEEK ENDING AUG. 10.—One *Azara's Fox*, *Felis azara*, presented by Mr. R. J. Wheeler, N. Y. City; one Mexican deer, *Cervus mexicanus*, born in the menagerie; one African elephant, *Elephas africanus*; one common rail, *Pelecanus carolinensis*, presented by Editor FOREST AND STREAM and RUD AND GUN; two ravens, *Corvus carolinensis*, presented by Mr. Arthur J. Colburn, Boston. W. A. CONKLIN, Director.

ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS FOR WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, JULY 23.—Two bird tortoises, *Testudo tabulata*, presented; one great horned owl, *Bubo virginianus*, presented; one bald eagle, *Haliaeetus leucocephalus*, presented; one red-headed woodpecker, *Melanerpes erythrocephalus*, purchased.

ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS FOR TWO WEEKS ENDING AUG. 6.—Two great horned owls, *Bubo virginianus*, presented; one gray squirrel, *Sciurus carolinensis*, presented; three beaver, *Castor fiber canadensis*, born in garden; one diamond rattlesnake, *Crotalus adamanteus*, purchased; one ground rattlesnake, *Crotalus mitchilli*, purchased; one whip snake, *Bosonotus anguiformis*, purchased; one black snipe, *Bosonotus carolinensis*, purchased; one spreading adder, *Heterodon platyrhinos*, purchased.

Woodland, Farm and Garden.

THIS DEPARTMENT IS EDITED BY W. J. DAVIDSON, BEO. N. Y. HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

HARDY EVERGREENS.

ON visiting almost any nursery in the country, one is struck with the large space devoted to deciduous trees and shrubs, to the exclusion, we were about to say, of evergreens. It is well known that many, if not all, of the Chinese and Japanese deciduous plants ripen their wood better, and in consequence give a better account of themselves here than in either Britain or on the Continent, but we are glad to see that some of our larger nursery men are devoting their strength to the selection and cultivation of choice evergreens, that are not only most beautiful for lawn decoration or grouping, but perfectly hardy as well. The exhibit made by S. B. Parsons & Sons Co., at the summer meeting of the N. Y. Horticultural Society, was one of the best ever brought together, and drew as much attention as even the choice roses, the floral designs, or the rare exotics. It was arranged under seven classes of

Hardy Ornamental Plants, viz.: Ornamental Evergreens; a collection of twenty-three distinct varieties of Retinosporas; a collection of twenty-seven distinct varieties of Japanese Maples; a new plant of the introduction of great beauty, *Pyrus Manley Tricolor*; the new variegated Catalpa *Syringae folia aurea*; and two collections of striking Hardy Variegated-leaved plants. Among the Ornamental Evergreens, the most noticeable were Nordan's Silver Fir, broad and massive with finely curved leaves and branches, turning up their silvery linings to the light. The Weeping Silver Fir is compact and graceful, perhaps the most regularly curved of all weeping evergreens. Euden's Bay Silver Fir is a very small dwarf variety, of a rich dark color. P. Nobilis, the most richly colored of all the Silver Firs, was represented by a very blue-green specimen, quite unique and picturesque in its form. Parsons's Silver Fir has long, exceedingly recurved leaves, whitish underneath; it is one of the most notable and rare of Silver Firs, and is also quite difficult to propagate. The Compact Silver Fir, of which a fine specimen was shown, is the hardest, and perhaps the most immemorial Silver Spruce, with the special features of Messrs. Parsons & Sons Co.'s exhibit, which is their admirable system of pruning or pinching (for it is often no more than that), whereby all formality is avoided and the plant is given the most perfect habit of which it is susceptible. The effect is natural, but at the same time almost an improvement on the intention of nature, even under the most favorable circumstances.

Among the Spruces exhibited were noted especially the Weeping Hemlock, most perfect and exquisite of evergreens; Weeping Spruce, most picturesque and characteristic, with pendent branches hugging the stem in grotesque forms; the Conical Spruce, perfectly symmetrical without pruning, and therefore on this, as well as on other accounts, deservedly popular; Gregory's Spruce, broad, massive and dwarf, a veritable overgreen hemisphere; the Black Spruce, with its neat dwarf habit and wonderfully symmetrical outlines; Maxwell's Glory of the Spruces, having an unusual amount of gold and silver markings on the leaves; the Tiger-tail Spruce, *Abies polita*, of a rich golden blue and very marked in this. In this group was also the curious Umbrella Pine of Japan, *Sciadopitys verticillata*, which grows in such rare and unusual forms. The collection of Retinosporas shown by this firm was perhaps the most complete ever exhibited at any horticultural meeting in America. "The whole group was very remarkable, indicating the utmost diversity of form, both of foliage and growth, which hardy plants are capable of assuming. Weeping plants here seem to obtain to positive exaggeration, forms fern-like, thread-like, compact, erect, and spreading. Their colors also, silver, golden, blue and green, add greatly to the charms of these evergreens, and the variety of their special markings to the American climate renders them fitted to the work of the landscape gardener to a degree not yet appreciated."

Among the delicate and exquisite hardy plants of the exhibition the Japanese Maples are as curious as they are interesting. Messrs. Parsons & Sons have been able to show larger plants this season of these, their special introductions, and consequently their beautiful and showy hardy evergreens, and their special varieties were grouped together; more, we believe, than have ever been exhibited at one time either in this or any other country. The two collections of hardy, variegated-leaved plants contained over seventy of the most remarkable cut-leaved, variegated and weeping deciduous plants that can possibly be gathered together, and include Variegated Ashes, Purple Beeches and tullez, Golden Weeping Larches and Red Spruces, etc., etc., all with the foliage presented in the most perfect manner. In conclusion, we would say that these plants are peculiarly adapted for small places, especially if restrained by a little simple pruning. As a means of producing effects in groups on the lawn, they are scarcely as yet recognized by the landscape gardener; they are gaining in public estimation every day, however, and it is this fact that made this exhibit so interesting and valuable.

HANGING BASKETS.—Baskets of living plants may easily be had in perfection, so long as care is taken to select those best suited for the purpose and location. After all, perhaps, the most satisfactory is a wire basket, which should be painted of some neutral tint, as bright colors quite destroy the effect of the flowers, which should be gay enough of themselves without any addition in the way of paint. Inside the wire work a thick layer of green moss should be put, so as to prevent the soil from dropping through, and the plants then arranged with regard to the season and place they will occupy. For summer decoration there are numberless plants that can be utilized; even some of our drooping annuals can be made to do duty, and will be found very useful. Phlox Drummondii, Sweet Alyssum, Lobelia gracilis, Maurandia, and even the morning glories and Portulacas can be used to advantage if the basket is large enough. Iresines, Centaureas, Colcus, Ivy-leaved Geraniums, Scarlet Geraniums and Nasturtiums, and a host of other plants may be named as effective, both for summer and winter use, either for their color, for their gracefulness, trailing or twining habit. For winter, more especially for halls or dry situations, the various Echeverias, Sedums, and plants of a like character, will be found very useful, and may be arranged in the sides of the basket with the taller and drooping plants on the top. A window-box, made of wood and lined with zinc, supported by four cords or wires, up which can be trained creepers, also makes a very pretty ornament for a room. The great point as regards keeping plants in baskets or boxes fresh and in good health, is to give them plenty of water during the growing season, but more sparingly in winter, and to keep the leaves clean; this is imperative. If baskets are hung high there should be some means of lowering them, which will suggest itself according to circumstances, as it is very troublesome getting up to them every morning with steps. This alludes, of course, to large baskets. For small ones, the best and really only safe plan is to take them down and dip them thoroughly, say twice or thrice a week, and let them drain off before being placed in position again. Should any of our readers wish any information on the subject, or a list of plants suited for winter or summer use, we will be happy to give him or her all the benefit of our experience.

The Kennel.

ST. PAUL BENCH SHOW.

ST. PAUL, Minn., August 9, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

I send rule which will govern at the forthcoming field trials. The trials commence Sept. 10, on grounds near Sauk Centre, Minn., the President of the Club, and other members of the committee, go up to Sauk Centre on Monday to locate the grounds, and secure them as far as possible from being shot over. They will also arrange for camp, tents, etc. The following gentlemen have accepted the Committee's invitation to act as judges on the field trials: John Davidson, Monroe, Mich.; C. J. Buller, Stillwater, Minn.; Wm. Muliken, St. Cloud, Minn. The following railroads will carry dogs free of charge to the grounds, when accompanied by their owners: Penna. Central, Erie, Atlantic and Great Western, Wabash, Great Western of Canada, Michigan Central, and all of the Minnesota State railroads. The entrance fee for any of the stakes in the field trials will be \$5. The entries for the Bench Show close on the 10th inst. Entries for the field trials can be made any time during the Bench Show. The following rules, as revised, will govern the field trials in the various stakes.

AGED POINTER AND SETTER STAKES.

Rule 1.—Managers of field trials must advertise the names of the judges before the trials take place, and in the event, from any cause, that any judge or judges are prevented from acting, then the owners of the dogs entered shall have the power to elect a judge or judges to fill the vacancies, each owner of the dogs entered to be entitled to one vote.

Rule 2.—Two dogs shall be run at a time, to be drawn by lot to the usual manner, except that no two dogs which are owned or trained by one person shall be run against each other. When two such dogs are drawn together, one shall be run only, and to with another dog which shall be immediately drawn, and the dog which was drawn and left over shall be drawn for again. If, at the latter end of a trial, it be found impossible to avoid running two dogs together which are owned or trained by the same person, it may be permitted.

Rule 3.—In this class, if dogs do not drop to shot, but remain quiet in a manner not liable to do any harm, it shall not be considered a demerit.

Rule 4.—If, in the opinion of the judges, the day is such that a dog, running from 12 m. to 2 p. m., runs under disadvantages owing to the weather, the judges may, if the owners demand it, give such dogs another trial.

Rule 5.—Each dog shall have the opportunity of making five points on game. Having made five points they shall be taken up and their positive totals for merit shall be reckoned according to the scale of points in Rule 6.

Rule 6.—Positive points of merit: For each point, 5; backing, 3. General points: Nose, 1 to 7; pace, 1 to 10; style, 1 to 5; quartering, 1 to 5; retrieving, 0 to 5.

Negative points for demerit: Each dog to count a lost opportunity to back, 3; each check, 3; breaking shot, 3; false point, 2. Two chances on birds shall put a dog out of the stake.

Rule 7.—In case of running off ties the brass shall have the opportunity of making five points on game. The case can be divided by the consent of all the owners of dogs making the tie. Should it be impossible to run off the tie the same day, they shall be run off the day following.

Rule 8.—No spectators are allowed nearer the handler of dogs than seventy-five yards to the rear. No spectator or others shall make any remarks about the dogs or judges within hearing of the judges; each person so offending shall be expelled from the grounds by the judges, who shall order the special police to eject such persons offending. No handler of dogs shall make any remarks in any way, the judges shall order such handler of dogs to desist; should he still annoy the judges, the judges shall order such dogs as he is handling, up and out of the race. The privilege of making the handler of dogs to ask the judges for information or explanation that has a direct bearing on any point, is depending such question the handler of dogs shall order his dogs in, and cease to hunt until the judges have rendered their decision. Under the above rules, the judges will only allow those dogs the maximum number of points which they do their work without the handlers going with them to show them the bird, and without muzzling or mutilation.

SUPPER STAKES.

Rule 1.—Dogs over eighteen months old shall not be eligible for the puppy stakes.

Rule 2.—All the rules for aged and single dogs on positive points for merit, and negative points for demerit, and general points, shall apply in the puppy stakes, except that a puppy shall not be given the opportunity of making five points on game, and only in running of ties, when he shall have an opportunity to make three points only.

Rule 3.—No point for merit shall be given for retrieving, and none for demerit if a puppy fail to retrieve.

BRACE STAKES.

The rules shall be the same as those for all aged pointers and setters, except that two dogs owned or trained by the same person may be run together; and that in case one dog of the brace retrieves, and the other dog does not, only one-half the number of points for retrieving shall be allowed.

The judges will be given full discretionary powers to say when a dog has a true or false point, and to allow or penalize accordingly. Also, in the case of a flush, the judges will be given discretionary power in penalizing.

CHAS. LACON.

TRANSPORTATION.—The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R. will return exhibitors at one-fifth full fare, they paying regular fare in going, on presentation of certificate issued by the club, and will carry dogs free both ways.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

The following novel execution I myself was an eye witness to:

My father's huntsman, "Lige," was in addition to that position chief herdsman and shepherd on the estate. He fully appreciated the responsibility which, in connection with some peculiar eccentricities, made for him a reputation which was widespread. As the country, with the exception of the sparsely-settled plantations, was a wilderness, the cattle had an almost unlimited range. "Lige" never went upon one of his herds without a gun, and was therefore being fully equipped with gun and hunting accoutrements, and generally followed by several of his dogs. It was while starting upon one of these expeditions that one of the dogs committed an offence which cost him his life. He killed a sheep. Most men would have shot the dog on the spot, and ended the matter at once. But "Lige" decided instead to hang him, and in the presence of his whole pack. The place selected for the execution was the kennel, which was a large one, and generally followed by several of his dogs. 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they expected something strange to happen. And well they might, as in the space between the kennels and midway between the gate and the house "Lige" had erected a scaffold, such as is used for hanging criminals. The preparations all being completed, the unfortunate dog was led forth, and to him was attached the carcass of the dead sheep, which he was made to draw, with a little assistance from the driver, who was seated on the scaffold. Then the ceremony of the execution, the other dogs were called out one by one and made to take a position to a circle around the gallows, just as well-trained hounds are made to do at the death. Then the culprit was mounted on the scaffold, the fatal noose placed upon his neck, and in another moment the trap fell, and there hung the poor beast in mid air kicking and struggling, until finally strangled to death. Whether this example will deter any more dogs from such conduct, or not, certainly sleep-killing was afterwards of very rare occurrence on that estate.

D. D. II.

Nashville, August 8.

THE USE OF SALT FOR DISTEMPER.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I promised some time ago to give you the result of R. G. C.'s treatment for distemper in dogs. The remedy was to give one a tablespoonful of dry table salt, to be followed the next morning with a teaspoonful of Epsom salts. These to continue on alternate mornings until a cure was effected. In both cases the dose was to be liquid measure. I supposed that a spoonful of dry salt, liquid measure, meant a spoon even full (not heaped), and I proceeded accordingly. My dog was a setter, twenty-one months old. He has always been a poor feeder, and very thin in flesh; never was sick until this time, and always lively and in good spirits. He had been

had not given him any medicine, except a little sulphur to keep his bowels open. He was entirely off his feed; had a bad cough, a discharge from nose and eyes and vomited more or less a nasty greenish matter. I gave him the first dose of salt on a Sunday morning. In about five minutes he began to vomit. I don't think I ever saw any dog so sick. It lasted about ten minutes, and he vomited up a large amount of a thin, frothy, acidulous matter, and the last part was green. He lay down for a while and then I spoke to him. He got up and began to run around and play. I then offered him his breakfast (mash and milk), and he ate all that I would give him. The third morning that I gave him the salt he rose upon his hind legs and fell over on his side, kicking and whining, and had a regular fit. I watched him awhile; he was frothing at the mouth, and was unable to spit about three times, and then he lay down and shut the door. I waited a few moments, and hearing nothing I opened the door and went in again, when he walked over to me with his old intelligent look and lay down at my feet. I took him out-doors and he had his vomit, and then ate his breakfast as before. I gave the remedy just eight days, ending with the Epsom salts. I fed him soft food, mush and milk, and he felt better. I saw about three men, but they now, has taken on flesh, weighs twelve pounds more than he ever did before, and is all right and ready for business.

Newton, Mass., July 27. L.

We think the dose given for eight alternate days too long continued, even for an adult animal, and might result in harm. The old story might be revived, of how a sick Frenchman on the point of death wanted a red-herring, eat it, and got well, and how another herring killed a Dutchman. Distemper is a most uncertain and vague complaint. A general name has been given for a score of diseases. If this cure is tried by any of our readers we should advise that care and judgment be exercised. We do not wish any dead dogs to be put to the score of our paper. The remedy, though a natural one, seems to us to be a little too heroic.

IS MUTILATION JUSTIFIABLE.—We take the following sensible article from the London *Live Stock Journal*:

Seeing several letters on this subject in the *Journal*, I would like to say a word or two both for and against docking dogs' tails and clipping their ears. There can be no doubt that the spaniel experiences great comfort from being docked, a fact which must be patent to every one who has worked or seen such animals worked in close covert, thick underwood, or among crambles, where they are often docked. The same may be said of the very great extent, hence, in this case "mutilation" is a kindness to the animal. Again, the rounding of the ears of foxhounds may be placed in the same category. Scotch terriers used to be both docked and clipped, a proceeding quite unnecessary, cruel, and worse than useless, as these dogs frequently suffered great pain when in foxes' ears, etc., and although the practice has been discontinued, it has not yet occurred had the protection which nature had provided them been left as it was formed. The English terrier, or black-and-tan, has its ears cut for no other purpose, I can see, save to hide some deformity, or to please certain morbid tastes of the fancy. The little tag of ear left on these beautiful terriers renders them obnoxious to me; for, instead of adding to their beauty, it detracts from it, and is a mark of a low degree, and is useless as well as cruel. We see at every show little dogs with cut tails, but ears left intact. These are called in these modern days fox-terriers. Now, I should think that if any part of their appendages ought to be cut off it should be their ears and not the tails, as those of them which would go to earth would be more likely to have their ears cut off than their tails. I am sure that I am not more knowing than I am, probably imagine that the fox-terrier attacks tail first, a belief I also entertain of many of those noisy little animals one sees at dog shows. We see also the woe "Yorkie" sitting on a satin cushion, with its ears thinned to please the taste of its lady owner. I should like to know how she would fancy her ears "mutilated" in the same manner as the ears of the "Yorkie" but I have no objection; in that we shall succeed; but we shall never advance them one step by faking, and I trust every judge throughout the land will set his face against it. Though the practice has been sanctioned in a manner by usage, that does not constitute a right of way with fakery and mutilators. Let them be banished from dog shows, and let us look on animals and birds that God the Nature formed them as they are, and let us see there is a poultry club formed for this very purpose, and it shall have one supporter in

STRATHBOIE.

"WHAT I CAN'T, WE CAN,"—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I have two pointer pups three months old. I was feeding them in the yard away from the kennel, and the chickens (I have a good many of them) were troubling the little fellows considerably by picking in their food. The pups put their heads together over the dish as if in consultation, after which one of them stood back and the other one ate in peace. The

one which had stepped back not offering to eat, but dashing from one side to the other, kept the chickens away from the dish until the one which was eating had eaten fully one-third of the contents of the dish, when he stepped back and drove the chickens away while the other one ate. This performance was repeated several times until the food was all eaten.

Bluffton, Ind., August 3. A. A. W.

A DOG FOR SPAIN—*Editor Kerist and Street.* We have shipped the following puppies: Liver and white marks, dog pup to F. Taylor, Orange C. H., Va.; liver dog pup to Orson Adams, Jessops Cut, Howard Co., Md.; liver with white marks, to Charles M. Wray, New York city; liver with white marks, dog pup, to Dr. Veritas, Nottingham, Prince George's County, Md.; liver and white marks, whelping pup, to Mrs. J. W. C. Bevin, Malaga, Spain, and was selected by one of Mr. B. C.'s friends at his request. We feel somewhat flattered in thinking that this is probably the first exportation of pointers from the United States to Spain, and hope that the pup will prove as staunch a friend to the old daisy as the dog is to the one that distant country. Yours truly, MURKINS KERRIS.

Muirbrick Furnace, Md., August 8.

THE SHEEP QUESTION CLOSED.—The testimony in regard to the female dog killing sheep has been so fully given by intelligent and reliable correspondents that we may now consider the discussion at an end. It takes little time to draw out the truth in such matters.

BROKEN LEGS.—A Ferrisburg (Vt.) correspondent, Mr. R. E. Robinson, tells us of an incorrigible sheep-killing bitch, which was finally expatriated to the wilds of the North Woods, where her propensities found ample exercise in deer-chasing. He adds:

I have often seen the broken legs of sheep set and kept in place by a bandage of sole-leather, having holes punched in the edges and laced on, with perfect success. Very likely the same contrivance might be used to advantage on the fractured leg of a dog.

BROM BONES—*New York, August 2.*—I claim the name of Brom Bones for my orange and white setter dog pup, by Milo (Dan-Venus) out of Fan (Dash-Fan), whelped May 21, 1878.
F. T. BONTSCOG.

WHELPS—*Goldsboro, N. C. August 9.*—My red Irish bitch Gussie (Dan-Ruby stock) whelped four dogs and one bitch on the 28th of July; sired by Joe; imported by J. C. Cooper, Limerick.
H. P. DORTCH.

Hoboken, August 4.—Eleven puppies out of the full-blooded imported dog and prize winner Joe-Jack.

VISITS—*Washington, August 12.*—My imported field trial setter bitch Livy, sister to champion Leicester, visited Arnold Burgis' Druid on the 4th, 5th and 6th instant. Puppies are all engaged, three of them by the St. Louis Kennel Club.

Nachting and Boating.

HIGH WATER FOR THE WEEK.						
Date.	Boston.		New York.		Charleston.	
	H.	M.	H.	M.	H.	M.
Aug 16.	1	23	10	23	9	25
Aug 17.	2	04	11	03	10	02
Aug 18.	2	29	11	43	10	39
Aug 19.	3	16	M		11	29
Aug 20.	3	53	0	36	M	
Aug 21.	4	45	1	20	0	35
Aug 22.	5	40	2	12	1	35

YACHTING AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Mr. Dixon, of London, whom it is no flattery to rank as leading authority on modern yachting, has just published a new book on yacht and boat sailing. This work, take it, is intended to be in the nature of both a supplemental one to "Yacht Designing" by the same author, as well as a more elementary exposition of the essence of the very interesting science of naval architecture. The objections of high price and too great erudition, made against his incomparable work on Design by many who have either not the leisure, disposition nor qualifications required for its perusal, cannot be brought against the new book. The author's aim seems to have been the collection, with due regard to order and precedence, of the more salient elements of naval design, called into play in planning the construction drawings of a yacht or boat; and it must be said that, with this in view, the success of his undertaking has been as thorough as can be desired. We could not point to a book of any kind, treating upon the subject as intricate in detail as the modern science of naval architecture, in which the very pilch has been gathered in a shape so presentable and comparatively unbroken as in Mr. Kemp's new work. There are two cracks, as it were, in the armor of this treatise, which are its only faults. Its attempts are too often swamped, and their utility curtailed by the weight of too much detail, the ordinary reader failing to grasp of his own accord the main principles set forth, losing the line of argument or deduction in a mass of bewildering detail. Again, in efforts made to forestall any such possibility, the authors are too apt to force the student to accept conclusions and axioms not in any way derived and explained in the works before him. He finds the matter at issue set forth in a disjointed way only, and must accept much concerning the truth or advisability of which he may justly have his doubts. No such failings can be charged against Mr. Kemp. He is in no haste to force conclusions upon his reader, and the student about the book bears in mind that there were statements of themselves, however truthful in the light of higher investigations, will not stand among that portion of the public with

whom he is dealing, and whom he desires to instruct as well as interest. We find, consequently, the first half of the book to be devoted to the theory of yacht design, a large portion of which has been reduced to written language, with many appeals to actual experience, thus doing away with the necessity of a liberal mathematical or mechanical education on the part of the reader. There is not a practical boat builder in the land who cannot readily follow the author through his train of argument; and, apart from the insight into the principles underlying naval construction to be obtained from the book, we regard this as its most praiseworthy feature.

It is often maintained that foreign words on yacht design are of no use to Americans; even more than that, they are said to be misleading. To any such opinions we emphatically protest. On the contrary, even did we have American thought and work in this line reduced to print, we maintain that the English standard works is of the greatest immediate benefit to us. The more we know of yachting in America, we have much yet to learn—very much, and in no manner can we improve so readily and rapidly than by example and experience from a nation which has developed the sport of yacht sailing and the science of design to so high a degree of perfection that the average American has no conception of it. It is all very well to resort to such cheap clap-traps as "logical" and "unlogical," but I maintain about the great "Bird of Freedom" knowing everything, and I can teach our British cousins all about yachts and yachting; but such screaming comes only from those whose narrow-minded prejudices preclude a fair and rational consideration of the matters in question. If we accept some things from abroad, it by no means follows that we must take everything and judge just as they happen to come, but that we can select judiciously and wisely. I can teach our British cousins in England and English words no logical person can deny. In the first place, the theory of naval architecture is the same, no matter what type of craft may be in vogue in different waters. To know how to find the centre of buoyancy, of effort, of lateral resistance, to understand the effects of stowage and ballast, to compute by figures or of draft, geometrically, a curve of resistance, to know the effect of the hull, of the keel, of the particular style of yacht, and of the sail, are all alike to the builders of other nations. And, pray, where are we to obtain such knowledge if not from English works?

where there is a *American* book that can teach the mechanical public as concisely and ably as the works of Mr. Dixon Kemp? Is it Griffith's sad jumble of high-sounding words and exasperating mixture of mathematical ignorance and mechanical ability? Or is it Nystrom's extemporized and purely tentative parabolic system; or Pook's comparison of the ship to a sailing machine? The *American* book we are to follow? The builder who attempts to pass through Griffith's will read one page, then throw the book aside and swear with renewed vigor by his jack-knife art. The man who follows Nystrom becomes a mere tool and moves in a rut; and as for Pook or any other author on ship construction who may have flourished unknown to the public, their books cannot any longer be obtained—a fact not to be regretted for, with the exception of Pook's "Wave Lines,"

the light of the modern developments than an old time galliot for a Liverpool liner. An English work on the theory of design is just as useful to us in America as if it had been written by a free sovereign of the republic, directly descended from the first bigot who got his shoes wet when he stepped out on Plymouth Rock from the *Majflower*. But more than this, our builders can learn much from the more practical portion of foreign works on yachts. It is not at all intimated that they can catch up with the *speed*, for a glance at the "lines" of boats published in English works is enough to show that we have little or nothing to learn from them in this respect. Even among the modern and better type of British schooners or cutters we fail to detect that symmetry of proportion and union of curves so notably the prevailing feature in American design, and directly traceable to the innate superiority of the American mechanic over his foreign brethren. With the exception of such craft as have been designed by professional naval architects abroad, there is little to be learned from the designs of foreign yachtsmen. No one here would for example think of holding up as a model such an uncouth and clumsy production as *Lionna* or even *Cambria*. We can beat their lines every time. A comparison of *Sappho*, *Danless* or *America* with British schooners, so far as grace and ease of lines are concerned, would redound immeasurably in our favor. But then handsome lines and speed are not the only things to be sought in a yacht; for is safety, ability at sea, comfort, and quality of goods for rough weather, the more important things, the more so the more the sailing and fitting gear which the English and Americans can select much that will go to improve the condition of our fleets on all these important points. Occasional reference to Lloyd's rules, Mr. Kemp's books and the like will serve to check the tendency of builders and owners on this side of the Atlantic to slight their work, and would mitigate the most serious evils from which our yachting fleet now suffers. Wherein surrounding circumstances differ and purposes vary, allowances can be made. On the whole, then, whether with a view to the standards, a close study of English works will be of vast benefit to the craft we sail and the way we navigate them.

The charge of unfairness and partiality is often urged against English authors. However true this may be of others, it cannot be sustained against those who treat of naval architecture. Among the long list of British and French authorities on this and kindred subjects, the only one we can call to mind who has allowed his blind partisanship to run away with his discretion, is E. J. Reed, formerly Chief Constructor.

R. N. In "O Iron-clad Ships" he goes out of his way to offer a gratuitous insult to American naval officers, questioning their veracity and ability. He intimates that the small roll of monitors observed by them at sea is not worthy of credit, and vehemently discourses in favor of broadside vessels. Like all radicals of that class, their own words some day turn against them, and thus, a few years later, we find him equally as energetically and illogically preaching circular ironclads of low free-board to the bewildered British taxpayer. It so happened, however, that the solid public of this country is not so easily misled, and constantly began to disagree with B. Reed, and failed to take any more stock in him. The Russian "Popoffsk" turned out only partly successful, and to the present day no power has seen the necessity of breaking up their old ironclads and rushing pell mell into the adoption of the circulars. Mr. Reed has in "Naval Science" upon more than one occasion, vented his spleen upon American designers, who, so far as genius and daring, though not matured, enterprise are concerned, were greatly his superiors, while his whole course as chief constructor evidences a gradual and stealthy adoption of the principles given to the

world when Ericson revolutionized naval warfare by launching the first monitor in 1862. On the contrary, however, there exists no ground for complaint against other authors. Cecil Russell, Rankine, Marrett, Bernoulli, Bertin and others have paid homage to the wonderful productions of the New World without stint, and Mr. Kemp, though writing on matters, close rivalry in which might offer some excuse for partisanship, shows himself a devotee of scientific truth, and a true chronicler of facts by rising above the narrow vision of national prejudice and making a bird's-eye view of yachting in the world over, with favor to none and full credit to those who deserve it. The frequent reference to American yachts, and the ready admission, when speaking of the comparative performances of *Seabelle* and *Columbia*, that:

"*Columbia* has made 12.5 miles per hour in a lower-sail breeze blowing a little abeam the beam, the wind pressure being equal to 20 lbs. per sq. foot. *Seabelle* under similar conditions has made 11.4 knots per hour."

must satisfy all that it is quite possible for an English author, while treating of English yachts, to give credit to the greater speed of our own, and that the fair spirit pervading such a book will render it of immediate service to Americans as a means of instituting comparison between the condition of yachting at home and abroad.

If we now turn our attention to a critical analysis of those conditions, we do not think the unprejudiced reader will disagree with us. It is perhaps well known to most that, while with us yachting is at best only in its infancy, it has reached a wonderful development in Great Britain, where the sport has been so thoroughly organized, and the masses of the people are so wedded to it, that yachting may fairly be termed a national characteristic, influencing in no small degree the habits and customs of many inhabitants of the nation. Such being the case, is it derogatory to our self-esteem to learn from them and to candidly acknowledge that we can do so to advantage? Certainly not—the reverse is true; for surely if behind our British possessions we have yachtsmen who can do so, what remedies we may, so that not only in one quality but in all we may be their equals or superiors. The person who would, like the clam at low water, retire into his shell, self-sufficient with what success we have attained, is his advice to be followed, and should prejudice breed progress?

What are the qualities necessary to the perfect yacht? Safety, sea-going ability, comfort, handiness, speed. How many of these are to be expected in a vessel of this size? More than those of Great Britain? The solitary one of speed. Our boats are not only not as safe as those in foreign waters, but with few exceptions they are man-traps. They cannot go to sea; they cannot stand a sea; they must run for a port, when an English craft just gets down to her bearings; they are hard on their helms, hard in a seaway, low between decks, unsteady and uncomfortable in a mill pond, and their rig is unsightly and dangerous; they are fast—very fast—but only in smooth water. On the contrary, the English craft beats us on all points but speed. When we want to travel fast we can take the cars. Is there not some object, then, in sacrificing speed to a very moderate extent to obtain all the other desiderata? Certainly those who take to yachting for other purposes than racing altogether will probably not think it worth while to enter the arena. The parent of the many superior qualities now lacking in our fleet, why we should not select a vessel approaching to that type in use in England, which has stood the test of time and experience on all these points, and the introduction of something like the cutter into our waters we hail with delight as a sign of progress in the right direction; of seamanship, navigation, and the spirit of adventure accompanying it. The time when we were wont to phrase "The cutter is not suitable to our smooth water." And since when is our water invariably so smooth? Are yachtsmen always to remain content within the narrow confines of the Sound, or is the sport likely to branch out and take root in every port along the coast? What, then, becomes of the smooth waters of the Sound and the June zephyrs? When you get caught in a gale off shore you may find the value of a steamer for your feet. And does it never blow? Is there no sea on outside the Sound. In short, are not the circumstances surrounding our yachting changing, and should not the type of yacht be altered to suit the change. Those whose ambition carries them no further than the Sound may well declaim against the cutter; those who want to get off soundings occasionally will do wisely to adopt it; the yacht should be suitable to every sea, smooth or rough, sailing or beating, and means stick to the sloop; but when we propose going to sea, give us a boat we can trust our lives in; we want no *Mohawks* then. That there are in our waters vessels well adapted to take the sea is true. They are unfortunately the exception, and the above remarks refer to our yachts as a class. The ordinary sloop has been found wanting in the rougher waters of San Francisco, where the built-up vessels differently from the skimmers of the Sound. How much more, then, do we need an abler craft to go to sea in here? A fleet of cutters is destined to appear ere long in our waters, and to that the fossilized sticklers for the smooth-water sailing machines may make up their minds at once. If they do not think so they simply cannot read the signs of the times. We want yachts that shall have something more than speed alone. We want yachts that shall make our floating home. We want yachts that can sail from the Race to the Key. They must be well built, strongly built, rigged in sailor-like fashion, fitted out with the same care bestowed upon a frigate, and able to ride out a gale in perfect safety, and with ease to themselves and those on board. Until we have such craft we must grant superiority to British yachts on every single point but speed. We have much to learn from English yachtsmen, and the sooner we set about acquiring their perfection in the arts of seamanship and navigation the better.

YACHTING NEWS.

CAUSE OF THE ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB.—The fleet of the Atlantic Yacht Club having assembled in Glen Cove Saturday and Sunday, an early start was made Monday morning, August 6. Orders had been issued to the captains from the flagship *Triton* to the effect, that New Haven was to be the next harbor to make. Accordingly the fleet here shortly and got under weigh at 6:45 A. M. Wind fluky and sky overcast, with the tide half ebb. The yachts hoisted light sails, *Orion* sporting a huge club topsail and balloon jib. All hands drifted out of the harbor the best way they could in the fitful catpaws, coming from all directions at intervals. Commodore Cooper's sloop led the way, followed by *Thistle*, *Intrepid*, *Sheila*, *Alma*, *Dolphin*, *Triton*, *Imperia*, *Vision*, *Hope*, *Genia*, *Agnes*, *Peelless*. A moderate breeze from the Long Island Sound, and *Dolphin*, having kept well to windward, was the first to benefit by it. At about two bells in the forenoon watch the wind came out steady

from S. S. E., and brought up the rack of schooners and larger sloops with it, but the breeze failed again. *Peelless* and *Vision* in the mean time had duly put her helm to leeward in expectation of something from the Connecticut side. They caught a fair streak and ran away from the rest, with only *Dolphin* and *Orion* ahead, and, tacking off the north shore, stood down again on the port tack for their regular course, followed by *Agnes* and *Triton*. The former got into the doldrums and fell astern, caught by the flood running on the Connecticut shore. *Orion* had worked ahead of *Dolphin* and led the fleet off Eaton's Neck. The breeze freshened and *Triton* began to make a better showing. She passed the sloop *Vision* and hauled up on *Peelless*. The latter got an extra puff and took the lead among the schooners in fine style. In the afternoon the wind once more fell light and suddenly chopped around to the S. W., coming out in wholesale fashion. The fleet now has a leading wind right into port. Balloning and sailing, *Agnes* and *Orion* were the first to go again among the leaders, and without further incident the squadron finally comes to an anchor in Morris' Cove, at the mouth of New Haven River, in the following order: *Orion*, 6h. 35m.; *Peelless*, *Agnes*, *Thistle*, *Triton*, *Dolphin*, and the rest at longer intervals. The morning of August 6 broke overcast and foggy, but with quite a breeze from the S. E. On the whole, the day was not a success, as the wind decided to make a start for New London. Though it would be a turn to windward all the way, the distance was not great, and it was expected the fleet would make the old whaling city by the evening. *Imperia* led out of the harbor, followed by *Peelless*, *Agnes*, *Vision* and *Thistle* in a bunch. *Orion* carried her big topsail as the day before, but when fairly outside was obliged to send it on deck, a move followed a while later by *Triton*, whose topsail would not sit jammed on the mast. Sheets were hardened in to starboard, the whole lot, standing across to the Long Island shore. At times the fog shut down so dense that it was impossible to keep track of the yachts. *Orion* attempted a short board to the N., but soon came about again. The wind freshened and put lee rails under. *Agnes* was first to try for the Connecticut shore, but *Peelless*, *Agnes*, *Vision* and an excellent wind and outwinded the fleet, *Orion* and *Imperia* of her wake. *Peelless* about a mile in her wake. Mr. Maxwell's graceful schooner, however, turned tables on *Triton* and came out on her weather after several boards had been made. The craft that can put *Peelless* under her lee and hold her there must indeed be one of the best two-stickers afloat. Toward evening the breeze fell and the fog again shut down, necessitating a good deal of guesswork as to the whereabouts of *Triton* led past the Barrett's Reef ship, and with a light air bore up for the harbor, followed by *Thistle* and *Dolphin*, the latter's time being 7h. 7m. The remaining yachts made their anchorage during the night, *Nomad*, *Myra* and *Intrepid* having parted company and borne up for Greenport direct. New London is an excellent place to "provision up," her markets afford the best from the surrounding country, and prices are reasonably not at all exorbitant, considering the place is situated to the utmost. In consequence the old town has become quite a favorite place with yachtsmen to replenish their stock of soft tack, fresh grub and ice. The Atlantic fleet did not miss the opportunity, and purposely delayed making sail for their next rendezvous until 9 A. M. At gun-fire from the *Triton* all hands got under weigh promptly, and with free breeze and good wind the fleet sailed. *Sound*, *Orion*, *Vision* and *Agnes* were the first to get under weigh, followed by *Peelless*, *Agnes*, *Dolphin* and *Hope* set balloon jibs, but the others sloops contented themselves with jib topsails. Off the Pequot House *Peelless* was picked up, and *Triton* sent aloft her main topsails staysail. Outside the wind freshened and hauled a bit, so that sheets were trimmed flatter. It fell again, though, and came out from the S. W. putting the fleet on the starboard tack, heading for Plum Island. When near the "cut" it was found impossible to lay a single leg through it, and, as the tide runs through at a lively rate, it was deemed best to avoid a tedious beat and make for the passage to the eastward of the Little Guil. *Triton* led through with *Peelless* following. Once inside of Gardiner's Bay, it was a beat up to harbor in a light wind and ebbing tide. The flagship parted some of her gear and the sails of *Peelless* were patched from her. The lead had so well maintained on the harbor services, that many short boards the anchorage was made by *Orion* at 2h. 5m. 30s.; *Thistle*, 3h. 1m. later; *Peelless*, *Agnes*, *Dolphin*, *Triton*, *Genia*, *Nimbus*, *Imperia*, *Vision*, *Hope*, and *Intrepid* in the order named. In port were found *Mela*, *Sadie*, *Nomad*, *Intrepid*, *Myra* and *Alma* making a fleet of over twenty sail, flying the well known burgee of the A. Y. C. at their mastheads. The New York yacht squadron have the harbor in the evening, and the congregation of yachts in the snug harbor of Greenport was immense and something to delight the heart of every nautical amateur. Pyrotechnics were indulged in at the Manhasset House ashore and aboard some of the yachts. Fireworks aboard ship are evidently out of place, and the custom should be done away with. It is dangerous, dirty, and snuffs altogether too much of the small boy. The morning of the 8th broke clear with a brisk wind from the West, and an outlook for a fine race was exceedingly favorable. The conditions and course of the match held by the Atlantic Club on that day have been given in a previous issue of the *FORER AND STREAM*, and need not here be repeated. *Orion* did not start, and so the match was robbed of one of its chief attractions—a tussle between her and the famous Boston *Thistle*—the New York yacht squadron having taken a party of ladies out for a cruise instead. *Genia* was the first to pick up her berth for the start, fouled *Peelless*'s headbooms, snapping her boom and ripping her mainsail, which put her racing out of the question. *Thistle* had been on the way and came off with a clean bottom, ready to show that it is not always the handsomest craft that can sail. The start was effected at 10h. 50m. A. M. In the first-class *Sadie* and *Thistle* got off together, and *Dolphin* led the second class. *Peelless* was the first to cross to the second on the starboard tack, and a turn home. *Thistle* hauled round the mark first, *Sadie* three minutes later. No change to second buoy. From there it was *Thistle*'s game, and she had the race in her own hands. It takes something pretty smart to turn to windward with this crack. In the second and third class a fine race was made, the *Thistle* wins in many well-known sloops. A summary is *Thistle* wins in first-class in 3h. 35m. 07s.; *Jove*, second class, in 3h. 60m. 20s., beating *Imperia*, *Hope*, *Sheila* and *Storm King*. *Flora* wins in the third class in 3h. 64m. 20s., beating *Nimbus*, *Viking*, *Intrepid*, *Myra*, *Telephone*, *Spray*, *Daisy*, *Alma* and *Mab*. In the evening a grand ball was given at the Manhasset in honor of the visitors; and was humorously attended. The last day of cruise, August 9, brought a white, hazy, foggy day, and the wind was so light that it seemed at last a chance of testing the craft and crew in anything more than a mild zephyr. The wind was none too much for an English five or ten, yet the number of yachts

that were compelled to remain at their moorings in Greenport, pretty conclusively shows that even among the most well-equipped of yachtsmen a large score of instances must be excused when sailing the flat-bottomed craft through a breeze and sea is concerned. At the commodore's gun only *Triton*, *Peelless* and *Petrel*, schooners, and the large sloops *Dolphin*, *Imperia*, *Hope* and *Genia* hove up for a run across to Newport. As this would bring them fairly outside of the mill-pond, and for once put the craft on the briny bosom of the sea, grand old *Thistle* and the smaller fry did well to remain snugly riding to an anchor in a safe harbor. *Genia* had "fished" her shattered boom in good style and was ready to start with the rest. The New York Squadron had left for New London the evening previous, and no difficulty was found in working out of the harbor. Fortunately for the fleet it was a free sheet all the way across, or one might have some spar broken or general smashing up to record. *Imperia* led the way, followed by *Triton* and *Peelless*. *Peelless* "winked out," but the rest kept beams to port. The little *Mab* was passed in Gardiner's Bay on her way back to New York. *Dolphin* carried a small jib-header, the only one in the fleet. *Triton* ran through the lot in the heavy breeze, and the *Petrel* showed good speed off the wind. When *Peelless* finally passed her, *Petrel* jammed her help down and the schooner's weakness was again in good evidence. *Genia* in her way that would have been more service in a shorter run. As it was, the *Peelless* dropped the other schooner after a while and went into second place, setting her jib topsail, an operation followed by *Triton* in the lead. The sloops were now some distance astern, and feel the breeze and swell. *Imperia* hauls down a reef and *Genia* runs by her. The schooner set more sail and *Triton* continued to increase her lead. The sea came on a more boisterous wind, and fairly outbats *Peelless* with sheets filled. Watch Hill was under the beam by half-past nine o'clock, the fleet having made twenty-five miles by this time, and that against a strong flood. The schooners hauled up a bit and trimmed in to port, taking in some canvas, as the wind had increased to a young gale. Course, E. by N. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. Before the Judith Light Lighted buoy was reached the wind was so strong that the sloops indulged in the by the yachts as they beat the heavy swell of the Atlantic. Had the wind been from the E. they would not have fared so well, and it is a question whether they would not have to cut and run. When fairly off the Point, *Triton* lowered mainsail and got it over to starboard. A nasty, short sea was met with as she run into slower water, and the violent pitching of the craft, no doubt, convinced some that a square-rigged model is not exactly the best for a small craft. *Peelless* made the inner harbor by the north channel, the *Triton* passing in at Fort Adams. About half an hour later *Petrel* fetched in, followed by *Dolphin*, *Imperia*, *Genia* and *Hope*, under reefed canvas, came to about two hours later. In Newport harbor *Undine* was met, sailing under the Atlantic colors. It was resolved to disband here and allow the yachts to follow their individual bent. The Commodore came on to the most successful and brilliant cruise of one of our most enterprising and go-ahead clubs. Both the officers of the occasion and the individual members are to be congratulated upon the consistent manner in which the programme was carried out.

MANHATTAN YACHT CLUB.—The third regular annual regatta of this club is to come off at Cohasset, Mass., Aug. 24, for prizes presented by gentlemen of that city. Open to all yachts not over 28ft. long. Centreboards divided into three classes, yachts measuring over 21ft. and 17ft. and under 17ft.; 15ft. and two classes, 14ft. to 20ft. and under 21ft. Speed classes for boats 14ft. and under water. No restriction as to sail in first class centreboard and both classes of keels and special class. In other classes only regular plain sail allowed. Crews, one man for every five feet and fractional part thereof. No trimming by dead weight. Protests to be made within an hour after the race. This is a good rule as it insures their consideration while matters are still fresh in the minds of all concerned. Start from an anchor. Entries to be made to J. P. Hawes, Jr., 103 Mill street, Boston, before 3 P. M. Aug. 23. Prizes in cash from \$40 down. Second, third and fourth prizes only in case three, four or five boats start. Regatta Committee: T. Daland, J. P. Hawes, Jr., C. G. Weld, Patrick Grant, Jr., and W. C. Haskell. This is the second annual regatta given this year by the Manhasset Club, and a large list of entries is expected. Nearly all the yachts will be sailed by Cornishians, and the feature will add much to the value and interest of the meeting. A full view of the match can be had from the shore between Atlantic House and Kimball's on Pleasure Beach, Cohasset.

SWEEPSTAKES MATCH IN GOWANUS BAY. The sweepstakes race in Gowanus Bay, South Brooklyn, was started Aug. 8, and proved a very interesting affair. Course from Frank Bates' Club House to Robbins Reef buoy, thence around Fort Lafayette and home, sailing twice over. Distance, twenty miles. The course was marked by the course judges and the catamaran *Victor* figured as "press boat."

The starters were as follows:

Name.	FT. IN.	Owner.
Excelsior.....	21 10	J. H. Binks.
Addie.....	21 10	Wm. Taylor.
J. Saunders.....	21 10	Wm. McMillan.
George B. Dean.....	21 11	Chas. Swinark.
Sophia.....	21 11	John A. Volant.
H. H. Hayes.....	21 11	Wm. A. Kreymer.

All of them cracks that have figured in many a water before. Tide about half flood, and wind brisk from S. W., making it a dead beat to the first mark. *Saunder* led across the line, with the fleet standing off on the port tack. The first mark was fetched in excellent time, the whole lot working to windward in fine style. With beams to port, they made for the second mark, with *Saunder* in the van, and *Thistle*, *Imperia*, *Taylor* and *Dean* following. *Excelsior* had been picking up somewhat, but suddenly capsized, probably owing to dropping some of her sand bags to windward. *Sophia Emma* followed suit in an attempt to jibe. Her crew was picked up by the catamaran and the yacht towed in to Bates'. The first round was made, with *Saunder* leading, *Addie Taylor* second, *Imperia* and *Dean* astern. On the beat back picked up considerably by windward, *Imperia* and *Dean* with the *Taylor*, went to the front, *Saunder* dropping into third place. The two leaders had a close thing of it all the way around, but the *Taylor* beat her own, and finally crossed the line winner in 3h. 43m. 25s., *Dean* 5m. 25s. later, *Saunder* third and *Holmes* last.

PRIZES AWARDED.—The New York Bay Regatta Committee have finally awarded the prizes to the winning yachts. First prizes, \$45; second, \$11.92. A champion pennant has been given to the winning boat in each class and a silk pennant to the winning crew.

LARK TAYLOR.—Civic holiday, Aug. 2, was celebrated at Belleville, Ont., by a yacht race among the first, second and third class craft. *Davies* and *Malasp* were the only

where the channel was. He said Jersey, so Jersey we went; but we soon found that he was mistaken, for before we had got half way through the rick the *Spry*, which was leading by about twenty yards, struck on a rock and the *Arrow* not being able to steer clear of her, on account of the force of the current, threw her bow on as not to strike the *Spry*, broadside, and struck her sideways. Both canoes rolled over on their sides and the water ran over us as though nature had placed us there to make a waterfall. By the aid of our oars we were barely able to keep ourselves from being swamped. After getting our canoes half full we gradually worked our way into deep water and after going on a short distance hauled our canoes out on a raft, baled the water out of them, dried ourselves as much as possible and lunched. Thus refreshed we launched our canoes and made more and passing through Boston Falls in safety arrived at Phillipsburg. Our friends at Delaware Station tried to persuade us not to go down the river in our canoes as it had fallen nearly six feet after rats had stopped running and it would be very dangerous to go through the rapids and more so as we did not know the channel. But we had made up our minds to give the canvas canoe (Qui Vive) a thorough trial, and we did. Having plenty of rough water, as well as strikers about 25 times on the rocks between the Water Gap and Phillipsburg we found them to be all we could possibly desire. Reaching our 'yas we started down the canal, camping the first night just outside of Phillipsburg, in order to make an early start the next morning. We passed through Stanhope Lake at sun set, which was a beautiful sight, and arrived at Lake Hopatcong that night and camped in the "old spot." Leaving the lake at 4 A. M. the next morning we arrived at Dover before noon. In passing through this town we were hailed by a gentleman on the shore who said he had read a good deal about the canoe in the *FOREST AND STREAM* and nothing would do but he must examine them in from bow to stern.

Continuing on our way until 10:30 P. M. we arrived at Paterson, where we accepted an invitation from a canal man to bunk in with him on the canal boat and had a comfortable night's rest, for after paddling all day a person gets pretty stiff by sleeping in a canoe. After breakfast we bid our friend good morning and started for Bloomfield, where we arrived at 10 A. M., making the distance from Phillipsburg to Bloomfield, about 91 miles, in two days and two hours, paddling the whole distance. We arrived in Orange on Decoration Day in time for dinner, feeling better than we ever had before, being perfectly satisfied with our trip and feeling that we had thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and fully paid to test the merits of the Qui Vive canvas canoe.

East Orange, N. J., Aug. 1, 1878. P. P. and E. P. D.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN AUGUST.

FRESH WATER.	SALT WATER.
Trout, <i>Salmo fontinalis</i> .	Sea Bass, <i>Morone oceanalis</i> .
Salmon, <i>Salmo salar</i> .	Sheepshead, <i>Archosargus probatocephalus</i> .
Lantern-trout, <i>Salmo confinis</i> .	Striped Bass, <i>Morone tennesseensis</i> .
White-fish, <i>Salmo gairdneri</i> .	White Fish, <i>Morone americana</i> .
Grayling, <i>Thymallus tricolor</i> .	Weakfish, <i>Cynoscion regalis</i> .
Black Bass, <i>Micropterus salmoides</i> .	Bluefish, <i>Pomatomus saltatrix</i> .
<i>M. nigricans</i> .	Spanish Mackerel, <i>Scomber maculatus</i> .
Black Bass, <i>Micropterus salmoides</i> .	Carro, <i>Cyprinus regalis</i> .
Yellow Perch, <i>Perca flavescens</i> .	Boat, <i>Carpa gibelius</i> .
	Kingfish, <i>Menticolus americanus</i> .

FISH IN MARKET.—Retail Prices.—Bass, 25 cents; bluefish, 8; salmon, 25; mackerel, 15; weak fish, 10; Spanish mackerel, 20; green turtle, 10; halibut, 12; haddock, 6; king fish, 20; codfish, 6; black fish, 10; donders, 10; porgies, 8; sea bass, 15; eels, 15; lobsters, 10; sleepers-head, 8; Canada brook trout, 35; pompano, 25; hard crabs, per 100, 85; soft crabs per dozen, 81.

NEW BRUNSWICK.—*Bathurst, August 3*.—Good catches of salmon and grilse are now made every day at the rapids near the Nepisiquit River. This stretch of water is a very desirable one for that class of sportsmen who dislike long canoe voyages. It is scarcely three miles by a good road from the Wilbur House, where good board can be had for \$7 per week. The guides' charges are from \$1 to \$1.25 per day. Plover and goose shooting are good later in the season. Our catch, myself and friends, at the rough water to-day, numbers sixteen. Weight not given. STANSTAD.

NEW BRUNSWICK WILDS.—*Camp in the Wilderness, York Co., August 3*.—It is three months since I left the verge of civilization for life in the woods. Trouting has been excellent, the fish large and gamey. Now the water is warm and the fish languid; and the fish are so few that I can only say that I have been made pleasant by the many acts of courtesy and visits of John Stewart, Esq., Superintendent of N. B. & C. R. R., a whole-souled man and thorough sportsman, whose camp on the beautiful Killbuck is at the service of any lover of the angle. The prospect for partridge and duck shooting was never better. Bears, the usual adjuncts of camp life in the backwoods, are not plenty this season; still I took two into camp yesterday: one, a cub, will furnish the principal dish for our evening meal to-day. Allow me, in conclusion, to say a word in praise of Orvis' flies, which have proved to be the best I ever used. CORPORAL LOT WARFIELD.

QUEBEC.—*Matapedia, Aug. 6*.—The weather here is dark and heavy, with strong east wind and water in the Restigouche high and unfavorable for salmon fishing. The only salmon killed here for some days past. I took one to-day, two in number. As soon as settled weather comes and the water falls there will be good fly fishing again. Yesterday I visited Parker's Lake, a few miles back from Campbellton, N. B., where I basketed 54 fine *Salmo fontinalis* ranging from 4 lb. to 2 lb. each. STAMSTAD.

NEWTON TROUT.—The trout on the Nepigon this season is reported to be the very best. The fish average one and a half pound in weight, and give plenty of work to the angler who seeks to draw them out on to dry land. By a fortuitous survival of the fittest, the smaller and weaker fish are all devoured by the picker, so that your hook is not molested by fingerlings.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—*Georgetown, August 5*.—Steamers run daily through Lake Mimpheengog, making connections with the Vermont Central, Southern and Passumpsic railway, stopping at all points on the Lake, including the beautiful village of Georgetown, which is the abode of the sportsman. Within three miles distance from this place there are between twenty-five and thirty good fishing grounds, where great quantities of lunge (a fish of excellent quality, averaging from five to twenty pounds) are caught. But the greatest of nature's curiosities in this country is a living stream of water one mile in length and half a mile in width, which is situated on the very top of Mount Alaphontum. Great quantities of

spotted trout are caught there yearly by sportsmen from New York, Boston, etc. This pond is situated on the Western side of the lake opposite Georgetown, at a distance of three and a half miles, and accessible by means of a carriage road, that has lately been constructed from the shore of the lake to the outlet of the pond. For fly-fishing this pond cannot be excelled. D. W. A.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Nantucket, Aug. 10*.—Bluefish are very scarce, the heavy wind having driven them off shore. JACK OURLIEV.

MOVEMENTS OF THE FISHING FLEET.—The latter reports from the Bay indicate an improvement in quality and catch, and it is not too late to hope for profitable returns before the season closes. The weather has been rough of late, and unfavorable for fishing, but some good fares are reported. The shore mackerel fleet continue to meet with ill success, and there is little hope for improvement until the mackerel turn southward in the fall. The number of arrivals the past week has been 12 and the receipts some 600 bbls. Bank and Georges fish have been in moderate receipt the past week. We notice 9 arrivals from the Banks, with 400,000 lbs. codfish and 112,000 lbs. halibut, and 26 from Georges, with 340,000 lbs. codfish. Whole number of fishing arrivals for the week, 43.—*Cape Ann Advertiser, Aug. 9*.

RHODE ISLAND.—*Newport, Aug. 10*.—Bass are being caught from the noted points every morning. The sea, being rough, keeps the water stirred up just enough to please the fishermen. Bluefish are running rather small at present, but fine sport is had trolling for them.

CONNECTICUT.—*Wolcottville, Aug. 11*.—Black bass fishing is middling good at Bantam Lake, Litchfield, Conn., and many fine strings are also, I am told, captured at Warama Lake, in Kent, Conn. Why it is that bass do not bite at West Hill Pond, (plenty in it) or Twin Lakes (Salisbury, Conn.) is a mystery. Cannot some of your readers explain? Pickerel and perch are in abundance in Tyler Pond, Goshen, Conn., and Wilson's Pond, Hartwinton, Conn. *K.

CONNECTICUT.—*East Hampton, August 1*.—A bass was caught at the Lake by Uncle Jed that balanced the scale at 44 pounds. The largest one thus far this season. H. C.

NEW YORK.—*Onondaga Lake*.—Black bass are more abundant in the lake than they have been for years before. Sport is excellent. Mr. John Mann, of Syracuse, recently captured a five-pounder.

ADIRONDACKS.—*Blue Mountain Lake, Aug. 10*.—This region has recently experienced almost a deluge. For more than a fortnight rain has fallen more or less every day (generally more). The waters of this lake at present writing are higher than for many years at this season. Most of the hotels in this region have done a thriving business this season. Both houses here—the "O'Leary" and "Holland's"—have at times had all they could entertain. The long-continued rains have driven many camping parties to the hotels for shelter, though more have braved it out and are still in camp. The high waters have put at a quietus on the fishing for the present, but a few days of fair weather will make all right again. G. M. S.

SHARK FISHING IN THE HUDSON.—Last Sunday afternoon two fishermen at Verplanck's Point, on the Hudson River, about half a mile from shore, found themselves unable to haul up one of their fishing-nets, which assumed more weighty proportions than they had ever known before. Assistance was speedily summoned, and a fierce encounter was had with what old fishermen say is one of the largest sharks ever caught in the waters of the Hudson. For a time it seemed a question whether a larger force would not have to be called to complete the capture. Finally, the victim was hauled to the shore, causing no little excitement among the fishermen and citizens of the surrounding country. It measured nine feet and weighed between 500 and 600 pounds. It was a female of the black species.

LONG ISLAND.—*Sayville, Aug. 12*.—Bluefish are very plenty in Great South Bay now, and have been most of the season. The catch on Saturday was 100 to 150 a boat. Commencing this has become a regular institution that an enterprising boat has a floating mill near the fishing grounds in which he grinds the bunkers. Weak and kindfish are also quite plenty on the reef opposite Sayville. The liberal management and fast trains on the L. I. R. R., under Receiver Sharp, has added greatly to the popularity of the south side this season. Ten and twelve cars to a train are often required to seat the passengers. E. K. W.

NEW JERSEY.—*Kinsey's Ashley House, Barnegat Inlet, Aug. 10*.—Sheepshead still very plenty. A Purvis took 47 in one day; another gent 32. An average of 225 taken daily. Bluefish running about two pounds are taken daily. B. G. Fallon & Brother, of New York, 56 in two days; P. W. Parsons and J. M. Heskell, Philadelphia, same number; W. R. Flynn and party, from Bordentown, N. J., 120 weakfish. Although we have no warden in our county to carry out the laws passed last winter, still some thirty per cent. of our net fishermen have refrained from using these nets out of fear. We feel the benefit. All kinds of fish are more plenty than they have been for years. Our laws are violated, however, by a large class, owing to the laxity of our State Commissioners in not appointing a warden. B.

SHAD IN AUGUST.—*Red Bank, N. J., August 6*.—I procured a fine shad to-day, a female, not spawned out. Is not this late for a roe-fish? A. H. WILD.

We think it very late for shad. But we have before this asserted the fact that in and around New York shad can be caught when wanted, almost every month in the year; of course in small quantity.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Greenville, Aug. 12*.—James Hunter, of this place, has caught sixty-five black bass since the law went into effect. Prof. Robt. of Thiel College, of this place, caught a splendid pike of about 73 pounds. Pike fishing is splendid here. There has been several caught, varying from 7 to 20 pounds in weight. BNOOKS.

INNOCENTS ABROAD.—A party of Washington gentlemen have taken unto themselves this happy name, go off each year on a fishing and sailing cruise in their yacht *Pert*, and always manage to have a thoroughly good time. The party this year consists of Major C. A. Appel, President; Hanson E. Weaver, Secretary; William H. Goods, Treasurer; Dr. E. T. Schaffert and Ernest Schmid, Executive Committee; L. Stoddard, Sailing Master; and DeW. Haines, Joseph L.

Pearson, O. T. Thompson, Henry Bradley, Bryon Turner, Millard Wenter, and Warren C. Stone. They sail next Saturday from Alexandria, Va., and are to be gone sixteen days. They will proceed to Cherrystone, Virginia. Four miles from the ocean, spending there four days in fishing. From that place they will go to Fortress Monroe, Newport News in Hampton Roads, and all places of interest in that vicinity; then proceed leisurely up Chesapeake Bay, stopping at East Plantankank and Rappahannock Rivers and Sheepshead Rock, or Point Lookout; trout grounds at Ocean river (not Bone), and trout and taylor grounds at Sedge Pond, mouth of Saint Mary's River. They will then visit Marshall's and Adams at Saint George's River and at Piney Point.

MICHIGAN.—*Detroit, Aug. 8*.—H. Dickenson and T. McGraw returned from St. Clair Falls yesterday with over 300 bass for two weeks fishing. They took 97 in one day. DRUID.

MICHIGAN GRAYLING.—*Bay City, Mich., Aug. 9*.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I have read a great many letters inquiring about the recreation and sport offered in North Michigan, hunting and fishing. I make one answer to many who wish to know if it is worth the trouble of coming to this place. Yes, July 19, 1878, I caught in the main branch of Ansober River a grayling 13 inches long. After removing the intestines he weighed 13 pounds—as fine a fish as any man could wish to catch, and game to the last. The grayling is more elegantly formed fish than the trout. He has a smaller head and mouth, is broader across the shoulders, and tapers off more rapidly to the tail, which is considerably larger than that of the trout, and the pupil much more elongated than that of the trout, the side toward the nose being drawn out to an acute angle. The opposite side is less acute. The back fin is very large. (Here is the exact comparison.) It has twenty-three spines; the ventral fin has sixteen; the pectoral, ten; the anal, fourteen, and the tail eighteen. He sometimes grows to the weight of about three pounds, though one of a pound and half is considered a good specimen. They are often caught with fly. They are the grayling, and no doubt of it. One word more. There is no other as good and practical way to reach them as via J. L. and Saginaw R. R. from Bay City, Mich. Those who write me and enclose postage I will cheerfully answer, but those who do not will hereafter remain unanswered. There is no sport equal to this in our whole country. And one more thing. Grayling fishing is hard work unless you know how, or have an attendant who may instruct you. C. Babbitt, of Grayling, Mich., has boats, etc. He can tell those who wish to know just what a trip down the river will cost without extras. T. C. PHILLIPS.

THE GRAYLING.—The grayling season is now at its best, and many parties of anglers are on the famous streams of Michigan. Others are fishing out. One of the most famous streams is the Manistee. A letter from Mr. Thomas T. Bates, of the Grand Traverse Herald, printed at Traverse City, the terminus of one of the branches of the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad, writes:

"I breakfasted this morning off as fine a mess as I ever saw. Two men spent a day and a half on the Manistee and brought back about 100 pounds. The Manistee is the 'boss' grayling stream. You can reach the stream as well and better, from the lake, from this point than from Bay City. We can take boats on here, and keep teams with us so that we can camp up or down the stream with tents, boats and all by land if we choose. This may be of service to us, for if we want to run down the river from camp, 10 to 20 miles by boat, the team could meet us at night and carry us back to camp, five to seven miles, by land (the river runs about three or four miles to one), or if we wanted to go up stream in the morning and make camp by boat at night, the team could start up off O. K. A small party is going out next week in this way. Then, too, we can take in a bass fish in some of our lakes and try the trout also."

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from the pine trees around it, and I thought perhaps it might have something to do with the color of the fish. They seem to be an individual species—so far, at least, as size is concerned—for no one that we know of has ever caught one in the lake larger than about a pound, and smaller ones are very rare. Yesterday I went down again with several St. Louis gentlemen who are here fishing, and we took eighty bass. We met Captain Rich and Mr. Abbott, of Milwaukee, then fishing from a new machine, and having a fine time. One of the gentlemen of our party tried a trolling spoon, and afterwards a fly, and then a baited bass fly, but none of them would attract, and he was not awarded with a bite or a rise. If I noticed any preference shown for our bait it was for a minnow's head, but if I take the individual score of any one bait I must yield the palm to the festive bull-frog, a small specimen of which we captured on our way to the lake, and which I kept for a bait for several days before he finally lost it down the gullet of a voracious one. The only disadvantage in using it for the first half hour was its occasional trips to the surface of the water, perhaps to see if the fishermen at the other end was all right. On such occasions a sudden downward "yank" of the rod would take him under and he would stay there awhile. I attribute the success of live frog fishing to the fact that ordinary anglers, on their way to the lake, and till he finds a bass with open mouth, when he crawls in, and before the bass can throw him out the hook is fastened and the jig is up. How is this for theory?

If an early start is made from the lake, a few hours can be put in profitably at Trout Brook, above and below the bridge. I took twice the afternoon my wife was with me, and while they were small, you know how much above the ordinary speckled trout they may be prized. Yesterday Capt. Rich and Mr. Abbott took twenty odd with the fly, using only the common brown tackle. Yours truly, Jno. W. Musson.

Ashland, Wis., July 30.

MASSACHUSETTS ANGLING.—Wareham, July 30.—Mr. Editor: The present is really a jubilee of fishes in the head-waters of Buzzard's Bay, embracing Wareham, I feel it an important duty to herald the fact to the outside barbarians of the universe, that they too may participate in these bountiful gifts of Dame Nature. There is not a day in the year that fish of some variety cannot be procured in our waters. Our oysters are of the choicest; quoshes, clams and scallops abound on our shores of miles of shores, rivers, creeks, lagoons and coves. Of our sole fish the white perch, *Morone americana*, a resident citizen, is taken every month in the year, in winter by fishing through the ice. In early March, when the weather becomes warm, he takes the worm and shrimp until the waters are chilled with the frosts of winter. Favorite grounds for this choice fish are on the Agawam and Wee-wa-wa Rivers. The former, the most successful and convenient, as a walk of from three-fourths to one, and quarter miles from our village will take one to the marshes, on the shores of which the angler takes his stand, or by an accumulation of dry seaweed he makes a comfortable sitting.

In March last I indulged in a tide (last of an ebb and first of a flood, we call a tide) of this rare sport, and on the point where I took my stand there were by actual count forty-three fishing; men, women and children, using every conceivable rude stick which bore the slightest resemblance to a rod or pole, and all got more or less fish. About this season our welcome light-catcher also puts in his annual appearance in salt for a few hours, and then removed to the stove oven, where he is roasted or baked, and when done he is served on the table as the choicest of all titbits of one's home. Following next in season is the tautog (in New York black-fish), scup (in New York porgie), striped bass and black or rock bass, all of which remain until late in autumn, except scup. Early in July the most welcome bluefish makes his annual debut with vengeance among the menhaden, while he announces rare sport to the amateur and professional angler. Last comes the squeteague, weakfish (New York), trout (Fort Monroe), *Cynoscion regalis*. He gets along from the middle to the last of July. In fact our waters are now prolific with that gay fish, save fins and tail, which, like peacocks' feet, are most horrible. If there lives in the flesh an amateur angler who has not experienced the sport of catching and landing a squeteague, he certainly deserves the pity of the knaves of the rod and reel throughout the land.

On the 1st of July our Commonwealth of Massachusetts, by statute edict, opened the broad gates to our inland waters, inhabited by that princely game fish, the black bass, and thus far the angler has been well rewarded for time and labor bestowed. Our neighbor, Joseph Alden, a true disciple of the rod, takes the lead in this sport, and has caught from the pond a bass weighing the scale beam at five and a quarter pounds. As scores of lakes and ponds in this locality are stocked with black bass to an extent defying annihilation, there need be no alarm as to want for all time, provided our State laws are strictly observed.

Our surroundings of land and water, sea and inland; our forests stocked with herds of wild deer, foxes and rabbits, partridges, quail, and wild ducks; the fishes that abound in the salt water; the black bass, pickerel and perch in our lakes and ponds, and last, though not least, the wanton trout, who skips in the numerous crystal streams, offer a greater and more varied advantage to the pleasure-seeker and invalid than any point on the whole coast line of New England. Then again every acre of Buzzard's Bay is admirably adapted to yachting.

Tourists who are sleepless in their undecided minds where to go for cheap recreation are advised by me to pack up and come to Wareham. Take a Fall River boat at New York at 5 p. m., which will arrive here at 7 o'clock next morning. Boats for bluefishing are in abundance, with faithful skippers.

CYRUS LISCOMB.

THE SWEDISH HERRING FISHERY.—Prof. Spencer F. Baird expresses in the *Cape Ann Advertiser* the opinion that sooner or later this renewed fishery may be expected to come to an end, and that after an interval of from twenty to sixty years, or thereabouts, the Gloucester skippers may again, if inclined, engage in the business of carrying herring from North America to Gothenburg. This opinion is based upon the following item which Professor Baird communicates to the *Advertiser*:

Regarding the periodical occurrence of herring in enormous schools in the archipelago and fiords of Bohuslan, I have lately read some Swedish newspaper articles and pamphlets on the subject, and will here give you a short extract thereof: Before the sixteenth century no records were kept of the fisheries. As, however, both king and church had some in-

come from taxation and tithe on the herring, it has been possible to ascertain that such fisheries have existed periodically ever since the beginning of the Eleventh century. Before that time the archipelago was hardly inhabited, and the fishing seems not to have been of any importance but to the scanty population on the fiords, who had too primitive implements for capturing large quantities of fish, and no means of preparing the article for a distant market. The following is a list of the herring periods of which we have any knowledge:

1. About the year 1020.
2. In the latter part of the Twelfth century.
3. From about 1260 to about 1341, thus lasting more than 80 years.
4. About the middle of the Fifteenth century.
5. From 1556 to 1590, thus lasting for 35 years; interval to next period, 69 years.
6. From 1659 to 1690, thus lasting for 31 years; interval to next period, 66 years.
7. From 1749 to 1805, thus lasting for 62 years; interval to next period, 68 years.
8. From November, 1877, to February, 1878.

The most important period was the above No. 7, especially during the last twenty years of the last century. It has been calculated that in some years during that time the annual quantity of herring for Bohuslan amounted to at least one and a half million barrels.

During the six weeks, January 1—February 15, this present year, about 160,000 barrels of fresh and salt herring were shipped from the archipelago of Bohuslan to neighboring markets. The fishermen and merchants are preparing largely for making big hauls, when the herring will return in the fall, as is expected.

Believe me, dear sir, sincerely yours, JOSUA LINDAHL.

TROUT AND POTATO BUGS.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: noticed in your last week's number a statement that fish were killed by eating potato bugs. I have good reason to think that is a mistake. Last fall a neighbor of mine was in the habit of putting out a bait of fish daily with from two to three quarts of the beetles, which he had gathered from his potato vines. One day I asked him to give them to me. He handed me the pail, wondering at the same time what I intended to do with them, and supposing, like many others, that potato bugs were poison. But I had seen turkeys eat them with a relish, so I did not hesitate to try them on brook trout. Of course, they ate them, as sensible trout should. In my opinion it does not pay to raise brook trout for table use if we can't teach them to live on potato bugs; and furthermore, I think that any brook trout that can't live on potato bugs in their season and enjoy life, manifest a great lack of good breeding and a great want of refined taste. I feel it my duty to exhort all my brother fishermen to train up their fish (brook trout in particular) with good moral principles and with habits and tastes to conform with this age.

Ludlow, Pa., Aug. 5, 1878.

The reported cases of potato-bug-poisoned fish, we presume, may be accounted for upon the supposition that the bugs have been themselves poisoned by Paris green. Next week we shall give authentic information upon this subject, Paris green poisoning of birds and game, which has become a very serious one in certain localities.

THE OLDEST TROUT IN THE WORLD.—Really this is becoming complicated. To maintain a satisfactory grandeur in size, weight and number of his fish has hitherto tested the inventive and imaginative faculties of the emulous angler. Now, a Buffalo paper comes to the front with an entirely novel yarn, and introduces a new element into the fish stories. Affidavits must accompany a few vital statements:

We believe the oldest trout in the world lives in Onondaga County. James Sherman has a brook trout in his well that is positively known to be upwards of thirty years of age. He has lived in the well all of these long years some thirty feet under ground, making frequent visits to the upper regions, when drawn up in the bucket. For five or six years of the time the well had a chain pump and was covered tight. The trout now will weigh less than half a pound, in shape resembles a bull-head, having grown broad across the head, and sim in the body. He is darker in color than the ordinary fish, and looks the "ancient fish" that he is. Who can match him for age?

WEIGHT, NOT NUMBER.—Mr. C. F. Clapp, the intelligent editor of the *Sunbury (Pa.) American*, echoes the sentiments of a great many anglers when he says:

"If the catches of fish were stated in pounds instead of numbers it would be much more satisfactory. When such large numbers are reported they are generally nearly all fingerlings, which it is a positive disgrace to any one styling himself a fisherman to retain in his creel. It is this sort of fishing that depopulates streams, and finally renders any real pleasure in fishing abortive. Any numbers of such fish will not compensate the real angler for the magnetic thrill of hooking a one or two pounder. The most reprehensible practice is this greed for numbers."

DO FISH TALK?—Certainly; out in Colorado, Pike's Peak.

THE PREPARATION OF SILK GUT.

EDITOR *FOREST AND STREAM*:

As I may have been misunderstood in the articles which I have written for the *FOREST AND STREAM*, which only partially described such of our native silk worms as were most suitable to procure silk gut from, and their food; also, the best time and way to procure them for the purpose of rearing them, I noticed that the cocoons should be collected in the fall or spring of the year. I did not attempt to describe either the method or time in the life of the insect when the gut should be drawn. I did not suppose it possible that anybody would think of drawing silk gut from a worm that had already exhausted itself of silk in spinning its cocoon, or from the chrysalis, and I now repeat that the most suitable time for collecting a stock of these insects to breed from is either in the fall or spring of the year.

Late in the spring or early in the summer the moths leave their cocoons, and soon deposit their eggs, which are hatched about the time the leaves appear on which the larvae feed.

Perhaps I should have written another paper stating that the cocoons should be placed in a cool room, and as soon as the moths make their appearance and conjugate the females should be placed in large pasteboard boxes, in which they

will soon deposit their eggs. These after a few days will hatch, and will require suitable food. If *A. Eriopis*, the leaves of the plum tree or *Fulco* fall shrub; if *A. Promethes* are the breed, the leaves of the saffrair or spice bush should be given the young larvae, or worms.

I have drawn silk gut not only from the *Eriopis* and *Promethes*, but also from the Italian silk worm. I have never killed the worm, nor put it in vinegar for this purpose, which may be the best method. Soon after the larvae ceases to feed he begins to spin his cocoon, which is the right time to draw the silk gut. I put the worm to a board, putting one pin in his caudal extremity, and another pin about one-third of his length back from his head. I then, with a sharp knife, cut off the fore-part of the worm far enough back to cut off a very little of the sac containing the silk, which is a fluid of about the consistency of the white of an egg. I then laid on a large pin, and dipping it in the fluid, silk, which adheres to the pin, I draw out the silk slowly (the more slowly the larger will be the gut), until I have drawn out all, or nearly all of the silk contained in the sacs. I then take another pin, and attach it to the other extremity of the gut, at the point where I divided the worm. The two pins are then stuck into a board, drawing the gut taut, which soon becomes hard and fit for use. The dried silk is then some cases laid out on a board, in contact with the air. I will only add that the reason why your readers may have seen so few of these moths is because they fly only in the night.

T. GARLICK.

We append the following touching lines from our brave old friend. We sincerely trust that health may come again to him:

I have written the foregoing paper under very great suffering. It was so badly written that I had my daughter to copy it. I presume this is the last article I shall ever write for any paper. I may get better again; but know full well that this contest between disease and life cannot continue much longer. For nearly fourteen long weary years this contest has been going on—a constant fight. I am now well into my seventy-fourth year, and glad that I am so. I am, Sir, sincerely yours, T. GARLICK.

Bedford, O., August 6.

ON THE BIG SOUTH FORK.

STANFORD, KY., July 10, 1878.

EDITOR *FOREST AND STREAM*:

The seemingly fabulous reports made of success in fishing the lower waters of the Big South Fork of Cumberland River induced Col. J. E. Faulkner, of Lancaster, Ky., J. L. Loomer and myself, of this place, to undertake 100 miles of travel—much the greater part of that distance by road—wagons over the most villainous mountain thoroughfare that can be found east of the Rockies—that we might see for ourselves where no knight of the rod had ever been seen by the Methuselahs of that section. Mouth of Rock Creek, seven miles below Devil's Jump, was our destination, which we reached Wednesday 10th inst. after nearly two days and a half of horrible travel. Col. J. L. Loomer, of Wayne Co., started with us on his horse Tuesday morning and accom. us to the river, where he meant see that our road was of the best, and he had negotiated with a native, and possibly accompany us to the terminus of our seventy miles' cruise to Point Isabel at the mouth. After spending one night with us upon the river he concluded to return Thursday with our wagoner, who preferred to rest his team nearly twenty-four hours before starting back. His desolation of us was a sad blow to all. A couple of staunch canoes had been made for us by specifications and a couple of expert carmen engaged for the trip. In less than fifteen minutes after we had unloaded our gear and taken river and began fishing, our agents were watching minnows. I had the felicity of leading a seven and a quarter pound pike into the landing net, which fish as served within an hour by Col. Bohon made one of the most savory dishes that any of the nine men partaking thereof remembered to have ever eaten. Immediately after dinner we loaded the canoes, pushed off for Devil's Jump seven miles above and began fishing with minnows.

We caught black bass by the scores. Could see them in the water clear as air, dart from the rocks and seize a minnow at almost any depth, utterly regardless of glittering gill and the painted dots. They are not at all fastidious in matters of diet. I saw Col. Faulkner catch four of them averaged one and a quarter pounds with one minnow which was dead when taken from the bucket. Of course he was trolling it slowly when each one seized it. At the jumps he took a ten pound walleyed-eyes pike a dead chub which had begun to decompose. It had been cast into rather swift water and the butt of the rod thrust into a crevice to await a bite, while he manipulated a heavier jig. A No. 2 Meek reel, small grass line and a willow Japanese rod, delicate enough for fly casting, constituted the tackle with which he landed him. The purpose, in absence of landing net, dexterously lifting him out by hand. That salmon was caught in perfectly clear water at mid day. We caught so many fish that the residents felt heir to at least two-thirds of our catch. We didn't merit a single fish to die and be thrown away. In canoeing 70 miles we made but two portages at what the residents call the "Dries," a distance of about two miles, where the river at a low stage is diverted into a subterranean channel. Late rains had filled the ordinarily "dry ponds" and our portages were little more than twenty five and seventy yards. Easily made, though at noon, when old Sol peppered us mercilessly. Our ministerial companion preached by appointment to a small congregation on the river bank under a "huge spreading beech" on Sunday forenoon.

One of our oarsmen went home Saturday afternoon and returned Sunday, bringing us the claws and tail of a catamount which he had killed as he traveled homeward.

Game is said to be quite abundant—deer, turkey, partridges, wild cats, catamounts, wolves and bears. A large flock of domestic geese have become wild and are frequently seen near the Devil's Jumps.

The best way for natives in fishing is grapevine trot lines, bark "set outs," with short line and hooked on at surface of the water, spears, guns and traps. We saw many traps with dams which it is impossible for a fish to escape in traveling down stream. We killed pike, salmon, black bass and catfish, catching nearly all in shallow, swift water. The bass ran much smaller than expected, ranging from one half to three pounds. Most caught were of about the same size to one and a half pounds. We were very successful in catching a large number of small minnows in central Kentucky. The C. S. R. R., when completed, will make the Big South and its headwaters in Tennessee, where it is called New River, of convenient access and the skeptical can easily verify our declaration that no river in Kentucky affords a title of the attractions to anglers that does the one above mentioned. Despite the hardships our trip was one of sufficient delight to create a longing to return, and if the C. S. R. R. isn't soon finished there'll be another wagon ride over Jordan-like highways.

There were many interesting points which deserve especial and elaborate description, but I shall not burden your columns with them.

KENTUCKIAN.

—A new wader in pedestrian circles is to walk half a mile in six hours, moving all the time. It takes a "Professor" to do this kind of business.

Rational Pastimes.

MISSISSIPPI LACROSSE.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

In the game of Indian ball between the Sixtowns and Turkey Crocks, the necessary accoutrements were the ball and bats, the ball being smaller than a base ball, but equally as hard. The bats are made of hickory, about three feet long, one inch in circumference at largest end, and taper to small end. About one-third at small end is flattened and bent like the bow of a whip or like a wide U, one side being shorter than the other. After the bow is flattened it is fastened to handle with buckskin thong, and a netting of green deer skin fastened to it like a snow-shoe, the meshes being too small to allow the ball to pass through.

The game is to get the ball home. They select a clear field, about 500 yards long and 100 to 200 wide, the boundaries at ends being "home." The players gather at the field selected, bringing their squaws, the squaws their camping outfits and ponies. The big chief calls for a player, upon which the players arrange themselves in rows. When the peace pipe is handed around and all take a pull at it, the big chief—the one occupying position of referee and judge—makes a talk, to which the chiefs of each tribe respond. In meantime the squaws are busy getting things arranged in camp, and making coffee (this they keep up during the game), and by the time the player is over the pipe, the game again goes on its rounds, the coffee is ready for players, which they drink without sugar or milk and as hot as possible.

After each player has retired to his wigwam and drank his fill of coffee, the game is called, a line drawn in centre of field, the players take their places, each provided with a bat, upon each side of line facing their goals, with opponents between them and the goal, a long space between of about twenty yards. The big chief goes to centre of space and throws the ball as high as possible. As quick as it leaves his hand each tribe utters a yell and goes for it. The excitement has commenced, and the manner in which they catch and throw the ball with their bats is startling (they are not allowed to touch it with their hands) and the ball is sent flying over their heads by some good player; they yell and run for it; it is thrown back at the opponent, and the game goes on like this; the crowd; it falls into clear space, and on the ground they rush at it, struggle for it, and fight for it. A player has it and is running for home with it; with a yell, like bay of hounds after fox, they are after him; it's a race for it; one player gains on him, is neck and neck, and by a dexterous movement of his bat takes him from out the other's bat and starts back to it; the other player sees this, and follows him like a fox; hard pressed, but of no avail; his ball is taken from him; again thrown into crowd to be struggled and fought for. Thus the game goes on for hours, neither tribe seeming to gain an inch, when, by an expert play, the ball is sent "home" in favor of Sixtowns, when they yell and adjourn to drink coffee, smoke, and tell tales until dark, when the fiddles are brought out, a fire started among the dance commences and continues until daylight, when they go full of the game. The dance is conducted as wildly and madly as the game, with the exception of yelling. Coffee—black, strong coffee—flows freely all the time. When daylight comes they go their several ways rejoicing. At annual meeting they keep it up for a week at a time, and are decked out in paint, feathers and gay colored ribbons.

When visitors come to become thoroughly intoxicated with excitement, let them attend a game of Indian ball, and if they choose to bet they will be accommodated, as the squaws will bet anything from brass buttons to the clothes they wear, and if you lose you must pay and if you win you must take the wager.

VAL.

Jasper County, Miss., July 26.

ARCHERY CLUBS.

IN forming archery clubs two methods may be adopted—the members may own their own outfits or the equipments may be the common property of the club. The latter is the better method—because, as a rule, the members do not know the weight of bow best suited to them, and therefore it is not until after considerable practice that an archer knows his or her strength. It also enables the club to start with much less expense and leaves it optional with the members whether to own bows or not. The Orontian Archers started as follows, and the plan has worked well: They bought three low-priced bows and four arrows, and each member bought a bow and a member, and for which they are held responsible. The whole outfit, including one tassel, two gloves and two arm guards, cost the members \$1.50 each. Many have since bought fine bows for their own use and to enable them to practice between the weekly meetings. The number of members in this club is fifty, and is limited to that figure, but it is better, if possible, not to have over twenty-five, as it requires much time and space for so many to shoot. Ladies should commence with a bow from five feet to five feet six inches long and pulling twenty to thirty pounds. Gentlemen should use a six-foot bow pulling from thirty-five to fifty pounds. The distance should be, for beginners, that at which they can hit the target once out of an end (an "end" is three arrows). As soon as they can strike it three out of four times they should go back a yard. Most of our archers use the "end" and the "one" target, at too short a distance; twenty-four inches in diameter is the smallest that should be used, but four feet is the regular size and the full distance is seventy-five yards for ladies and one hundred yards for gentlemen. The best wood for cheap bows for beginners is lance wood. Fair American bows can be bought for from \$3.50 to \$4; fine imported lance wood bows cost from \$5 to \$12. The best bow for practice at short range, cost about \$3 per dozen; but for long range, arrows carefully finished and footed with hard wood, with parallel steel points, are the best thing; they cost from \$9 to \$12 per dozen. In using heavy bows an arm-guard and glove or set of finger tips are necessary. The members at the club meeting should divide into sides, those making the highest scores at the last meeting acting as captains. Each member should fire three arrows, making an "end" and the "one" target, each has had his turn. The centre or gold counts 9; red, 7; blue, 5; black 3, and outer or white 1. The ladies should have their targets one-fourth the distance nearer. In the next article I will give a few necessary rules for governing clubs and their shooting matches. The following are a few of the archery clubs recently organized: Brighton Beach Archery Club, N. Y.; Brooklyn Archery Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Glen Cove Archery Club, N. Y.; Junia Archers, Tyrona, Pa.; Orontian Archers, Hackensack, N. J.; Oyster Bay Archery Club, L. I.; Palisade Mountain Archers, Englewood, N. J.; Robin Hood

Archery Club, Le Roy, N. Y.; Staten Island Archery Club, Staten Island, N. Y.; Wabash River Bowmen, Indiana. W. H. Pres. Orontian Archers.

ARCHERY IN THE WEST.—We should expect the West to be at the front in the archery movement, for Mr. Thompson is an Indiana man, and the President of the flourishing Crawfordville, Ind., club. Chicago has a number of clubs, and Milwaukee has just organized the "Lockeley Club." A match recently shot at Highland Park, Ill., between teams of Highland Park and Chicago, resulted in the following score:

	Highland Park.	30 Yds.	40 Yds.	60 Yds.	Total.	Hits.
C O Hammond.....	109	66	17	192	47	
F D Hall.....	126	48	21	193	54	
W M Goodridge.....	143	44	19	206	41	
H O Carver.....	149	84	59	283	59	

Total..... 518 242 416 876 181

	Chicago.	30 Yds.	40 Yds.	60 Yds.	Total.	Hits.
J C Haines.....	125	110	12	237	53	
A G Spalding.....	84	84	22	190	45	
I S Collins.....	77	90	19	193	40	

Total..... 373 379 52 833 155

BICYCLES.—Brave Bostonians boldly bestirred briskly bounding bicycles, etc., (we could not that as long as bicycles roll), and from this city, which is the "Hub" of the machine, the sport is winning its way into favor in other cities. One Boston young man, Mr. M. E. Parkhurst, an amateur rider, makes his bi-weekly trips between Clinton and Boston, a distance of 45 miles, in a tripe over six hours. The machine used by him is a 48-inch duplex Excelsior bicycle. He also makes daily trips to towns in the vicinity of Boston, frequently riding to South Scituate, New Bedford, or Wrentham, and after dinner and returning before nightfall. Mr. Parkhurst averages about 30 miles every pleasant afternoon. Mr. W. R. Pitman, a bicycle expert, who has been traveling through the State of Maine, reports a great interest in the "silent steed" among young men in all the principal cities. In Bangor a bicycle club has been organized with nearly 20 members. At South Scituate, Me., Mr. W. R. Pitman, a series of amateur matches will take place on the race course when Boston amateurs will display their skill, and (hence we may expect to see the sport imitated by emulous riders throughout the State. At Detroit, Mich., last Fourth of July a masquerade procession mustered three hundred in line. It is stated that there are 3,000 of the old-fashioned velocipedes in that city. At New York, N. Y., the "Hub" of the "bicycle shakers," but the bicycle will probably win the place as soon as it becomes known. San Francisco papers advertise the new silent horses, which means of course that dealers are selling them to the muscular men of the Pacific Slope. Inquiry at the principal stores in New York, where the machines would be found if in the city, develops the fact that the craze has not yet struck the Metropolis. The long-past furor over the old-fashioned velocipede has left in its wake a general hesitancy about again investing in a like machine. We are strong in the belief, however, that this mode of locomotion has a great future here as all over the country.

A LONG SWIM.—Kunno Dimmers, a Bowery photographer, and Hans Tuelff, formerly of the Prussian Army, dived from Harlem Bridge at a quarter past ten o'clock last Monday morning, and started out on a swimming race down the East River and the Bay to Staten Island. The race was for \$300 a side to determine the relative abilities of the two men, each of whom had a good reputation as an expert swimmer. Dimmers, being near-sighted, wore spectacles. Three boats accompanied the swimmers, and they were cheered all the way by the enthusiastic gathering of spectators along the docks and by the shrill whistles of the tugs and steamer. The waves caused by the vessels gave the swimmers much trouble. The river was crossed four times in order to take advantage of the tide, which was on the ebb. The worst eddies encountered were near Hell Gate. The swimmers made good time, however, although their zigzag course increased the distance by over six miles on the East River alone. They kept close together until Thirty-fourth street was reached, when Dimmers was seen to be slightly ahead, and he gradually widened the gap between himself and Tuelff so that he led by two hundred yards when the Battery was reached. He was swimming vigorously. Tuelff, opposite Bedloe's Island, was seized with a cramp, and was obliged to give up the swim. Dimmers now had the race in his own hands, but the hardest part of the work remained, for the tide was against him after passing Governor's Island. His pilot, Wm. Allen, took a course considerably to the left of that usually taken by Staten Island ferry boats, and led Dimmers nearly in a straight line. When Dimmers arrived opposite Clifton he changed his course and swam directly for the shore, reaching it at 6:51 p. m. As he neared the shore he was cheered all the way by the crowd. They were slow, but full and vigorous. On reaching the dock between Stapleton and Clifton he was rowed ashore. He looked and acted as if he could have gone a greater distance. Mr. Dimmers claims that he swam twenty-five miles, and the referee and pilot are of the same opinion. Dimmers complained of the sun, and his face was much burned. He drank nearly a bottle of brandy and ate a number of sandwiches on the way. As the boat containing Dimmers' clothes had stopped at the Battery with Tuelff, he was obliged to borrow a shirt and a dilapidated pair of pantaloons to wear on his way back to New York, where he arrived at 7:30 p. m. Dimmers is a powerfully built man, about six feet in height; he weighs 235 pounds, and is twenty-five years old. He is a native of Dusseldorf.

THE WHEELBARROW MAN.—There was some general incoherence when the Albany pedestrian, Mr. R. L. Potter, started out from that city last April to wheel a barrow toward the Setting Sun. But the plucky fellow is still at it, and we hear of him now and then in the papers, as he goes along. The Laramie City (Wy. Terr.) *Daily Sentinel*, of October 31st, heralds his entry into that town at the 30th, and says: "Potter is in excellent health and spirits, and says he has gained eight pounds in weight since starting. He has now been on the road 112 days, and has traveled about 2,657 miles, leaving but 1,428 to finish the journey of 4,085 miles, that being the distance from Albany to San Francisco, by way of San Jose, he not being allowed to cross the bay at Oakland. He will pull out this evening and will reach there in 103 days. There are 103 days allowed him, and if he goes on at the present rate he will reach San Francisco a month ahead of time."

OLBURY ON THE TRAMP AGAIN.—Last Monday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Boston Music Hall, O'Leary started on his walk of 122 miles, which he will attempt to finish in less than 22 hours. The track is 2594 feet in circumference, requiring twenty circuits to the mile.

New Publications.

HORSEBACK RIDING, FROM A MEDICAL POINT OF VIEW, by Ghislain Durant, M. D., Ph. D. New York: Cassell, Petter & Galpin. 1878.

Horseback riding has ever been accounted among the more manly and noble of sports. If we seek a philosophical reason for the exhilaration and pleasure it affords we may find it in the poetry of motion, the buoyant emotions always excited by rapid progression. The acrobatic of this exultant feeling is experienced on the ocean when the ship or the yacht catches the spirit of the winds, and bounds over the waves. On the land there is no situation so near approaching this as that of the novice on a speeding locomotive. The same feelings are experienced in a lesser degree by the horseback rider. It is subjecting to our use, and making subservient to our will, a more powerful organism, and also a doubling and redoubling of our own powers. Horseback riding is suggestive of the fresh, open air, as you may find it in the early morning on the hills. Dr. Durant tells us that, in addition to the inspiring influence of this early air, which we are led into, there is the increased circulation of the blood, and a consequently quicker breathing induced by the exercise, so that we are enabled to receive the full benefit of the ozone. The effect of muscular exercise upon the quantity of air which enters the lungs has thus been tabulated: Lying down, 1; standing, 1.34; walking at the rate of a mile an hour, 1.50; riding, at a walk, 2.20; riding, at a trot, 4.03; swimming, 4.37; running, seven miles an hour, 7. Dr. Durant's essay, in so far as it indorses this mode of physical exercise, and, by drawing attention to its healthful results, induces people to practice it more, may be regarded as a valuable contribution to the cause of physical improvement.

THE WITCERY OF ARCHERY, by Maurice Thompson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1878.

This is a handsome volume, made up of Mr. Thompson's contributions to the magazines. The articles in *Scribner's* and *Harpers* descriptive of the sport to be had with the long bow, and the great degree of skill to be attained with that implement, have given a notable impulse to the game. It is not a matter of any great surprise that the result should have been as it was. A better audience, both in intelligence and numbers, than is afforded by the readers of these two most popular of American magazines could not be asked for the most ardent advocate of creed or pastime. That immediately after the appearance of his enthusiastic sketches Mr. Maurice and his publishers should have been overwhelmed with letters from every part of the world was nothing to be wondered at. It was just what writer and publisher might have expected. Mr. Thompson may be accorded all the credit for the revival of the sport in the United States. The book now before us is the latest contribution to the cause, and is as warmly welcomed as, in a more convenient form, containing, in addition to the most valuable and practical instructions for the government of archery clubs and practice. Let us add that the illustration, "A Prize Shot," represents an impossibility. Such a fair-faced young woman never could have shot that hare, and have held it up as she is represented as doing.

THE AMERICAN NATURALIST.—A vigorous article from the pen of Dr. Coates on "The Ineligibility of the European House Sparrow in America" opens the August *Naturalist*, and deals with a question of very great interest to all who love our native birds. Dr. Coates deals with this question in a very forcible manner, and, although the Sparrow question has become a rather tiresome one, we welcome the latest contribution, giving a new interest even to such a worn-out topic. We are glad to find in this number of the *Am. Nat.* the work of Mr. Lockington's charming sketches, "Walks Round San Francisco—The Bay Shore." The present article equals in interest the former one from the same graceful pen, to which we called attention in a recent number of *FOREST AND STREAM*. Prof. A. S. Packard contributes an interesting article on "Some Characteristics of the Central Zoogeographical Province of the United States," in which he gives us the results of his studies on the distribution of certain insects, and especially the Philopod Grasshoppers in the Rocky Mountain region. The "Report of the Committee of the American Association of 1876 on Biological Nomenclature," by Prof. E. D. Cope, is a paper of great value, but is of interest only to the publishing naturalists. All archaeologists will read with pleasure Mr. Barber's paper on "The Ancient Pueblos, or the Ruins of the Valley of the Rio San Juan." We cannot have too full records of the manners of life of these long extinct peoples, whose only monuments are these ruins, now fast falling to decay. Mr. Barber's article is illustrated by a number of plans and sketches, and perhaps, save to convey to the mind of the reader a better idea of these ancient fortresses and dwelling places than any description. Prudent housewives will be terror-stricken by the title of the concluding article of this number, "The New Carpet Beetle (*Athanasia acetabularia*)," by J. A. Lintner. The picture drawn by the writer of this diabolical pest may be considered overdrawn by those who have never been obliged to wage war with it or its relative, *A. varius*; but we are of opinion that no professor would find this beetle and its kind in their dwellings it will be almost impossible to eradicate it. The departments of "Recent Literature" and "General Notes" are even more full and interesting than usual, and the August number, as a whole, is exceptionally excellent.

THE HUNTER, or Hints to Young Sportsmen. By Charles P. Crosby, revised edition, La Crosse, Wis.: Crosby & Hixson, Publishers. 1878.

This is a pamphlet of some thirty-nine pages, written by a boy or eighteen who has written a book, set it up, printed it, a 14c edition, and now wants to sell another. The pages of the amateur author are full of information and directions of a practical nature which are evidently the outgrowth of the writer's own experience with the gun in the woods, and if there are occasional bits of slang and mistakes, as we should expect in such a work, indignant readers should pass over the faults and considerably regard only the good points. We may add that the firm which issues this book also publish a sporting gazette, for which they charge the modest sum of twenty-five cents per year.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE MODERN ARCHER; or, Instructions for the Use of the Long Bow. New York: Peck & Snyder. 1878. Price, 25 cents.

A MANUAL designed to give practical directions for acquiring skill with the long bow, rules for archery practice, etc., etc.

OUR NATIONAL PARK: A Cayuse Ride Through the Future Grand Watering Place of the World. By A. E. Bishop. *Atlantic* Press, Atlantic, N. Y.

MANUAL FOR RIFLE PRACTICE; Including Suggestions for Practice at Long Range, and for the Formation and Management of Rifle Associations. By Gen. Geo. W. Wingate, General Inspector of Rifle Practice. Sixth revised edition. New York: W. O. & P. P. Church, 245 Broadway. 1878.

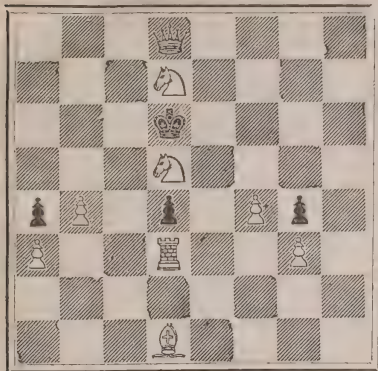
A HEART TWICE WON; or, Second Love. By Elizabeth Van Loan. One volume, uniform, black and gold; price \$1.50. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 506 Chestnut st. 1878.

The Game of Chess.

NOTICE.—Chess exchanges, communications and solutions should be addressed "Chess Editor FOREST AND STREAM, P. O. box 64, Wolcottville, Conn."

Problem No. 23.

Tourney set, No. 18. Motto: Down on Duals.



White to play and give mate in three moves.

—Problem No. 21 was incorrectly printed, viz.: The WHITE PAWN at QUEEN'S third should have appeared as a BLACK PAWN at QUEEN'S sixth. The missing WHITE KING in Problem No. 22 should be placed on QUEEN BISHOP'S sixth. Solvers, problemists and exchanges will please make note of these errors if it be necessary on their part.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS—NO. 17.

1—P-Kt5 (R)
2—R-Kt5 ch
3—R mates

1—K-Kt7
2—R moves

1—Q-Q2 ch
2—P-Kt5 (R)
3—B-B6 mate

1—Kt-Q5
2—Kt-K5 B

PROBLEM NO. 18.

—Q-K4
—Q-B3
—B-B6 mate

1—P-Kt5
2—P-Kt5 Q

1—Q-Q4
2—Kt-K5 mate

1—Q-K4 ch
2—Q-Kt mates

1—R-B4 etc
2—R-K4

1—R-B4 etc
2—R-K4

Game No. 71.—FRENCH DEFENSE.

The following is the first game between Mason and MacKenzie played July 15, 1878, at Paris Tourney:

White. MacKenzie	Black. Mason	White. MacKenzie	Black. Mason
1—P-K4	1—P-K4	12—P-K B4	12—P-Q B3
2—P-Q4	2—P-Q4	13—P-B3	13—Kt-Kt3
3—K-Q B3	3—Kt-Kt3	14—Q-R K B	14—Q-B2
4—P-Kt3 P	4—P-Kt3 P	15—Kt-K2	15—P-Q2
5—Kt-Q B3	5—B-Q3	16—Kt-K3	16—Q-R K
6—Q-Q3	6—Castles	17—Q-R6 ch (b)	17—Kt-K5 Q
7—Castles	7—Kt-Q B3	18—Kt-K5 ch	18—Bt-Kt
8—B-Kt3	8—Kt-Kt3 (a)	19—Kt-K5 B ch	19—R-K4
9—Bt-Kt	9—P-Kt3 B	20—P-Kt4 ch	20—Kt-K4 P
10—Kt-R4	10—R-Kt3	21—Q-Kt4 ch	21—K-K4
11—Q-K3	11—R-K4	22—B-K3 mate	

NOTES.

- (a) A most extraordinary move to make in this position.
(b) A beautiful termination.

INTERNATIONAL CHESS TOURNAMENT AT PARIS.

The synoptical table below shows the result of every game played in this tourney. Mr. MacKenzie, of New York, is "placed" as a prize winner. The prizes offered are valued at 14,000 francs, and are five in number. Mr. MacKenzie's score with the leading players of the tourney is fully what we expected, and entitles him to equal prominence with Winawer, Zukertort and Blackburne:

	Winawer	Zukertort	Blackburne	MacKenzie	Hill	Anderssen	Englehorn	Paulsen	Mas	Clerk	Gifford	Pittselli	Redd
Winawer	—	10	5½	0½	11	1½	10	11	13½	11	11	16½	
Zukertort	—	10	0½	11	1½	10	11	13½	11	11	16½		
Blackburne	5½	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	
MacKenzie	1½	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	
Bird	0	0	0	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	
Anderssen	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	
Englehorn	0	0	0	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	
Paulsen	0	0	0	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	
Rosenthal	0	0	0	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	
Mas	0	0	0	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	
Clerk	0	0	0	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	
Gifford	0	0	0	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	
Pittselli	0	0	0	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	
Redd	0	0	0	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	0½	
Total	0½	5½	1½	9	9	9½	10½	10½	13½	13½	18½	19½	

PORTABLE TURKISH BATHS.—The advantages of Lubin's portable Turkish baths are many, and their ready sale proves them to be in high favor with the public. They are to be had for a low figure, there is not the danger of infection common to public baths, the stifling hot room is done away with, the heat or vapor being confined about the patient by a water-proof cloak, and the work of the medicinal agencies is thorough in entering rapidly the pores of the skin. Skin diseases, catarrh, rheumatism, neuralgia, fever and ague, dyspepsia and asthma are among the many diseases that yield under proper treatment in this bath through the medicinal agents supplied with it.

FOREST AND STREAM will be sent for fractions of a year as follows: Six months, \$3; three months, \$1. To clubs of two or more, \$3 per annum.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Communications.

A number of anonymous correspondents will understand why their queries are not answered, when they read the lines at the head of this column.

B. M. S., La Grange.—Know nothing about the puppies advertised.

DATTON, O.—Read the line immediately beneath the heading of this department.

G. L. R., San Antonio.—Hallock's "Gazetteer" costs \$3, \$4, or \$5, according to binding.

A. T., Philadelphia.—This is such a special case that we could not advise you. Better call on a local surgeon.

C. C., Philadelphia.—For books on clog dancing and hanjo playing send to Fish & Simpson, Nassau St., N. Y.

J. B., Boston.—Game is getting very scarce about the settled parts of West Texas. So our latest advices inform us.

JACK, N. Y.—Send for what repairs you want to Mr. Squires, No. 1 Cortlandt st., N. Y. It will be done in excellent style.

M. D., Dedham.—The number of shots you give is only a fair, not a good pattern. It ought to be fully 200. Shot concentrations do no harm.

H. R., New York.—Large and small displacement are only relative terms. No strict line can be drawn between the two—they merge into one another.

A. C. T., Ashtabula, O.—In his late English matches Capt. Bogardus used a Scott gun, 10 lbs.; with two sets of barrels, one 10 gauge, the other 13 gauge.

J. T. G., Gaylorsville.—You have sent us the real helgramites. If you could find some one who could collect them they might be sold for bait in New York.

CONSTANT READER, Paterson, N. J.—We have no record of when Iaine first shot on the stage. Think it was not much previous to the date you mention.

H. W. A., Byron, Mich.—The name you mention is that of a maker in excellent repute. Yours of their make compare favorably with those you mention.

G. W. B., Lancaster, O.—1 and 2 a most reliable person, and manufactures excellent guns; can be relied on. 3. 3½ measured drs. of Dittmar, 1½ oz. shot.

A. A. A., Port Perry, Ont.—There exists no work on steam-yacht building. Our back files will furnish much information on the subject, especially in No. 19, Vol. X.

BERGEN SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF GAME, N. J.—Are chimney swallows insectivorous birds, and as such entitled to the protection of the game laws? Ans. Most certainly.

M. B., Batavia, O.—It is contrary to our oft-expressed rule to discriminate between guns. We can only refer you to our advertising columns, which represent the best guns made.

R. R., New York.—Please give the address of the Secretary of the Columbia Rifle Range, just opened in New Jersey. Ans. John Kennel, Secty. Columbia Rifle Range. Bergen Heights, N. J.

C. R., Albany, N. Y.—Will you give the kindness to inform me what shooting there is in the immediate vicinity of Bloomington, Ill. Ans. There is excellent pinnated grouse shooting on the prairies.

L., Winslow, Ill.—We have already stated that Dr. Carver's eyes were all right. The programme of his exhibitions was published in our paper last week. Any letters for him should be sent to us.

C. A. T., Glenville, Conn.—Much obliged for sending the fish eggs, which we would gladly have studied them, but they arrived in such a broken and decomposed condition, that they were unrecognizable.

A. R., Akron, O.—Will you give me the address of a good firm of which to purchase waterproof dog for hunting with? Ans. See our advertising column. The firms who there present their goods are reliable.

S. G. V., Lancaster, O.—Brainerd, Minn., is a most excellent center for large and small game, moose, deer, all kinds of wild fowl, grouse, etc. We have received no late news from the locality, but hardly think that you could miss finding good sport there.

F. C. P., Lowell, Mass.—The half-breed Indian, John Logan, who lives at Half-Way River, on the Basin, near Parrsboro, Nova Scotia, is an excellent guide to the Tantramar Marshes. You may write for information to Miss Wheeler, who keeps the Ottawa Hotel at Parrsboro.

Tan Hesi, Wilmington, N. C.—Can you suggest a substitute for Barbadoes Tar in cough remedy? It cannot be obtained here, belonging apparently, to a past age. Ans. There is no particular virtue in Barbadoes Tar; any other pyrogenous substance would answer the same end.

R. D., Kingston, Miss.—Can you procure for me, and at what price, "Gen. B. L. E. Bonneville's Exploring Expedition Beyond the Rocky Mountains," written by Washington Irving? Ans. Yes; it would be a second-hand book, in good order, and we could send it to you for \$1.50.

N. B.—Two errors occur—typographical (ones)—in our "Answers to Correspondents" last week. To "J. P." of St. Paul's, the printer made the dog have "felous on his eyes." Please read "felms." "J. W. W." of Baltimore, will be kind enough to understand that "dyspepsia" is printed "dropsy."

S. G., Dayton.—My pointer is seriously affected with sneezing, and makes efforts to clear his throat. Have given him sulphur. Indicate treatment. Dog 4 years old. Ans. It is one of the sequels of distemper. Sulphur occasionally is good, also give 2 grains of quinine 3 times a day for a week or two.

W. F. P., Peekskill.—My puppy 5 months old, has a catarrh. When he was born both his eyes were covered, but one has disappeared. How may I remove it? Ans. This is a special case, and will require an oculist to attend to it. We should think a young surgeon in your neighborhood, for the lesson it would teach, would be glad to coach your dog.

B. E. F., Harrisburg.—My setter gyp, 3 years old, is troubled with sore ears. Tips become inflamed, and break out, discharging matter. Coat harsh; nose warm. Will you suggest a cure? Ans. Reduce diet to a minimum, and increase exercise. Use some contrivance to keep the ears from being shaken, and keep them clean, inside and out. If there is discharge, pour in a little diluted lead water daily.

B. AND F., Meriden.—Our Irish setter, 3 years old, has sore eyes. Begun troubling him about 11 months since. One of them is now well,

but the other is giving trouble. There is a continual watery discharge, and slightly inflamed. He licks it rubbed with the hand, and often brushes his paw over it. Ans. Wash the eyes with warm water several times a day, and use a lotion of 2 grs. alum to 1 oz. water three times a day.

CONSTANT READER, Evansville, Ind.—How can I restore the beautiful figure or twist, such as can be seen on a new English double gun? Is sulphuric acid good to distinguish genuine wire twist guns from fictitious ones? What is good for removing rust without scraping? Ans. 1. Honestly we cannot give the mixture. We have recommended several things, but we are afraid that browling must be done by an expert. 2. Yes. 3. You must use mechanical means. A wire brush is good.

A SUBSCRIBER, U. S. Monitor "Mahopae."—Have a pointer 11 months old; has not had distemper; is strong, with good appetite. About a month ago he seemed tender about the head. Shaking. Soon came discharge from his ears, which still continues. Have used Castile soap. What shall I do? Ans. After washing out the ears pour in a little weak lead water, which you can procure from any druggist. Keep the lotion in the ear for a minute or two. The dog has cancer of the ear. Reduce his diet.

INQUIRER, Bradford, Pa.—By chambering buckshot for a choke-bore the following is meant: As the muzzle of a choke-bore is smaller than the breech if the chambering was done at the breech with large shot, in firing they would jam at the muzzle. To obviate this, take a wad which will fit the muzzle, and put on that the requisite number of buck shot to cover it, and use in the shell just that number, by count or measure. It makes no difference in a choke-bore as to the danger, whether small or big shot is used, there can be no liability to accident.

F. F. P., Chatham Village, N. Y.—Have we a right to take brook trout (catching them with a net) from one stream in the same county to another for the purpose of stocking said stream without breaking the law? Ans. Chapter 721, § 19, Laws State of New York, reads: "No person shall at any time catch any speckled trout with any device save that of angling, except in waters which are wholly private, etc." You cannot legally net the trout, though, of course, your intentions are of the most honorable character. It is one of those cases where the innocent must suffer for the guilty. You can procure trout fry from the ponds advertised in our columns, and from Seth Green.

R., Montreal.—Do you think a young man (city bred) could find employment on a sheep farm in Texas? If so, would you advise him to go there, serve for a time, and then start on his own account, capitalizing? What are the chances? How? Or can you refer him to some one posted in the matter? Ans. That depends altogether upon the young man's disposition, grit, present condition, prospects, etc. There is certainly success to be attained by an enterprising person in Texas sheep-culture. "R" could undoubtedly find employment on a sheep farm, and that would be the sensible way to go to work. We can perhaps put him in communication with the proper parties.

M., Wells Beach, Me.—Have been using an old Colt's navy revolver to shoot partridges and rabbits about camp with. On firing a shot three of the barrels went off at the same time, a piece of bullet from the left chamber struck the skin from my thumb. Can you in any way account for three barrels of a revolver going off at one time. Ans. It might arise from the cap exploding and firing the other two. Sometimes the nipples are rusted, so that there is direct communication with the chambers other than directly through the centre of them. Old revolving arms should be discarded. Some bad accidents occur from them. When they were new they were safe, but old age has made them infirm.

J. B. H., Buffalo.—My cocker, 7 months old, has behaved strangely. About 10 or 12 weeks ago it would walk in my absence overfed him. Got sick, but was cured. About three weeks ago hair fell off inside of his thighs. Scabby lumps appeared; cancer came in his ears; had dead. But worse than all, he seems moody and sullen; and snarled at me. Won't play romps with him. Is scrofulous and looks wild in his ears. Ans. Every precaution should be taken to guard the dog safely. Your not believing in rabies will not avert serious consequences therefrom, and the symptoms you give are very unpleasant ones. Our treatment of the dog seems good in the main. Try the effect of kerosene well rubbed in where the itching is, and continue general treatment.

L. F., Eldridge Sp.—For a centre-fire cartridge than can be reloaded a number of times (of the Winchester Repeater) what kind of powder is best? Is Dittmar good? Could a party of two young men make it pay to trap and hunt out West? How is it that Indians are reported to be starving when there is plenty of game out West? Is it the Winchester Repeater used by a great many hunters? Where can a Spencer Repeater be bought, and who are the agents? A. 1. Use FG powder. Rifle shells have not yet been tried with Dittmar. 2. Hard to say not unless familiar with the business. 3. Indians are not always in good hunting grounds. 4. Yes. 5. The Spencer no longer manufactured. Can be bought second-hand in a great many places.

NICK, Wolf Run.—In asking for black bass, using helgramites, should a sinker be used to keep the bait to the bottom, or not? My two pointer pups 10 months old weigh respectively 65 and 52 pounds. What do you think of the weight and how does it compare with standard? They are thoroughbred. What make of gun did Marsh use at the New York Convention? Is Ed. Tinker living yet? If so, does he shoot from the trap still? What is the reputation of Grubb & Co., of Philadelphia, as dealers? Ans. 1. On the surface, floating on the top of the water. Give it movement. 2. You must have very large dogs for their age. Rather big for standard of pointers over 10 pounds. 3. Cannot say, but from information understand it was a muzzle-loader. 4. Tinker lives in Providence, well and hearty. Does not shoot much. 5. Among the most reliable of houses.

TENPENNY NAILS.—A correspondent writes from Philadelphia: "In your paper of July 18, answering 'C. W.' inquiry, you say the ternus sixpenny, eight penny, etc., as applied to nails 'is supposed to be derived from the fact that in early times so many nails were sold for a penny.' That this is erroneous is evident when you consider that they could not give more large than small nails for a penny, but vice versa. I have also seen it suggested that the term is derived from nails having been formerly sold at so many pennies per pound, according to size; but this of course is equally fallacious. A more probable solution is that nails in early times, hand made, were sold at so many pence per 100, still another solution, which I rather favor, is that sixpenny, eight penny, etc., is a corruption of six pound, eight pound, etc., referring to the number of pounds to 1,000 nails; thus designating weight rather than price. It is so now with 'backs,' four oz., six oz., to the 1,000. If this isn't, it is about the best I can think of for it would give a positive gauge for size with all makers and for all time."—We thank our correspondent for his suggestions, though it is all pretty much the same thing. *Si non e vero e ben trovato.*

MATCHLESS.—We have been in an extemporized brush camp before now, when everything was so thoroughly soaked that we could only light our matches by biting the brimstone end. We should not have done this had we been provided with Taylor's self-lighting match safe. —[See adv.]

TRUE MANLINESS.

WE are over-disposed to the use of cant terms. The adjective "true" united to inwardness, has apparently disgraced the former quite simple word. We wish then to invoke no sooner when we speak of true manliness, for it is a quality, which in a certain degree seems to be quite disappearing in our cities. The possession of it is limited, and its absence is absolutely hurtful. We call true manliness that which exerts itself at the proper time, which cannot be restrained and is regardless of profession or surroundings. Mr. Trollope shows what true manliness—English manliness—is, in one of his best novels. A nobleman calls the daughter of a clergyman a degrading name, right in her father's face, and the man of God, despite his high buttoned waistcoat, his white cravat, and all the tenets of the Church of England, knocks down with his good fist the brutal filthier of a woman's reputation. Of course we do not espouse fists, but still occasions do present themselves when their use seems to be called upon. Do any of our readers remember how some weeks ago, in an excursion party in a New England State, some roughs captured the whole train and grossly insulted the women, and how all the men save one took it like lambs, even more quietly than did the women? Such a thing we are quite certain never could have occurred in England. There would not have been a pistol or a knife drawn, but fists would have been used, and the cause of right and manhood would have prevailed. In New York, insults to women in cars are not infrequent. Vulgar, coarse brutality is shown as often by some hectoring bully to men as to women. It mostly passes unheeded. It is quite possible that an unoffending car conductor has blows belabored on him, and not a soul in the car says a word for him. We seem most of us in the cities to have become utterly callous and indifferent about such matters, and a lack of manhood is quite evident. Foreigners who have noticed the impassable way in which insults are given and taken even in conversation are often amazed. They seek in vain for the American spirit. The reply generally made is that pistols are so much carried that an interference might result in death. We do not believe it. Dastards who insult women are always cowards and shrink like curs before true manhood. What is true is this, that we are all getting to have that perfect indifference about other people, and other's welfare, which is the peculiar, unfortunate outgrowth of those who dwell in large cities. We long to hear in the public prints of some one who may take the matter in his own hands, and, using the might which God gives to an honest man, soundly thrash these low curs who disgrace the community. We want occasionally a little more good English knock downs. It may be very coarse, and animal, and cant may call it what it pleases, but this kind of muscular manhoodism keeps bounds in check, and they behave themselves through fear of personal chastisement. We don't desire to hear the click of the pistol nor to see the gleam of the knife, but there are circumstances when men should not be afraid of them. The knowledge that a man has his sinews and muscles perfectly at his command, hardened and supplied by training and athletic exercises, can never be shown to a greater advantage than when it squelches ruffianism.

THE "DECLINE OF RIFLE PRACTICE."

There has been a growing apprehension, and the feeling has found utterance in the public press, that rifle practice in America is declining. It is asserted that the work of the past five years was a mere flurry on the part of a few enthusiasts, who, with their new-found zeal, pushed the sport further than the old steady shooters had ever hoped to carry it, and then, withdrawing, left no successors to carry on the sport. This compound statement is at once true and untrue. It is a fact that modern rifle practice in America sprang from a soil where nothing of the sort had before existed. There had been shooting in America. In town and country, from the Maine woods to the foremost pioneer shot in the West, there was rifle shooting by all grades and conditions; but it was all special. There was no scientific grasping of the problem of marksmanship, no freedom from rut-work, but each rifleman did a certain style of work and looked on as a stranger when other classes of shooters stepped out. The army, in its regular and volunteer divisions, while it was the greatest rifle field in the country, was at the same time the most neglected. In this condition of affairs, the promoters of modern rifle practice entered into public notice and began that crusade which no one will deny has been most magnificently successful. It was fostered by all who, seeing the importance of a knowledge of the use of firearms, did what they could to promote the success of the movement. The press did service, and no small amount, and military men, with some few exceptions, took hold of the new idea with a vim, if not always with discretion. If they did nothing more, they pointed the need of the practice they had set themselves to take, by the public exhibition of their deficiencies. The young plant may have been overworked, may have been strained in certain directions, while complete and healthy development was not attended to. There were international matches and victories, too, on a field where the poorest quality of military practice might have been seen. The people were dazzled by great scores, by comparisons which left the records of the past years of marksmanship absolutely "nowhere;" and then when that particular class of rifle work, in which, as a matter of course, but few can or ever will engage, shows signs of settling down to a uniform living rate, the cry is set up that

rifle shooting is declining. What is the pleasure of a few is taken as an indication of the course of the many. As well were it to say, because a yacht club is disbanded, or all of them for that matter, that the commerce of the nation has been scattered and destroyed, despite the fact that the navy had never been stronger. Should every race track on the land be closed, the use of horses would go on. An effect might be traced in the breed of draught animals, but it would be unfair to say that the use of horses was an obsolete one. If rifle ranges, or any particular range, finds its patronage falling off, the managers had better look to themselves before jumping to the conclusion that all interest in practice had fallen away. One range may be choked to death by niggardly railroad accommodation. Another may have its life blood sucked out by a plague of mosquitoes, and there are some bits of wilderness, dignified by the name of ranges, which are virtually but little better than the original wild. It is not surprising that patrons should become scarce, but it is indeed surprising that the real trouble should not be at once apparent.

Were every range in the United States closed this very hour, and not a single shot fired in practice for a decade, the money, time and effort spent were well expended. An impression has been made, and an example set, which would work good for twelve years. In the ranks of the militia the service has been wonderfully strengthened in self-confidence, and in the good opinion of the civilian public, by what of rifle practice has already been carried out. An example of this was seen in the handling of the impending labor riots in this State, and an example, *per contra*, in the mangling of the actual labor riot in an adjoining State, where rifle practice was an unknown art. Should American rifle practice cease, have we not done a permanent good in dropping the leavens of "system," "position" and "rifle" among the English shooters? What matter is it that we have no international match this year if we see our problems worked out before British butts? We are not an Irishman, or we should say that American rifle practice is carried on in Great Britain.

It does look just now as if rifle practice was on the decline, if we are to judge by the fancy (yet important) item of long-range work; but take the result of the season's work, compare the military record of this year with the past, study the reports of the General Inspector of Rifle Practice, and, if there be a fair ratio of progress here, count not the year ill-spent. A wise rule, if it could be enforced, would restrict long-range butts to one range in ten; but when an over-confident company of managers burden themselves with the long-range elephant, they crush out the hardy growth of short and mid-range work in staggering beneath their load.

We cannot always have a great match on the tapis, nor would it be for the best interests of American practice to have such. There is enough to be done without such distracting pastimes, and there is enough doing to justify the remark that American rifle practice is growing, strengthening and solidifying, and not declining.

SHARKS IN NEW YORK WATERS.

THE case of Charles Gates, who was terribly mangled last week by a shark while he was swimming near the Erie Breakwater, Brooklyn, in the East River, has excited a great deal of alarm. Such presence of man-eating sharks in the proximity of New York is almost exceptional. About two years ago a man was reported to have been bitten by a shark off Coney Island, but if facts there were, they were in so hazy a condition that nothing very reliable could be deduced from them. In Gates' case the boy was not very far from the breakwater, when he felt one of his legs seized, and if it had not been for the coolness of his comrade, Arthur Cole, Gates would have been lost. Cole took a large stone and was adroit enough to strike the shark on the head. Even then the horrible creature was not fully induced to leave his prey, but made a second attack. Finally Cole dragged Gates out of the water. The shark's teeth had fearfully gashed the boy, inflicting some painful and dangerous wounds. From the crest of the ilium on the right side to the anterior part of the thigh, there was a wound quite eleven inches long. Over the femoral artery there was a cut, and the abdomen was gashed. On the right side the ribs showed the mark of teeth, where they had penetrated to the bone. The appearance of the wound was like that which might have been inflicted with a very dull cutting tool, for the peculiarity of a shark bite seems to be that it rather resembles a tear than an incision. In 1864 a well authenticated case is recorded of a young Brice, who, while swimming near Thirty-seventh street, North River, was bitten by a shark. The boy's flesh was torn from the thigh down to the knee, both legs having been terribly bitten. He recovered entirely, though badly hurt at the time. The shark was captured in the immediate neighborhood a day or so afterward, and measured eight feet nine inches. There is another account quite truthful, we believe, of a lad of seventeen, who, in 1865, near Greenport, while swimming in the Sound, was attacked by a shark, and after having been badly bitten was saved by some men in a schooner. Peter Johnson showed no less than thirty-four wounds, and the abdomen and groin were very much mangled, "the flesh being torn off and left hanging by the skin only, nothing but a thin lining membrane of the abdomen keeping in the entrails." Old accounts state that one hundred years ago very large sharks were found in both the North and East rivers. Mr. De Voe, the careful collector of past events, writes: "Many years ago, when sharks were taken at our wharves, and especially near the Catharine



A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAMES, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INDOLENT IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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CHARLES HALLOCK, Editor.

T. C. BANKS,

S. H. TURRILL, Chicago,

Business Manager.

Western Manager.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS FOR THE COMING WEEK.

Friday, Aug. 16.—Beverly Y. C. Union Regatta at Cotuit, Mass. O'Donnell-Groty Sculling Race. Trotting: Mendota, Ill.; Utica, N. Y.; Geneseo, Ill.

Saturday, Aug. 17.—Beverly Y. C. Special Regatta, at Cotuit, Mass.; Union Regatta, off Strawberry Point, Mass., New Rochelle Club Open Regatta; Grand Trunk Rowing Club Club Regatta, at Montreal, Can.

Sunday, Aug. 19.—Quincy (Mass.) Yacht Club Championship Race.

Tuesday, Aug. 20.—National Rowing Regatta, at Newark, N. J. Trotting at Earlville, Ill.

Wednesday, Aug. 21.—National Regatta as above. Trotting at Newark, N. Y., and Earlville, Mich.

Thursday, Aug. 22.—Trotting as above.

Mr. HALLOCK.—Mr. Hallock is now on the Manistee River, Michigan, in company with A. B. Turner, of the Grand Rapids Eagle, Judge S. T. Holmes, and D. H. Fitzhugh, of Bay City, after grayling.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.—A firm dealing in sportsmen's goods complains to us of the frequent receipt of abusive missives from distant and careless customers who are themselves in the wrong. The self-deceiving people who order fishing rods and flea powder, and forget to inclose the money for the same, or to give their name and address, are not the only ones given to such proceedings. We have now in our safe something like \$70, which we have received from time to time, and which, owing to the peculiarities, eccentricities and idiosyncrasies of peculiar, eccentric and idiosyncratic correspondents, is of no immediate use to themselves or to us. One man, woman, or child sends us \$4, and forgets to sign his or her name; another sends an order to some one other than the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, and circumstances combine with the United States Postal Regulations to relegate that order to our safe. All of which proves that while a word to the wise is more than sufficient, the vocabulary of no one language will suffice to instill wisdom into the heart of a fool.

or Old Fly Market, it was a treat for some old negroes, who were not long in cutting out the choice pieces, if the shark was small, for their own particular use." In 1751 the New York *Gazette* and *Weekly Post Boy* tells of three men who were upset in a canoe, when a large shark came up. The man "was undoubtedly devoured by the ravenous monster," says the old chronicler, "as he never was seen again."

In the case which occurred last week it is wonderful that no attempts were made to capture the man-eater. This would not have been a difficult task, as a strong hook and a one-half inch line would have soon done the business. That peculiar portion of the East River would have been gotten rid of a monster, and what kind of shark it was would have been discovered. We are inclined to think that the sharks which have shown their voracious instincts are the young of the white sharks, which abound in the tropics, and which find their way very rarely into our northern waters. The geographical limit of fish is always difficult to determine. We are pretty sure that it is now the ordinary blue shark, or *Squalus obscurus*, which is comparatively harmless. The white shark, the dread of the tropical seas, will grow to be 20 to 35 feet long. The largest shark is the basking shark, found in his biggest form off Iceland. But though armed with dreadful teeth, his gullet is too small to allow of his swallowing anything of size, and he is supposed, then, to be a good shark, if there can be good sharks in a social sense. These sharks have their great use in nature's economy, for all of them are the scavengers of the ocean.

There has been a great deal of discussion as to whether a shark is a ground or a surface feeder. It has been asserted of the white shark, that such is his frightful rapacity, that everything which comes within his reach possessing life is snatched up and devoured. For man this peculiar shark is supposed to have a deadly coming, and when once human flesh has been tasted, like the man-eating tiger, he always expects a recurrence of a similar prey. It is providential that he is so constructed that there are mechanical difficulties in his way of biting, and that he must turn over in order to use his fearful mouth, all bristling with fangs. Those who have noticed white sharks state that fish swimming in their vicinity are safe; but that let one of the swimmers be caught, and struggle on the hook, then instantly the shark pounces on it. When a man is swimming or floundering in the water the condition of the man and fish are alike, for they, attracting notice, apparently excite the rapacity and appetite of the shark.

HEAVY WEATHER YACHTS.

WE are in receipt of many requests, both from the coast line and the lakes, to furnish in our columns designs for deep yachts of a suitable kind that can take the open sea without danger, and that can turn to windward effectively in rough water. The present crowded condition of our pages renders it impossible for us to satisfy the demand, and our inquirers are referred to our columns in the future. The season is already pretty well advanced, and it would be impossible to launch anything new this year, but we propose making it a point to supply the requisite plans during the fall and early winter months. It is with great pleasure that we notice the increasing tendency of the yachting public toward sea-going craft. The limits of the Sound and Boston Harbor are evidently becoming too confined, and the more venturesome amateurs are extending their cruising grounds along the coast, and some of them would put boldly out to sea had they but craft under them they felt confidence in. Only recently a party of gentlemen proposed a trip around Long Island, and chartered a yacht some 45ft. long. The question with them was—and a natural one, too—can the boat stand a sea in the event of a blow from the S? Our reply was decidedly "No." What a pitiable spectacle this yacht would have cut in a gale and a heavy swell, with Long Beach for a lee shore! To go to sea and risk a blow in the yacht was sheer recklessness, for it meant nothing short of probable destruction. Fortunately, the run is not a long one, and by taking one's chances on the weather remaining fine for a day or two, it has often enough been successfully accomplished. Yet that is no proof of the sea-going ability of the centre-board sloop. Think of an unseaworthy yacht in Great Britain 45ft. long! Such a thing does not exist. A cutter of that length is fit to sail the world over, is safe, can stow crew and provisions, is handy and fast at sea. Such boats can honestly become a sailor's pride; for mere river yachts he is apt to have little love or respect. We note the gradual change in favor of the seaworthy model, then, with pleasure.

TURNFATHER JAHN.

ONE hundred years ago last Sunday, in the little village of Land, Prussia, was born Friedrich Ludwig Jahn, the father of the Turnkunst, or German systematic course of physical culture. That event was appropriately celebrated Sunday and Monday last throughout "The Old Fatherland," and not less enthusiastically by the 18,000 Turners, men, women and children, and their friends in "The New Fatherland." In Boston, New York, Baltimore, St. Louis, and a score of other cities, the two days were given up to processions and parades, calisthenic drills, athletic sports in gaily-decked park and hall; running, jumping, wrestling, climbing, feats on the horizontal and perpendicular bars, Indian clubs and broadsword exercises, and all the other muscular amusements in the programme of the Turn-Vereins. There were,

besides, the unveiling of portraits, statues and buste of Jahn, commemorative orations, declamations and poems; the singing of songs, in which the air of "Die Wacht am Rhine" blended with strains of "The Star Spangled Banner," and the drinking of innumerable toasts in innumerable schooners of beer. The lager, indeed, flowed continuously, toasts or no toasts.

Ludwig Jahn, the hero of all this gymnastic, intellectual and gastronomic outburst, was graduated with distinction at the University, and was destined by his father, a Lutheran clergyman, for the ministry; but young Jahn, having served his time with credit in the army, and, seeing there his country's need of more stalwart sons for the national defence, set about developing the Teutonic muscle. At his suggestion classes of physical culture were established in schools and in the army, of which he was appointed the general inspector. Then came the establishment of the first Turner Society, and these gymnasia rapidly multiplied throughout the various parts of Germany. Political trouble came, and with it a term of imprisonment, and the suppression of the schools on a charge of liberal tendencies. But our hero finally found his way out of his embarrassments and his prison, and the value of his life-work to the nation was publicly recognized by a permanent pension. Jahn died full of years and honors in 1852. A monument in Berlin commemorates his life and services. His best monument is his admirable system of physical training, whose principles and practices he taught, and the stalwart Teuton frame, which has been no mean factor in the recent history of the German people.

"OLD ABE" VINDICATED.

NOT a feather of his plumage would we ruffle, and we hasten to refute the slanders concerning the veteran old war eagle of the Dunn County, Wis., soldiers. Here in America we refuse to have any national heroes among the men who, in war and peace, have served their country, and the brutes who have won for themselves a transient place in the crumbling niche of fame, must be content to fare no better. The Steed of Odin may be sung in the Sagas of the Norsemen, but of the hero of "Sheridan's Ride" the General himself has remarked that had the poet seen the poor wreck of a horse which figures so valiantly in rhyme he would never have written the poem. The vigilant Geese of the Capital may be accorded immortality by grateful Romans, but an American bird, be he goose or eagle, may not hope for untarnished fame. In the ill-natured breast of some unscrupulous iconoclast has arisen the widely current charge that the eagle of the Centennial was not only not the only true and original "Old Abe," but that he was no eagle at all, but a gull.

Wisconsin veterans read the papers, particularly the *Forest and Stream*, and their watchful eyes have been quick to detect the newspaper stories reflecting upon the fair name of their old war friend. In no uncertain tones do they demand an investigation of his record, and a recognition of his and their own integrity. Moreover, the whole State of Wisconsin is behind them, prepared to substantiate and enforce the claim that "Old Abe" shall not be relegated to the category of woolly horses and stone giants. The piercing eyes we saw at the Centennial had scanned the field of battle. The photographs we bought were those of the real hero, now full of grey feathers and glory.

Last year "Old Abe" attended the reunion of the veterans of Dunn County, Wis., as he will do again next month, and was then among members of his own company, all of whom recognized him by certain peculiarities and wounds. Among others, Mr. David McLean, who was for a long time one of his bearers in the war, saw him, recognized him, and was himself recognized in turn by the eagle.

Peace to his declining years. Our readers shall hear from him again.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.] THE MOUNTAINOUS REGION OF VIRGINIA.

ORKNEY SPRINGS, SHENANDOAH CO., Va., }
August 2, 1878. }

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Driven from Washington by the oppressive heat I sought the cool and invigorating atmosphere of Orkney, at the base of North Mountain, 2,900 feet above tide water, where I have been residing during the past month. Man requires relaxation from the cares of a busy life, and to my mind there is no more rational way of adding to the vigor of his mental, as well as his physical, condition than by enjoying the sports of rod and gun, which must lead him to commune with nature, study all her revelations, "and look through nature up to nature's God." Would that it were possible for me by any florid word-painting to describe to the ardent and enthusiastic admirer the scenery of this charming country; the pleasure experienced ere the morning sun appears above the neighboring mountain-top, as I throw open my chamber window to hear the feathered songsters usher in the matin hour. Here they are unmolested by the rude hand which so often drives them from the neighborhood of thickly-settled communities. Here the mountain-sides echo the songs and chirpings of the thrushes, fly-catchers, vireos, finches, buntings, grosbeaks, and chats flitting from tree to tree, scattering the dew-drops in tiny showers. Here the little chipping sparrow, *spizella socialis*, hops upon your window-sill, in joyful expectancy of his morning meal. The grateful odor of the woods, the balmy and bracing atmosphere as the morning sun illuminates the

oazy mountain-top are pleasures which form a lasting impression upon the tablet of our memory.

The surrounding country is filled with game of every description. Far up the mountain-side, where he is seldom disturbed by the intrusions of man, dwells the black bear, *Ursus americanus*, living upon berries, acorns and such other food as he can find; but sometimes he boldly descends from his mountain fastness to raid a neighboring corn-field or turnip patch, or perchance the farmer's pig-sty may receive a call from Bruin, who, never averse to a dainty meal, helps himself to the first little porker he meets. One of the characteristics of the black bear is his delight in a cold water bath, and if a pool does not happen to be convenient, a mud-hole will answer his purpose. The principal spring at Orkney, the mineral ingredients of which are sulphates of magnesia and iron, is known by the euphonious name of "Bear Wallow," because it was herein that they rolled and weltered ere the encroachments of man drove them from the valleys far up the surrounding mountain-sides. In the cold water bath, too, deer, *Cervus virginianus*, range over the forest-covered mountainsides and enjoy their noonday siestas in undisturbed tranquillity; but as my experience in the pursuit of this game is somewhat limited, I will not attempt any description of a deer-chase here; rather would I interest your readers in the smaller game, so abundant in this section. The wild turkey, *Meleagris gallopavo*, finds here plenty of cover wherein to roost unmolested. That game and delicious bird, the autocretic turkey, *Bonasa umbellus*, the wildest but most desirable of all our game birds, struts over his rough haunts beneath cover, almost impenetrable to man, but frequently leaves his secluded abode for some grain-field in the vicinity, wherein he is often flushed and killed. In this section they are hunted to a great extent on horseback, and when flushed in the woods light upon some neighboring tree, from which they are easily and gracefully dropped. This manner of killing them may be considered unsportsmanlike by some, but I am not of that opinion. When we remember that the grouse will not lie to a dog; that oftentimes the only knowledge we have of his presence is the sudden whirr when he gets up, *sans ceremonie*, and darts through the thick woods. To my mind it is legitimate to drop him on sight, no matter whether we find him strutting over his ground, pluming himself, or dodging through the branches of trees. All over the mountain-side the piping of the timid gray squirrel may be heard, and these dreamy summer days, from the valleys below, comes the piping of Bob White, *Ortyx virginianus*, the gourmand now reveling in the stubble fields, from which the golden grain has just been garnered. All down the rich Shenandoah Valley, over hundreds of a stubble field, the partridge disports, unmolested by man, fully protected by the art game, and in my state, which forbids a warfare upon his species until the first of November. But soon "the autumn, all in yellow clad," will be here, and the thoughtful sportsman will not forget this epistle. The close season for ruffed grouse expired on Thursday, August 1. The young birds are now well grown and exceedingly juicy. The close season for deer expires on the 15th of October. There have been no heavy storms this summer to drown young partridges, and, brethren, we may look forward to good shooting when the leaves shall have withered and the groves "shine with silver frost."

Among the sports much enjoyed by several of the guests at Orkney, is that of catching frogs in Stony Creek, a small stream near the springs, in which large ones suitable for the table are often captured. I may be called a frog-eating Frenchman by those who are prejudiced against frogs, but I do not object to the appellation, as my state forbids the use of mercurial Gault; but I could never understand why this prejudice should exist. It will not be denied that the food of a frog consists of insects and various water roots and grasses. He is much more fastidious in his tastes than a duck or even a chicken, and his liver is more palatable than that of either. However, it is not my purpose to enter into a disquisition as to the delicacy of frogs. Most sportsmen will agree with me that a properly cooked frog makes a most savory dish. Our frogging expeditions are generally managed by Mr. Chas. P. Gautier, of Washington, who is an expert in grabbing frogs, which must be done skillfully, or he gives a sudden squeak and disappears. The only implements necessary for a frogging expedition are an ordinary lantern with a reflector behind it, a stick five or six feet long with eighteen inches of stout wire attached to the end, and a light angle with the stick. To this wire a closter of three or four hooks is fastened, with which the frog can be taken when beyond arm's length. A stout canvass bag, in which to carry the captured frogs, with a cord fixed in the opening so as to close it quickly, completes the outfit. As to dress, any old garments will do, with a heavy pair of wading boots. The frogs, during warm nights, sit upon the banks of the stream and about pools. To capture them it is necessary that the hunters make as little noise as possible. Of course they must wade the creek, one with the lantern leading, and another to grab the frog following in his steps. The light is thrown upon either bank of the stream, which blinds the frog, and he is easily discovered by the white beneath his lower jaw, which shows conspicuously. If within reach he is suddenly grabbed and shipped into the bag; or, if his position be such that he cannot be readily taken up with the hand, the stick and hooks above described, if properly manipulated, take him from his element. The next sport is in removing the frogs from the bag to skin them, and a good deal of skill is required to prevent the whole number from hopping out at one time. The skinning process is performed by cutting around the neck and holding the frog by the head with the left hand, stripping the skin from him with the right; then hand him over to the cook.

R. F. B.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.] GLORIOUS OLD GLOUCESTER, VIRGINIA.

WARE RECTORY, Gloucester Co., Va., }
August 2, 1878. }

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Your correspondent finds himself in the very pick of all the counties of tide-water Virginia. Talk about the Garden of the Gods in Colorado! why, here is the true Garden of the Gods. Those mundane and real gods I mean, who know how to enjoy the best gifts of the Creator and to appreciate the happiness of this subliminary life. Indeed, Gloucester and Matthews Counties are favored spots of earth for all who love what the water, the air and the fertile soil bring forth.

Get a good big map of Virginia and hunt for Mob-Jack Bay, called in Capt. John Smith's time Mock Jack Bay, because it did so puzzle the seaman with its manifold tributaries. You

Four prizes:							
L I Hepburn	73	A C Gates	61				
C B Kleer	71	H Hamilton	59				
M Cooper	70	M Cooper	58				
L Eggston	67	R B Pomeroy	57				
W Smith, Jr.	67	W H Nicholoy	56				
F Garlock	63	F Chapman	55				
The competition of the 9th was for a special military rifle, presented by Sharps Rifle Co. and \$50 in four prizes:							
L I Hepburn	67	52	129	W Smith, Jr.	66	51	107
M Cooper	65	52	127	E B Elliot	60	44	104
F F Natten	60	48	114	W H Nicholoy	58	45	98
L Eggston	56	46	114	W H Nicholoy	52	45	98
L F Garlock	53	46	111	H Hamilton	52	35	98

tell about it he adds another 100 yards to it to be sure of doing himself full justice. Now, the fact is that the deer was just about 200 yards, and the man who had no idea of distance, or took no time either before or after shooting to look over the intervening ground, or else it was of a nature to deceive him if he did. He only knows that he made a very fine long shot, and jumps at the distance through a fancy already misguided by the stereotyped forms of exaggeration to which he has been accustomed. But in the main fact—that he made a long shot, he is eminently correct, for 200 yards is a long shot on a deer with any rifle and on any ground, except the open plain, and it's a mighty good shot even there.

A good way to judge of what can be done in this way is to look over the 200-yard scores of the best Creedmoor off-hand riflemen; and here I may say, notwithstanding the popular belief to the contrary, that these scores are as good average scores as can be made by any one. The unquestionable superiority of the "Leather-Stocking" in shooting on game is because he can shoot about as well on game as he can at a target, which the mere target rifleman, however expert, cannot do for want of the coolness and knowledge of some few points, which he can acquire only by experience in the field. Now, take the best of these scores, and recollect that it requires a 5-shot to kill with certainty; that nearly one-half of the 4-shots will miss a deer, or only break his leg; that almost every 3-shot will miss him; and that these scores are worthless. Then, in my mind, too, that these scores are made at a distance already known to a foot, and with a sight set to within one-hundredth of an inch at the greatest, and generally much closer, both of which conditions are unattainable in the field. Remember, also, that the white bull's-eye of eight inches, on a dark ground, is easier to hit than a twelve-inch one of the color of game on the background upon which (except on snow) is generally seen.

Now, the long-range bull's-eye is almost indispensable to use in our .40-calibres to have weight enough to be effective on large game in all positions begins to fall perceptibly from the line of the level sights at about 70 yards; at 100 yards is down some eight or ten inches; at 150 yards is from twenty to twenty-five inches below, and is then dropping about ten inches for the next twenty-five yards, and this drop rapidly increases. Except on snow, I know of no other principle upon which I do not claim to be perfectly taken to these figures, and I am sure that I know of no other. But what can one proceed to "bounce" me for my audacity in making such an assertion, I would suggest that he try the experiment at measured distances, with rifle sighted and held as he would sight and hold it to cut a squirrel's head at thirty paces.

This drop of the heavy ball cannot be overcome to any useful extent by increasing the charge of powder. I have never fired a Creedmoor bullet, yet I will venture to say, both on principle and on analogy, that its ball will fall seven inches at least at 100 yards, and I believe more, and at 150 yards will fall at least eight inches in twenty-five yards. The result of this drop is that at 200 yards a mistake of twenty-five yards either way, in the estimate of your distance, will cause you to miss a deer or antelope nearly every time, or only break a foreleg (rough, perhaps, both legs). Any one who will fire a 200-yard shot, even on open ground, with plenty of time to look over the intervening space, can readily see the difficulty of avoiding it in rough, brushy, hilly or timbered ground. And both the drop of the ball, and the difficulty of estimating distance, increase constantly with the distance, the latter trouble increasing at a geometrical ratio.

That very long shot on game are occasionally made is beyond question, and there are three ways in which it is done: First, by "scratch" shots; second, by game standing for sighting shots; and third, by skill in the calculation of distance, wind, etc. By scratch shots I mean such as Judge Gildersleeve speaks of in a late letter to the *FOREST AND STREAM*—killing a duck at half a mile. Just ten years ago last December I killed one out of two fish-ducks at the foot of Lake Pepin, and at over that distance at the very first shot. Five months later I fired at a bunch of gulls on a shore-bar, that were huddled in a space of about ten feet, and killed two with one ball. The bar was half a mile up the river by the bank, and about 500 yards from shore at that point. Both these shots were seen by several persons. They were made by a .40-cal. Maynard's rifle, which can not to-day be beaten or easily equalled by any rifle of its calibre and weight. I have no doubt that just such shots have been made by every one who has shot much with a long or mid-range gun, and there is no reason for doubting them; but when you come to draw any inference from them I protest. They prove scarcely anything, except the distance to which the rifle will throw the ball. Until a man can make such shots at least once in five or six times, they must be considered more a considerable element of skill in consideration, even though a considerable element of skill in consideration as pure accidents, as much as if I had carved off the head of a flying bird by throwing a jack-knife at it, although I must confess that I didn't say so to the bystanders.

The second way is by game standing for sighting shots. Where game is hunted but little, where you get in high above it, where the man who has the gun is such that the echo will bother it if it does not see you; and often, if it does see you, but can't make out what you are, it will stand either entirely still, while three or four balls strike over or under it, or else will only jump a few steps at each shot. In such a case the advantage of the breech-loader over a muzzle-loader, which might be a trifle more accurate, is immense. I have in this way killed several deer, and 200 yards, one at 350, and taken a leg on another at half a mile. But when a man has such things he generally takes good care not to tell how many sighting shots he fired before he hit it; and in the present case I shall follow the prevailing fashion, except to say that each time there were two tools well met, and the deer happened to be the biggest fool of the two. I ran the risk of losing every one, and could have got them more certainly in another way.

The next way is by skill in the calculation of distance. Upon open ground, with a few seconds of time, it is comparatively easy for an experienced shot, with a good rifle and proper sights, to calculate distance, four times out of five, close enough to hit a deer or antelope up to nearly 200 yards. This skill may be so cultivated as to make one pretty sure at 250, and sure enough to be worth trying at 300 yards. Forek I should think fifty or seventy-five yards might be added to these, and for buffalo another fifty or seventy-five. And these I consider the extreme outside ranges for practical game shooting, although where there is slight hope of getting closer, and firing will not dis-

turb other game, it would, of course, be advisable to try it much further. But when you come to estimate distance up hill, down hill, through timber and over timber, through brush or over brush, across canyons, ridges, etc., it becomes a vastly different matter. There is, of course, no telling what could be done by the expenditure of barrels of ammunition, but I believe that nothing short of an extraordinary expenditure of ammunition and patience will enable a man to estimate distance upon such ground closely enough to do it. Limited time it must generally be done to hit a deer at 200 yards at the first shot over one-half the time. No matter what your skill in one kind of ground, your gauge unconsciously shifts when you come to another kind. Especially is this the case in the mountains. The gauge you use to day in the plain, fails you to-morrow in the foot-hills; and the gauge you adopt in the low foot-hills is too small when you are among the rugged ones, and your standard for them fails again when among the high peaks. Byron, speaking of the interior of St. Peter's, at Rome, says:

"Its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? 'Tis not lessness, but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal!"

Who, that has been among mountains, has not felt this and been astonished at the over-shifting deceptiveness of height and distances? And now arises a very important question: When shall I risk long shots and try to get closer? Circumstances vary so that a satisfactory answer is of course impossible. If game has taken the alarm it is generally advisable to crack away at it, unless the wind is right and nature of the ground is such that you can keep out of sight, semicircle and get around or above it without losing much time. Where game is not alarmed and the country is at all rolling, any real good hunter, shed with moccasins, will be about to get within one hundred yards of deer four times out of five, unless under special circumstances, such as crusty snow, thick or dry brush or leaves, etc. I am "no slouch" on guessing distance and shooting up to four hundred yards, yet for every deer I have bagged at over one hundred and fifty yards, by virtue of having an accurate mid-range rifle, I am sure I have lost three by being beguiled into opening fire and scaring them away at the first shot, when, if I had kept my rifle close, I should have got much closer. If I had always had a rifle that would, I know, not shoot an inch beyond one hundred and fifty yards, I should have killed more deer than I ever have by twenty-five per cent. So firmly convinced have I become of this, that I long ago adopted this rule, which I would suggest to every beginner, not only as a rule that will insure him more game, but also make him a far more skillful still hunter. The rule is: Never shoot a deer beyond one hundred and fifty yards, unless there is one chance in three of getting forty or fifty yards closer, and whenever you are in any doubt as to whether to raise your sights or not, always keep them down, with the single exception of shooting across water or a broad bottomed canyon from the hills above, in which cases you are more likely to under-estimate than over-estimate distance.

The long-range delusion rests almost entirely upon mistaken ideas of distance, and is only appearing to be almost invariably only appearing to be twice as far to most people as it really is. Nearly all are deceived by it at first, and many never can get over the tendency to be deceived. One thing that confirms the fallacy in the minds of many is this: Let any man who is anything of a shot and knows anything about distance, fire a good long or mid-range rifle at any far off object either on land or water. Two chances to one he will be close, just over it or just below it, and he will be right into or just over it.

"Jupiter!" exclaims a bystander, "that was a mighty close call! How that would have tickled a deer! Eh?"

"You bet," says the shooter, really believing it.
Now here are two mistakes. First, it wasn't a "close call," for, though the variation seemed but a few inches, it was really a few feet. Secondly, even if it were a close call, if there is any one fact about rifle shooting which may be considered established beyond dispute, it is that "close calls" will not kill game. That requires a bull's eye every time. It is almost needless to add that the difficulty of long-range shooting cannot be helped much by using a telescope sight. Though very good to hit marks that would be nearly invisible through common sights, it is just as necessary to know your distance in order to adjust it, and it is better to be kept off, as it is difficult to find your game through it unless the light is very good. It might be used, however, to advantage by some of our long range performers to draw the game up close enough to allow them to reach it before it spoiled, though even then I should recommend the use of sailed bullets to make sure of its preservation.

I have just seen the article of "Viator" in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Feb. 1, on "Double-Barreled Rifles." Such a rifle and ball as he there describes would increase by some seventy-five yards the distance at which one may shoot, with a great approach to certainty of hitting, and paradoxical as it may seem, would be a longer range hunting rifle than one that would throw a ball double the distance it can. The distance at which we can shoot without raising sights, ranging high at all sights, taking coarse front sights or holding over game (all equally delusive and vexatious), would be vastly increased, while it would shoot well enough at five hundred yards to take the conceit out of any target shot who thinks he can do as well at that distance on a target with hair on it as he can on a bald target. It would also greatly increase the distance at which running game can be hit without holding ahead of it, and as well as diminish the distance necessary to shoot about as well as to take down the entire West in pigeons, glass ball and prairie chicken shooting—the elegance of its apparel will, no add to his already fascinating appearance. Shelton's sporting suits will stand all kinds of usage. They are made by a practical man, and are wonderfully convenient.

AN ELEGANT SHOOTING SUIT.—For an elegant and serviceable dress for a sportsman, we recommend most particularly, not only the material, but the neatness and convenience of the suit made by F. L. Sheldon, of Rahway, N. J. Just such a suit is now in our office. It is of a rich brown velvet corduroy, and made to last. There is no possibility of its making up a suit of clothes so that when a man is in it he looks like a gentleman for whom the clothes were made—who is going to take down the entire West in pigeons, glass ball and prairie chicken shooting—the elegance of its apparel will, no add to his already fascinating appearance. Shelton's sporting suits will stand all kinds of usage. They are made by a practical man, and are wonderfully convenient.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME IN SEASON FOR AUGUST.

Woodcock, <i>Phalaropus minor</i> .	Red-backed sandpiper, or ox-bird, <i>Tringa americana</i> .
Black-bellied plover, ox-eye, <i>Sylvia fusca</i> .	Great northern diver, or marlin, <i>Larus fovea</i> .
Ring plover, <i>Agallitis semipalmatus</i> .	Willow, <i>Tadania semipalmatus</i> .
Sooty, or long-shanks, <i>Ilomantopus nigricollis</i> .	Taylor, <i>Tadania melanoleuca</i> .
Red-capped snipe, or dowitcher, <i>Macrophys pusillus</i> .	Yellow-shanks, <i>Tadania flavipes</i> .

"Bay birds" generally, including various species of plover, sand piper, snipe, curlew, oyster-catcher, surf birds, phalaropes, avocets, etc., coming under the group *Limicola* or Shore Birds. Many States permit prairie fowl (plains grouse) shooting after August 15.

GAME AT THE WEST.—The coming shooting season is most promising for all kinds of game, and the coming Bench Show and Field Trial in Minnesota are attracting a large number of Eastern sportsmen, who will find an abundance of prairie chickens, plover, mallard, teal, wood ducks, etc. Deer are most abundant in Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan. The best localities in Wisconsin may be reached by the Wisconsin Central Railroad, between Phillips and Ashland, and by the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad beyond Elroy; in Michigan, north of Reed City, and by the Flint and Pere Marquette Railroad, between Reed City and Saginaw. The Northwestern branches also penetrate to many desirable shooting grounds.

QUEBEC—Matapedia, Aug. 6.—Ruffed grouse and other small game is very plenty in this vicinity, and signs of moose, caribou and bear are reported to be numerous within a short distance of Frazier's Hotel. STANSTEAD.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—Georgesville, August 5.—The forests hereabouts are filled with grouse, and there are great numbers of duck in Lake Memphremagog during August and September. Later in the fall wild geese are to be had. D. W. A.

MASSACHUSETTS—Wareham, Aug. 9.—Shooting prospects are very good for this season. CROSSLAND.

Salen, August 12.—A sickle-bill curlew was picked up one day last week on Bufton street, Lynx; had been hit and finally fell exhausted. Among the birds recently brought to bag by friends and myself have been summers, snipe, grass-birds and some peeps, as usual. Uplands are in good order, but will be better in a week. Rainy weather makes it better for gunners, as I think showery weather makes birds move after or between them, i. e. if there are any *en route* for the South. Am going out this afternoon, if weather allows, to try some uplands in Gallow's Hill pastures. Grounds hang-up for Wilson snipe. R. L. N.

Nantucket, Aug. 10.—Birds are coming along in fair numbers. Thursday I went up harbor and made a fair bag of curlew and yellow-legs. JACK CURRY.

MONOMONK SPORTING CLUB.—The annual election of officers of the Monomank Sporting Club of Gardner, Mass., last week, was as follows: Pres., Aaron Greenwood; Vice-Pres., John D. Edgell; Executive Committee, Thomas Greenwood, George Nichols, Marcus Wright. The club will start upon its annual excursion September 3, and be absent ten days.

RHODE ISLAND—Newport, Aug. 10.—Good shooting for this vicinity. One day this week the guns brought to bay 11 grass plover, 3 woodcock, 9 yellow-legs. OCCASIONAL.

Newport, August 12.—Woodcock and plover are being shot with very good success, shooters getting to bag from ten to ten birds. T. J. L.

NEW YORK—Bluff, August 8.—Deer and small game as plenty as usual. A good season's sport is anticipated. I. M. B.

LONG ISLAND—Jamaica Bay, August 13.—A few flocks of yellow-legs; ring-necks and surf snipe plenty; one black duck seen on the 11th; weakfish and striped bass fishing first rate; any quantity of crabs. HANET.

PENNSYLVANIA—Erie, August 10.—Woodcock shooting has been very good this season. Mr. T. W. Jarocki and myself bagged 18 fine birds last Thursday. They are beginning to molt now, and we have all agreed to let them alone until after they get through. SISKIE.

TENNESSEE—Nashville, Aug. 8.—A great many sportsmen are out every day, and some excellent bags of doves are made. I heard of three gentlemen who killed forty, one afternoon, and yesterday Mr. Valentine and two friends in a short while bagged a dozen. V. scoring eight to his gun out of the twelve. There is not the usual prejudice against killing doves and robins as there is in many places, and both birds are considered delicacies. The flesh of the dove is dark and resembles the pigeon, except that it is more delicate. J. D. H.

MICHIGAN—Detroit, August 8.—J. E. Long, in three days' shooting Monroe last week, killed 70 woodcock, William Jardine on July 30 killed 17 woodcock. DRAID.

MINNESOTA—Monticello, August 3.—Prairie chickens and ducks are very plenty in this and adjoining counties. We expect great fun the latter part of the month. J. P.

INDIANA—Blairstown, Aug. 3.—Quail and grouse are plenty and promise good sport this season. A. A. W.

IOWA—Pomeroy, August 6.—The show for good shooting was never better than now, especially on pinnated grouse. They are a month earlier than usual, many being now full grown. There is any amount of shooting going on now in open, barefaced distance of the law, and that too by men of whom one can expect no more sportsmanlike or courteous behavior. We have no club of any consequence as far as enforcing the law goes, and as no one makes it his particular business to see to

Sportsmen's Goods.

SPECIAL NOTICE

TO

GENTLEMEN.

We have just received a direct importation of East India novelties, to which we desire to call attention:

- 1st. 25 pieces pure Corah Silk, a delicate fabric of soft, creamy shade, which we sell by the piece.
- 2d. 25 pieces real Seersucker, which was made in narrow stripes expressly for us. We shall make suits to order, and keep in stock Back Coats ready made during the month of August.
- 3d. Chogas.—A few of these fine embroidered Camel's-Hair Smoking Jackets for gentlemen, such as we offered two seasons ago.
- 4th. 25 pieces Pure Pongee Silk. These silks, made into suits, we offer as the coolest and most attractive summer garments for gentlemen ever shown. Price only \$11 per suit.
- 5th. 50 sets of Pijamahs and Cobias—or East India Sleeping Dresses. These were made to order in Canton, and are very handsome and desirable, at same time inexpensive. Last season we sold the suits at \$15. This month we offer them at \$9.
- 6th. 30 pieces genuine old fashioned Nankeen. This we sell by the piece or make to order into suits for gentlemen or children.
- 7th. A few dozen East Indian Silk Sashes, to be worn with Children's Summer Suits. These are very fine in quality, but very cheap. Price \$2.

G. W. Simmons & Son,
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BOSTON SHOOTING SUIT.

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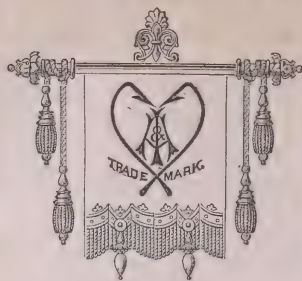
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ALSO MAKE A SPECIALTY OF CANVAS GOODS

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For \$8 a fine suit of duck, superior in quality to any Eastern or Western make, which usually sells at \$10. Also the best duck suits at low prices. My goods sold by the trade in preference to any goods in the market.

A LIBERAL DISCOUNT MADE TO THE TRADE. For sale by dealers in guns and sportsmen's supplies.

F. L. SHELDON, RAHWAY, N. J.

March 21



No. 29, Oil Finished Grain Leather Hunting shoes, broad, heavy soles and Spring Heels, with or without nails; English water-tight tongues, adapted for hunters and pedestrians. Price, \$7.50 extra by mail. Send stamp for illustrated catalogue.

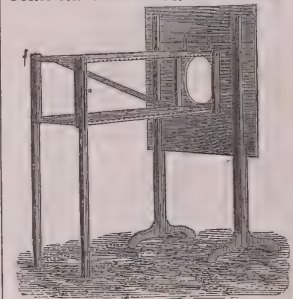
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Weight, with paddle for trout fishing, duck hunting, exploring, etc. 20 lbs.; weight, with bottom board, oars, paddle, etc., everything complete, 40 lbs. Manufactured by OSGOOD & CHAPIN, Battle Creek, Mich. Send for illustrated circular, aug 14

O'NEIL'S Standard Penetration Tester.



Pat. Nov. 20, 1877.

Used by Sparks, of Philadelphia, in his recent trial of Chilled vs. Soft Shot (see FOREST AND STREAM, July 11, 1878). We are now prepared to fill all orders promptly at the following prices: Standard penetration tester.....\$10 00 Test cards, per box (100).....1 00 Target shot in per doz.....1 00 Tripod gun rest.....1 00 Delivered at express office or railroad depot free of charge for package or drayage, on receipt of price. Liberal discount to the trade. Also importers and dealers in fine breech-loading shot-guns, rifles, pistols, etc., etc. Send for illustrated catalogue and price list. J. PALMER O'NEIL & CO., 41 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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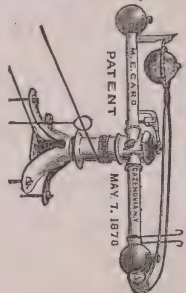
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Card's Patent Rotating Glass Ball Trap.



EXCELS ALL OTHERS. Throws in every possible direction. No screen is needed, as no one, not even pulley, can tell the direction the ball will take. Made stationary if desired. All metal. WORKING PARTS NICELY FITTED. Send for Circular.

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Guns, Etc.



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For Sale,

FOR SALE, CHEAP—One Parker Gun, 10 bore, 70 shells, loading implements and case complete. Sold for no fault. Address Box C, Meriden, Conn. aug 12

18 ELEGANT New Style Chromo Cards, with name, 10c, postpaid. GEO. L. REED & CO., NASSAU, N. Y. aug 11

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FOR SALE—Stevens Rifle, interchangeable barrels; 22 cal. 22 inch, and 33 cal. 26 inch. Nickel-plated frame, polished and checkered walnut stock; adjustable sight, with engraved scale on rifle. The whole in handsome case. Price, \$35. II. B. DERBY, 415 Broadway, Albany, N. Y. aug 15

CITY AND COUNTRY PROPERTY bought, sold and exchanged. C. S. PECK, 8 West Twenty-fifth street, New York. sept 17

The Kennel.

Choice Red Irish Setter Pups for Sale.

By our imported Dash, winner of first prize New York, 1878, out of Flora (imported), winner of first prize New York, 1878. For particulars address LINCOLN & HELLVALL, Warren, Mass. aug 15

FOR SALE—Two young foxes, perfect pets, BARTON & CO., 33 Broadway. aug 15

FOR SALE—English Foxhound Dog Pups of very superior blood. Address J. K. HOLDEN, Shortborn, Mass. aug 15

FOR SALE—A red Irish setter dog, three years old, thoroughly broken on all kinds of game; can't be beaten on retrieving; has been hunted from Omaha to Texas; owner has no use. Price \$30. Address J. E. P., care Botanic Medicine Company, Buffalo, N. Y. aug 15

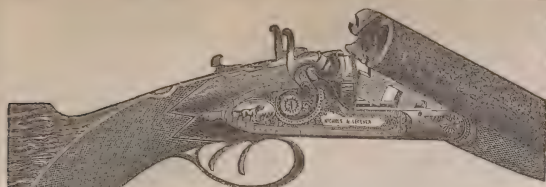
I WILL sell my blue and white dog Ponto for \$35. If taken soon, or exchange for light breech-loader; retrieves from land and water; is excellent on snipe and partridges especially. Sold for want of use. P. MOELLER, Nyack, N. Y. aug 15

A GENTLEMAN in the South wants thoroughbred pointer bitch that is young, well broken and with no defects; prefers one in a help to a dog; a high price cannot be paid. Letters containing full description, price, etc., addressed to POINTER, this office, will be forwarded. aug 15

IMPORTED Gordon Setter bitch, six years old, and pair of pups, four months old, perfect beauties, and equal to any in the country. For particulars address RUTH LANCA-SHIRE, Newcastle, Lawrence Co., Pa. aug 15

I WILL exchange a brace of beautiful black and white cocker spaniels for a fine double gun, either breech or muzzle-loading; small-bore preferred. Address T. E. SMITH, Box 106, Kirksville, Union Co., N. Y. aug 15

FOR SALE—IRISH SETTERS—Pair of the hardest-souled red Irish setter pups in this country, dog and bitch, eight months old; prize winners on all sides. Pedigree guaranteed. Price, \$60 for pair, or \$35 singly. C. E. MILES, 222 Duane street, Brooklyn. aug 15



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Record of Sharps Rifles at Spring Meeting N. R. A., Creedmoor 1878:

MAY 23--LEECH CUP, for the Championship of America, won by Mr. Frank Hyde with SHARPS LONG-RANGE RIFLE, MODEL 1878.

MAY 24--Sharps Military Long-Range Match; Forty-eighth Regiment team, using Sharps (Model 1878) Military Rifle; record, 800, 900 and 1 000 yards..... 270

Best record of any other Rifle..... 170

In five-sixths of the matches in which the Sharps Rifles were allowed to be used, and were used, at the Spring Meeting of the N. R. A., May 23, 24 and 25, at Creedmoor, they won first Prizes.

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Nos. 1 (fine) to 6 (coarse). In 1 and 5 lb. canisters and 6 1/2 lb. kegs. Burns slowly and very clean; shooting remarkably close and with great penetration. For field, forest or water shooting; it takes any other brand, and it is equally serviceable for muzzle or breech-loaders.

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English Sporting Gunpowder.

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SHELTON'S Auxiliary Rifle Barrel for Breech-Loading Shot-Guns.



This barrel can be placed in a gun ready for use in a second of time with the same ease as a cartridge, and can be removed just as expeditiously. There is no wear on the rifle barrel, nor on the shot-gun, and it cannot get out of order. With this Auxiliary Barrel, which weighs about one pound, almost instantly a breech-loading shot-gun can be converted into a most accurate rifle. The AUXILIARY BARREL will fit any standard make of gun of 10 or 12-calibre—calibre of rifle 22, 38, or 41 as desired. Length of barrel, twenty inches. The shells used with the best advantage are the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.'s cartridges, No. 32 and 35, extra long, and No. 44, model 1873. Send for a Circular and Price List.

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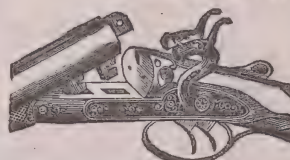
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W. W. Greener's Champion Treble Wedge Fast, Breech-Loader.

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At the International pigeon shooting, Monaco, Feb. 1873, the Grand Prix de Casino, an objet d'art valued at £100, and a money prize of £705, was the greatest prize ever shot for at Monaco, was competed for by sixty-six of the best shots of all nations, and won by Mr. Cholmondely Pennell, with a full-choke bore Wedge-Fast Gun by W. W. Greener, killing 11 birds out of 12 at 23 yards and 1 foot and 20 1/2 yards. He also won the second event, killing 8 birds in succession at 33 yards, making a total of 19 birds out of 20. This acknowledged to be the best shooting on record. The winning gun at the choke-bore match, 1871, beating 17 guns by the best London makers, and winning the silver cup, valued at 60 guineas, presented by Mr. J. Purdey, the gunmaker.

The winning gun also at Philadelphia, 1876, in the pigeon shooting match between Capt. Bogardus and Mr. South for \$500 a side, South killing 58 birds out of 100, using one barrel only.

The winning gun also at the great London Gun Trial, 1878, beating 102 guns by all the best makers of Great Britain and Ireland. THIS PATENT TROUBLE WEDGE FAST BREECH-LOADER is the strongest and most durable ever invented, and the most successful gun of the period. Patented in the United States, Oct. 6, 1875; No. 164,323. BEWARE OF INFRINGEMENTS OR IMITATIONS.

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ESTABLISHED, 1811.

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BRANDRETH'S PILLS

cure both constipation and diarrhoea. Ask the man who was lying from constipation & who was cured him; he is your Brandreth's Pills. Ask him who had dysentery 7 months what cured him; he says Brandreth's Pills. They are the best medicine for all the ailments of the bowels. A case occurred recently where Brandreth's Pills cured a deep ulcer of the foot, which the doctor said could only be removed by amputation; yet twenty-five boxes cured it and restored the patient's health. Reference W. M. Skinner, of White Plains.

Brandreth's Pills are a vegetable medicine, but a scientific preparation, which have been prepared by the present proprietor for over fifty years. They are wholly composed of the most pure and vegetable essences, are invariable of hurting the most delicate, yet so as to cleanse the bowels and bid adieu to a curative effect upon every form of disease. Where for twenty years the patient had no movement of the bowels without medical or mechanical means, a month's use of Brandreth's Pills effected, restored the bowels to regularity.

The secret of recouling the vital principle is discovered in this medicine; it generates and increases healthy animal warmth. Provided the great organs are not irreparably injured, there is no disease Brandreth's Pills will not cure. Remember, they concentrate the vitality of the system to effect the disease wherever located in the body.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS

are sold by all dealers—25 cents a box, either sugar-coated or plain—and at Dr. Brandreth's

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,

281 CANAL STREET, NEW YORK.

STOP AND READ.

All forms of Kidney diseases, Pains in the Back, Sides and Loins, are positively cured by

GRANT'S REMEDY.

Its effects are truly marvellous in Dropsy, Gravel and Bright's disease. No matter of how long standing the case may be, positive relief is had in from one to three days. Do not despair, hesitate or doubt, for it is really a specific and never fails. It is purely a vegetable preparation. By its timely use thousands of cases that have been considered incurable by the most eminent physicians have been permanently cured. It is also endorsed by the regular physicians and medical societies throughout the country. Sold in bottles at two dollars each, or three bottles, which is enough to cure the most aggravated case, sent to any address on receipt of five dollars. Small trial bottles, one dollar each. All orders to be addressed to

Grant's Remedy Manufacturing Co.,

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\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and 25 cents free. Address H. HALLIST & Co., Portland, Maine.

Musical Instruments.

WATERS' MIRROR TOP SOUVENIR ORGANS.



These beautiful organs are remarkable for purity of tone and perfect mechanism. Their cases are of the richest material in solid Black Walnut. We sell a better instrument at a lower price than any other house in the United States.

Waters' Pianos Grand square and upright, are the BEST MADE, the tone, touch, workmanship and durability unsurpassed. Warranted for SIX YEARS. Extremely Low for Cash or on Installments. In particular, to Teachers, Ministers, Churches, etc. AGENTS WANTED. Catalogue Mailed. Second-hand Pianos and Organs at GREAT BARGAINS. HORACE WATERS & SONS, manufacturers and dealers, 40 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO'S ORGANS.

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FOREST AND STREAM

ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

Terms, Four Dollars a Year.
Ten Cents a Copy.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1878.

Volume 11.—No. 3.
(No. 111 Fulton St., N. Y.)

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

In The Wilds.

ON the 15th of last October I left Camp Kennebago, Rangeley Lake, Maine, for Megantic and St. Francis Lakes, Canada, via the Wilderness. My system was fully charged with the terrible malaria, imbibed during the six months mainly spent at the Philadelphia Exposition of 1876. A month's stay at Camp Bena, on Mooselucmaguntic Lake, had not effected a cure, and friends and physicians advised a hundred-mile tramp through the wild woods of Maine and Canada. Accompanied as a companion by that sterling gentleman, E. A. Rogers, Esq., of Rangeley, Maine, whose courtesy is so well known to many anglers, sportsmen and tourists, and with the famous Captain F. O. Barker, of Andover, as chief guide, and Stephen Taylor and Addison Long, of Byron, and Frank Hovey, Jr., of Rangeley, as packers and oarsmen, we went by Canopic Lake and stream and the Five Mile Carry to Parmachenee Lake. We were cordially welcomed by Uncle John Danforth at his unique camp on a raft, anchored in the middle of the lake, and in a short half-hour made a clean sweep of his well-supplied table, the prominent and most delicious dish being "beaver hash." Having reached the region famous as the ranging ground of deer, moose and caribou, of which I had heard for the seventeen years during which I had frequented the Rangeley Lakes, I interviewed Uncle John immediately after supper as to the probability of my getting my first shot at a deer. "Oh, yes," he replied, "I can give you the opportunity to-morrow morning." With full faith in Uncle John, I retired to rest and slept sweetly, gently, but literally "rocked in the cradle of the deep." Awaking early and breakfasting at half-past seven, we sent two guides ashore. At 8 o'clock we heard three shots. Springing into our boats we started from the camp. As we rounded the point of an island a half-mile distant we saw a deer swimming. As we approached I exclaimed, "Fred, that is a caribou!" He turned. "A look was enough. The forest of branching antlers looming five feet in the air, together with his great length and the exquisite dark-gray color of his skin informed his practiced eye that a veritable specimen of the American reindeer was before us. He swam rapidly, but not with the speed attained by our Adirondack boat, propelled by the muscular arms of Captain Fred. At long range I fired my first shot at a member of the noble deer family. Eleven hundred-shot rattled around him, but only served to quicken his speed and turn him directly toward the shore, but a short distance away. I urged Fred to increase his speed, and still standing in the stern of the boat with the gun at my shoulder I calmly awaited the moment for the last shot. "Fire!" shouted Fred, as he glanced at the noble animal now within close range. "Not yet; I don't want to ruin those antlers with the twelve hundred-shot in my left barrel." Aiming steadily at the line formed by the broad neck and rippling water I pulled the trigger. Almost at the report he ceased swimming. The majestic head slowly dropped, and as the antlers touched the surface of the lake I was alongside and caught the upper one in the crook of my right arm. "All right, Fred; I told you ten minutes ago that was my caribou. Now for the camp." The other boats came up and in tow line we returned to the camp. It was half-past eight as we touched the raft. The hunt was exactly an hour. The next morning as we set out for Lake Megantic, Uncle John's assistant, Perry started for Colebrook, N. H., sixty miles down the Magalloway. He carried the head and the antlers, the skin, the feet and the two hind-quarters of the caribou, which were expressed to New York. A rustic sign over the main entrance of Uncle John's camp on the raft, placed there by our hands, reads, "Camp Caribou."

We had many delightful and exciting experiences during our three weeks through the wilderness to the Lakes Megantic and St. Francis and return to Rangeley, and I may tell them down for the entertainment of your readers. Suffice it to say that the main object of my trip was accomplished. I returned home fully recovered. No lingering evidence of malaria was left in my system. I can therefore earnestly recommend a similar tour to the victim of this widely-prevalent malady.

All this is preliminary to the presentation of an exceedingly graphic account of a trip just made over the same ground and extended to Quebec and Montreal by Captain Fred. O. Barker and his colleague, Uncle John S. Danforth. So far as I can learn no one but the Indian, hunter or trapper had ever crossed the boundary at this point previously to our "first Megantic ex-

pedition" of October and November, 1877. It is perfectly feasible for any one, and I can cordially recommend to the sportsman-angler desiring to visit an entirely new hunting-ground, and one abounding in moose, caribou, deer and bear and trout, this section of our country.

The diary which follows is sent to me from Camp Kennebago, Indian Rock, Me., July 24, 1878:

"Our trip through the wilds of Maine, New Hampshire and Canada was proposed in May, but not decided upon until the middle of June; and on the 11th of July, leaving the steamer *Ojosses* and Camp Caribou in the hands of trusty men, we left Camp Kennebago at 7 a. m. and took the Barker and Janforth route for Parmachenee Lake, arriving at Camp Caribou at 3 p. m., where we packed our knapsacks with suitable provisions and also stopped over night. At 6 a. m. the following morning, taking a boat as far as Little Boys' Falls, a distance of two miles, where we put on our packs and, taking our rifles in our hands, struck into the woods.

We took a northern course for several hours, then turned toward the east until we reached the boundary line between Maine and Canada, which is marked by an opening cut through the forest thirty-three feet wide. Then we turned again, this time toward the north, and traveled for several hours until we reached Arnold's Bog, one of the wildest places in Maine or Canada. Here we stopped at one of our camps, and, catching out for supper (which took us only a few minutes), we retired to rest. For our camp-fire, then got supper. The day was nearly gone, but the moon being nearly on the full, we concluded to take a sail in the 'Crow's Nest,' which is a large nest-like platform, made in the top of several trees, and so situated as to give the occupant a view of nearly a thousand acres of the feeding-ground of moose, caribou and deer. We got seated in the nest just before the moon rose, but did not hear the sound of any animal until nearly 11 o'clock; but then there was lots of noise. The animals were just coming down to feed, and in less than thirty minutes we could see several deer, three caribou and three moose. We could have had several shots, but patiently waited for a bull moose, and in less than an hour there came within good range one of Canada's best, and we did not let the chance slip; and when the signal was given, which was one, two, three, we both fired. There was a general stampede all over the Bog. The one we shot at tried to do his part of the running, but in going fifty yards his mighty strength gave out, and he went down with a crash. We slid down from our nest, and, after examining the animal, found the holes of two balls, so neither could claim the shot that did the deed. The remainder of the night we spent in taking off the hide and taking care of the meat, and before we slept we went to where there were a party of St. Francis Indians in camp and gave them the most of the meat. Then we returned to the camp, and, after eating a square meal, we rolled ourselves in our blankets and spent the most of the day in sleeping. We did not leave camp until the next morning at 4:30, with our packs well strapped on, and all day we traveled north. We saw one caribou, but did not care to shoot it as we did not need the meat. At 6 p. m. we stopped for the night on a mossy knoll near the bank of Arnold's River, and caught in a short time trout enough for supper and breakfast. We made a bark canoe and cut wood for our fire, and were ready to lie down at 9 o'clock. The next day we spent in making us a spruce bark canoe, as we were below all rough water until we got below the lake, and early the next morning we tried our new boat and found it all O. K., and at 3 p. m. we ran out in the Megantic Lake. Then we paddled along and more leisurely, as we knew we had plenty of time to go to the outlet to the new hotel just opened. It was built by Bruce, and is now run by him, and a more sociable and hospitable man cannot be found. This house is large and commodious, and is situated in the right spot for sportsmen. Trout-fishing is good in and around Megantic Lake, and bass are caught in large numbers.

At 7 a. m. we passed a very pleasant night with Bruce, and at 7 a. m. the following morning we bade him good-bye, and once more took up the paddle, and, pointing our bow north, shot out of the lake and down the rapids of the Chaudiere River. After running our canoe for about three miles, we came around a sharp turn in the river, and near the bank on the west side, just in some rushes, stood a fine buck. Fred laid down his paddle and took up his rifle; but as he did so he buckled up, for he had noticed the noise we had made; but it was his last look, for he caught the ball from Fred's rifle between his eyes, and with one bound forward he fell into the river. The current was strong and took him down, but we soon came alongside, and, towing him ashore to where we could load him into our boat, we went again down the river at a fearful rate, as the current was strong and in many places almost falls, but we did not care as long as our canoe did not leak. At noon we stopped, cooked some of our venison and ate our dinner. Then on we went again, and about 5 o'clock we saw another deer, but did not kill it, and laughed as we saw it bound away when it saw us. Our ride all day was through an unbroken wilderness and on a stream that runs very rapidly; so much so a man must keep a sharp lookout or he will see a rock coming through the bottom of his canoe. Just at dark we reached a clearing of about ten acres, and near the centre stood a log cabin. We landed, drew our canoe up the bank and went to the cabin, where we found two people—a man and woman—both young and not over twenty-two years, I should say. They were French, and it was some time before we could make them understand what we wanted,

and the only way we could tell them that we wanted to stay all night was by throwing ourselves at full length on a bed that stood in the corner of the shanty; then they smiled and bowed their heads, and we made ourselves at home. We brought our deer from the canoe to the cabin and gave the whole to the Frenchman, who seemed much pleased. The wife soon had some of the steak on the coals, and soon after we were feasting on trout, venison and Indian wheat cakes, baked in the coals. The cakes were delicious. When it came time to go to bed, we asked the man where we should sleep, and at last made us understand that he had no bed for us, and that we would have to sleep on the floor. So we asked him where on the floor we should lie, thinking he must have some blankets in the chamber for us, but he pointed to the corner of the room, and said "Anywhere;" and with our coats for pillows we put in the night as best we could. Very early in the morning we ate another meal of venison and Indian wheat bread, then bade good-bye to our French friends, and shoved a bark canoe more into the current. We had gone about a mile when we came to a birch bark canoe propelled by an Indian woman. We stopped our craft, and after a quiet talk with her. She asked us to go to the wigwam with her. We accepted the invitation, and when we reached the dwelling we found an Indian stretched at full length on some boughs in front of a small fire, smoking a long-stemmed pipe. The man seemed contented and happy, and merely recognized us as "the 1's" and rolled over—the influence of fire-water, probably. He did not seem to talk, so we passed on, and looked the establishment over, then took our departure once more in our canoe. We swept down the current of the roaring river, and stopped only to cook and eat our dinner until nearly dark. We did not see a house all day, nor could we see any signs of civilization. When we landed to prepare for a night in the woods, we made a shelter with a rubber blanket, and with a good fire at our feet we rested well. At daylight we were astir, and, after eating our breakfast, we started. Our canoe seemed to leap through the water, as we forced it along, helped by the current. The river showed more signs of rough water, but little did we care as long as the channel was deep enough to float our canoe. Everything went well for three hours, and we came to Big Falls. We did not know what we had to contend with until it was too late; until our bark was in the strong water, and too late to back out. Fred was in the bow, and I heard him say, "Oh! my God," and the next instant he cried, "To the left of the centre rock," then "To the right, hard," and by the time he was done talking the canoe passed over the first fall, and seemed to stay in the air for an instant, as if in trouble, and seemed to stop good-bye to the things of this world. Then it struck the leading waters below, and, as we ahead of our saddles, for we saw at a glance if the undertow caught the stem of our boat we were lost; and never did two men pull with more resolution than we did in that perilous time. The bark stood still for an instant, then, with a tremble, started to make another and her last leap. With all the power we could muster we drove the canoe ahead, and tried to swing it to the right. We turned it a little, but not enough. It made the leap, and almost cleared the rock, but struck hard enough to burst a hole in the bow nearly as large as a man's hat. Fred saw the break, and with one stroke of his paddle shoved the canoe off the rock, then played the part of Perry, by plunging up the hole with his own coat, while I ran the wrecked craft into the eddy and to the nearest shore. We sprang out, and never did men shake hands more earnestly than we. Then, to look back over what we had passed, and to think what kind of a boat we too late in, made us feel as though something besides human power had saved us from a watery grave.

"It took us two hours to repair the damage done to our canoe. Then we started again; but not to run blindly into more danger. We found no more of such rough water, and at 2 p. m. we came in sight of houses, when we bade good-bye to our bark, and with a good team, driven by a Frenchman, we rode to St. Joseph, a distance of thirty miles further down the river, through the best farming district I ever saw in either Canada or the States. It was just the time of day to make a ride pleasant, and we enjoyed the scenes we witnessed exceedingly. We stopped over night at the St. Joseph Hotel, and at 6 a. m. the next morning we took the train for Point Levi, arriving there at 9. Took the ferry for Quebec, where we hired a carriage, and also a guide, and visited all the important places. It would, doubtless, be of little interest to you, but it was a feast for your eyes. At 5 p. m. we left the city, and enjoyed the ride to Montreal on board of the fine steamer *Quebec*, arriving there at 6 a. m. the following morning, when we took another guide, and looked the city through. We stopped at the Windsor House. At 7 a. m. the next morning took the train for Scottstown, where we stayed for the night. At 7 a. m. we left by team for Pemberton, and on our way to the best farming district I ever saw there are busy at work, and also where you can find a perfect gentleman, who superintends the business. He showed us all through the mine, and also the gold he had on hand. Soon after leaving the mine we left our team, it having taken us to the end of the road. We put on our packs and struck into the woods. We skirted the west shore of Connecticut Lake—headwaters of the Connecticut River in New Hampshire—and just at dark walked out on the shore of the Second Lake. We fired our rifles, and were answered by seeing a boat making for us. It came up. We got in and were landed at Tom Chester's camp, a place owned by him, and

Natural History.

BROOKLYN "FORESTER CLUB."—An association of young gentlemen has been formed in Brooklyn something similar in aims to the National Ornithological Club. Any of the Brooklyn readers of the FOREST AND STREAM who may have similar tastes and would like to join the new "Forester Club" are invited by the President, Mr. W. W. Walsh, to send in their names to the Secretary, Mr. Robert Sabin, No. 3 Westfield street, Brooklyn. We bespeak for the Foresters all the pleasures of the fields and woodlands.

FURTHER NOTES ON BELOSTOMA.—Our correspondent, Mr. D. M. Yost, of Norristown, Pa., kindly keeps us au courant as to the habits of the curious water bug now in the aquarium of Mr. J. S. Baker of that place. In his last note he says:

A few days ago it attacked a water turtle measuring 24 in. across by 24 in. long, and weighing 14 ounces, and would certainly have killed it but for the sharp edges of a fine wire screen lying on some stones on a level with the water in the aquarium, against which the turtle succeeded in brushing off its foe.

This unsuccessful attempt seemed to infuriate the beast, and he immediately turned on a couple of tadpoles of large size and killed them in succession in a few minutes. He did not feed on them, however, but seemed to kill only for the sake of killing. In his attack on this turtle he attempted to pierce the points of the armor, and evidently succeeded so well as to make it frantic with pain, as it rushed about in perfect frenzy, snapping at its enemy and trying by every means to dislodge it. Since this attack the turtle shows evident signs of fear on the approach of the beast, while another of the same size, placed in the aquarium since, takes no notice of it. We are looking for another snake to put into the aquarium, and will give you the result if interesting. The fellow is getting to be a sort of elephant among the water bugs, and is depopulating the aquarium so that Mr. Baker is getting rather tired of him. Strange to say he has never attempted to interfere with the fish, although there are a number of various species in the aquarium.

ANOTHER BOAT FLY.—Scranton, Pa., July 31.—Mr. Editor: In your issue of July 25, 1878, a correspondent writes about and describes a strange water insect. I received your paper July 26 about 4 p. m. Some three hours previous while walking near some old holes in which water falls and becomes stagnant, containing a growth of aquatic grass, I stopped to look at just such another insect lying on the surface of the water, and which resembled a prod of my cane, as I tried to turn it over, by a vigorous attack several times repeated. As soon as the article in question had been read the similarity between the two was at once recognized and noted. H. C. C.

THE HAYDEN EXPEDITION.—Under date of August 3 the Interior Department has received a communication from Professor F. V. Hayden from Big Sandy Creek, west base of Wind River Mountains, Teton district, Wyo. One party, under Mr. Garnett, started northward of the valley of the Green River for the Yellowstone fork, and the other, under Mr. Clark, for the Teton district. Professor Hayden writes: "We have been eminently successful so far in every undertaking, and have secured much valuable information. We have no trouble from Indians. Some of the Hannocks are now camped, fishing and hunting, within a few miles of us, but most of them have just returned to their reservation near Fort Hall. They are understood to be perfectly peaceable. It is not probable that there will be another opportunity to communicate with the department before some time in September, when we reach Mammoth Hot Springs, in the National Park."

GUNTHER'S MIDGE.—Editor Forest and Stream: We have to announce another addition to our fish fauna, a little fish which resembles the mackerel midge rather closely; a member of the cod family now recorded, I believe, for the first time. It is described by Gunther in his Catalogue of Fishes in the British Museum, vol. ii, p. 386, and vol. iii, p. 362, under the name of *Hypsiprora argentea*. In the absence of a better name I propose to call it Gunther's Midge. This midge may be distinguished from the mackerel midge, *Ciliata argentea*, very readily by its entire first dorsal of six rays, instead of the more numerous isolated filaments which compose the first dorsal of *Ciliata*. The ventrals of Gunther's Midge are three-rayed and in the dorsal of *Ciliata*, "about like an oar." The collector is Captain R. H. Hurlbert, of Gloucester, our worthy pilot. The locality was off Cape May.

Gloucester, August 13.

TARLETON II. BEAN.

ANOTHER ALBINO CHICKEN.—Warrenton, Va., June 20, 1878.—Editor Forest and Stream: "Mac's" letter, in your issue of 18th inst., recalled the fact that there was an albino in this vicinity, an account of which was published in the Southern Planter last year. This morning I made a visit to this albino, and upon investigation find the following to be the facts of the case. Mr. R. C. Newby (conducting a tannery near this place) in 1876 procured a full-blooded black Spanish cock to run with a lot of hens of the common breed. One of these hens (brown color) laid out, set and hatched six chicks, all taking after the cock in color—a jet black. One of these chicks, a young cock, was "turned out" and at maturity showed all the points of the black Spanish, except that two of the longest tail feathers were white. When this cock mated in 1877 he became pure white, and so remains to this time, eyes pink. Mr. N. kindly offers this bird to "science" if "Mac's" suggestion is adopted. There is no question as to the facts contained in the above statement. The change in color went on under the eye of Mr. N. and his "foreman," both of whom will make affidavit thereto.

R. H. DOWNMAN.

QUAIL UNDER A HEN.—Editor Forest and Stream: A circumstance occurred here last spring which was very amusing, and I thought I would share it with you. I was hunting a quail (*Ortyx virginiana*) and was very much interested in the matter. About the first of May last Mr. John Woodford (a thorough sportsman), of this county, found a nest of partridge eggs, some sixteen in number. The thought occurred to him to place the eggs under a hen, which he accordingly did. Having at the time a small game hen which had stolen her nest, he found her and substituted the partridge's

eggs for her own. In due time the majority hatched out, ten in number, and a prouder hen than this one seldom led forth her charge. They seemed as droll as all the broods of chickens, and would come at the mother's every call. They showed but few signs of that excessive shyness that all wild birds manifest when you approach them, but they would come and eat crumbs as they fell from Mr. Woodford's hand. Every night the hen would gather them in her nest and carefully cover them, but at last a very severe rain, long continued, submerged the place where they nested, and every one was drowned, much to our disappointment. They lived long enough to demonstrate the fact that the wild nature of the quail can be much modified by domestic hatching and mother. The prospect for sport in this county was never better. Some broods of quail have hatched, and fly strong already; they even come within the town limits and cheer us with their well-known cry, "Jeb Whizz!" Our quail were waders here dealt liberally with us, having stacked all our important streams. Several of our citizens, having fine artificial ponds, are anxious to get some of Prof. Baird's carp to stock them with. We are organizing a fishing and hunting club; will give name and data after full organization.

Montgomery Co., Ky.

VAN.

A TOWN YOUNG NIGHT HAWK.—U. S. *Barge Kinsheloe, Colorado, July 20, 1878.*—Mr. Editor: While engaged upon the survey of the Columbia River, in the vicinity of St. Helen, a short time since, I observed some facts which will probably be of interest to your Natural History readers. I was looking for a site to erect a signal upon, and selected a point upon a remarkable basaltic cliff, and in close proximity I discovered the nest of a night hawk containing two eggs. I have said a nest, but there was no semblance of a nest, as the eggs were laid upon the bare rock, in the vicinity, was desolitude of grass or shrubs, and covered with a coat of moss. The parent bird was prevented from covering her eggs for three or four hours by the presence of my party at work, and, wishing the eggs for my collection, I proceeded to prick a hole with a pin in each end of one egg, which I found would not empty of its contents by blowing, for the hole was so small that the pressure of the air had not advanced. I did not puncture the other egg, and placed both back in the nest. Twelve days afterward I had occasion to visit the same station, when what was my astonishment to find not one, but two healthy young birds occupying the nest! I will add that in my efforts to empty the egg of its contents, I will only thrust in the pin as far as it would go, but stirred the contents inside, and only obtained a little blood and a drop or two of serous fluid. That this procedure had not been followed after such treatment excited my unqualified surprise, but the facts can be vouched for by five or six members of my party, and as facts I present them to your readers.

CLEVELAND ROCKWELL,
Assistant U. S. Coast Survey.

SOCIALISM IN SOUTH AFRICA.—Under this title Mr. F. E. Colenso, writing from Maritzburg, Natal, contributes to *Nature* an account of some observations of the habits of certain ants, which are very curious. Writing under date of May 12, he says:

I noticed this morning that along the bottom of the front wall of my house, on the veranda, there lay a quantity of reddish-brown powder; there was enough to fill a coffee cup. On looking closer I saw that it was made up of small and larger fragments which glistened, and on inspecting some in my hand I found them to be the heads, legs, trunk, etc., of countless ants. A number of these animals were still on the wall above, and my attention being now arrested, I watched them and saw that they were contributing to the carnage beneath. This species of ant is a small, comparatively harmless one, the chief sin of which is that it makes its way to every species of food and swarms on it. As is usual with ants, the general body of insects is accompanied by larger individuals, which are provided with heads and jaws quite disproportionate to their bodies, and with these jaws they do all the cutting up. Among the ants on the wall there was a large sprinkling of the "soldier ants," and the whole community seemed bent on destroying them. The proportion of heavy-jawed to ordinary ants was about one to ten. I saw a group of little ones fastening on to a big one, which made desperate efforts to resist. As first the big one bit several little ones in the head, and the others dropped down from the wall; but after a while the little ones severed all the legs of the big one and finally got on his back and cut him in two. The group then dropped down to swell the mass below. Similar scenes were enacted elsewhere on the wall. The commencement of one combat was as follows: A big ant walked along until he met another big one, and the two shook antennae. Just then a little one seized hold of a leg of one of these big ones. The big one took any notice, but continued a rapid conversation. Suddenly other small ones came up, when the big one whose leg was grabbed turned furiously on the little one and seized him by the middle. This could not be done until the big one had doubled himself up. As soon as he had held of his small antagonist he lifted him in the air and snipped him in two. Meanwhile all the big one's legs had been seized by little ones and the party seemed to turn over and over, until the big one tumbled down, now a leg, now half an ant, till the big one was vanquished.

The ant is most assuredly subject to passions. The way in which the big ant turned on the little one was singularly indicative of rage. The determined manner in which he laid hold of the little one was quite human.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun. THE AMERICAN ELK (*Cervus Canadensis*).

By WM. H. REED.

THERE is no nobler game in all the Rocky Mountain region, and none more attractive either to the amateur or professional huntsman, than the American elk or wapiti. Their range is yearly growing more and more restricted, and I have no doubt that they will be among the first to entirely succumb before the advance of civilization. Their present eastern range in the Rocky Mountains is almost wholly restricted to the foot-hills, except in the northern part, where they extend somewhat into Dakota. In Kansas, not long ago, they were known to extend nearly to the interior of that State; but I believe not an instance has been known of their capture for three or four years, and then in the extreme northwest. In Nebraska they are yet rarely seen in the southwest. In the south they extend at least as far as southern Colorado. At

nely fitted up, where he entertains sportsmen, and where they can find plenty of fish and game. We remained with Tom over-night, and at 5 A. M. we started for Parmachenee, arriving there at noon, and at Camp Caribou I bade good-bye to Fred, and he started for camp Kennebec, Indian Rock, and the steamer *Ogishco*. Thus passed a fortnight through a new country. We think it a route to be thought of by you, and also by parties wishing to take a long trip through a wilderness where game and fish are so abundant.

The pursuit of the deer of Barker and Danforth must have convinced any reader that two braver or more experienced guides do not exist. They can be addressed by letter to Camp Kennebec, Indian Rock, P. O., Franklin Co., Maine.

Stanley, N. J., Aug. 12.

GEO. SHEPARD PAGES.

Fish Culture.

FISH CULTURE IN WISCONSIN.—A letter from Mr. Hallock, of this paper, says:

"While in Madison the other day I called upon Fish Commissioner Welch and also had the pleasure of visiting the State hatching house, now under the charge of Superintendent Welch and Assistant A. B. Scott. Mr. Sanger, of Brooklyn, and two sons of Hon. Wm. Allen Butler, of New York, accompanied me. The State and those interested in fish culture ought to congratulate themselves for the amount of work accomplished in so short a time by the gentlemen in charge, this being the second year of the establishment. The hatching house is capable of turning out several hundred thousand fry each year. There are now in the ponds some 300 Eastern salmon, two years old, in fine condition; 2,000 California salmon (*quinnat*) three years old; 6,000 Mackinaw yearling trout; 2,000 brook trout spawners and 7,000 yearlings, and a few landlocked salmon, all in fine order and all hatched in the hatching house. There are nice large springs of pure cold water on the premises. The grounds are spacious and diversified in surface. They are much resorted to by picnic parties as well as those interested in fish culture. The State appropriates about \$8,000 per year for the support of the hatching house. Superintendent Welch is much interested in promoting the coming exhibition of artificially raised fish to be held in Chicago next October. I may also mention, incidentally, that the salt hake has been found very efficacious in curing fungus among the fish."

WHAT ARE THEY?—"Piscator" writes from Montreal August 3:

A lively little visitor, came to us in shoals a few weeks ago and disappeared again. The visitor in question was a little silvery fish, very similar to a herring, but having its belly (as I found to my cost in taking it off my flies) serrated or edged with sharp spines. I presume it is the same fish which has appeared in such abundance in the upper St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario, and which both Gen. Green reported to have called a salt water herring.

Will you inform me of the proper name of that deep, silvery fish called here whitefish, shad water, or by the French *la queche*. It rises readily to the fly and dies hard, affording a good deal of sport.

In regard to these fish Dr. Tarleton H. Bean writes from the U. S. Fish Commission, Gloucester, Mass., August 17:

"Piscator" would confer a favor on Professor Baird by sending some specimens in alcohol of the herring-like fish which he took with a fly in the St. Lawrence. I am trying to find some gentleman who will take the trouble to send just that species from Montreal, because I think it is the alewife, *Pomolobus pseudoharengus*. We have the alewife from Lake Ontario and lakes of western New York, and to solve the problem of how they got there we now need specimens from Montreal or its vicinity.

The whitefish, shad water, or *la queche*, is a species of *Coregonus*, probably the *neogaeus* of Prescott, which is described in the "American Journal of Science and Arts," 1851, x, 340. This species is called shad water; it is found in Lake Winnipicosis. But it is almost impossible to identify fishes without seeing them. If your correspondent's fish be a *coregonus* he can readily observe that its dorsal fins are similar to those of a brook trout. Two specimens of *Alepisodus feroc* were received this morning from Captain Jerome McDonald, schooner *Geo. P. Whitman*, taken in lat. 49 deg. 43 min. N., lon. 63 deg. 55 min. W., at a depth of 300 fathoms, on a trawl line.

Will you not urge "Piscator" to send us specimens of the herring-like fish which he took with a fly? By the way, the alewife has been known to be so taken frequently.

ELKS, TADPOLES AND TURTLES.—Editor Forest and Stream: Your correspondent on elks, tadpoles and turtles seeks information on the eel question. This is as it should be, and his desire to acquire knowledge is laudable. At the same time he should not assume that all of us are blunderers because our eels will not condescend to "play." I follow my leader with his. The large eels in some streams do not descend to the sea in autumn for the purpose of hibernating. A few years since I lived at Derby on the Housatonic, at the head of tidewater, twelve miles from the Sound. I speared many eels in the winter, and found them as plentiful, lying dormant in the mud and spring-holes fourteen miles above the salt water as at the mouth of the river. These eels had their choice, and bedded for the winter where ever the bottom was suitable, regardless of salt. Their condition was adipose, and they continued to descend (into the mud) until they reached hard pan. I am grieved to learn my trout are in danger of being eaten by speckled mud turtles; but then the latter must first catch the former. That speckled turtles are carnivorous has been known to me ever since as a boy I saw them eat worms.

Troutbeck, Noyon, L. I., Aug. 16.

T. O.

MORE LIGHT FOR TADPOLES.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have just finished reading Mr. Roosevelt's humorous article on tadpoles in issue of August 15. The difficulty he has experienced in raising frogs calls to mind a college lecture on physiology, in which the professor, speaking of the effects of climatic changes, adduced in argument the fact that a tadpole kept in the dark would forever remain a tadpole, but when exposed to sunlight would in time develop into a frog. Now, without making light of this subject, perhaps this may account for the milk in the cocoon. The gentlemen may have stunted their tadpoles in the matter of sunshine.

New York, August 19.

present one of the most abundant ranges is near the head of the Snake and North Platte Rivers, where not infrequently they may be seen in herds of five hundred to even as high as five thousand. I have ridden for four hours through a continuous herd of these animals, and when they would hardly make room for my horse to pass through them. They were crossing at the time northward toward the Elk Mountain range in southern Wyoming. From April till the latter part of June they are constantly passing up to the higher regions, the cows, with their calves, keeping at snow line, and the bulls, while their horns are yet tender, or until the velvet has been worn off and their antlers hardened, keeping in small opened parks near the foot of the hills. At these times the cows are rarely together, while the males are usually in herds of five to twenty. At the first snows that remain on the mountains—in southern Wyoming about the middle of September—they pass down into the valleys and lowlands to remain during the winter. In timbered regions they pay away the sword to feed upon the nutritious buffalo grass; but after a rigorous winter they are usually very poor. In summer they are constantly harassed by the myriads of flies (*Tabanus rhombicus*, and more especially two species of *Chrysops*) and mosquitoes, that are found more abundantly near the snow line than elsewhere. During the breeding season, from about May 20 to June 30, the cows isolate themselves, invariably seeking timber where their calves—almost always twins—remain hidden till they are six weeks or two months old. Like antelope, the young are easily caught and tamed. When taken they run readily with domestic cattle, when the adult males will defeat the most powerful Texas bulls for the possession of the domestic cows. The cows leave their young in the latter part of August; at that time, for some unknown reason, they are most easily approached and destroyed. The rutting season continues through the latter part of September and early part of October, the cows apparently hiding from the males, while the latter, extremely restless, are constantly traveling about uttering their shrill, bugle-like note, that can be heard for a long distance. At these times the young males have a decided advantage over the older ones in obtaining possession of the cows. I once witnessed an amusing contest between a two-year-old and a powerful bull much older. For some time the heavy antlers of the older one were used with telling effect against the younger, and he succeeding in throwing him down several times. Finally, however, the younger one by his greater agility succeeded in attacking his opponent in the side, and, after several most vigorous thrusts with his sharp-pointed spike-horns in the flanks and the side of his belly, the older one fled, leaving the conqueror in peaceful possession of his hard-won mate.

Little or no reliance can be placed upon the number of prongs in the male's antlers for determining the age. In a full-grown animal the usual number is from six to eight, but in one instance I found as many as ten. The age up to the fourth or fifth year may be accurately determined by the size of the "ivories" or premaxillary teeth.

They are timid animals, with but little curiosity, and rarely show any pugnacity when brought to bay. The females are almost mute, seldom uttering any cry when wounded.

They find a powerful enemy in the mountain lions, and not a few, I believe, fall victims to them. Not long ago, while following a cow at a little distance, I was astonished upon emerging into a little park or opening of the trees to find her victim struggling with a lion that had evidently leaped upon her back from some overhanging branch. His terrible teeth were already fixed into the base of his victim's throat as he lay across her back, his claws firmly fixed in her shoulders and flanks. It could hardly have taken ten minutes from the first struggles before the cow lay quivering upon the ground, and the panther beside her dead from my rifle-ball.

LIST OF BIRDS IN PEOTONE AND VICINITY.

FOLLOWING is a list of the birds I have observed at this place and in the immediate neighborhood, with notes as to their abundance, breeding, etc. D. H. EATON.

Accipiter cooperi, Cooper's hawk.—Seen at Twelve-Mile Grove, about nine miles from here, on May 15, 1877; only one pair seen; set of eggs obtained; not very abundant.

Coryphæus erythrophthalmus, Black-bellied cuckoo.—Not very abundant; breeds. Two sets of two eggs each obtained on June 12, 1877. Nests built in apple trees in orchards.

Picus villosus, Hairy woodpecker.—Rare; seen often in winter. *Sphyrapicus varius*, Yellow-bellied woodpecker.—Rare; probably breeds in some of the groves near here.

Melanerpes formicivorus, Red-headed woodpecker.—Very abundant at Monroes and Twelve-Mile Grove; breeds; not seen during winter.

Geothlypis avarus, Yellow-shafted flicker.—Quite abundant; breeds. *Colaptes auratus*, King bird.—Not abundant; breeds.

Tyrannus carolinensis, King bird.—Very abundant; breeds; raises two broods a year in some seasons.

Turdus migratorius, Robin.—Very abundant; breeds; two broods a season.

Sialia sialis, Blue bird.—Abundant; breeds. *Regulus calendula*, Ruby-crowned wren.—Rare; seen only in spring; no record of its breeding.

Regulus satrapa, Golden-crowned wren.—Rare; seen only during spring migrations; does not breed.

Geothlypis trichas, Maryland yellow-throat.—Quite abundant; breeds; builds its nest among the weeds near the railroad, close to water; also in the reeds in large sloughs.

Scirurus auricapillus, Golden-crowned juncos.—Rare; seen only in spring, and know of no nest ever having been found.

Dendroica aestiva, Yellow warbler.—Abundant; breeds. *Dendroica discolor*, Prairie warbler.—Rare; breeds.

Pyrrhula rubra, Scarlet tanager.—Rare; probably breeds, as I have noticed in the summer.

Hirundo horreorum, Barn swallow.—Very abundant; breeds. *Hirundo lunifrons*, Cliff swallow.—Abundant; breeds.

Progne subis, Purple martin.—Abundant; breeds; rears two broods annually.

Colaptes auratus, Loggerhead shrike.—Common; breeds; rears two broods. Nests with eggs are found the latter part of April or first of May.

Colaptes excubitorides, White-rumped shrike.—Abundant; breeds; two broods each season.

Vireo gilvus, Warbling vireo.—Quite common; breeds.

Mimus carolinensis, Cat bird.—Common; breeds.

Harporhynchus rufus, Brown thrasher.—Very abundant; breeds.

Ostolus ypsilatrix, Short-billed marsh wren.—Quite abundant; breeds; builds its nest in the long reeds in large sloughs.

Chondestes trichas, Yellow bird.—Very plentiful; breeds.

Plectrophanes nivalis, Snow bunting.—Plenty in winter; does not breed.

P. lapponicus, Lapland Longspur.—Very plentiful in winter. Seen sometimes in flocks of 50 to 100 or more. Frequent corn-fields, patches of weeds and pastures, feeding on the reeds.

Chondestes grammacus, Ark thrush.—Common; breeds. Builds on ground in a corn-field at the foot of a hill of corn.

Zonotrichia albicollis, White-throated sparrow.—Seen only in spring; very plentiful then in the groves.

Synceila monticola, Tree sparrow.—Very abundant in winter; leaves early in spring.

S. pusilla, Field sparrow.—Common; breeds.

Empidonax americanus, Black-throated bluebird.—One of our most abundant birds. Arrives about May 1, and leaves the latter part of September. Builds in osage hedges, clumps of young grass, bushes and young evergreens. Raises two broods, the second set of eggs being laid in July.

Pipilo erythrophthalmus, Ground robin.—Common summer visitant; breeds.

Dendroica striaticeps, Bobolink.—Common; breeds.

Molothrus peccator, Cow bird.—Common; breeds.

Agelaius phoeniceus, Red-winged blackbird.—Very common; breeds; raises two broods. Have found nests with young, eggs nearly hatched, and fresh eggs in same slough.

Sturnella magna, Meadow lark.—Common; breeds.

Icterus spurius, Orchard oriole.—Quite common; breeds.

I. baltimore, Baltimore oriole.—Rare. Have seen but one nest in the grove at Wilton.

Quiscalus versicolor, Crow blackbird.—Common; breeds in large numbers.

Corvus americanus, Crow.—Common in the groves at Wilton and Monroes; breeds.

Cyanus erythraea, Blue Jay.—Quite common; breeds.

Euphonia migratoria, Wild pigeon.—Occasionally seen; does not breed.

Zenaidura macroura, Common dove, Turtle dove.—Very plenty; breeds; raises several broods each season.

Cupido cupido, Prairie hen, Pinnated grouse.—Plentiful; breeds.

Bonasa umbellus, Ruffed grouse.—Rare. One or two specimens have been shot at Wilton.

Ortyx virginianus, Quail.—Abundant; breeds.

Belaurus lentiginosus, Blitern, Thunder pump, Stake driver.—Common; breeds. Nest built sometimes in the midst of a slough, and at times on the ground at the edge. Usual number of eggs, four; have found one nest of seven eggs.

Charadrius virginicus, Golden plover.—Plenty during spring and fall migrations; does not breed.

Spizella socialis, Killdeer plover.—Very common; breeds.

Phalaropus minor, Woodcock.—Rare. Have seen but one bird, in a small grove of young maples. Do not know of its breeding.

Gallinago wilsoni, English snipe.—Plentiful in spring and fall; does not breed, except, perhaps, in isolated cases.

Macrorhamphus griseus, Red-breasted snipe.—Quite plentiful in spring; no record of its breeding.

Ringedovis macularius, Spotted sandpiper.—Plentiful. Have seen it during the summer, and it probably breeds.

Actitis hypoleucos, Field plover, Upland plover.—Common; breeds; nest built on the ground in pastures.

Perana carolina, Common rail.—Abundant; breeds.

Bernicla canadensis, Canada goose.—Generally common in spring; remains but a few days.

Bernicla brenta, Brant.—Occasionally shot in spring and fall on some of the large sloughs and lakes near here.

Anas boschas, Mallard.—Common in spring and fall. Some few pairs remain and breed.

Agia acuta, Spring-tail duck, Pin-tail duck, Pigeon-tail.—Not common; occasionally breeds.

Nelson carolinensis, Green-winged teal.—Common during migrations; may possibly breed, but have never found nest.

Querquedula discors, Blue-winged teal.—Common during migrations.

Polypterus podiceps, Carolina grebe.—Common; breeds.

ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 13: Two brown-throated parakeets, *Conurus erythrinus*, purchased; two crabs and one cucumber, *Oboletus confinis*, presented; three bald eagles, *Haliaeetus leucophthalmus*, presented.

Woodland, Farm and Garden.

THIS DEPARTMENT IS EDITED BY W. J. DAVIDSON, SR., N. Y. HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

FLOWERS IN THE CITY.

DURING the last ten or fifteen years we have seen a vast improvement in the taste displayed in many points of our social and domestic life, but perhaps in none has more advance been displayed than in the floral decoration of our rooms, balconies, hotels and public places of resort. Formerly the attempt at decoration got no further than a few asthmatic scarlet Geraniums, red-spider Fuchsias, Heliotropes, with here and there an overgrown Oleander, Cape Jasmine, Cactus, or perhaps the beautiful (when well grown) scarlet Malvastrum. Now this dead level is broken through, and not only in the pretentious up-town hotels and the Fifth avenue mansions do we see the feathery and graceful Palm, the many-hued and resplendent Caladium and Coleus, etc., but among the poorer denizens of this crowded city the love of the beautiful is manifested in the care bestowed on the sweet Madeira Vine, the common Morning Glory, or any of those cheaper but not less beautiful flowering, variegated, or parti-colored foliaged plants that can be bought at such a low figure every season. For northern exposures, also, our native ferns are cherished as a boon by many, their graceful fresh green fronds being a relief to the eye weary of dusty streets and sun-baked brick walls, and their introduction has been helped by many, whose opportunities of enjoying the beauties of ferns in their native haunts are few and far between. Many of them are evergreen also, and it is surely more pleasant, when looking across the way or enjoying a quiet reading by the window, to look through a screen of ferns than through those abominations known as blinds, however useful they may be in their way. It is a common remark that flowers outside of a house are ostentatious, and from their arrangement sloping downward to the outer edge, they cannot be enjoyed by the inmates. Those who thus object, however, forget that they also enjoy the full result of their opposite neighbor's horticultural efforts, and are bound to make him some return. Besides, is it nothing to add to the pleasures—all too scanty—of the dusty and toll-worn wayfarers of the street? And that the lovely

flowers and rich green drapery, tended and trained by loving fingers in our windows and balconies afford pleasure, may be easily read in the admiring and loving glances directed toward them. Such a civilizing influence is by no means to be despised; it carries on in the hot dusty streets the good work begun in our well-cared for parks, and the glimpses of private gardens we sometimes see, and perchance reaches many a son or daughter of toil, in whose hard-working lives parks and gardens are words, and nothing more. The increased use of flowers and plants at balls, receptions, fairs and other entertainments, has also been most remarkable. Formerly, a few evergreens placed under the staircase, with perhaps a few flowering plants in front of them, was considered the *me plus ultra* of good taste. Now colors are blended with thought and care, graceful Palms and feathery Ferns break up monotonous lines; Roses, the queen of flowers, and drooping Fuchsias, many-hued Coleuses and Dahlias, and exotic-looking plants lend their aid to the general effect. On our dinner-tables, parlor-tables and mantels, too, floral decoration reigns triumphant; and why not? The first suggestion of such a thing is met by an outcry as to expenses, and certainly if nothing but the choicest Roses, Eucharis, Orchids or other choice exotics will content us, it is not without cause. But Iry, and common Ferns, Sheep Laurel, Lobelia, our native Lilies, yes, and Pond Lilies, too, sprays of Madeira Vine, Creeping Charley, Wandering Jew, Maurandia and other ordinary flowers are by no means costly, and these, arranged with taste by skillful hands, produce effects far superior to those attained by a less artistic disposition of the most expensive blossoms. A few sprays of Partridge Berry or wild Anemone, with a few wild Violets or other flowers among them, tastefully grouped in a small vase, will oftentimes give more real pleasure, especially in a sick room, than the richest and most elaborate bouquet, even if presented by CROUS NO. II. As long, however, as ladies will not take the trouble to arrange their flowers themselves, so long will the floral adornments of their tables and parlors be unsatisfactory. Flowers give the finishing touch of refinement to everything with which they are associated, but their arrangement requires taste, judgment, love and practice.

Mrs. W. J. D.

HOW TO FUMIGATE.—Some of our Southern and even Northern readers may want to know how a room, a kennel or clothing may be fumigated. Dr. Chandler, of the New York Board of Health, gives the following as the best method:

Place some sulphur in an iron vessel and pour a little alcohol on it. The alcohol will burn, and before it is burned away the sulphur will be ignited. There will arise from the burning sulphur sulphurous acid gas, which, like other gases, will mix itself with all the air in the house without the aid of draught or currents. It will penetrate to every crevice, and will destroy the vitality of every disease germ with which it comes in contact.

The Kennel.

THE ST. PAUL BENCH SHOW.—One of the novel attractions of the St. Paul Bench Show will be a full team of Esquimaux dogs harnessed to the sledge or *Trainau*. There will also be Hare Coursing and Fox Hunting. The field trial judges for the bench show are John Davidson, Esq., of Monroe, Michigan; O. J. Butler, Esq., of Stillwater, and Wm. Muliken, Esq., St. Cloud. In selecting the judges for the field trials the committee have had only one object in view, viz.: to secure the best practical and unbiased men. They have been peculiarly fortunate in doing this, as Mr. Butler and Mr. Muliken are well known in this State for their honorable and fair manner in dealing with all alike. Mr. Davidson is the recognized best judge of a dog on this continent. Mr. Lort, the great "all-round" English judge, paid him a very high compliment at New York in saying, that as many English judges as he had been associated with he had never met one possessing so much practical knowledge as Mr. Davidson. In securing Mr. Davidson as the bench and field trial judge the committee have done what no other club has been able to do, as his services have been frequently asked for, but always denied.

RICHMOND KENNEL CLUB.—A kennel club is now being formed in Richmond, Virginia. Mr. John Adams is one of its chief promoters. The Richmond sportsmen ought to attend the coming field trials in Minnesota.

DISTEMPER.—Mr. John Davidson, of Monroe, Michigan, who is to be one of the judges at the coming Bench Show in St. Paul, has recently lost twelve valuable dogs from distemper, and has taken the precaution to scatter his kennel to prevent the disease from spreading. He thinks the disease was introduced by one of his dogs which he took with him to the East last spring.

HIGH PRICE FOR A SETTER.—Dash II., but for the odd fifty guineas, might have come to New York, as our correspondent, Captain John M. Taylor, offered 250 guineas for Dash on the part of a gentleman in New York. *Belt's Life* of August 3 says:

Mr. G. Brewis has sold his celebrated field trial setter, Dash II., to Mr. Llewellyn for 800 guineas, the highest price ever paid for a single setter. It will be recollected that Mr. Brewis gave 180 guineas for Dash at Aldridge's, and since then he has won with him the Horsehead, the Kennel Club Challenge Cup, and a second and third also at Horsehead and Shrewsbury, added to which he won the Open Dog Stakes and the Champion Cup at Shrewsbury before Mr. Brewis bought him. Dash has been rightly considered the best looking setter that has ever contested a field trial, and as he is nearly a pure Laverack, combining the two best strains of that sort, old Blue Dash and Blue Prince, he must necessarily be a most invaluable dog at the stud. He was bred by John Armstrong, and was got by the late Mr. Laverack's Blue Prince out of Kate, by Mr. Laverack's Old Dash out of Kate, by Mr. Field's Duke, and he is now five years old.

NAMES CLAIMED.—*New York, Aug. 14.*—Mr. C. H. Clayton claims the name of "Flame" for his red setter pup, out of Killarney (imported Frisk and Grouse by imported Milo—Dan-Venus), whelped May 16, 1878. "Judge" for his orange and white setter pup out of Fan (Gildersleeve's Dash-Fan),

S. S. *Ibis* and *Ideal* and schooner *Tarantula* made port during the afternoon. The double huller *Nereid* did better than we had expected, but then it was a free wind all the way. If she had had much turning to do in the seaway her speed would hardly have been so favorable. *Volante* made a fine run when the difference in tonnage between this cutter and the big ones is considered.

The Atlantic Y. C. disbanded this day in Newport Harbor. A noteworthy run to Newport was made by the little *Alma*, of the A. Y. C., and the heavier wind of Aug. 9. She made a record, considering the tacking about though in the ugly sea near Point Judith. Such a run is spent ashore by most amateurs and the fleet lay quietly at anchor for the day.

(To be Continued.)

The captains assembled aboard of the *Restless* late in the evening and received their sailing orders for the next day. The first port was to be Shelter Island, Gardiners Bay, thence to New London, Newport; remain over Sunday, and on

to carried all day and *Regina* had to rough the way with the *tine*, *Vizen*, *Clito*, *Estelle*, *Madelaine*, *Cornwall* (who had joined the fleet), *Rambler*, *Vision*, *Realstar*, *Poam*, *Restoration* (all added to the squadron), *Dreadnaught*, *Intercept* and *Nereid* following through in the order named. The *Clito*, she almost always followed the *Regina*. Flashed in the *Clito* she showed again to advantage, for *Rambler* went by *Madelaine*, *Estelle* and *Clito*, and took the lead among the schooners, with *Dreadnaught* and *Intercept* off her weather quarter. At six bells, the *Vice's* schooner had actually got the best of all the sloops into the bargain, and was pointing the course to New Bedford. The *Clito* was the first to see the *Clito* and the *Clito* was her rival, *Clity*, had remained at anchor in Greenpoint harbor, and so there was only *Clito* to bother her. Just

OWS.	Name.	U. M. \$.	Name.	U. M. \$.
1	Dreanraught	38 00	Vision	84 00
2	Estelle	42 00	Madeleine	60 00
3	Lytle	42 30	Foam	64 00
4	Rambler	46 00	Restless	55 00
5	Active	48 00	Neroid	36 00
6	Legend	52 00	Volante	55 00

sparsely participated on board of such frigates, for fear of putting them out of trim after a hearty meal; but they form an excellent school for learning how to handle a boat, and time spent in them is not by any means thrown away. The race was very successful in all respects, and the committee of the New Rochelle Y. C. is to be congratulated upon the issue of this the fifth regular annual regatta they have held. *Huile S.*

For home after landing the purse of \$150 for her crew. The first prize was won by the "Hawkeye" from among the other yachts present, those flying the pennants of the Atlantic and Jersey City Yacht Clubs were prominent, while the Seawanhakas were likewise represented as a matter of course. The final of the race we give below :

Wesphalia.....	1 04 45	4 66 15	3 55 30	8 52 30
Wien swan.....	1 04 45	5 57 52	8 15 07	13 51 07
W. F. Davis.....	1 02 45	4 58 27	3 32 42	8 31 07
SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.				
Nettle.....	1 02 45	4 55 08	3 58 07	8 32 41
Martha.....	1 02 45	5 01 59	4 02 48	9 04 48
Berth.....	1 02 45	5 02 40	4 02 48	9 04 48
Mary.....	1 02 45	5 03 40	4 05 55	9 04 15
Capital.....	1 02 45	5 04 53	4 06 42	9 06 42
Excelsior.....	1 04 45	6 13 41	4 10 46	10 43 58
THIRD CLASS CLATS.				
F.rou Fro.....	1 02 45	5 14 25	4 11 45	9 09 05
H. H. Holmes.....	1 02 45	5 17 10	4 14 25	9 07 05
FOURTH CLASS CLATS.				
Pidget.....	1 02 45	4 26 11	3 38 26	8 32 26
Brothers.....	1 02 45	4 26 32	3 39 47	8 32 02
Dart.....	1 02 45	4 26 32	3 39 47	8 32 02
Gertrude.....	1 02 45	4 28 16	3 35 81	8 32 01
Anita.....	1 02 45	4 29 03	3 35 23	8 32 03

Handicapper.....	1 02 45	4 02 13	2 29 28	2 25 50
Lille.....	1 02 45	4 39 31	3 58 46	3 32 53
FIFTH CLASS CATS.				
Lizzie C.....	1 02 45	3 43 35	2 40 50	2 59 10
Nettie.....	1 02 45	3 48 22	2 45 57	2 45 29
Mary B.....	1 02 46	3 49 01	2 46 15	2 47 31
Rush.....	1 02 45	3 49 15	2 46 33	2 45 43
Heed.....	1 02 45	8 55 08	2 02 23	3 51 55
Rest not timed.				

The owner of *Dare Devil* has challenged *Susie S.* to a match for \$100 a side, working canvas only, ten miles to windward and back.

SAN FRANCISCO YACHT CLUB.—The annual regatta of this club was successfully accomplished Saturday, Aug. 3, in a fresh breeze and sea. There was a strong muster of yachts, and, considering the recent formation of the club anew, it certainly exhibits signs of a vigorous growth, and must be congratulated upon the energy and interest manifested by all its members. The list of yachts was unusually long, and indebted to the efforts of the Commodore for the high standing now attained in the list of American yacht clubs, and that it is a wide-awake concern, up to the latest doings in the sport is evident from the fact that the honor of first having introduced the wonderfully handy yawl-rig, belongs to Capt. C. H. Harrison, of the *Proie*, and Capt. T. A. Hyde, of the *Puget*, both flying the colors of the S. F. & C. Eastern yachtsmen's association. The regatta was a very successful one for the State. We reserve some further comments in connection with this regatta and model on the Pacific for a later issue. Entries for the match, with a summary of time, made as follows:

Name.	H. M. S.	Home.	T. T. Time.	Do. with Al.
1. Consuelo.....	1 19 45	x. 61 45	3 32 9	73 29 2
2. Emerald.....	1 18 47	5 18 45	3 34 53	3 44 00
3. Emerald.....	1 19 47	5 22 45	3 34 53	73 29 2
4. Frolic.....	1 17 0	5 26 50	4 9 00	4 0 0
7. Magic.....	1 20 53	8 38 47	4 17 52	4 0 13
6. Clara.....	1 20 50	5 32 35	4 11 45	68 57
5. Emerald.....	1 20 50	5 32 35	4 11 45	68 57
* Lily.....	1 27 0	11 57 53	3 50 50	73 50 53
* Twilight.....	1 20 58	5 2 66	3 41 67	73 41 67
* Annie.....	1 20 58	5 5 0	3 41 67	73 41 67
* Annie.....	1 30 0	5 5 0	3 28 32	59 0
* Tommy.....	1 28 50	5 24 10	3 55 20	5 49 20
* Carrie.....	1 29 15	5 24 6	3 55 20	5 53 20
		+ 30 0		

Courses from Long Bridge to Hunter's Point, to and around beacon off Oak and Harbor, thence to and around stake-boat off Fort Point Wharf and return over same course. Second-class and cat-boats returned directly home from Fort Point Wharf stake-boat.

THE CUTTER MURIEL.—Many are the tales of the wonderful doings of this pretty little crack that come to us from all sources. Though we prefer to await authentic accounts of her sailing, we may say that all agree in praising her wonderful handiness, while not a few are even sanguine as to her speed. Built and sparred for a cruiser only, speed *per se* has not been the aim of her designer, but if fast, it will certainly be just that much more to his credit.

NORWALK YACETSMEN AFLOAT.—The members of the Columbia Y. C., of South Norwalk, Conn., Commodore Herbert H. Booth, will leave that place on a cruise up the Hudson. They sail in the sloop *W. B. Smith*, in charge of Captain Thomas Wright, and expect to be gone a week.

CRUISE OF THE S. S. VEDETTE.—Mr. Phillips Phoenix, of New York, is now on a cruise in his new steam yacht *Vedette*, 93 tons, N. M. He arrived at St. John, N.B., on the 15th inst., all well. After remaining a few days she proceeded across the bay. Captain A. Williams has charge of her.

NEW BEDFORD YACHT CLUB.—The fourth cat-boat race of a series, for the New Bedford Yacht Club's Cup, was sailed Aug. 10 over a six-mile course. Won by *Sylph*, J. H. Beetle, Esq., in 1h. 13m. 5s., beating *Turk*, *Alice*, *Entice*, *Cito* and *Pester*. Previous races won by *Entice*, *Cito* and *Sylph*.

A GOOD RECORD.—The *Fancy*, Mr. P. Grant, Jr., has a fine record, and has established herself as one of the fastest among the small craft in and about Boston. She is cat-rigged, 22ft. long, 9ft. 6in. beam, and was built last spring by Pierce Brothers, of Boston, in 1877. She has started ten times, winning first prize six times and second prize once. The first three races were lost on account of being under sparrd the first season out. She flies the Nahasset pennant.

BEVERLY YACHT CLUB.—As announced in our columns, the regatta held by this club off Cotuitport was sailed Aug. 17, a strong wind blowing from the southeast. The judges were: Messrs. A. L. Lowell, J. T. Coolidge and G. P. Gardner. The race finished as below:

FIRST CLASS,		Actual Time.	Corrected Time.
Name,	Owner,	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Wauquilt.....	A T Perkins.....	1 24 43	1 16 37
Elise.....	J T Coolidge, 3d.....	1 34 17	1 21 21

SECOND CLASS.			
Niles.....	F O Lowell.....	1 44 25	1 20 20
Garibaldi.....	A Colman.....	1 47 15	1 20 30
Louis.....	J T Coolidge.....	1 53 35	1 30 01
Peer.....	E J Lowell.....		

UNION REGATTA OFF STRAWBERRY HILL, BOSTON.—An open regatta will be held Aug. 31, off Strawberry Hill, Boston harbor. Yachts will be divided into three classes, separate prizes for keels and centreboards. Course will be designated at a later day. Judges: Com. M. J. Kiley, S. S. Goodwin, Geo. C. Melvin, H. A. Keith, Geo. W. Morton and Geo. H. Palmer.

PROVIDENCE YACHT CLUB.—The midsummer regatta of this club was held Aug. 13, over a course in Narragansett Bay, off the city. Wind, a wholesome breeze from the S., and the sea smooth, with a fine sail all around. Course from the Point to and around the city, back to the Point, back to the Point, then down to Bullock Point, light and return to the stakeboat. Distance ten miles. Two pennants for prizes. The yachts got away together, save *Hildgards*, who soon gave the others the lead and made for Bristol. *Hope* and *Lizzie* on the run up carried away their gaffs and withdrew. *Starlight* and *Lottie* had the race to themselves in their class after this, and *Warwick* was alone in the second. The match finished as under:

NAMES.	FIRST CLASS.			
	Start.	Return.	Actual Time.	Corrected Time.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Starlight.....	1 25 80	2 59 00	1 53 30	0 59 25
Little.....	3 30 30	5 45 45	1 47 15	1 12 02
Hope.....	1 25 15	withdrawn.		
Hildegard.....	3 30 00	withdrawn.		

The race for small local craft was won by *Myra*.

OAR AND PADDLE

THE SILVER KE REGATTA.—The great regatta of August 15, held on Silver Lake, near Boston, has come in many respects to unlooked-for terminations. The defeat of Courtney by a colored carpsman of rapidly-rising fame carries with it the loss of the regatta to Courtney a good turn in time. In the first place it has proved the weakness of Courtney's generous to despise one's enemies, and secondly that it will not do to come to the start in an untrained or unfit condition. It was expected that Riley would have made a better showing than he did, but as he avers that he slowed down to watch and stand by Courtney in his illness, this may account for his lagging behind, to the disappointment of many of his friends. Courtney's defeat by a colored carpsman, however, is one thing can be said, that with a better training and a finer style he will soon be a man to be feared by any who may fall over the same course with him in the future. Wallace, Ross and Hosmer failed to put in an appearance, and Plaisted and Morris were also absent. This robbed Frenchy's victory of much of its significance, upon the supposition that Riley did not do his best. It is being conceded on all sides that Courtney is a very good carpsman, and that he is Boston's best man, and one who can make away with anybody but a very best. Moreover, the manly and generous conduct of this colored knight of the oar has won for him many friends. He is ready to acknowledge that his defeat of Courtney was owing to the latter's illness, and does not expect to perform the feat again. In time, however, Johnson will make his mark. He has the physique and will, and only lacks more perfect training to get the best of his muscles and into his boat. The day's proceedings of the regatta were a splendid show.

urred, though the surface of the lake beneath was smooth and in good racing order. Owing to the exertions of Captain Flynn everything was in readiness at the appointed time, and the amateur single scullers were called a little before 2 p. m. Entries and positions: No. 1, J. Francis; No. 2, F. F. Butler; No. 3, W. H. Backman; No. 4, T. O. Murphy; No. 5, M. Crowley; No. 6, J. James; No. 7, J. J. Houghton, and No. 8, J. J. Houghton. The start was made by James Larmon, Phillips and Lee did not start. At the word "Go" Murphy, Houghton and Butler got away together, with Holmes following. At the half-mile Regan spurred and went into second place, and Holmes, with a long, steady swing, took the lead. At the mile he lead by four lengths, Regan still second; but at the turn Houghton displaced him and spurred after Holmes, but to no avail. Holmes won by two lengths in 21m. 57s.; Houghton second, 22m. 3s., and Murphy third, 23m. 57s. The following table shows the time of each sculler as recorded. The following took the lead at successive points:

second and City Points behind, having made a bad start, Shawmuts steered poorly. At the mile the Rhode Islanders got the lead, and from the turn had the race in hand, Shawmuts keeping second place. The Rhode Island crew crossed in good style in 18m. 42s., Shawmuts 19m. 11½s. and City Points 15m. 50s. The Rhode Islanders were the cause of the delay, and they had been even more interested in the presence of many who had entered rendered the list of competitors very meagre. Courtney was, of course, the favorite, and bet against him could hardly be obtained. The rumor of his illness, however, soon spread among the crowd. Ellis Ward left off, but Frenchy's muscle began to tell, and sent him ahead. Riley and Courtney kept together, and Sullivan brought up the rear. Courtney was 300 yds. ahead of Riley, 47½ feet, neither of them gallant, on the Bostonian. Johnson noticing an attempt of Riley to drive him out of his course, spurred and gained his stake some five lengths ahead. At this juncture Courtney felt the first symptoms of his coming illness, and told Riley to go ahead. Both turned, Ward next and Sullivan last. At the last mile Courtney threw up his hands and the judge's boat went to his rescue. The race was over in 34m. 45s. Courtney 21m. 11½s., Riley, 22m. 46s., Ward, 23m. 44½s. Courtney, who had pulled on once again after having his head bathed, finished in 24m. 49s. The next race was four-oared working boats. Entries: The Lakeman No. 1, the Ward-Butler and the Chelsea crews. Lakeman led all the way from the start and crossed ten lengths ahead in 19m. 30½s.; Ward-Butler, 19m. 38s.; Chelsea, 19m. 46s. Johnson rendered an excellent reception and was well considered by the friends, who went so far as to propose a race with Hlanlan. This, though, is going a little too fast, for Johnson is not yet equal to the Canadian by a long piece. Courtney's reception by the Bostonians was very warm. The weights and boats of the professional scullers were as follows:

Charles E. Courtney, of Union Springs, N. Y.—Weight, 171 pounds; height, 5ft. 1/2 in. Boat, built by Waters of Troy, paper, 25ft. 10 in. beam, and weight, 85 pounds.

James B. Riley, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.—Weight, 161 pounds; height, 5ft. 1 1/2 in. Boat of paper, built by Waters, 25ft. 10 in. 1 1/2 in. beam, and weight, 85 pounds.

John W. Johnson, of Batston—Weight, 155 pounds; height, 5ft. 10 in. Boat of paper, built by Waters, 25ft. 10 in. 1 1/2 in. beam, and weighing 81 pounds.

John Ward, of Zanesdale—Weight, 153 pounds; height, 5ft. 11 in. Boat 25ft. 10 in. 1 1/2 in. beam, and weighing 83 pounds.

J. P. Sullivan, of Lowell—Weight, 141 pounds; height, 5ft. 10 1/2 in. Boat 25ft. 10 in. 1 1/2 in. beam, and weighing 29 pounds.

Johnson made the best time ever made at Silver Lake, beating Hahn's time by 19 1/2 seconds. Courtney expresses his willingness to row Hahn's crew, the Silver Lake crew, which, he says, pleases him much. Riley left the same day for Hamilton, Ont., where he was to row on the 21st inst.

WHY SHOULD THEY MEET?—A race between the Shoe-vacuumers, Atlantas and Columbias would no doubt be very interesting, though in common with the Western crews we fail to see by what right either of the New York crews can expect the Monroe men to travel 1,400 miles just to perform a performance which every prejudiced critic will allow them quite capable of doing. The Shoe vacuumers, the Columbias at Henley, and we may say with ease as well, for they never even spurted for any length of time and had plenty of steam to spare at the finish, while the Atlantas got all they wanted at Watkins. If the New York crews are really desirous of meeting the Western men, nothing will be more readily arranged. Let them take their boats out to Michigan, and, as we are informed, the Shoes will give them a race whenever they want one. The latter have by this time got their new boat, we believe, and it is reasonable to suppose that equivalent to a lead of an additional length or two, for they were badly handicapped with their old dug-out. A gentleman connected with the Detroit River Navy states that if the Shoes desire to go to Henley next year the financial means will be forthcoming.

CANOEIST ON HIS TRAVELS.—Mr. W. L. Alden, of the New York Times, well known as a canoeist and author of "The Canoe and Flying Iron," and other similar books, has boarded his canoe for a time and has sailed for a cruise abroad in Europe. As a member of the Rob Roy Canoe Club of England he will send us accounts of the sport as it is in England to-day, which, it is needless to say, will prove most interesting and valuable to the devotees of the paddle in this country.

THE SHADOW CANOE IN MASSACHUSETTS.—Mr. William Blakey, the well-known shell boat builder of Cambridge, Mass. has in hand a shadow canoe for a member of the Harvard Club.

ST. LOUIS PROSPECTS.—The heat during the summer has somewhat interfered with active operations in St. Louis boating circles, but for all that the members of the clubs on the Mississippi have had in view the steady development of the sport. Steps have been taken to provide better means of access to the course of the St. Louis clubs, so that it may be possible to hold the regatta of the Mississippi Valley Association there next year on the Lake of the Clouds. A new boat building firm from Arsenal Island to the Illinois shore, which will provide a sheltered stretch of water three or four miles long and half a mile wide, upon which boats could be started abreast, doing away with the obnoxious system of heat racing. The Mound City Rowing Association have selected September 1 as the date for their annual review, and have invited the University and Marine clubs to participate. The St. Louis Club expects to make a trip up to Alton in their renovated *Enterprise*, and have other long pulls on the tapis. A new boat club has been organized at Alton, Ill. The old puritan prejudice against the honest enjoyment of a pull on Sundays seems to have given way at last to more liberal principles, and St. Louis crews are not afraid to show themselves in their boats on the first day of the week. Mocks have a champion crew actively at work. Koots has already organized a club and boats have been ordered from Philadelphia. The boating fever may be said to be decidedly on the increase in the West and in the neighborhood of St. Louis in particular.

WHITESTONE REGATTA.—The gentlemen, sojourning at the Whitestone House, Whitestone, L. I., held an impromptu regatta August 14. Course, one mile and a quarter. Entries: No. 1, Ferdinand Gondoli and Charles W. Garrison, red and black; time, 7m. 14s. No. 2, Sidney H. Nealy and Frank M. Locke, red; time, 8m. 10s. No. 3, John Braden and James C. Moore, blue; time, 8m. 18s. No. 4, A. J. A. and J. A. A. and William H. Ordway, time, 8m. 19s. Messrs. Gondoli and Garrison were the winners. Prizes were awarded by Mrs. and Mr. Brewster Kissam, and consisted of a silk penant and gold badges.

NATIONAL REGATTA.—Full reports of the great event of the year—the National Regatta of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, held at Newark Tuesday and Wednesday last, will appear in our issue of next week.

DETROIT VS. MICHIGAN.—After the Detroit men the four-oared scull race at the Detroit River Navy regatta, the Michigan four challenged the Detroit crew. The race was won by Michigan, once accepted. Aug. 16 was fixed for the race. Course, one mile and return. Mr. J. N. Ostrom, of the Excelsior, was umpire. Crews: 1.—Detroit—Bow, James Craig, Jr.; No. 2, C. B. Hodges; No. 3, W. J. Gray; stroke, Walter Rowan. 2.—Michigan—Bow, J. Hurley; No. 2, E. Nolan; No. 3, C. Cable; stroke, J. W. Holmes. Detroit pulled 38 strokes in good form, most of them met with a mishap at the sliding seat. Michigan was pulling faster, turned first and worked up to 44, coming in winners in spite of a crab, in 13 minutes 3 seconds, Detroit 13 minutes 20 seconds. The Michigans were challenged by the Excelsiors immediately after the race, and the latter have also challenged the Monroe crew for a short course. Answer not yet received.

RAISING ON THE PASSAIC.—A single scull race took place on the Passaic, at Newark, Aug. 18, between William Barry, of Jersey City, and John Eckford, of Newark. Course, three mile straight away. Eckford won the lead and maintained it throughout the race. Time 28 minutes.

RAISING AT NIAGARA.—The consolation race for the men defeated at Barrie, Ont., which was held at Niagara, Aug. 17, was a great success. It was held under the auspices of the Hahn Club and the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, and the Queen's Royal, of Niagara. The first event was one for heavy weights. Entries: Charles Perry, of Toronto; Thomas McGraw, proprietor of the Queen's Hotel, Toronto; Mr. J. A. McFar, of St. Catharines, and T. A. McLean, of Toronto. Won by McGraw after a close contest. Miller second. For the single sculls, were entered: Evan Morris and H. Coulter, of Pittsburgh; Ed. Ross, of St. John, N. B., and W. McKim and A. Elliott, of Toronto. Judges, Messrs. Wallace, Ross, and J. A. Hosmer. Starter, T. Plaisted; time-keeper, P. Luther and Hahn, referee. Course one mile, twice around, making a distance of four miles. Coulter took the water first, but McKim won after a close contest. Miller second. They all turned the nearest buoy, and on the run back Ross spurted going to the front with 40 strokes. At the next turn McKim upset and was rescued by Coulter. Ross kept his lead, pushed closely by Morris and Elliott ten lengths behind. Ross won by half a length in 29m. 27 1/2s. Prize, a purse of \$250.

METROPOLITAN REGATTA.—The date for closing entries for this regatta has been extended to Aug. 28. A large number of crews will take part in the event.

SCULLING IN VIRGINIA.—The race between George Weisberger, of the Brown Boat Club, and Louis Felsing, of the Nail City Club, for a purse of \$500, came off at Beach Bottom, above Wheeling, W. Va., Aug. 17. The men were well matched; Felsing made a spurt and came in one and a half lengths ahead. Time, 20m. 40s.

SCULL RACE AT ROCHESTER. N. Y.—Mr. Editor: A scull race took place last evening on the Genesee River, above the dam at Rochester, over a two-mile course, between J. B. Durand, D. C. Sully and W. F. Sandway, amateur oarsmen of this city. C. H. Haskin was chosen referee, and James Mallory time keeper. Soon after the third "Go" it was evident who would win, Durand leading at thirty-four strokes to a minute. Sully following at thirty. At the turning point Durand brought about quickly, gaining several lengths on Sully, who made a very slow turn. The race was won by Durand in 14:40, followed by Sully in 15:10. Sandway came in with a broken toe strap. Durand was presented with a handsome blue silk sack, worked with white. Sandway received a leather medal, inscribed—

TO WILLIAM F. SANDWAY.
As a token of valor and skill in not winning the single scull race on the upper course of the Genesee River, August 15, 1878.
This medal is awarded with the exhortation, "In Turpitis remis."
ROCHESTER, Aug. 16.

FAST TIME IN A CANOE.—Mr. Editor: Your correspondents give some pretty fast time in their account of "Four Weeks in Canvas Canoes"—two miles in three minutes through a rift. I am a canoeist, and I have traveled a shade faster than your correspondents. My boat's trials may be found somewhere. She was set on fire by the friction, and "I only am escaped alone to tell you."
New York, Aug. 16.

CANOEING IS OPEN WATER.—The canoes, *Clockette* and *Star*, which cruised from this city to Newport, R. I., were both wooden canoes of lapstrake build, the former a Shadow and the latter a Rob Roy model.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN AUGUST.

FRESH WATER.	SALT WATER.
Trout, <i>Salmo fontinalis</i> .	Sea Bass, <i>Scolopagus ocellatus</i> .
Salmon, <i>Salmo salar</i> .	Sheepshead, <i>Archosargus probatocephalus</i> .
Salmon Trout, <i>Salmo concolor</i> .	Striped Bass, <i>Morone virginatica</i> .
Land-locked Salmon, <i>Salmo gairdneri</i> .	White Perch, <i>Morone americana</i> .
Grayling, <i>Thymallus tricolor</i> .	Weakfish, <i>Cynoscion regalis</i> .
Black Bass, <i>Micropogonias salmoides</i> .	Bass, <i>Morone saxatilis</i> .
<i>M. nigricans</i> .	Spanish Mackerel, <i>Cyprinus maculatus</i> .
Muskellunge, <i>Esox nigrilobus</i> .	Cornell, <i>Sciaenops ocellatus</i> .
Yellow Perch, <i>Perca flavescens</i> .	Kingfish, <i>Megascops asio</i> .

FISH IN MARKET.—RETAIL PRICES.—Bass, 25 cents; bluefish, 8; salmon, 25; mackerel, 20; weak fish, 10; Spanish mackerel, 25; green turtle, 10; halibut, 15; haddock, 6; king fish, 18; codfish, 6; black fish, 10; flounders, 8; porgies, 8; sea bass, 18; eels, 15; lobsters, 10; sheepshead, 20; scallops per gallon, 32; pompano, 25; hard crabs, per 100, \$2.50; soft crabs, per dozen, 75 cents.

Spanish mackerel unusually scarce and high. It looks as though the catch on Long Island would be a failure; sheepshead abundant, from Barnegat; bluefish in moderate supply, from New Jersey and Cape Cod; some very large bluefish received from Portland, Me., an unusual circumstance.

NEW BRUNSWICK.—Black bass fishing on the Richelieu River, near St. Johns, is very good at present.

NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.—Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 15.—This summer we coasted the north shore of Lake Superior, from Silver Islet to Sault Ste. Marie, fishing lake and streams whenever we felt like it. We did not, however, go up the Neigpon. Rock fishing was poorer than usual. The lake is eighteen inches lower than usual, and the streams all exceedingly low. Some streams I had formerly fished were nearly dry, and fishing impracticable; others good. So I had better and poorer fishing than ever before. Our finest fishing was off the rocks. I took two at one cast—one 23 1/2 and the other 18 1/2 inches long—and immediately after two others, 17 1/2 inches long. All *Salmo fontinalis*, of course. C. O. H.

FISH PARADISE.—Editor Forest and Stream: About one mile long, half a mile wide, in places very deep, water very cold, fed from bottom springs, clear as crystal and surrounded by mountains. This is the little lake where the prettiest of all trout abound. It is a pleasant day's journey from New York, and yesterday I took seventy trout from its bright waters, the majority reaching one pound in weight. With many of their kindred they reached home as fine and hard as when taken from the river. Here, as in most other favored spots, the spring time is the best to take trout in quantity, but they abound in such profusion that a fine mess can be made at any season. Sherbrooke, P. Q., is the centre of a fine trout country. To the west, in Broms and Bolton, some 20 miles, are dozens of little lakes all containing trout, and if one prefers pounders to the whales of Rangeley, this is the spot to rather than the south, some twenty miles, is the Avonville Lake, a splendid water for pounders with 19 miles eastward, in a dense wilderness, lies Lake Megantic, where trout were taken this season that marked the four pound notch. The fish here will not weigh less than a pound each, fight like "all possessed," and no other fish inhabit the lake. Three miles east of Barton, Vt., which is fifteen miles south of Newport, lies May's pond—a grand little sheet of water one mile in length where a basket can be filled with "whoppers" in a short time. Lunge in Memphremagog are scarce this summer, and pickers also have "gone west," but perches are taken in great numbers, for some feed stocked the lake with them, and they have multiplied amazingly. Black bass have been put in and will be sizable to take next summer. To reach this country take the S. M. train from Springfield, Mass., over the Connecticut river and Passumpsic River railroad, reaching Newport and Memphremagog at supper time, and Sherbrooke at 9 p. m. The trip over these roads is one of great beauty, with ever-changing scenery, touching the Green and White Mountains, and winding along the two charming rivers nearly to their source.

Herbert, P. Q., Aug. 16th.

KIT CLARKE.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Crawford House, White Mountains, Aug. 16.—Trout are plenty and of good dimensions. Hooked 75 to date, the largest weighing 11 oz.; length, just 12 inches. Ammonoosic and Dry rivers are the best streams.

NIMROD.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Nantucket, Aug. 17.—This has been a poor week for bluefish. Owing to the wet weather the fish swim deep. The largest catches are as follows: *Flora delmar*, 72; *Undine*, 61; *Thorn*, 53. Sharks very plentiful. Perch caught in great numbers; one party of three, Wednesday, caught 601 in one hour and fifty-two minutes, and the same day I caught a yellow perch 15 1/2 inches long.

JACK CURELW.

MOVEMENTS OF THE FISHING FLEETS.—The arrivals for the past week have given a more hopeful aspect to the fishing outlook, and our wharves have presented the busy appearance which characterized them in more prosperous seasons. The arrivals have not been numerous, numbering 50 in all, but some very good fares have been landed in the several departments of fishing, followed by Gloucester vessels. There have been five Bay arrivals. The Shore fleet continue to report a scarcity of large mackerel, though a few 25 and large 30s are called from most of the trips. The number of arrivals for the week has been 6. The Bank cod fishermen have commenced to put in an appearance with favorable reports, and the receipts in this department have been much larger than for any previous week this season. Arrivals, 9; total catch, 1,180,000 lbs. The number of halibut arrivals for the week has been 7. The number of Georges arrivals has been 29, and the receipts 290,000 lbs. codfish and 17,000 lbs. halibut.—*Cape Ann Advertiser*, Aug. 16.

RHODE ISLAND.—Narragansett Pier, Aug. 14.—A large turtle was caught off Point Judith. Tuesday it was entangled in the lines of a lobster pot and towed to the pier by a rope fastened to its fore flippers. From nose to tail it measures 7 1/2 feet, and from tip to tip of fore flippers it measures 8 1/2 feet. Its upper parts are black; under shell pink and white. Its back shell was quite hard (though not as hard as a common water turtle) and had five ridges running its entire length. The largest ridge about three inches high. The top and under shells were joined at the sides by two pieces. The turtle could not draw in its head or flippers. The throat was covered with pink and white spots. The turtle died yesterday. F. R. WELSH.

LONG ISLAND.—Sayville, Aug. 18.—E. Backus and friends, from Nassau, N. Y., fishing at Sayville, L. I., caught 285 blue fish in about four hours, chumming. A lady took 77 of them. They were an even run of about 2 pound fish and very game. The removal of the pound nets undoubtedly has much to do with the large quantities of fish in the Great South Bay this year.

BASS AT MONTAUK POINT.—Philadelphia, Aug. 10.—Last week at Montauk Point, L. I., J. B. Stearns took six bass weighing 11, 6, 2 1/2, 10, 18 and 13 pounds each. G. B. Stearns, Jr., caught twenty-one, weighing respectively, 19 1/2, 12, 2 1/2, 4, 9, 16, 10, 12, 15, 15, 23 1/2, 23 1/2, 3, 7, 23 1/2, 12 1/2, 7, 11 and 16 pounds. L. Stearns caught six which weighed 35, 18 1/2, 16, 10, 15, 10 pounds. These were all taken within three hundred feet of each other on Montauk Point. I have fished Pasque Island for the last six years, but this time they ate them all. JUSE.

NEW JERSEY.—Kinsey's Ashley House, Barnegat Inlet, Aug. 19.—Weakfish biting freely. J. N. Kirby, Phil Mulloy and T. A. Henderson, N. Y., took 74, averaging 9 lbs. Y. bluefish, 19 bass; John O. Hughes and boys, Phila., 67 bluefish; Wm. Steel, Lewis Jamison, Bordentown, N. J., 26 bluefish; W. H. Dodge, of Towanda, Pa., 25 bluefish; A. D. Hughes and friend, Bordentown, 43 bluefish; C. W. Hancock, 30 blackfish; H. L. Lewis, and P. P. Shirkwood, N. Y., 33 bluefish; H. L. Lewis, F. Miller, F. C. Edson and Wm. Birney, Jr., Elizabeth, 25 bluefish. Sheepshead were biting good until Friday. Thursday some 300 taken off the grounds. On Friday night a party from Watertown with a large haul swept the channel at the sheepshead ground, and since then not a bite has been felt nor a fish taken. Thus one small party destroyed the livelihood of some seventy-five poor men, who have for the last two months been making from \$4 to \$10 per day with their line. Cause: Political interference with our State Commissioners, thereby depriving our county of a varden. B.

"COME PREPARED TO ROUGH IT."—That is the injunction which accompanies and supplements the graceful invitation sent out to the friends of the "Solid Comfort Fishing Club," of Mercer, Pa., who are now in camp at Sugar Lake, seven miles from Cochranton. The club is made up of officers, an executive committee, and the rest of the fellows, nineteen altogether. There is the solidest kind of comfort in the roughest of roughing it, and so long as the fish bite and the bait holds out may the Sugar Lake Campers get rest unto their souls.

THE FRASER RIVER SALMON SEASON.—A correspondent of the New York World writing from New Westminster, British Columbia, under date of Aug. 16, says that in that land of pike and picker, salmon are selling at one cent each.

The "run," as the fishermen call it, has been unprecedented. Indeed, the canneries have more fish than they know what to do with, and thousands of the dead salmon are daily thrown into the river because there are not men enough to can them. Each cannery is turning out from 400 to 1,000 cases daily. The profit on each case varies in different years, according to the run of fish, from \$1.50 to \$3.50; this year it will probably be more. The Chinamen do all the work after the fish is landed. The fishing is done principally by Indians. A good many people say that the present run may be expected every year, as they urge that until now the correct mode of catching the fish has not been understood. Several of the canneries are not only canning salmon, but have begun to salt the fish and pack it away in barrels. A good many people in this colony cry out against the employment of Chinese labor. But for the Chinamen the fisheries would not exist; it would be impossible to obtain white labor to do the work. Indeed, the cannery proprietors would be very glad to get whites. The season lasts for a few weeks only, and at the end of that time the men would be out of work. The Chinamen board themselves, and at the end of the "run" take themselves off.

AN ENO FROM MICHIGAN.—Editor Forest and Stream: A short and pointed article in FOREST AND STREAM of July 18, entitled "Hogfishiness," reprehends the ideas of too many

who wield the rod and are adepts in taking trout. Not content with taking such large numbers of fish, they blazon the weight and number of their fish through the land. Thank goodness there are some followers of the gentle art who have a conscience in taking fish in other things. Three gentlemen went on the famous Jordan fishing, and could "yank them out" all the day until anything like sport sufficed them. They caught 200 the first day. At the camp-fire that night the matter was discussed. One of the party said, "Here is an agreement. We will confine ourselves to 30 trout per day, no matter how they may be biting, or I propose to break up camp and go home." We have not degenerated to barbarism if we have left the city behind us." They were to use just what bait one pleased, worms, grasshoppers or the fly. I need not say that they enjoyed themselves. Trouting at that time was the finest sport on the Jordan, and these gentlemen came home to the camp with fine trout, taken legitimately with a fly. Not a trout put into their creels under six inches. Yet they caught more than enough for their own use. The Jordan, Boyne and Manistee on this side of the lake, and Au Sauble on the Huron side, cannot stand such a drain on them as was reported in the month of June. Though during July, when the crickets were swarming, and the trout were out of the sun, you could not persuade the trout to take the daintiest bait, and it was only in the early morning or in the gloaming that fish would bite, even though they were breaking the water before sunset.

Chicago, August 15.

NORMAN.

SHARKS.—The shark is making himself more of a nuisance than usual this summer. He has been an unwelcome visitor at Long Branch, Brighton Beach and other popular watering places. The coast fishermen complain that the man-eater is giving them much trouble. The fishermen at Short Beach, Conn., caught one in a net the other day. He was nine feet long and very ferocious. He bit a piece of timber, four inches by two, in pieces. His big jaws were furnished with formidable teeth. One six and one-half feet long was killed after a hard fight by men in a boat off Plum Beach, in Westcott's Bay, on Monday, the 12th. A fisherman near the mouth of the Housatonic, the other day, hooked a fine striped bass, but a big shark came along and away went the fish, fishing tackle and angler's temper. We have had the same trick played on us many a time in Florida waters.

BAIT FOR FISHES AND SEA BASS.—Use large angle-worm for bait. The fish take this bait quite as well, and it remains on the hook much longer than clams.

E. R.

BLACK BASS ANGLING.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

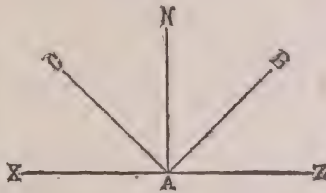
Having received letters from several gentlemen desiring a "more in-depth" subject of black bass fishing, and more especially in regard to casting the minnow, I propose to dispense said "light and knowledge" through the effulgent columns of the FOREST AND STREAM to all uninformated brother anglers.

A faithful study of the conformation, habits and idiosyncracies of game fish should be the first consideration of the true angler, but the average angler usually contents himself with a superficial knowledge of the ways and means of capturing and killing the finny tribe, a big catch being the height of his piscatorial ambition. While good tackle is essential to success, a thorough knowledge of the habits of the fish is a *sine qua non*, without which no one can become an expert and successful angler. Apropos of this might be mentioned the old and hackneyed story of the rustic youth with a split bamboo and well-filled fly-book, who indulged in a fish's fishing on the same stream, with the result of a "big string" for the boy, and one poor fingerling for the disgruntled sportsman. The boy understood the "true inwardness" of the trout, while the discomfited citizen was lamentably ignorant, and relied entirely upon his splendid rig for success.

While the black bass are plentiful, as in the quiet ponds and lakes of Western New York, Northern Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and at the Thousand Islands, the merest tyro, who can throw his bait twenty feet from the boat, can, when the bass are in a biting mood, show a big catch, though he may have necessarily failed to land two out of every three fish hooked. But on rivers where the angler casts to the right, and where the stream is not so shallow, and where the angler is fishing the shallows and bars, and the bass are shy, educated, and fully up to a knowledge of the stream in its windings, eddies, pools and rapids, the highest skill and a thorough knowledge of the habits of the fish are indispensable to a full creel, and this, at the same time, constitutes the pleasure and perfection of black bass angling. But bear in mind, that sticking the butt of a long rod in the bank, and then, while reclining on the other side, waiting for the fish to rise, is not angling, but simply loitering, and attempting to obtain bass under false pretences. The artistic angler will use nothing but the best tackle, essentials of which a short plant rod, a freely rendering reel and a suitable line. The perfect black bass rod would be a split bamboo, in one entire length, without joints, about eight feet long, and weighing about one and one-half pounds. It would be quite costly and difficult and expensive to repair, and could be carried about only with extreme risk. I merely mention it. The next best would be composed of the same material, of the same length and weight, in two or three pieces or joints. Next in order, not nearly so costly and really more serviceable, is the ash and lancewood rod of the same weight and length, with the same relative degrees of pliancy and elasticity. The Orvis rod of the first-class New York multiple-piece rod made. Mr. F. A. Strong, of Honesdale, Pa., is now making an ash and lancewood rod in two pieces or one joint, which approaches more nearly to my idea of a black bass rod than any I have seen; it is from 5 to 8½ feet long, just right in weight, balance and pliancy for making long casts, and plays a bass superbly. B. C. Milani's "Frankfort Reel" is by far the best of the kind. The Orvis reel is the best three-piece rod made. Mr. F. A. Strong, of Honesdale, Pa., is now making an ash and lancewood rod in two pieces or one joint, which approaches more nearly to my idea of a black bass rod than any I have seen; it is from 5 to 8½ feet long, just right in weight, balance and pliancy for making long casts, and plays a bass superbly. B. C. Milani's "Frankfort Reel" is by far the best of the kind. The Orvis reel is the best three-piece rod made. Mr. F. A. Strong, of Honesdale, Pa., is now making an ash and lancewood rod in two pieces or one joint, which approaches more nearly to my idea of a black bass rod than any I have seen; it is from 5 to 8½ feet long, just right in weight, balance and pliancy for making long casts, and plays a bass superbly. B. C. Milani's "Frankfort Reel" is by far the best of the kind. The Orvis reel is the best three-piece rod made.

In casting for black bass, having properly adjusted the rod, reel and line, tie on the swivel by one of its rings, and loop the end of the hook under the other ring of the swivel, and draw the line through the under lip and out at the nostril of a good-sized minnow, say four inches long; reel up the line until the swivel touches the tip and make a cast. But how? Aye, there's the rub. The instruction can hardly be conveyed intelligibly by mere words, but with the help of the diagram below. I will endeavor to make it, at least, partially understood by the uninitiated.

The angler is supposed to be standing at A, facing N, and his shoulders in a line with X Z. Casting the minnow is an entirely different process from casting the fly. A minnow can be cast but a very short distance immediately in front of the angler, and all long casts must be made sideways, that is, to the left or right. To make a long cast to the left we will suppose X to be the objective point to which the minnow is to be cast. The angler now grasps the rod immediately below the reel with the right hand, with the thumb resting lightly but firmly upon the spool; the right arm is now extended downward, slightly bent, with the elbow near the body, and with the extreme butt of the rod nearly touching the right hip; the thumb and reel are upward, inclining slightly toward the left; the tip of the rod, or rather the minnow, just clears the ground or surface of the water; the position of the rod is now the direction of the line A B, inclining toward the ground or water, making an angle of about 45° with the line of the shoulders, X Z; this is the situation at the beginning of the cast. Now for the cast: The angler turns his face toward X, the objective point, looking over his left shoulder without turning his body; he now inclines his body in the direction of B, advancing the right foot and bending the right knee slightly, and makes a sweeping cast from the right to the left, and finally draws upward, across the body diagonally, until the rod hand is at the height of the left shoulder, and the arm and rod extended in the direction of A C, with the tip of the rod inclining upward. The movement of the right



hand is almost in a straight line from a point near the right hip to a point near the left shoulder; the motion is casting steady, increasing in swiftness toward the end of the cast, and ending with the "pitching" of the bait—instead of a violent jerk—somewhat similar to the straight underhand pitching of a base-ball. In making the cast, the right elbow should touch the body, sweeping across it, and only leave it at the end of the cast, making the forearm do the work. At the end of the cast the reel and thumb are upward, and the rod forms an angle of 45 degrees with the line of the shoulders X Z, and the minnow instead of following the direction of the rod A C, as some might suppose, will diverge toward the left, and drop at X, when the thumb should immediately stop the reel by an increased pressure. Casting to the right is just the reverse of the above proceeding. The angler being in the same position, brings the right hand across, and touching the body, to a point in front of the left hip, the thumb and reel upward, and inclining toward the body, and the rod extending in the direction of the line A C, with the tip downward; he now turns his face in the direction of the objective point Z, inclines his body and advances his left foot in the direction of C, and makes a cast from left to right, and from below upward, and ends the cast with the right arm and rod fully extended in the direction of the line A B, while the minnow takes its flight toward Z. In making a cast to either left or right the body should sway or move slightly in the direction, and simultaneously with the rod arm; it will give force and steadiness to the cast; but on no account must the body be turned around or the feet moved during the cast; let us be graceful if we cannot be proficient.

The first cast that the beginner makes will be likely to throw the bait behind him; this will be because he will not hold the cast in time, but carry the tip of the rod too far toward the line X Z. He should by all means begin by making short casts, and lengthening them as he perfects himself by experience in managing the reel and controlling the cast. And now, having given him the principles of good and artistic casting, nothing but patient practice and good judgment, together with a fair knowledge of the habits of the fish itself, will make him a proficient in black bass angling.

Cynthiana, Ky., July 29, 1878. J. A. HENSHALL.

FISHING IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

As you and some of your numerous readers no doubt know long before this, the Sacramento, Pitt and McCloud Rivers, near Mount Shasta, afford some of the best salmon and trout fishing to be found on the globe. Sir Rose Price, a gentleman who has fished in some of the best countries for this sport in the world, states that the trout fishing in these rivers and their tributaries is the best he ever experienced, when the numbers, games, size and quality of the fish in these cold, clear and rushing rivers are considered. To be sure, about this time of the year when the salmon are spawning, the fly is of very little, if any use, but very early or quite late in the season, in some, if not all of these streams, they take the fly pretty well. The cause of their not rising to the fly is that in the months of June and July, perhaps earlier or perhaps later than this, it may happen the trout are feeding upon the salmon roe that is floating down the stream or are disinterested in the game of fly fishing, and are busy with the roe, and which although fiercely guarded by the male salmon, who remains by the female while discharging her eggs, and, after dropping his milt over them, drives, or attempts to drive, off all intruders; of course including the trout and perhaps others of his own kind and kin, who are known to be very destructive even of their own particular kind. This is especially the case where the holes are deep, a little away from the swift current, and where great numbers of salmon rest, and which about the latter part of the season is especially true, and it is even reported at some of the houses or hostleries in this region that some white fishermen and Sir Rose Price himself (but we trust that this last report is not true), by means of clusters of hooks attached to strong lines and heavy sinkers, and drawing them rapidly through the water, struck the fish fast and captured many of them in these places by these means.

Every year the numbers of fishermen who resort to these waters as the *me plus ultra* of angling spots, and their neighborhood as the habitation of deer and many varieties of the larger game, are increasing. Those who can afford the time and means have a grand time of it. They generally camp out either on the shores of one of the many rivers which, flowing from the base of Mt. Shasta, form the Sacramento, Pitt or McCloud, or on one of the latter. The canyons are heavily wooded with magnificent old trees through which these pure and cold waters from melting snow flow. These visitors feast on venison, trout and any other portable provisions they may choose to bring with them or

obtain from the well provided public houses, and the best sauce the possess is a good appetite. Whatever may be the liquid cordials these procure there is always near them the liquid element well iced, and if they desire a physical tonic or bracing it is always convenient for a bath. There is a pretty long stage journey from Hedding, the terminus of the railroad from here, but men who can camp out and fish, are supposed to be well able to stand a day and night's travel and a strong shakedown. The scenery, to lessen the fatigue, is picturesque and indeed magnificent. Here are the primal forests, pine thicketed mountain air and never failing sport with the trout and salmon ahead, as the fish seem jumping everywhere in the passing streams alike. The salmon that are taken this time of year average about twelve pounds each. There are so many of them to be captured with salmon roe, the only bait they now take, that this kind of fishing soon becomes monotonous. The attention after a little while is turned to brook trout and Dolly Vardens. It is quite common to catch fifty of these per day, averaging about a pound each. The Dolly Varden is the rarest sort to bag. The trout weigh heavier, are gamier than the brook trout, have some yellow and red spots on their sides, but are, not so beautiful either in shape or color, not so good in the quality of their meat. The supply of ash here is inexhaustible, and the charm of fishing would be as much so could they be creelied by means of the fly instead of the roe-bait. But what a splashing and struggling and excitement there is on the shores of these thickly peopled waters at any rate, and upon the whole the trip to a thorough angler and lover of the grand and beautiful and the healthful cannot be other wise than highly satisfactory and a delightful.

E. J. HOOPER.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME IN SEASON FOR AUGUST.

Woodcock, <i>Philohela minor</i> .	Red-backed sandpiper, or ox-bird, <i>Tringa americana</i> .
Black-bellied plover, ox-eye, <i>Squatarola bicolor</i> .	Green-winged teal, <i>Anas carolinensis</i> .
Ring plover, <i>Actitis semipalmata</i> .	Lincoln's sparrow, <i>Spizella lincolni</i> .
Song sparrow, <i>Melospiza cinerea</i> .	Willow, <i>Salix viminalis</i> .
Song sparrow, <i>Melospiza cinerea</i> .	Willow, <i>Salix viminalis</i> .
Red-backed snipe, or dowitcher, <i>Macrorhamphus griseus</i> .	Yellow-throat, <i>Geothlypis trichas</i> .

"Bay birds" generally, including various species of plover, sand piper, snipe, curlew, oyster-catcher, surf scur, phalaropes, avocets, etc., coming under the group *Limosa* or Shore Birds. Many States permit prairie fowl (plumbeous grouse) shooting after August 15.

SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston, Aug. 10.—Since the 1st of August several parties have been out after deer, and all have had capital sport. On Monday a yearling and buck were brought in, and on Wednesday a doe and fawn were brought in. Deer are reported plentiful, and the outlook for capital sport this fall and winter is very bright.

INDIAN TERRITORY—Muskegon, Creek Nation, Aug. 12.—A word from this part of the world would, perhaps, be appreciated. Our summer has been unusually hot, but the grouse or prairie chicken, as well as quail, have not been idle, and have brought out big broods. Our shooting season has nicely opened; two gentlemen of St. Louis paid me a visit. We went out to Tar Springs, nine miles, camped over night, and returned with one hundred chickens. Large flocks of quail were seen, but are yet too small to shoot. Turkeys are plenty, but the cover is so thick that dogs are unable to work them.

D. G.

FOUND.—On Saturday, Aug. 17, at Brooklyn Driving Park, a gold badge. Apply to Daniel Green, corner of Court and Pacific streets, Brooklyn.

THE BONEHILL GUN.—Mr. Homer Fisher, of No. 260 Broadway, New York City, offers an exceedingly good and cheap gun to sportsmen. The Bonehill gun has extension rib, rebounding locks and all improvements. Mr. Fisher keeps on hand all varieties of arms and ammunition. From time to time in our advertising columns, Mr. Fisher proposes exhibiting one of the various styles of double break-loading guns he has on hand. A new patent brass cleaner for rifles, for sale by Mr. Fisher, we recommend very highly.

A "PIRATICAL SKUNK."—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of July 4, which I read on my table at the restaurant, I found an inquiry: "What is a piratical skunk?" From an account given me by a gentleman who "was there," possibly I may be able to give you a little light on the subject. It happened that two parties, each with its own boat, had been fishing in one of the many trout streams emptying into Lake Huron between Mackinac and Detour, and, breaking camp on the lake shore one morning, had the luck to shoot a lone haddock. The boats were loaded and ready to start, when another haddock was discovered making his way into one of the boats. As one of the gentlemen was something of a naturalist he thought a live specimen would be an acquisition, and it was determined to push off and secure the animal. So the boat was pushed off to a safe distance from shore, and the search was commenced in the baggage. After a very thorough tearing up of the contents of the boat, the two gentlemen found, safely landed in the very bottom under a box, not a haddock, but a fine, well developed specimen of the *Mephitis Americana*. Not standing upon the order of their going, they went at once, "walked the plank," incontinently jumped overboard, plunged and rose again, but did not give up the ship. They clung to the sides of the boat and held a hurried consultation. So far their enemy, though master of the situation, had not resorted to his most effective weapon, and they determined to get the boat in shore and try to recapture it. By dint of considerable swimming and wading and pushing and pulling they stranded the boat on the beach and quietly retired to a safe distance to devise measures of relief as well as to await developments. Once the skunk made his appearance with defiant menaces on the bows, but soon disappeared beneath the plunger. The situation was now becoming desperate. The other boat refused to give assistance—indeed, it could not—but waited to see results. Active measures were determined on, but the maxim about discretion and valor was kept prominent in their minds. So, very quietly, and piece by piece, all the contents of the boat that could be managed with poles were taken out, leaving only a few of the heavier articles in the bottom. As the sun was hot the skunk's quarters became very warm, and he, in his impatience of his conquest, he jumped ashore. A charge of shot from the ambushed enemy flushed him without other ill effects than the loss of the boat's painter, which became impregnated with mephitoid odor during his dying struggles. Then there was a hurried embarkation, and that naturalist is now of the opinion that he will never again mistake a *Mephitis Americana* for a haddock. The personal observations of the former's habits



A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INDOCTRINATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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No advertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms.

** Any publisher inserting our prospectus as above one time, with brief editorial notice calling attention thereto, and sending marked copy to us, will receive the FOREST AND STREAM for one year.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1878.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guaranty of good faith and be addressed to the FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous communications will be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for dereliction of the mail service if money remitted to us is lost. NO PERSON WHATSOEVER is authorized to collect money for us unless he can show authentic credentials from one of the undersigned. We have no Philadelphia agent.

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CHARLES HALLOCK, Editor.

T. C. BANKS, S. H. TURNILL, Chicago.

Business Manager. Western Manager.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS FOR THE COMING WEEK.

Friday, Aug. 23.—Chicago Yacht Club Cruise to Lake Winnebago. Trotting: Earlville, Ill.; Newark, N. J.; Fowlerville, Mich.; Warren, O. Running meeting at Saratoga.

Saturday, Aug. 24.—Nahasset Yacht Club Regatta at Cohasset, Mass. Cricket: St. Timothy vs. Wakefield, at Roxborough, Pa. Trotting at Warren, O. Running meeting at Saratoga.

Sunday, Aug. 26.—Brooklyn Yacht Club Annual Cruise. Trotting at Lincoln, Ill.

Tuesday, Aug. 27.—Trotting: Paterson, N. J.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Fairville, Conn.; Sycamore, Ill.; Macomb, Ill.

Wednesday, Aug. 28.—Metropolitan Association of Amateur Oarsmen Annual Regatta. Trotting as above, and at Wolcottville, Conn., and Waterloo, N. Y.

DUSSELDORF.

WE are glad to notice that our comments on the German Fest, with the letter of Mr. Farrow from Dusseldorf, published in our last issue, have been so widely noticed.

We rarely espouse personal quarrels. What others think of us, or what they may write, we are utterly indifferent about; but acts of discourtesy shown to our people when abroad we are quick to resent. If Mr. Farrow did go to Germany as the representative of a leading firm, who manufacture the Ballard rifle, that is no reason why Mr. Farrow, who is a straightforward man, known especially for his modesty and retiring disposition, should be treated rudely at Dusseldorf. Mr. John Rigby was a representative member of the Irish team, and at the same time the most noted of rifle makers. It certainly made no matter at Creedmoor what was Mr. Rigby's calling. This gentleman made innumerable friends from his skill, pleasant manner and courteous behavior. But whether he had been John Rigby, a rifleman alone, or a rifle maker, we fancy his reception would have been quite the same in the United States. We have a right, then, to draw this parallel. The kind greeting the American team met both in England and Ireland we are most grateful for. We do not, then, feel pleasantly when we learn of the treatment received by Messrs. Farrow and John at Dusseldorf.

BRITISH RIFLE TEAMS.

A RECENT article in the London *Field* (July 27) upon "team shooting" shows that the British press has at last begun to realize the secrets of team shooting and to appreciate what is necessary to be done before the "Palma" can ever be brought to British shores. In the opinion of our most unprejudiced shots the *Field* is correct in considering discipline and training as the most important point connected with the successful management of a team, and that the next most vital thing is position, the selection of the rifle being last in importance. Without the absolute surrender of individual opinions and jealousies, the team resolves itself into an individual contest. Hitherto foreign riflemen never seemed to understand that it is better to "follow your leader," knowing him to be wrong, and thereby prove that fact, than to throw away his experience when it may happen to conflict with your own judgment. The result of the last match at Wimbledon for the Elcho Shield would seem to prove that the Irish at last have grasped this secret, as well as the value of the American "back position," which they all appear to have used.

A comparison of the Irish scores with those made by them in previous matches for the Elcho Shield and in the competitions at Creedmoor, shows a most marvelous improvement.

Considering the difference always found between the scores at Wimbledon and Creedmoor, it will be seen that the Irish already constitute a team which will give the best Americans who have ever got together as a team all they want to manage. From the testimony of the American riflemen who watched their shooting for the Elcho Shield they have but little more to learn in the way of team management. It may therefore be justly considered that all the difference existing between them and an American team is what will be caused by the difference in rifles. This we are inclined to think is now less than is generally supposed. We speak in the present tense, because the foreign riflemen using muzzle-loading rifles now take even more care to clean them perfectly than is done by an American with his breech-loader.

While slight advantages may arise from the form of bullets or mode of rising, as to which manufacturers differ, the true difference existing between a muzzle and breech-loading match rifle after all is mainly that the barrel of the latter can be cleaned more easily after each discharge; and, what is of much more importance, the rifleman can, by looking through the barrel, be certain it is clean before he loads. It has been claimed that the stiff, greased wad, which is forced down upon the powder in loading the muzzle-loader, was all the cleaning that was required, and that in consequence its manipulation was less troublesome than its American contemporary. This has proved to be a fallacy. As such it has been abandoned, and both rifles are now cleaned alike. When this is done, the argument as to the inconvenience of cleaning is at once shifted, and all the fancied advantages of the muzzle-loader are gone, and it becomes a clumsy, obsolete weapon.

The scores made by Mr. Humphrey with a Remington, during the Wimbledon meeting, show that with all the care bestowed upon the muzzle-loader it is still inferior in accuracy, and the devotion with which its adherents cling to it can only be ascribed to the tenacity (to use the mildest term) for which our British cousins are famous in adhering to old customs and old things. At the same time the record of Ireland's team is so superior as to afford every indication that next year will see their again at Creedmoor in a third contest for the Centennial trophy, in which America will do well if she is able to hold her own.

TOWN CUPS.

THE recent move of the inhabitants of Newport, R. I., in offering a "citizens," or "town" cup, to be sailed for by the New York Yacht Club, was a step in the right direction, though the donors were a little too late with their offer, as the fleet of the club was obliged to disband upon its return to Newport harbor. While the intentions of the citizens subscribing to the cup were, no doubt, of the best, there can be no harm in calling their attention to the advisability of taking more liberal council in future, and offering the cups not merely for any individual club, but of throwing the matches open to all comers. By confining entries to one club, the race becomes circumscribed in its importance and local only in its interest. It becomes a mere family affair. Since the congregation of yachts from all the ports along the coast in any particular harbor is evidently of much immediate profit to the merchants and general public of the town, it is hardly judicious to make any individual distinction in favor of one club over another, especially as all yachts contribute alike to the greater prosperity of the town fortunate enough to have them present in its harbor during the season. Had the Newport cups been offered earlier in the year, and the races thrown open to all comers, such action would have drawn together a large fleet of yachts, hailing from the Metropolis, Boston, the East and intermediate points, much to the benefit of the town. It is customary in England to offer public cups upon liberal conditions, and the experience gained at Cowes, Ramsgate, Torquay and many other yachting centres, has been so favorable that the annual recurrence of these events is looked forward to with quite as much interest among racing yachtsmen as the regular regattas, for this the entries for town cups stand witness. Our own gatherings of small open yachts at Newburg; the New York Bay Regatta and New Rochelle, as well as the many similar events in Boston harbor, where the Nahasset, Dorchester and Beverly clubs have been doing so

much toward the promotion of legitimate yachting, afford a reliable gauge of the popularity of public matches open to all comers. If it is desired to keep these races select, no trouble will be experienced in that direction by simply limiting entries to yachts of regularly organized clubs which have a recognized standing. What has been done for the advancement of yachting among open boats, should be immediately undertaken by those whose interests are merged in cabin yachts. So far, racing among the larger craft has been but a dull and dreary repetition of generally poorly attended club regattas. Remove the narrow choking limits of club entry only, and a vast change for the better will at once become apparent. Will not Philadelphia or Cape May, Oyster Bay, New Haven, New London, Stonington, Fisher's Island, Greenport, New Bedford, Nahant, Gloucester, Portsmouth, Portland, etc., take notice and offer public cups for competition next season? Let all these towns put their heads together, devise a common code of rules for measurement, classification and time, fix the events for such dates that a racing yachtsman may, if he wishes, attend them all in succession, let the cups be worth sailing for, and bring the events properly to the notice of the yachting public, and then, not until then, will yacht racing among the large craft be lifted out of its present doleful stagnation. It will take our yachts to sea a little more and the effect on model and seamanship will be of a wholesome and much needed sort.

TURF JOURNALISTS.

IT is a fact worth mentioning that the journalists of Chicago have organized a Jockey and Trotting Club: that is to say, they constitute such a component part of it as to be recognized as its most prominent feature, like the nose on a man's face. There is nothing singular in the adventure, however, and nothing that should suggest an incongruity in sporting circles; for Pegasus, the fastest flyer of early history, was owned, entered and handled by a literary quill driver, and in more recent times, but still before the age termed "fast," pony expresses were instituted to obtain the latest news in advance of the Government mails. From remotest date to recent times, newspaper men have been inseparably associated with the horse (or his immediate congeners), and to some of the most notorious of them the horse-whip has been an emblem and synonym of valor or dogged perversity. It is not remarkable, therefore, that the editors of *Chicago* should find their affinity on the turf and track, and seek recreation and health in the "troubing of the pool," as did the halt, the maimed and the bodily and mentally afflicted in Anno Domini days, eighteen hundred and sixty years ago. We've no doubt that the diversion will prove to all concerned a sort of "merry-go-round," and perhaps peculiarly advantageous. Our best wishes for their success attend each meet and heat.

The following are the gentlemen prominently associated in the new enterprise:

L. H. Don, Pres.; S. J. Medill, City Editor of *Chicago Tribune*, Vice-Pres.; Dr. N. Rowe, Secy.; Wm. Boyle, Asst. Secy.; Alvin Hulbert, Proprietor Sherman House as Treas. Col. H. W. Farrar, Manager *Chicago Evening Journal*; Clinton Snowden, City Editor *Chicago Times*; Geo. B. Armstrong, of the *Inter-Ocean* newspaper; Abner Taylor, Harry Pulling, of the *Commercial*, and A. Hulbert, of the Sherman House, constitute the Board of Directors.

The inaugural meeting takes place next October, 8th to 11th, at the new West Side track. Col. J. W. Conley, who has canvassed the eastern turfmen, says the project is everywhere greeted with enthusiasm, and that all the leading stables in the country will certainly be represented. He has made a definite arrangement with Rarus, Hopeful and Great Eastern to engage in a race together on the third day of the meeting, Rarus to go to wagon, Hopeful in harness and Great Eastern under saddle. In point of novelty this race will "lay over" anything of the kind ever seen, and that it will draw an immense crowd none will doubt. The pacers have also been provided with a purse. On the last day there will be a free-for-all race which, as Rarus and Hopeful are barred in it, should bring together a fine field of such flyers as Great Eastern, Proteine, Midnight, etc. The programme in full is as follows:

First Day—2:40 class, \$1,000; 2:30 class, \$1,000.

Second Day—2:25 class, \$1,000; 2:25 class, \$1,000.

Third Day—Special purse of \$3,000; Rarus to wagon, Hopeful in harness, Great Eastern to saddle.

Fourth Day—2:26 class, \$1,000; free-for-all pacing race for \$750, and free-for-all trotting race (Rarus and Hopeful barred) for a \$1,000 purse.

We shall watch this club of journalistic turfmen with a fraternal regard, and promote its interest so far as lies in our power.

FLAP-JACKS.

THIS is what the old plainsman told us. We had invited him to breakfast. There was a nice rash of bacon and eggs, a beefsteak, some Spanish mackerel and delicately-made French rolls; for if there is anything our cook prides herself about it is her French rolls. The bacon and eggs were appreciated, as were the fish and steak, and the rolls seemed to suit exactly the plainsman's taste.

"Not as good a breakfast as on the prairie?" we inquired. "I don't know. It's a combined meal, and a mighty square one, now mind I tell you," said the plainsman. "I see a lady writes sometimes for *FOREST AND STREAM* on eating, and gives you receipts how to cook things. That coffee with a stick we

tried, a whole lot of us fellows, on the Platte a month ago, and it was just bully. Guess the coffee-pot was kept a-biling all the time. There came along a lot of officers from the fort on a hunting trip, and mighty tuckered out they were. Their small stores had gi'n out. We just made coffee with a stick for those fellows, and they must have kept drinking it all night."

"You mean Miss Juliet Corson's receipts, we suppose?" we inquired.

"Yes, that's the lady's name. By thunder! the boys just drank her health."

"In coffee?"

"Yes, for there wasn't nothing else. See here, mister, liquor on the plains, when you go regularly in for a hunt, is scarce, mighty scarce. When I go trapping, and fill up with stores, it's about the last thing I think of. Rum is good for Indians, and not for white men. This here roll is as white as snow, and first rate in every way; but give me a good flap-jack. That's the best thing on nirth. Does that lady, Miss Corson, know how to make flap-jacks?"

"Well, the lady in question is a perfect encyclopedia of culinary lore, and we have no doubt but that she does. But we don't know. So pray enlighten us, and the readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM* shall have the benefit of it."

"I ain't going into print, am I? Well, I don't keer. Fust I must tell a little story. It was on the Medicine, three years ago, and there was a swell camp there—a lot of New York and Boston fellers—nigger cook and all that kind of thing. I struck their trail one morning and followed 'em up; seed a paper collar fust, and after that a tin fish-box—there, jest like that—and our plainsman indicated the sardines. "I jined 'em just after supper. They acted kind of hearty like, but the camp was cleaned out of cooked food. They made excuses for having no supper. I was downright sharp set, so I asked for some flour. They had a bag of that. Then I got some 'east powder, just as much as would cover a dollar piece; then the darkey handed me a frying-pan, and I mixed that flour with the 'east powder into a batter until the frying-pan was half full; I greased the edges of the pan; I scattered a little salt in it; then I set it over the fire. The fellows all crowded around me. When it was half baked I began to shake the flap-jack, so as it shouldn't settle down and not stick. Now, mister, comes a trick that no one but a man bred on the plains kin do. That's the tossing of the cake. I don't want to brag much, but there ain't a man that lives 'twixt the Rocky Mountains and the sea that can toss flap-jacks with me. Mebbe Carver can beat me shooting, but he ain't no shakes to me tossing flap-jacks. It's agin the hunter's code out on the plains to turn 'em with a fork. You just take your pan, steady your flap-jack for a moment, give her a jerk and up she flies in the air, and she lites plum on the other side. That lady kin give you the fixings what a flap-jack ought call for, the 'redients, but the flipping of a flap-jack in the air she can't show you. There was a kind of beam stretching across the shanty the party was housed in, and I just slung her over that cross-piece and cotched that flap-jack as she lit on the other side. They had never seen the trick before, and they just howled with delight, and eat up my flap-jack. I was a baking and tossing flap-jacks all night. I acted as guide for those fellows afterward, and a nicer lot of chaps I never met with. Now you know all about flap-jacks, except the slinging of 'em. Give me flap-jacks and beaver-tail and a good big three-pound hunk of elk, and I don't want anything better. Any fool can make up a flap-jack, but the slinging of it is the thing that tells."

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.]

ROCKY MOUNTAIN WANDERINGS.

WHEN, in the course of human events, it becomes possible for the overworked business man or student to exchange for a time the desk for the open air recreation, which most men crave and which all need, the choice of a locality to visit and of the routes by which this is to be reached becomes a matter of no small importance. For many years it has been our custom to visit each summer some portion of the trans-Missouri region, either the Plains or the Rocky Mountains. We know of no locality in the East where so much pleasure or health may be secured in so short a time as in the stupendous mountains which form the back bone of this continent, and to all our readers we recommend at least one visit to this enchanting region. Among these towering, snow-clad peaks are thousands of lovely valleys, scarcely yet explored, where game is still abundant, and where delicious trout, weighing from one to four pounds, are to be had for the trouble of making a cast. Here there is room for all who are in search of rest and health, and here, year by year, greater increasing multitudes to rejoice in the charms which nature has scattered with so lavish a hand. Among the most delightful of these spots are the Parks of Colorado, to be reached via Union Pacific and Colorado Central railroads, and there the traveler, if an invalid or accompanied by ladies, can find conveniences in the shape of comfortable hotels, which may not come amiss when he arrives dusty and tired from his railway journey. Travel by rail in these latter days, however, is made so comfortable that the tourist has little to complain of, and when the palace cars are furnished with a bath room at one end for the use of the passengers, we fancy that the last grumbler will cease to murmur.

Some brief suggestions as to the mode of our summer's trip may be useful to others who propose similar excursions, and to this end we shall furnish, as the occasion offers, notes of our progress and adventures. We may premise that in our

various excursions in the past we have traveled over almost all the railroads between New York and Omaha, and that, after a somewhat mature weighing of their various advantages, we have decided that those to be hereinafter mentioned are the ones by which our journeyings in the future are to be made.

The excursionist whose business or pleasure calls him to the West should not fail to make at least one trip over the Pennsylvania Central Railroad. Having made one, he will be likely to repeat it. With us this road is a favorite one on account of its beautiful scenery, the comfortable accommodations which it furnishes, and the speed and safety with which it conducts the tourist to his destination. It was with a great feeling of rest and security that we stepped into the Pullman sleeper recently. We felt that now, for thirty-six hours at least, we need give no further thought to our journey. We would be well taken care of and in due time landed safely in Chicago. So, confiding our traps to the care of John, the porter, we devote an hour or two to surmises as to what the next few weeks may bring forth, and then retire in good time.

He who journeys by the Pennsylvania Central when going West, will not, if he be wise, devote to sleep the early morning hours. Some of the finest scenery on the road is passed before reaching Altoona, and from the rear platform of the train our delighted eyes beheld a superb and constantly changing panorama. From the moment of entering the Alleghenies the speed of the train slackens, and the patient engine puffs heavily up grades of remarkable steepness. The road winds around the sides of the wooded mountains, now and then striking a more or less level river valley which it follows for a short distance only to leave it before long and recommence its climb. On every side the hills covered with the fresh green foliage of deciduous trees, here and there interspersed with darker conifers, stretch away into the hazy distance, and far below in the valleys the tiny streams gleam bright and sparkle in the morning sun. Just beyond Altoona comes the rarest bit of all—the famous Horseshoe Curve. As we approach it we see high up on the mountain side, across the valley, the track over which we are soon to pass, and so steep is it that it seems incredible that our heavy train should surmount it. We are, however, entering a *cul de sac* from which there is no escape save around this point, and presently we see our own locomotive creeping along in the direction opposite to that which we are pursuing, and actually making the turn. So the Horseshoe is passed, a spot familiar, no doubt, to all our readers, and but for that deserving a more extended description. It must be seen to be appreciated.

The region through which we are passing is one of very great geological interest, and has been thoroughly and ably worked up by the State Geological Survey. Abounding as it does in coal and iron, we see everywhere signs of business activity and thriving industry. Furnaces are blazing and smoking; cars loaded with coal, ore, or manufactured iron fill all the sidings, and a general air of prosperity pervades each town or hamlet through which we pass. At two o'clock we reach the City of Smoke, Pittsburgh to wit, one of the most important railroad centres in the United States, and pressing onward, soon are in fertile Ohio, celebrated for her broad wheatfields and fat cattle as well as for her manufactures of iron and agricultural implements. Through these close shaven stubbles the quail are even now leading their tender broods, gleaming the abundant leavings of the farmers, and here, two months hence, superb sport will be enjoyed by many a reader of *FOREST AND STREAM*. Still we rush on, till at last night spreads her shadowy pinions o'er the earth and shuts out the charming landscape. Morning finds us in Indiana, and soon we reach Illinois, and at eight o'clock find ourselves in Chicago.

From here West our route lies over the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. The lines controlled by this corporation extend over much of Illinois, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, and Wisconsin; and, besides being one of the trunk lines between the Atlantic and the Pacific, they traverse one of the richest grain and cattle countries of the United States. On every side we see extensive fields either fresh from the reaper and dotted with shocks of yellow wheat or green with waving standard of tasseled corn. Great pastures are full of fattening cattle, and in the older stubbles are many flocks of sheep and hundreds of sleek Berkshire hogs. The motto of the Northwestern Road is, we believe, "Speed, Safety and Comfort," and well does it perform all that is implied in this saying. The palace cars are all that could be desired and the attendance is excellent. Besides this, well cooked meals are neatly served on the hotel cars, thus doing away with one of the most annoying features of modern railway travel—the twenty minutes for dinner at the ordinary railroad eating-house. By the Chicago and Northwestern Road we are whirled along for twenty-four hours, reaching Omaha, Neb., on Sunday morning. Here we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Thos. L. Kimball, Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent of the Union Pacific Railroad, over which our journey is to be continued, and to him we wish to express our appreciation of the courtesies extended to us.

Omaha, the eastern terminus of the U. P. R. R., has been called the M.ropolis of the Northwest. It is, indeed, a flourishing town, and is destined in the not distant future to be one of the most important cities of the Western country. Nine railroads centre here, and in 1877 there were received 2,000,000 bushels of grain and 95,500 head of cattle. There are extensive smelting works here which last year produced \$5,000,000 of bullion, and the total amount of gold and silver bullion and coin handled during 1877 was \$60,000,-

000. Omaha's position to-day among the cities of the United States it owes almost wholly to the U. P. R. R., which is the only road leading to the vast gold, silver and coal fields of the Rocky Mountains, and to the unequalled scenery of Colorado, Wyoming and Montana.

From Omaha we pass West along the Platte Valley. What a change has taken place here within our recollection! Where now we see on all sides fertile farms and comfortable houses, but a few years ago the buffalo roamed in great herds, rarely molested, save by the Indian. We pass many well recollected spots, and with the sight of each of them memory brings before our mind thoughts pleasant or sad. Here, years ago, we killed our first elk; there is the point from which we started with four thousand Pawnees to hunt buffalo on the Republican. Further on is where we struck the railroad after being pursued by a band of hostile Sioux, and still later we pass the bluffs, near which, in a slight difficulty with the noble red, we had a horse shot under us. Where once the buffalo blackened the plain, now great herds of cattle extend almost as far as the eye can reach, and settlements have been pushed out on all the streams of the State. Almost all the Government land on the line of the railroad has been taken up by immigrants, but the Union Pacific Co. has still large quantities, admirably located for farming, at very moderate prices—from \$2 to \$10 per acre. All this land is either on or very near the railroad, and includes some of the best farming country in Nebraska, so famous already for its grain, its cattle and its furs.

From various points on the U. P. R. R. the traveler can reach the gold mines of the Black Hills, the almost unexplored Big Horn region, the Yellowstone Park country, Colorado, with its wonderful mineral and agricultural wealth, and the distant regions of the Pacific slope. Over the Union Pacific, too, the hunter in search of large game will travel. Rapidly as the settlements have spread in the West of late years, there are still extensive ranges of plain and mountain country, where the antelope, deer, elk and mountain sheep afford superb sport. We are now in search of such a region, and our success shall be fully reported to the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* AND ROD AND GUN. Yo.

Medicine Bow, Wyoming.

THE VICTIM OF THE SHARK.—We regret to announce the death of Charles Cates, who was bitten last week by a shark, a notice of which appeared in our issue of August 15. It seems that the poor boy died rather from nervous shock than from the direct effect of the wounds. While at the hospital he constantly struck out with arms and legs, as if in the act of swimming, and if any one appeared at the bedside he would call frantically for help. Occasionally he had lucid intervals, during which he knew and spoke with his father and mother. He sank rapidly on Tuesday, and died peacefully at a late hour that night. It may be worth while to repeat here some of the characteristics of the shark. It does not seem as if the visual powers of the shark were as marked as his sense of smelling and hearing. The power of touch is believed, however, to exist. For an acquaintance with his sense of touch we are indebted to the investigations of Jacobson. In the head and great pectoral fins he found an organ, tubular in form, united in a spheroidal cavity, in which might be traced a provision for the sense of touch. It is pretty generally stated that a shark first approaches and gently touches its prey before it turns over to seize and devour it, mouth downwards. It may then be said to touch first what it feeds upon.

INSTRUCTION BADLY WANTED.—*Nature*, time and time again, in urging the necessity of scientific studies, complains of ignorance in highly educated English circles on the simplest topics having to do with physics. Here is just a case in point. In the last *Spectator* there is a short paragraph as to the degree of comfort with which men can live at great heights. A Mr. Webber, writing to the London *Times*, states that in Thibet he lived for months at a height more than 15,000 feet above the level of the sea. "This travel he had crossed the Gurla Mandhata at a height of some 20,000 feet, measured by the 'thermometer!'" Just here the *Spectator* ventures to say, "Surely a misprint or a slip of the pen for the 'barometer.'" Now, the average American school-boy knows that elevations are quite accurately measured by means of boiling water, a thermometer noting the temperature at which the water boils. The higher up the mountain, atmospheric pressure being diminished, the quantity of heat requisite to put a fluid in a state of ebullition is lessened. It is the old story of the monks of St. Bernard who tried to boil potatoes at the Hospice. The potatoes did not cook, because water at that precise elevation will not heat as high as 212 degs unless confined. Sir Humphry Davy solved the problem by advising the good father "to bake 'em." Any ordinary book of physics gives a table of elevations, based on thermometrical measurements of boiling water. Barometric and thermometric measures are both used, however, to determine elevations. Nevertheless, the schoolmaster is wanted abroad.

CAPTAIN BOGARDUS.—Captain A. H. Bogardus arrived in New York last Tuesday. Having made more than good his title of "World's Champion," so far as rival English shots are concerned, the Captain returns laden down with trophies, gold and glory. His exploits have very thoroughly demonstrated that when it comes to an individual contest at the trap England must take her place after America. As the upholder of our good name and fame among the crack pigeon

shooters abroad, Captain Bogardus receives our congratulations upon the very satisfactory issue of his trip. Upon his arrival in New York the claimant to that title has again found that the way of the "Champion Wing Shot of the World" is hard. His laurels must be constantly defended, eternal vigilance against "all comers" is the price of a shooter's fame. Dr. W. F. Carver is out with any number of challenges to Bogardus to shoot at a mark, break glass balls by the hundred, the barrel or hour, and to shoot pigeons. Indeed, the rounds of challenges and rechallenges are quite lively. There may be some flame. There is certainly plenty of smoke.

HONORS WELL DESERVED.—Our much esteemed friend, Frederick Mather, Esq., has been made a corresponding member of the *Deutsche Fischerie Verein*. This is quite a compliment, and is fully merited.

THE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA.—We call attention to the arrangement made by our correspondent Captain John M. Taylor and Captain Shelley, in regard to a team shooting at pigeons, to be held some time this year in the United States, between a certain number of English and American gentlemen. Any correspondence sent us on this subject, from gentlemen on our side desirous of competing in this match, must be addressed to the *FOREST AND STREAM*, and will not be made public without permission.

DRAFTS AND MONEY ORDERS.—All drafts, checks and postal money orders sent to us should be made payable to "The Forest and Stream Publishing Company." By observing this rule our subscribers and advertisers will save themselves and us much needless annoyance.

GAME PROTECTION.

MEETINGS OF STATE ASSOCIATIONS FOR 1878.

Tennessee State Sportsmen's Association, Nashville, Dec. 2.
Society, Clark Pritchett, Nashville, Tenn.
Wisconsin State Sportsmen's Association.
Massachusetts State Sportsmen's Association, at call of President
Missouri State Sportsmen's Association.

SUCCESSFUL BREEDING OF THE MESSINA QUAIL.

EDITOR *FOREST AND STREAM*:

In answer to numberless inquiries in regard to migratory quail, and more particularly to the question whether the birds turned out here last year have returned to their breeding grounds, I can safely answer that it is now settled that they have returned, and that the birds of last year's importation have hatched their broods on the same grounds where they were bred last year, and their broods were fully two-thirds grown before any of those turned out this year had hatched or had had time to hatch. There are a number of nests by birds of this year's importation in the same vicinity, one containing seven eggs, two of eleven each, one of seventeen, and others where the number of eggs is uncertain, the old birds not having been driven off their nests for inspection. The egg makers have unwittingly destroyed three nests this year, each having eleven eggs. One of the birds was injured by the mowing machine; the others were either killed or left the place on account of the disturbance. The old lot of birds have scattered more widely than last year's, some of their nests having been seen twelve to fifteen miles from their locality of last year. The birds seem to be doing nearly or quite as well this year as last, but as they were received and turned out a week later this year than last, they are a week later in hatching, and one nest at least has been found containing but half the average number of eggs. The broods of the old stock were large enough on the 26th day of July to take very good care of themselves with the assistance of the old ones. When found in the meadows though in two cases at least young birds have been killed by the mowing machine, the same has once or twice happened to full grown birds. There have been imported into this country this year five thousand (5,000) birds. This, with the importations of 1877 and their increase, gives us a breeding stock of at least six thousand (6,000) birds. Besides the exportation of birds to this country from Messina, there were exported from that one port to London fifty thousand (50,000) birds, and to Paris forty thousand (40,000). This extraordinary demand nearly doubled the price at the port of shipment over that of last year. We, however, do not regret our outlay, believing the experiment to be fully successful, and that no club can make a mistake by investing a moderate sum in this enterprise. The birds will be safe in Vermont for some time to come, as no sportsman will molest them, and we have no pot hunter who can.

Butland, Vt., Aug. 10, 1878.

We consider such information as Mr. Everts gives us to be of the greatest value, and are led to suppose that the breeding of Messina quail is now an established fact. Great credit is due to the public spirited gentlemen and to the sportsmen's clubs who have spent their money to forward the acclimation of foreign game birds in our midst. We should be pleased to receive reports from other localities where the birds have been introduced.

ENGLISH WILD RABBITS.—A Canadian gentleman is desirous of obtaining some information in regard to any attempts which have been made in the United States or Canada to import and raise English wild rabbits. Will some of our numerous correspondents give us such facts as they may be acquainted with?

NOVA SCOTIA.—The Game and Inland Fishery Protection Society, of Nova Scotia, publish in pamphlet form the game and fish laws of the Province, together with a list of the commissioners and wardens. Gentlemen who propose visiting

Nova Scotia this fall will do well to supply themselves with this compendium, which may be obtained from A. E. Harrington, Esq., Halifax, N. S. The society is now four years old, and is doing a good work in fostering the native game. One especially noteworthy feature of its success is the renewed abundance of moose, which in 1874 were at the point of extinction.

PENNSYLVANIA.—At the regular annual meeting of the Franklin Sportsmen's Club and Game Protective Society, Aug. 13, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Pres., R. G. Lamberton; Vice-Pres., Alex. Vincent; Sec'y and Treas., J. B. Hicklin; Attorney, L. D. Rogers; Directors, L. W. Howe, J. S. Macy, Dr. J. R. Boreland, William Wenzell, W. H. Wallace. A resolution was passed requesting the farmers of the county and others to make known to the club any violations of the game and fish laws, with names of witnesses, and directing the attorney of the club to prosecute the same with vigor and without respect to persons.

—Greensburg sportsmen have joined the ranks and are to organize a sportsmen's club for the protection of game.

The Rifle.

MASSACHUSETTS—Worcester, Aug. 15.—First contest of Worcester Sportsmen's Club for a gold badge. Conditions, thirty shots each, distance 1,000 yards. The following are the scores:

S. Clark.....	3	4	0	3	4	5	4	5	5	4	5	4	6	0
A. L. Rice.....	2	5	4	2	5	4	4	3	4	5	4	5	4	130
A. G. Madsen.....	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	3	2	4	4	5	4	130
O. B. Holden.....	4	3	3	4	3	3	3	4	3	3	3	3	3	111
N. Washburn.....	3	5	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	114
Frank Weesun.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	61
	3	0	3	0	3	0	3	0	3	0	3	0	3	61

GARDNER.—The following are the scores of the Gardner Rifle Club at Hackmatack range on the 14th instant. Distance 200 yards, off-hand. Two scores of ten shots each. Possible 240 Massachusetts, 100 Creedmoor:

Frank Nichols.....	106	46	107	46	213	92
G. R. Pratt.....	100	44	100	44	200	88
G. F. Elsworth.....	100	44	100	44	200	88
H. C. Knowlton.....	96	43	97	43	193	86
William Austin.....	97	43	97	43	194	87
H. S. Dodge.....	91	43	96	40	187	83
H. S. Pierce.....	91	43	96	40	187	83
Charles Hinds.....	88	40	88	40	176	80

BOSTON—Walnut Hill, Aug. 4.—Regular Wednesday competitions. The scores make the second half of the fourth competition for places upon the American team. Tuesday the members shot the first half, making J. G. Brown, 205; H. T. Rockwell, 200; W. Gerrish, 200; W. H. Jackson, 200; J. S. Sumner, 199; W. Davidson, 198. The aggregate of the two days is: W. H. Jackson, 410; Wm. Gerrish, 400; J. S. Sumner, 403; J. Brown, 403; W. Davidson, 395; H. T. Rockwell, 395. The second half of the second competition was shot yesterday:

Was shot yesterday.													
Captain W H Jackson.													
800.....	4	5	5	5	4	5	5	4	5	4	5	4	70
900.....	4	4	5	5	4	5	5	4	5	4	5	4	70
1,000.....	5	4	5	5	4	5	5	4	5	4	5	5	70—210
William Gerrish.													
800.....	4	5	4	5	5	5	5	3	4	5	5	5	70
900.....	4	5	5	0	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	70
1,000.....	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	5	4	5	5—66—206
A H Hebbard.													
800.....	5	4	3	5	4	5	4	5	4	4	5	5	5—66
900.....	4	5	0	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5—67
1,000.....	5	6	5	3	4	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	6—72—205
J S Sumner.													
800.....	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5—73
900.....	5	3	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4—69
1,000.....	0	5	5	5	5	4	4	5	5	5	5	6	7—63—204
E W Law.													
800.....	5	4	4	5	5	5	4	3	5	5	5	5	5—70
900.....	4	4	5	4	4	4	3	5	5	5	5	4	6—66
1,000.....	3	5	5	5	4	4	3	5	5	4	5	4	4—67—203
O C Hebbard.													
800.....	3	5	4	5	5	0	5	4	5	5	5	4	5—62
900.....	3	5	4	5	0	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5—71
1,000.....	4	5	4	5	4	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	5—68—201

O W Davison.												
500.....	5	5	4	5	5	4	5	5	4	5	4	6-73
800.....	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	6-74
900.....	5	4	5	5	4	5	5	4	5	4	5	6-81
1,000.....	3	4	5	5	4	5	5	4	5	4	5	6-201
J C Chadwell.												
500.....	3	5	4	5	5	4	4	5	5	4	5	6-87
800.....	4	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	6-87
900.....	5	4	4	5	4	5	4	4	5	5	3	6-193
1,000.....	5	5	4	4	5	4	5	4	5	5	3	6-193
J F Brown.												
500.....	5	3	5	5	5	5	3	5	5	4	3	4-68
800.....	4	5	4	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	4-112
900.....	4	3	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	4	4	4-108
1,000.....	4	3	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	4	4	4-108
Salem Wilder.												
500.....	5	4	2	5	4	4	4	5	5	5	5	4-66
800.....	5	4	2	5	4	4	4	5	5	5	5	4-69
900.....	4	5	3	5	4	4	4	5	5	4	5	4-127
1,000.....	4	5	3	5	4	4	4	5	5	4	5	4-127
A Hebbard.												
500.....	5	5	4	5	5	4	4	5	4	5	4	4-69
800.....	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	4	5	4	5	3-82
900.....	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	4	5	4	5	3-82
1,000.....	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	4	5	4	5	3-106
H Tyler Rockwell.												
500.....	3	5	5	5	4	3	3	5	5	5	5	3-64
800.....	3	4	5	5	5	4	3	5	5	5	4	4-67
900.....	4	4	5	5	4	4	4	5	5	4	4	3-104
1,000.....	4	4	5	5	4	4	4	5	5	4	4	3-104
S Lewis.												
500.....	4	5	5	5	3	3	4	4	4	3	3	6-64
800.....	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	4	4	3	3	3-71
900.....	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	4	4	3	2	3-103
1,000.....	4	5	5	4	5	4	4	5	3	3	2	3-103
A Howland.												
500.....	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	6-72
800.....	3	5	5	4	5	5	3	4	4	4	4	6-85
900.....	4	0	3	4	4	4	3	4	5	4	4	6-191
1,000.....	0	4	0	3	4	4	4	3	4	5	4	6-191
J N Frye.												
500.....	5	4	3	4	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	6-70
800.....	5	4	3	4	5	5	5	4	5	5	4	3-64
900.....	4	3	4	5	5	5	4	3	4	5	5	6-70
1,000.....	4	3	4	5	5	5	4	3	4	5	5	6-70
J N Withrow.												

weather. Our system of rifling is our own, not Henry's. Our bullet is slightly longer than Henry's, and is slightly fatter, so that it can never slip forward out of the cartridge. Balls are patched. A 12-gauge rifle has a twist of 1 in 30 inches, but also shoots a forced ball, which is also supposed to materially increase the resistance of the barrel. Charges for these calibres, as stated elsewhere, for 450-bore, 4 drachms powder, and 300-grain balls to 275; 400-bore 3 drachms powder and 300-grain ball, or proportion of powder to ball 1 to 2.44. A gentleman with much experience with the Express, and who owned one of Thomas Turner's (Birmingham) 450 cal. Express rifles, charged 4 drachms powder for 300-grain ball, or proportion of powder to ball, 1 to 2.5, twist 1 turn in 36 inches, writes as to trajectory: "At 25 yards, 2 inches high; at 50 yards 1 inch high; at 75 and 100 yards, dead level; 125 yards, 2 inches under; 150 yards, 3 inches under. This is using the same sight at all distances. The trajectories of these two rifles appear very similar, taking into account the difference in charges, that is, within 150 yards, with same sight, they will come within 5-inch bull's-eye. This is certainly a very flat trajectory, and indicates that a decided difference in the twist of the rifle has not made a corresponding difference in the trajectory."

Would so many of the British Express rifle-makers adopt such a sharp twist as 1 in 20 if the trajectory was thereby appreciably affected? The tendency of the rifle-makers of this country, as understood, is to increase twist for their sporting rifles. The Sharps Company have changed the twist from 1 in 23 inches to 1 in 20 inches. The long-range increased from 1 in 20 to 1 in 18 inches. Compare the published table of elevations for their mid-range, twist 1 in 20 inches, calibre .40, 30 inches in length barrel, proportion of powder to ball 1 to 4.7, with the table of elevation of their long-range, calibre .45, twist 1 in 18 inches, length of barrel 32 inches, proportion of powder to ball 1 to 5.5, and you will see, making allowance for difference of length of barrel, the long-range, with increased calibre, increased twist and smaller proportion of powder to ball has at least as flat trajectory as the mid-range up to 400 yards. These tables are approximately correct, but sufficiently so for purposes of comparison.

Now, I submit that these facts do not sustain "H. W. O." in his theory that a Sharp twist of the rifling, practically speaking, appreciably affects the trajectory of the projectile. I will now briefly add the result of some experiments of my own bearing on this point, with a rifle .44 calibre, 34-inch barrel, twist of rifle 1 turn in 20 inches. Powder and ball were carefully weighed, Vernier and wind-gauge sights used, and with a good rest; exactly the same sight was taken in each experiment at all intermediate distances. At the 100-yard and 75-yard firing points, where the greatest vertical deviations occurred, enough shots were fired to get a correct average, and vertical deviations were carefully measured, 100 grains of FG powder were used unless otherwise specified. The first experiment was with a 334 solid ball (the lightest to be had) sighted for a point-blank of 100 yards (two experiments), 24 shots expended gave a rise of 2 inches at 50 yards, 24 inches below at 125 yards, and 63 inches below at 150 yards. Up to 125 yards only 10 shots struck outside of a 4-inch ring, and sighted for a point-blank of 125 yards, the result of eight experiments, expending 91 shots (52 of which were fired at the 75-yard and 150-yard firing point), showed at 75 yard-point a rise of 3 1/2 inches above centre of bull's-eye, and at 150-yard-point a fall of 3 1/2 inches below centre of bull's-eye. Of 91 shots fired only 10 struck outside of a 7-inch ring, and every shot within a 10-inch ring.

A hand drill was then improvised and a 3-16 inch hole was bored into the point of the bullet 1/2 inch deep, and its weight reduced from 334 to 324 grains. The result of four experiments with this bullet, expending 41 shots, was that sighting for a point blank of 135 yards at all intermediate distances within 150 yards, every shot struck within a 5 1/2 inch ring except four. When the term "ring" is used, it refers more to vertical deviations. In many experiments strong winds were blowing, and the attention was given more to the vertical deviation. Had the same been given to gauging the wind and the lateral deviation had been equally as confined as the vertical, as the targeting was very fine in all experiments and the balls well bunched. Not being able to get a lighter patched ball, a 295 grain naked ball was then experimented with. On a cloudy, moist day this ball gave very uniform shooting, balls being closely bunched, though this rifle usually does not give uniform shooting with naked balls. Sighted for 200 yards, with 100 grains powder, the result of two experiments showed a rise at near 100 yards of 7 inches. Sighted for 125 yards, and using same sight at 150 yards, and all intermediate distances, several experiments showed the rifle would command a five inch bull's-eye. In one experiment, sighted for 125 yards, 13 consecutive shots were fired, 3 at 125-yard point, 5 at 100-yard, 3 at 75-yard, and 1 at 50-yard point, and every ball of the 13 actually struck within the 5-inch bull's eye (Dennis's target). Seven shots were then fired with same sight from 150-yard firing point, but targeting was not so good, only two striking within the bull's-eye and the other five being almost equally distributed above and below, the average of the deviation being within the bull's-eye. In another experiment, sighted for 125 yards, 4 shots were fired at 150-yard point, 3 at 100-yard point, and 3 at 75-yard point; the greatest vertical deviation was 4 1/2 inches, and had a mistake not been made in targeting, the result would have been the same. The above experiments are reliable and can be duplicated substantially at any time. The result of these experiments shows this rifle, with 100-384 grain charge (powder to ball in 3.84), will command a 7-inch bull's-eye within 150 yards, using the same sight; with 100-320 grain charge (1 to 3.2), it will command a 5 1/2 inch ring, and with 106-395 grain charge (1 to 3.76), a 5-inch ring, with careful sighting and shooting.

This comparison favours the results heretofore mentioned as given by Express rifles, and convinces me that this class of rifle, with rifles of such construction as will hold a light ball, with heavy charge, will give as flat trajectory as any rifle with proportionate charge of powder and ball. Now, Mr. Editor, my theory about all this business is this: I am aware that writers on ordnance rather favor the idea that increased twist tends to lighten the trajectory. Theoretically, and with heavy ordnance, this reasoning may be correct. Practically, and with small bore rifles, I believe it is not correct. A scientifically designed rifle is such that, with a given bore and length of barrel, the weight and quickness of powder and weight of ball should be so proportioned that the combustion and expansion of the gases is gradual and accumulative until the instant of the ball leaving the muzzle, when the full force of its expansive force, the charge is utilized to send the ball on its way, the resistance of the ball as it starts from the breech is of two kinds: first the weight of ball and resistance of the air, which is constant during its flight; second, the friction of ball in the bore and from the twist of rifles, which ceases at the

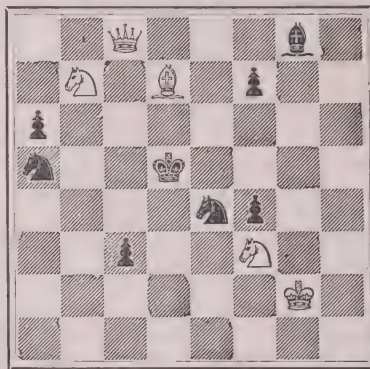
instant of its exit from muzzle. Now, if the combustion of powder is gradual, and the full expansive force of the gases is not fully developed until the moment of ball leaving the muzzle, it would seem reasonable that the friction within the bore does not affect the initial velocity of ball. It would seem reasonable, especially with large charges of powder and light ball, that a certain amount of retardation in the bore may be necessary (such as is caused by sharp twist in rifle, or using a forced ball) in order to insure perfect combustion and full development of gases generated; whereas this retardation would necessarily increase the recoil, it need not have any injurious effect on the initial velocity of the ball. At any rate, I maintain that as high velocity is developed in properly constructed rifles with very sharp twist as by those with twist considerably less sharp, and that, practically, flatness of the trajectory is dependent in a scientifically proportioned rifle entirely upon the relative proportions of powder and ball. The facts given above in this communication substantiate these views in my opinion. Did space permit I would have something to say in regard to H. W. O.'s standard rifle for large game, but will close by advancing the opinion that it will be some time before a rifle of his standard, with 40 grains powder, 20-inch barrel and 6 pounds weight, will be adopted west of the Mississippi River, where at present they vary in weight from 9 to 16 pounds, with charges of 70 to 100 grains powder, with a tendency to large charges. P.

July 20, 1878.

The Game of Chess.

Problem No. 24.

Tourney set, No. 19. Motto: Blue Hells of Scotland.



White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 72—RUY LOPEZ.

The last game in the Paris tourney, by the gain of which Herr Zukertort, lost, scoring two, carried off the first prize:

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
Zukertort.	Zukertort.	Zukertort.	Zukertort.
1—P-K4	1—P-K4	19—R-K	19—Q-B
2—K-K B3	2—K-K B3	20—K-K2	20—P-B4
3—B-K5	3—B-K5	21—K-Q B3	21—K-K3
4—B-K5	4—K-K5	22—K-K3	22—P-Q2
5—P-Q4	5—P-K2	23—K-K5	23—R-K5
6—Q-K2	6—K-Q4	24—R-K5	24—B-K2
7—K-K5 Kt	7—P-K1 Ks B	25—R-K5	25—R-K5 Pch
8—P-K5 P	8—K-K5	26—K-K5 R	26—Q-K4 R
9—K-K4	9—K-K4	27—K-K	27—K-K
10—K-B3	10—K-B4	28—K-B3	28—P-K3
11—K-Q	11—Q-K	29—B-Q2	29—K-K
12—K-K5	12—K-B3	30—K-K B3	30—K-K B3
13—K-K4	13—K-K3	31—Q-K4	31—Q-K4 Pch
14—R-R6	14—R-R3	32—B-B3	32—B-B3
15—K-K3	15—K-K3	33—K-K Rch	33—K-K Q
16—R-K5 B	16—Q-Q Kt	34—B-B4	34—Q-B4
17—P-K5 P	17—P-K1		
18—Q-K4	18—P-Q1		

Resigned.—Westminster Papers.

CURIOUS JOTTINGS.

Zukertort defeated Winawer in the tie match by a score of two games and two draws. Mr. Zukertort wins first prize and the title, "World's Champion."

Mr. Mackenzie won two successive games of Mr. Bird, thus securing the fourth prize.

Rational Pastimes.

ARCHERY CLUBS.

ON organizing an Archery Club, the first thing is to elect a President, Secretary and Treasurer, and, if the club is large, an Executive Committee. The latter should draw up a simple set of rules and by-laws. The bows, targets and other club property should be in charge of the member at whose house the meeting takes place, and by him delivered to the place of the next meeting. The scores should be kept by the respective captains, who alone should draw the arrows from the targets, and all arrows should be marked with the owner's name in full, to prevent mistakes.

Any member dropping an arrow while shooting shall have the right to pick it up and shoot it again, provided he can reach it with the bow without moving from the score.

All arrows striking between two hands shall count in the highest.

Each side, if possible, should have separate targets, and gentlemen should be handicapped one-fourth of the distance; that is, if they shoot eighty yards, ladies should shoot but sixty.

Ties should be decided by the greater number of hits. Arrows dropping, glancing or rebounding from the target do not score.

After shooting, arrows and bows should be wiped clean and rubbed well with a rag and a little oil and beeswax. If the string shows signs of wear, rewind or replace with a new one. Each archer should have a new bowstring from the quiver belt, and the arrows, when drawn from the ground, should be wiped therewith.

Bows should be hung up in a baize bow-bar or allowed to rest flat, or else they will be apt to warp. Arrows should also lie flat.

If the feathers are lost from the arrow, peel a side on a goose or turkey quill, cut the same length, and glue on then when dry; or trim to match the others. The arrow should be one or two cock feathers to show the side that should lie next to the bow.

In last week's *FOREST AND STREAM* there was a score between two clubs published, but it was impossible to judge of the shooting, as there was no way of telling how many arrows were fired or what the size of the targets were.

Clubs, in sending scores, should give the distance, number of ends (each end consists of three arrows), number of hits, score and size of target used.

The standard size, as mentioned in a previous number, is 48 inches, gold or bull's-eye 9 inches, and the distance for gentlemen 100 yards; ladies, 75. A 24-inch target, with a 4-inch gold, is considered about right for 40 yards.

The great trouble is that the mass of bows sold will not throw an arrow any distance. People are buying bows of both American and foreign make, costing from one to five dollars, but only for children, and, for those who will become dignified with archery from the use of such inferior material, it would be better for two or three to club together and get a good article than to use this cheap and worthless stuff.

I have a self-lancewood bow, now in daily use for over six months, and it is perfect. It is one of Aldred's, of London. It would be very valuable if archers would give, without prejudice, their experience of the different makers. Mr. Maurice Thompson claims that he cannot find a foreign bow that will stand his hard shooting, but also states he has not tried one of Aldred's. Time will tell, and I have yet to hear of one of them that disappointed its owner.

W. L. I., President Oriani Archers.

SCOTIA VS. ENIN.—The contest between Duncan C. Ross, the Scotch athlete, of Toronto, Canada, and Thomas Lynch, the Irish champion, of New York, came off at Jones' Woods, this city, last Thursday. The contest was preceded by a one-mile walk, won by D. McDonald 8m. 15s.; a half-mile race (for amateurs who had never won a race), also won by McDonald, against three competitors, in 2m. 30s.; Mr. McCaffrey won steeple jumping, and Mr. Lynch won the prize for the running broad jump. After these events, the contest had been decided the event of the day was announced, and Ross appeared on the sward. The first test was throwing a 60-pound stone from the side. In 24ft. 9in., 24ft. 10in., 24ft.; Lynch, 21ft. 6in., 23ft. 10in., 24ft. Three attempts at putting the same stone from the shoulder were won by Lynch, 24ft. 9in., 24ft. 10in., 24ft. 11in.; Ross, 20ft. 4in., 21ft. 4in., against 17ft. 10in., 19ft. 3in., 18ft. 5in.; for Ross, Ross outdistanced Lynch in throwing the 16-pound hammer, as follows: Ross, 80ft., 97ft. 2in., 96ft. 8in.; Lynch, 80ft., 101in., 98ft., 93ft. Ross won at throwing the 12-pound sledge as follows: Ross, 105ft. 2in., 107ft. 10in., 110ft.; Lynch, 101ft. 6in., 98ft. 9in., 107ft. Lynch put a 30-pound stone from the shoulder the following distances: 29ft. 4in., 31ft. 2in., 30ft., against 27ft. 7in., 28ft., 31ft. Ross won the 16-pound stone 40ft. 7in., 43ft. 4in., 43ft. 4in., to 36ft. 10in., 36ft. 4in., 38ft. 10in., for Ross. Lynch also won the standing broad jump, as follows: 9ft., 9ft. 10in., 9ft. 10in.; Ross scoring 9ft. 2in., 9ft. 5in., 9ft. 6in. He vanquished his opponent for the fifth time by jumping 4ft. 11in. (running high jump) and thus he secured "the championship of the world" and \$500.

O'LEARY.—He did, or he didn't. That's the way it stands now, and no one will ever know certainly whether the 400 miles in the Boston Music Hall were made in 123 hours or not. The timekeeper's account, after this, is to reckon the miles variously at nineteen, twenty and twenty-one laps, and while there is every reason to suppose that the pedestrian accomplished his feat, this peculiarity of the timekeeper has prevented the time from going on record.

"BATING THAT O'LEARY" AGAIN.—John Hughes, the pedestrian, who was puffed up by Harry Hill's money and good-natured paper notices last spring, has started out on another wild tramp. He was, at last accounts, dashing around in his Montgomery Ward, bent on making 400 miles in less time than O'Leary took to accomplish the feat.

AMATEUR SWIMMERS.—Last Saturday the second annual swim for gold, silver and bronze prizes, presented by the New York Athletic Club, was contested in the Harlem River. The entries were: H. M. Martin, Nonpareil Rowing Club; George Kegler, Elizabeth Turnverein; F. J. Hynes, New York Athletic Club; James Fraser, New York Athletic Club; T. E. Kitching, New York; John Bittner, New York; H. J. Heath, New York; G. W. Alcott, Brooklyn; and Dennis Butler, Brooklyn. Of these, all appeared to take part except Hynes. The start was made from Macomb's Dam at 5:30 P. M. The men swam with the tide. Butler got ahead at the start, Alcott took second place and Kitching was third, and the other five in perfect line for the first 200 yards. Butler throughout the race swam hand over hand, changing from left to right hand; the others swam squarely with face down. At the half-mile stake the positions were: Alcott first, Butler second, Heath third, Bittner fourth and Kitching fifth, the rest one hundred feet behind. At the mile stake the excellent finish was: Butler, winner, 20m. 5s.; Alcott second, 19m. 13s.; Heath third, 19m. 20s.; Kitching fourth, 19m. 25s.

CRICKET.—A match between the Staten Island Cricket Club and the first nine of the Staten Island Base Ball Club, at Washington, S. I., last Saturday, resulted in a score of 77 to 40 in favor of the former. The Australian cricketers have reason to be highly satisfied with their success in England. A writer in a recent English magazine foretells that the Australians are to be the coming man. The English players are beginning to think that he is the man already. American cricketers will shortly have an opportunity to try conclusions with the Australians. They leave England about September 10, and will play in New York, Boston, Canada, Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis and San Francisco.

The return cricket match between the Manhattan Club, of this city, and the Paterson United Club, will be played at Prospect Park on Friday. The Paterson United will play the St. George's at Hoboken next week. The Germantown Club will play at Staten Island during this month.

NEWPORT ATHLETIC MEETING.—The entries for the games at Newport to-day number over one hundred, and comprise many athletes, who have made excellent records. A fine display of skill may be expected. To-morrow the Lacrosse tournament will be held.

WHOSE CARRIER PIGEON IS THIS?—Elizabeth, N. J., Aug. 19.—Mr. Editor: While on the salt meadows, last Friday, I saw a man shoot a carrier pigeon. Was it a bird flying in a match?

R. M. C.

Sportsmen's Goods.

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We have just received a direct importation of East India novelties, to which we desire to call attention:

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- 2d. 25 pieces real Seersucker, which was made in narrow stripes expressly for us. We shall make suits to order, and keep in stock Sack Coats ready made during the month of August.
- 3d. Chogas.—A few of these fine embroidered Camels-Hair Smoking Jackets for gentlemen, such as we offered two seasons ago.
- 4th. 25 pieces Pure Pongee Silk. These silks, made into suits, we offer as the coolest and most attractive summer garments for gentlemen ever shown. Price only \$11 per suit.
- 5th. 50 sets of Pijamae and Cobias—or East India Sleeping Dresses. These were made to order in Canton, and are very handsome and desirable, at same time inexpensive. Last season we sold the suits at \$15. This month we offer them at \$9.
- 6th. 50 pieces genuine old fashioned Nankeen. This we sell by the piece or make to order into suits for gentlemen or children.
- 7th. A few dozen East Indian Silk Sashes, to be worn with Children's Summer Suits. These are very fine in quality, but very cheap. Price \$2.

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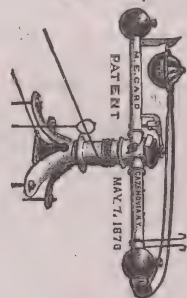
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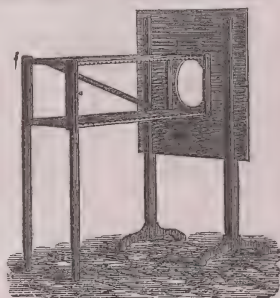
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Pat. Nov. 20, 1877.

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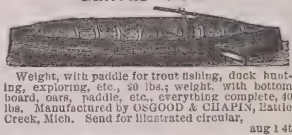
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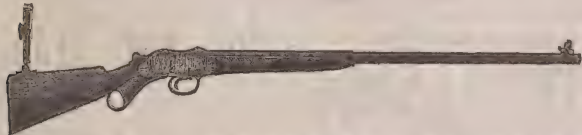
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THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1878.

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[No. 111 Fulton St., N. Y.]

Terms, Four Dollars a Year.
Ten Cents a Copy.

For Forest and Stream and Not and Gun, Bower and Gardener Birds.

(Abridged from the Italian of Dr. O. Beccari.)

By T. M. BREWER.

THE brilliant colors of birds, their elegant forms and their songs, exert a potent fascination and stimulate us, almost involuntarily, to a careful observation and study of these peculiar forms of animal life. At the same time their interesting habits, with the constant evidences of a superior intelligence, inspires us with wonder. Who has not admired the studied care, the patience and the ingenuity they display in the creation of their nests? Need I mention such constructions as those of the weavers, the republicans, the builders of pensile nests, the humming-bird, and many others? In all these there is made manifest a necessity that incites it to build a nest; the care taken to render the abode for its children commodious, capacious, sheltered from rain and other exposures, and inaccessible or concealed from the notice of its enemies.

It is now, moreover, well known that there is one entire group of birds who are not content with a simple nest in which to deposit their eggs and rear their young, or with making use of the same as a mere place of residence. In this group we find luxury, refinement, and æsthetic tastes so far combined as to induce its members to construct special places for their retreat, which they, from time to time, embellish and adorn according to their fancy, and in which they indulge in pleasures and follies of various kinds. It is to the family of Birds of Paradise that these winged Sybarites belong. They are species belonging to the genera *Ohamydodera*, *Ptilonorchus*, *Serialeus* and *Amblyornis*, and inhabit exclusively Australia and New Guinea.

At present the structures of the *Ohamydodera* are the best known. The English call them playing-places, halls, play-houses, but most commonly bowers, but which we of Italy would regard as best indicated by such terms as arbors, galleries or cabins. The birds which construct them are generally known as bower birds. So extraordinary did these structures at first appear that nobody seemed to have deemed it possible that they could be the work of any animal, and they were presumed to be rude cradles made by the natives for their infant children. It was afterward ascertained that they could not be nests, as these are made by the *Ohamydodera* after the manner of other birds, among the branches of trees, in form and size not unlike those of the common Jay. The *Ch. nuchalis* is a bird not much larger than the European mistle thrush, of plain brown colors—not handsome, but with a beautiful rose-colored spot on the back of its neck. Its arbor has the form of a straight gallery, is made of sticks fastened in the ground and arranged so as to meet at the top, and thus create a roof after the manner of the most primitive cabins. The ground all around is strewn with shells. The bird has been seen frequently to take up a shell in its beak and to carry it through the gallery, taking it now from one place and now from another. In like manner the galleries of the *Ch. maculata* are made of twigs, but are also beautifully lined with tall grass, so disposed as to meet at the top. The decorations are abundant and consist of bivalve shells, crania of small animals, and other bones, whitened by long exposure to the solar rays. According to the accounts given by various observers, these shells must have been transported quite a long distance, as the nearest streams from which they could have been collected are often quite remote. It has also been stated that many individuals of this species meet in the middle of these galleries to pay their court to the females, and that the same galleries are resorted to year after year. The *Ch. guttata* likewise constructs its galleries with straight lines, while all around on the ground are found the stones of fruit worn by the action of the sea, which is at such a distance that their transportation must have required a great deal of painstaking on the part of these birds.

The galleries of the *Ch. Cerviniventris* differ from those of all the others in having walls that are much thicker and more upright, though occasionally slightly inclined one toward the other at the summit, and consequently the inner passage is quite narrow. This is constructed of straws fastened into a platform of twigs filled with loose earth. It is about 1.20 metres in length, but not quite so broad. Here and there, by way of decoration, are strewn berries, shells of snails and sea-shells. One gallery was found to be 1.23 metres in length, with a height of .46, with a number of fresh berries scattered over it.

Other birds belonging to the genus *Ptilonorchus* construct galleries that display an equal degree of ingenuity. The satin bower-bird, *P. violaceus*, makes a gallery similar to that of the *Ohamydodera*, and decorates it with objects of bright

colors such as it can collect—namely, brilliant feathers of birds, bleached bones, land shells, etc. Some of the feathers are thickly intermingled with the straws, while the other ornaments—the bones and the shells—are scattered about near the entrance of these structures. The disposition which this bird manifests to appropriate for itself every attractive object it meets with is so great that the natives search their galleries in quest of articles they may have lost. Stone hatchets are said to have been found in them, as well as fragments of blue cotton cloth, probably picked up from some encampment of the natives.

It may here be remarked that the instinct that prompts its members to collect bright, shining objects, so common a peculiarity of the crow family, and one so well known, indicates their hardly doubtful relationship to the birds of Paradise. Can it be that here by chance we find indicated by these habits well marked evidences of an inherited moral character, indicating traces of a common origin in the long distance? Then, too, there is the regent-bird, *Serialeus melinus*, which also builds for itself a gallery, in which it amuses itself and meets its lady-love, but these are described as having little or no ornament. Count Salvadori is of the opinion that the *Xantolus aureus* will also be found to construct similar places of retreat, and I was informed when in Papua that it builds a nest on the ground. It may be that this so-called nest really refers to a gallery similar to that of allied species.

These constructions are spoken of as the most marvelous instances that have ever been discovered of the architecture of birds. But how insignificant are they in comparison with those of the *Amblyornis inornata*, which I am about to describe.

I have thus passed carefully in review all that is known of all the most remarkable achievements of other species, that we may be able all the better to appreciate the genius of this wonderful creature, which, under so modest an exterior, conceals the best developed intellect of any member of the entire class of birds.

And when we consider that the family to which the *Amblyornis* belongs, as do all that construct galleries, the birds of paradise, and that this family combines with species possessing the greatest elegance of plumage, others that manifest the greatest development of intellect, we seem justified in regarding it as the most perfect representative of the entire class. It is noteworthy that among the birds of Paradise those that are adorned with beautiful feathers do not construct bowers. This is a gift exclusively to those members of this family that have the most modest plumage, and it would seem as if the intelligent mind of these led them, in their endeavors to distinguish themselves, to pursue a different course from those that combine in their own person so high a grade of physical beauty.

The *Amblyornis inornata*, which I propose to call the gardener, is a bird about the size of our mistle thrush. Its specific name well characterizes its unattractive appearance. It is entirely destitute of ornament, and is probably, of all its family, the most wanting in bright colors. It is almost wholly of an obscure shade of brown, with a rufous tinge, and there is no appreciable difference between the sexes. It was found several years since by the hunters of Count Rosenberg, but the first notices of its constructing, which were spoken of as nests, were given me by the hunters of Signor Brulhi. These had made an attempt to transport one entire to Jernatu, but were unsuccessful, on account of its great size and the difficulties of the road.

On the 20th of June, 1875, I had the very great good fortune to be able to examine one in the remote mountain recesses where it had been constructed. It was on the fifth day after we had left Andai, going direct to Hatam, on Mt. Arfak. I had been compelled to remain a whole day at Wardendi, in order that my carriers might rest. And on this day I was accompanied by only five men, as I had been obliged to leave behind me several of my hunters, down with the fever, and my other carriers did not consider themselves sufficiently rested.

I had left early in the morning; it was already an hour past noon, and we were still moving on in a very fatiguing course. We had allowed ourselves no rest, because we had but a short distance to go before we would reach Hatam, our journey's end.

We were passing over the slope of one of the foot-hills of Mt. Arfak; the virgin forest was lofty and lonely, hardly penetrated by a single ray of the sun; the ground was free of underbrush; a well-trodden path showed that dwellings could not be far distant. We had just passed a small spring, from which it was evident the natives often came to draw water. At every step I met with objects never seen by me before; a species of *Balanophora*, growing after the manner of the peculiar knobs of the orange-tree, were on the ground all about me, like so many fungi; elegant palms and strange forms of plants attracted my notice. My attention was continually distracted by the songs and cries of birds that I knew must be unknown and undescribed, as always happens when we venture into a region for the first time and never before explored. Every movement of the leaves seemed to anticipate some new discovery; nor was it mere anticipation, for almost every discharge of my gun brought with it some new surprise. The birds we met with were for the most part not only different from those of the plains, but were very often wholly new to me.

I had just shot a small marsupial as it was clinging in the manner of a squirrel the bare and upright trunk of a large

tree, when, turning suddenly round, I found myself in close proximity to the path directly in front of a piece of workmanship more exquisitely lovely than the ingenuity of any animal had ever before been deemed capable of constructing. It was a miniature cabin in the midst of a miniature meadow, decked with flowers. I recognized at once the famous "nests" that I had described to me by the hunters of Brulju, but which I had always supposed must be made for another purpose than that of a nest, although I was at that time in total ignorance of the constructions of the *Ohamydodera*. I contented myself with a momentary and very superficial examination of this marvel, enjoining upon my hunters not to disturb it. But all my experience in Papua has since convinced me that these directions were unnecessary. Although directly on their path, this cabin had remained untouched, showing in what a friendly and peaceful estimation its inhabitants had been regarded, until their evil star had brought me to disturb them in their quiet and peaceful abode. We were then at an elevation of about 4,800 feet. After a half-hour's steep ascent we reached our place of destination.

During the first few days, the putting of my house in order and the urgent and necessary labor in the preservation of the vast collection of new and precious specimens that had been accumulating day after day on my hands, prevented my immediate return in order to re-visit the cabin of the *Amblyornis*, and in the meanwhile many others had been found by my hunters, who in a short time succeeded in procuring a number of specimens of their builders. I was, in truth, very reluctant to take the lives of these industrious little birds, and I had hardly allowed myself a sufficient number of specimens before I renewed my directions to my hunters to spare them and to respect their dwellings. The first cabin that I began to investigate was one nearest to my residence, toward which, at last, early on one morning, my crayon in hand and with my box of colors and my gun, which I gave to an Arfak to carry for me, I set out on my visit to the habitation of the *Amblyornis*. On my way I provided for my breakfast by shooting a pair of fat doves, *Carpophaga chalconota*, which, after the manner of its family, were feeding on fruit in the upper branches of a tall tree, where they would have been unnoticed had not their moving from branch to branch and their throwing down the fruit betrayed their retreat.

Reaching at last the cabin I immediately set myself to the task of sketching it, which sketch I have since endeavored to faithfully reproduce. At the moment of my visit the proprietors of this abode were not at home. I could not well spare the time that would be necessary to enable me to thoroughly observe them. My hunters had been able to surprise the birds both in the act of entering into and of leaving their cabin. In order to secure specimens taken in these movements they waited for them to appear about their huts, so that there is no room for supposing that any other bird would have been their architects. I could not ascertain with certainty whether any one cabin was frequented by a single pair or by more, or whether by more males than females, or the reverse; whether the males alone construct it, or if the females aid in the work; or whether they are made by the joint labors of several individuals. I have, however, no doubt that these cabins are used for more than a single season, from the fact that the birds are continually repairing and re-embellishing them.

The *Amblyornis* selects a spot on a level with the plain, and in the centre of which is a small shrub about the size of a walking-stick, around the base of which it constructs a cone, a span in diameter, of mosses. This is a support to the central pillar, upon which the covering of the whole edifice is supported. The height of this central support is less than that of the cabin, which is at least half a metre. All around from the top of this pillar, diverging outward therefrom, arranged in an inclined position and in a perfectly methodical manner, are placed long stems. The upper ends of these are supported on the apex of the pillar, the lower being inserted in the ground, and thus all around, except in front. In this way they create a conical cabin, exactly regular in the shape the whole presents when the building is completed. Many other stems are interwoven with it in various ways, rendering the base strong and impervious. Between the central supporting pillar and the circle where the stems are inserted in the ground there is left a circular gallery in the shape of a horse-shoe. The entire structure has a diameter of about a metre.

The stems made use of by the *Amblyornis* were the slender and upright forms of a species of orchid, *Dendrobium*, an epiphytal plant which grows in large tufts on mossy branches of tall trees. It is as slender as small straws, about half a metre in length. There are all living, and have adhering to them their small and complete leaves, and this plant is evidently selected to avoid the decay or dilapidation of their edifice; for these stems continue to maintain their life a long while, as indeed do most of the epiphytal orchids of the tropics.

The æsthetic tastes of our gardener are not restricted to the construction of a cabin. The appreciation of the beautiful in the *Amblyornis* corresponds to a remarkable degree with that we witness among man; thus which is pleasing to them is usually pleasing to us. A taste for beautiful flowers and for gardens with us are indications of cultivation and refinement. It seems strange, with such an example set them by this bird, that the natives of Arfak should manifest so little taste or decency in their own dwellings.

But now let us see how the gardens of the *Amblyornis* are

In the beginning I mentioned it as my belief that the design which both the true birds of Paradise and the *Amblygrammus* with their allied species, propose, the one in decorating themselves, the other in the construction of cabins and gardens was simply reference to the gratifications and attractions of the females. I maintain that this sentiment alone, favored by the aid of natural selection, is not enough to create the colors that develop the ability to make constructions on the part of the other. And it seems to me that by no means too extravagant a supposition, that the existence among birds of so lively a taste for the beautiful and so strong a desire to possess it, as to develop in the true bird of paradise changes of color in different parts of its plumage susceptible of variation, and such modification of their plumage as to give permanent satisfaction, and also to develop in the *Amblygrammus* and other birds the various answers of observation, by means of which simple primitive instincts have developed into future deeds, creating in them certain powers of reason, and thus rendering possible the creation of products that do not originate in instinct alone.

Fish Culture.

EEL CULTURE.

IF there is any one spot for the student of the eel question it is the pond of Mr. James N. Wells, of Country Road, Riverhead, N. Y. The pond covers some five acres, and here in the fall of 1876 were planted 24,000 eels, which were from eight inches to a foot in length, too small to skin for market. In 1877 the eels were fed with fifty bushels of clams and 2,000 horsefeed. They were not fed after July. This spring Mr. Wells began to feed them in May, and writes us that the last meal for the present season was given to them Saturday, Aug. 10. Mr. Wells takes a wagon-load of horsefeed and drives to the pond. He makes a noise by beating on the wagon, and the eels come rubbing in swarms from every direction, making the water black. He will hold a horsefoot in the water and dozens of eels will cling to it, even when lifted out of the water. He says that when he goes to the pond, except to feed them, he seldom sees an eel. Occasionally one will put out a head and look around, but seeing it is not feeding time will quietly disappear. He has fed out about 6,000 horsefeed this season which he buys of Capt. William Downs. On the 15th of April Capt. Downs set a horsefoot pound at the mouth of the river—or rather a trap of his own invention. After a storm when the trap has not been visited for two or three days as many as 1,000 have been taken out at a time. Whether the demand created the supply, or the supply the demand, we cannot tell, but at present the supply is rather ahead. Capt. Downs has kept a record of the number caught from the 15th of April to the 15th of June, and it footed up about 10,000. This footing of the eels is a source of much entertainment to visitors, who come from all parts of the country to witness the strange proceeding. The number of eels is estimated in the terms most impressive to each: "wagon loads," "stacks," "thousands" and "millions." Mr. Wells writes:

I do not know about their spawning. There are other fish, pickrel, pumpkin seeds and yellow perch, who may catch a spawn. My eels are fed and will not be sent to a forty-one cent per cent under the water and all that can get their heads into it will do so. You may catch them with your hands (if you can hold them). They have grown this summer some from twelve to a pound to six pounds per dozen, dressed. They gain very fast while feeding. Now they are very fat. They will eat 250 horsefeed or 15 bushels of soft clams in a night. The next day they will not be sent to a forty-one cent per cent under the water. The pond is a clear sand bottom, excepting about two acres in the middle of mud from one to five feet deep, water, some five or six feet in the middle. Whole pond covers about five to seven acres. The margin is sandy all around. It is a spring bottom pond. I put twenty-three small eels in the pond twelve years ago. In three or four years they weighed from two to half a dozen pounds each, which was the cause of my trying this experiment.

Riverhead, N. Y., Aug. 14, 1878. J. N. WELLS.

THE FISH SHOW AT THE CHICAGO STATE AGRICULTURAL FAIR.—This will be one of the most attractive features of the fair next September 3 to 18. Mr. Welcher, Superintendent of the Michigan State Hatching House, is supervising the arrangements. The show was primarily designed as an exhibition of artificially raised fish, to indicate what has been accomplished by fish culturists since their initial efforts in 1867-8; but specimens of all fresh water fish are desired for the aquaria, and we have no doubt that some interesting specimens will be shown. Dr. Estes is making an effort to obtain some striped bass and other specimens which have attracted much interest of late. The striped bass (*R. chrysops*), as described in "Hallock's Gazetteer," very nearly resemble the *R. lineatus* of the salt water, though somewhat differently marked. Their specific characteristics scarcely differ. They are found in the Mississippi River and many of its tributaries, penetrating several of the Southwestern States. Mr. Hallock has promised specimens, drawings and formula of them, by which he will be enabled to make comparisons with the salt water striped bass and rock-fish of the Atlantic coast. The tanks will occupy a large space of the Chicago Exposition building, and we have no doubt that, with the whole of Lake Michigan at their back and beach, they will enjoy a more abundant supply of fresh water than was allowed to them at the Centennial Exposition. The exhibition building stands beside the lake, and the advantages for a first-class show are very great. This paper regrets that Superintendent Welcher had not communicated with the FOREST AND STREAM earlier, for we feel that we could have rendered material service in extending the collection of fish. It is a matter of satisfaction that Mr. Reynolds, the general superintendent of the fair, has taken so much personal interest in the fish show, and given all possible effort to make it a success.

FROM A TADPOLE TO A FROG.—Editor Forest and Stream: I intend to tell your readers in a very simple and childlike manner how I am the possessor of a "green-headed bull frog" raised from a tadpole. Three years ago, after spending some two days on the Beaverkill, I started from Morrison Station, a drive of some thirteen miles, for New York, having with me a wide-mouthed bottle containing nineteen newts and two tadpoles (the latter just commencing to change their state to frogs), taken from the pond back of Murdoch's the day before. Reaching Morrison Station, I bought a two-quart tin pail, and had the cover perforated with holes. I emptied the bottle and found one tadpole and one newt dead, placed the eighteen newts and one tadpole in the pail, having with me a tin of horsefeed, and found all in the best of condition for N. Y. On arrival here I put them in a small aquarium, 9x14 inches, filled, of course, with croton and layer of house sand at the bottom, with a few shells and piece of coral. Of the newts I have given away fourteen, and have now four newts and a green-headed frog measuring about five inches from the end of the snout to the hinder pharynx, being the result of

the one tadpole. For the first two years I fed the frog with croton bugs (after he had arrived at a frog's estate), with which my house at that time was overrun, but having at last gotten rid of these bugs, for the past year his diet has been flies, (with an occasional stray bug), especially so this summer. During the winter, although in a room heated sufficiently for the genus house, he had nothing to eat for weeks, as the croton bugs were *non est* and there were no flies. Then at times I tried him with small pieces of raw meat; he would take them readily, but invariably as soon as his mouth closed over them one of his front paws (I can call them nothing else) would wipe the meat out before you could say "Jack Robin so." Why this? Is it because their food in a wild state is wholly insect? Using now one of the new balloon traps he has plenty of flies, which he takes readily from off my fingers—one to twenty at a time. No matter how many he has the "green-headed monster" is never satisfied, and is always ready for more. The tadpole when put into the Aquarium was about two and one-half inches in size and taking into consideration the change of the water from that of a trout pond to the Beaverkill is that of croton in a small aquarium in the month of July, my success was wonderful. I intend pushing the experiment to a greater degree when an opportunity offers.

As regards newts it seems that the more I starve them the better they like it. I feed them once or twice a week with small pieces of raw meat from the end of a broom straw, and also put live flies on top of the water which they take readily; but they will not go near a dead one. I was in hopes to have had some offspring from the newts, as I had both male and female, but I presume the frequent changing of water necessary in a small aquarium is fatal to such a realization.

RANA PIPREUS.

GERMANY.—The German Society for Catching, Breeding and Preserving Fish, the Deutsche Fischerie Verein, are preparing an international exhibition at Berlin for 1889.

Natural History.

BLACK-TAIL DEER AND MULE-TAIL DEER.

IN the FOREST AND STREAM of August 8, we took exception to some criticisms which appeared in the *Atlantic* of July in regard to the Black-tail deer, in which Judge Caton's very thorough book on the "Cervidae" was questioned. We stated that misconceptions arose from the fact that there were two distinct species of deer, each called by the same name. In the September number of *Scribner's Monthly*, just at hand, will be found a capital article, both as to text and illustration, due to Mr. J. Harrison Mills, which is a valuable contribution to the history of the mule-deer in Colorado. Mr. Mills says: "The mule-deer does not bear an undisputed name. I knew him first as the black-tail, as he is almost universally called here. A recent issue of the *Rocky Mountain News* contains an indignant protest from one of our hunters against the liberty 'Eastern' naturalists have taken in rechristening, as he supposes, this animal." Mr. Mills gives a very lucid description of the mule-deer. We are indebted to Judge Caton for a letter on the subject of black-tail and the mule-deer, which, from such a leading authority, should, we suppose, for once and at all times settle this somewhat mixed subject.

I notice in the FOREST AND STREAM and ROD AND GUN of the 8th instant your criticism upon the critic who, in the August number of the *Atlantic Monthly* criticizes the review in that journal of my book, "The Antelope and Deer of America." You have given the true explanation of the manner in which the Club contributor has fallen into a great error when he supposed he was correcting an error. Had he perused the book, at least with any degree of care, he would have observed that in my very first paragraph of "General Remarks" on the mule-deer (*O. macrotis*), p. 94, he would have read, "In the Rocky Mountain region, where the true black-tailed deer is not found, it is still known among hunters and settlers as the black-tailed deer." On p. 375 he should have noticed the following quotation from a letter written me by Lieut. W. L. Carpenter, U. S. A., who is a careful observer, with a very extensive experience of the Rocky Mountain region, from Montana to Arizona, and an ardent hunter too: "I have never heard of any other deer in the Rocky Mountain region than the elk (*O. canadensis*), the black-tailed deer (*O. macrotis*), and the white-tailed deer (*O. leucurus*)." Here we see Lieut. Carpenter following the common nomenclature in that region, calling the mule-deer "black-tailed deer," but he leaves us no room to mistake his meaning, for he adds, the true scientific name, *O. macrotis*. This club contributor is not alone in error on this subject, for the revenue of the P. O. Department has been considerably augmented by the postage on letters to me from army officers and others of very extensive hunting experience in the Rocky Mountains, assuring me positively that the true black-tailed deer is there found as distinct from the mule-deer, and this is going much further than the Club contributor has gone; but have investigated no case where the black-tailed deer did not prove a *Macrotis* with a white tail, terminating with a black tuft, and naked on the underside, which is not observed with any other species of deer.

General J. W. Forsyth, late of General Sheridan's staff, would not be convinced by me that the true black-tailed deer was not abundant in the Rocky Mountains, but Gen. Crook was more successful. He was in the Sandwich Islands last winter, *O. macrotis*, or the mule deer, in more or less abundance, occupy the entire habitat of the true black-tailed deer (*O. columbianus*), but in some parts of it is very scarce, as in the coast-range north of San Francisco, while in Southern California they are the prevailing species. While this is a true *Macrotis*, it is a very distinct variety (*O. macrotis var. californicus*), which I first described about two years since in the *American Naturalist*. The most distinguishing characteristic of this variety is a dark line down the upper side of the tail from its base till it unites with the terminal black tuft, while on the Rocky Mountain variety the tail is white on the upper side all the way above the black tuft. On both, the tails are shaped alike, and are naked on the underside, and both have the enormous metatarsal gland, which is more than four times as

large as it is on the Columbia black-tailed deer, which is next in size, and more than four times as large as it is on the common deer.

I have no doubt it will be a long time before many very intelligent gentlemen who have never seen a Columbia deer, will be convinced that it is not found in the Rocky Mountains. Probably General Forsyth, when he gets through with the book he now has in hand, leading his regiment of cavalry against the Bannocks, will make himself as familiar with the true black-tailed deer as he has long been with the mule-deer under the name of the black-tailed deer in the Rocky Mountains, and then I think you may safely refer to him as authority on the subject, and I have no fears that he will vindicate my assertions in "The Antelope and Deer of America," that the true black-tailed deer, or *O. columbianus*, is not in the Rocky Mountains. J. D. CATON.

Oltawa, Ill., August 17, 1878.

AUSTRALIAN BOWER BIRD.—Some little time since we published in FOREST AND STREAM, in an article entitled "Architect and Gardener," a brief account of the wonderful *Amphiporus*, whose habits have recently been brought to the notice of the scientific world by Dr. Beccari. We have now the pleasure of laying before our readers a very concise but complete abridgement of the explorer's paper, which has been furnished us through the kindness of the eminent ornithologist, Dr. T. M. Brewer. Facts about birds and their habits are interesting to a very large class of our readers, and we have no doubt that the present charming paper will be fully appreciated by them.

CARIBOU IN CAPTIVITY.—Danville Junction, Me., Aug. 24.—Editor Forest and Stream: I gave you an account last summer of the capture of a cow caribou over on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence in the deep snows of March, 1876, and of her dropping a buck calf while in captivity in June following, and that I afterward obtained the pair and transferred them to my miniature park here. They became very tame, the young buck keeping very fat, but the cow thin in flesh. On the 4th of last April I left home, and was about four months returning, the first of the present month. I at once saw that the cow was at her last legs—looking like a walking skeleton—and it proved so, as she died in a week from that time. It seems she had never weaned the calf, the fat, lazy cub, about as large and heavier than his mother, and my man in charge not thinking to part them. I, of course, separated them at once; but too late to save the cow. The calf was almost frantic with grief at the death of his mother, whining about the park through several weeks with a quick, nervous gait, making at times a mournful bleat, although he had my herd of deer for company, as usual. He eats almost anything offered him in the vegetable or grain line. Of course I don't allow him dry corn. He is very fond of a moss that I procure in the forest for him, and many kinds of green boughs from the forest trees; feeds grass pretty well, but not so freely as the deer. They require a damp, muddy spot in which they can stand, or walk through a morning of rain, their feet, as they cannot be continually dry without becoming diseased. The caribou is now partially "halter broke," and I intend having him broken to harness this fall. His horns have got a splendid growth this summer, and are now in velvet. I am having a curious experiment with a spruce partridge in captivity, of which I will tell you soon.

M. W. CLARK.

THE AUDUBON FAMILY.—The following letter from a member of the family of the celebrated ornithologist appears in the New York Times of August 26:

Allow the family of the late John James Audubon, the ornithologist, to contradict some of the assertions which lately appeared in an article copied by you from the Hendersons (Ky.) Reporter. Mr. Audubon's wife, whose name was in error stated, was Lucy Howell, an English lady, whose family, at the time of her marriage, resided near Philadelphia; nor did she see Louisville till years afterward. She was essentially feminine in her pursuits, and could never have attracted the attention of the public by her powers of swimming, as she was wholly unacquainted with the art. Mr. Audubon's proudest boast was that he was an American, having been born in Louisiana, though of French parentage. He never kept a grocery store, though he was part owner of a mill. The statement we wish most decidedly to contradict is the cruel charge of jealousy of, and consequent separation from, his wife. With a devotion uncommon even among women, she left her husband, and, taking her children with her, taught, and thereby supported herself and them for years, that he might be free to carry on his life work. More than this: when, discouraged and disheartened, he returned to her from his wanderings penniless, she supplied him with the means to continue those researches and studies, which resulted in a success, due as much to her wisely devotedness as to his genius and endurance. From time to time articles relating to the private life of our grandparent appear in different periodicals and papers. While we appreciate and are grateful for the interest manifested in these so justly worthy of remembrance, we strongly urge upon the writers of such articles to send forth nothing to the public which will give a false coloring to lives which are fully able to bear the closest scrutiny throughout their entire career.

Washington Heights, Aug. 23, 1878.

A SEA LION IN DELAWARE BAY.—We take the following from the *Deer Sentinel* of August 24: "A sea lion was captured at Haverin's Beach, about one mile north of Sand Ditch, on Wednesday last, by Mr. Martin Knight. As the tide was out at the time, it could not make very fast headway. Mr. Knight called to some men who were upon the marsh to assist him, they surrounded the monster and immediately it showed fight. Mr. Knight struck it upon the head and stunned it, and they then pulled it upon the shore. The lion is about 54 feet long and weighs about 300 pounds. Mr. William Haverin has it at his house in a large tank. This is the second one ever taken upon this shore. One was captured several years ago at Bowers' Beach, but was killed before being taken.

DEATH OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT.—His Animal Highness, He of Sham, who weighed several tons is no more! He flopped his ears, twisted his trunk, and kicked his tail for the last time on the 23d of June last, and was floated to his grave on

MASSABESIC YACHT CLUB.—This is the title of a new yacht club formed at Manchester, N. H. They held their first annual regatta on Massabesic Lake, near the city, Aug. 1. The race was over a five mile course, won by the *Nautilus* in 57m. 26s. Judges, A. B. Fairbank, Frank Mitchell and L.

N. Aldrich. The other yachts in the race were *Susan*, *Lottie*, *Olydie*, *Ida* and *Madcap*. Prize, a silk flag.

CRUISE OF THE ENTERPRISE.—Commodore Peabody has tripped his anchor for a cruise to Mount Desert in his cutter *Enterprise*. Will be gone several weeks. She was built by Lawlor, of Boston, and has his style of section, quick turn to the floors at the garboard and at the bilge, giving a very powerful, but, we think, abhorrent midship section. Her garboards had to be hewn out of the solid log on account of their quick turn.

CAN THESE THINGS BE?—From a reliable source we are informed that after all the Shoe-wae-cae-mettes, of Monroe, Mich., hold a questionable status as amateurs. We are told by parties acquainted with them that they are "punters"—have paddled sportsmen after ducks for pay. One of them is known to have mixed drinks behind a bar for a gentleman; and, what is much more serious, our informant states that he knows beyond doubt that they sold their friends last year in the single scull race at Detroit. Their conduct in other races is also questioned. If these charges have any foundation to them, a close scrutiny of their status as amateurs should be made by the N. A. A. O. While we do not pretend to take sides on these imputations, we must regard them as of a serious nature, for they come to us from parties prepared to substantiate them.

CANOEING AT ROCHESTER, N. Y.—A correspondent writes us that the neighborhood of Rochester, N. Y., affords many fine rivers and ponds for canoeing, and that next season the sport will probably be taken hold of by gentlemen in that vicinity. Practical articles bearing on the sport will appear in our columns during winter, when many beginners can obtain the instructions necessary.

MARINE PAINTING.—"J. L. K." on "Marine Painting," in your issue of Aug. 15, has hit the nail squarely.

MARINE PAINTER.

THE CITY OF COLUMBUS.—This new steamer, an addition to the Ocean Steamship Line of Savannah, was open to visitors on Monday last. She is about the same size as the *City of Jacksonville*. Her gross tonnage is 375 tons long, 38 ft beam, her burden being 2,000 tons. The *City of Columbus* will be commanded by Captain Nickerson. The passenger accommodations are unsurpassed for elegance and comfort. So many of our readers go South during the winter months that doubtless the *City of Columbus* will take out many a tourist bound to Florida.

OAR AND PADDLE.

THE NATIONAL REGATTA.—The sixth annual regatta of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen was successfully rowed on the Passaic at Newark, August 20 and 21. In spite of the attempts made by certain hair-splitting theorists and the small clique discontented with the strict enforcement of the association's rules to defeat the event, it turned out to be a brilliant affair in all its aspects. If a few prominent oarsmen were conspicuous by their absence the entries were ample and good enough without them, and it is quite certain that no one felt grieved at seeing the obstreperous few left out in an appearance at the start. The two days' races were conducted with such promptness and fairness as to meet the decided approval of all interested, while the preparations for the meeting, both as regards measures for keeping the public informed of the progress of the races and for thoroughly policing the course, proved the gentlemen controlling the races to be fully competent for the duties undertaken. It is not too much to say that this year's regatta has been instrumental, to a large degree, in giving the National Association so firm a hold upon the public mind that its future is secured beyond peradventure. If the association will now review some of its rules, and relax or reconstitute a few particular ones which it has been found impracticable to enforce or unpalatable to some upon, perhaps, justifiable grounds, the few straying sheep will be glad to return to the fold, and all opposition to the association will cease. The course at Newark proved well adapted to the needs of the association, and it is certain that the strangers whom the race called together leave the city with full appreciation of the generous hospitality of its residents, and with satisfaction at the system of rules displayed by the association, for seldom have races been more promptly called and pulled without impediment than in this regatta.

The Arlington crew, we believe, was the only one to demur to the decision of the umpire; but as they were so palpably in the wrong, no doubt when their excitement and disappointment has passed off, they will see the justice of the mandate which ruled them out for the first time. On Tuesday, August 20, was clear and pleasant, with a brisk northerly wind blowing across the river, but not getting up sea enough to trouble the boats. The grand stand, with its system of telegraphic signals connected to the observatory stations along the course, was packed with humanity, and the many private stands, as well as the river banks, were lined with people. On the second day the number of spectators was even greater, and estimated as high as 30,000. The course was one mile and a half straight away, start near the Midland Railroad bridge, and finish just in front of the Erie Railroad draw-bridge, or abreast of the grand stand. An old tug was furnished for the press, and failed to keep even with the racing boats, and, what was equally objectionable, raised a terrific swell at the grand stand every time she came down, so that none of the winning crews were able to show their style on the customary short spin past the stand after the heats, much to the disappointment of the lookers-on, who like to see a little more of a crew than the last half-dozen strokes that carry it across the line.

First race for Junior Singles—First heat: F. Campbell, Eureka, Newark, N. J., and W. E. Cody, Friendships, N. Y. Cody did some bad steering, and was beaten by Campbell by seven lengths. Time, 10m. 53½s.

Junior Singles—First heat: F. J. Mumford, Perseverance, New Orleans, and J. Kennedy, Yale University, New Haven, Conn. Apparently Kennedy was not in condition, for his well-known record assigned him to a better position at the finish. Mumford, however, proved a better man than supposed, and won in 10m. 21½s., Kennedy only three-quarters of a length behind.

Senior Single—Second heat: R. W. Rathbone, New York Athletic Club, New York, and G. Gaisel, Gracery, N. Y.; J. O'Donnell, Hope, New Orleans; and H. P. Dain, Highland, Peckskill, N. Y. Rathbone won without trouble, steering a good course, and pulling a clean and graceful stroke. Time, 9m. 35s.; Gaisel second, 9m. 46½s.; O'Donnell third and Dain last.

Senior Singles—Third heat: G. W. Lee, Triton, Newark; F. E. Yates, Pilot, Grand Haven, Mich.; J. Magin, Waverley, N. Y. The race was between Lee and Yates, and for the first time in the regatta a good race, but the man that can leave Playford astern can hardly be matched in America. Lee won in very handsome style, pulling his long, powerful

sweep, with an amount of apparent ease and grace that called forth continued applause from the spectators. Lee is not only the fastest amateur sculler in America or Europe, but he is also one of the most graceful pullers that ever sat in a boat. Time, 9m. 8½s.; F. E. Yates, 9m. 15½s.; Magin, 9m. 42½s.

Senior Singles—Fourth heat: H. McMillan, Vesper, Philadelphia; R. Livingston, Yale, New Haven, and J. S. G. Wells, Hackensack, Hackensack, N. J. The latter did not go over the whole course. Won by McMillan in 9m. 10½s.; Livingston second, 9m. 22s.

Junior Sculls—Second heat: R. W. Morgan, Potomac, Washington, D. C.; D. Lynch, Waverley, N. Y., and T. O'Connor, Neptune Barge, Philadelphia. The latter did not cross the finish. Lynch led, but was disqualified for being coached. Time, 9m. 11s.

Junior Sculls—Third heat: G. W. Bowlsby, Jr., amateur, Monroe, Mich.; T. Lowden, Viking, Newark; B. S. Keator, Yale, New Haven. The latter gave out. Bowlsby won easily in 9m. 7½s. The tide was with him, having changed to ebb, while in the previous races the flood was making. Bowlsby was bow oar of the Shoe-wae-cae-mettes in 1875, and pulls something after their style, or rather want of style, for he handled the oar in an awkward manner, and had no form. Pairs: F. Henderson and W. Kennel, of the Quaker City Club; C. E. Bulger and H. O. Graves, of the Mutuals; J. B. Clegg and J. McGregor, of the Zeephyrs, of Detroit; and I. S. Mack and W. E. McCredy, of the Athletics. Mutuals took the lead, and held it. The rest steered wild. The Quaker Cityes upset near the finish. Time, 8m. 50½s.; Athletics, 9m. 17½s.; Zeephyrs, 9m. 20½s.

Double Sculls—First heat: Mutual Boat Club, Albany, N. Y., C. Piepenbrink, bow, W. S. Mosely, stroke; Crescent Barge Club, Philadelphia, Pa., C. E. Hallowell, bow, W. H. Hallowell, stroke; Vesper Barge Club, Philadelphia, Pa., C. F. Goodshall, bow, H. Evans, stroke. Won by Mutuals, 8m. 39½s.; Crescents, 8m. 56½s.

Double Sculls—Second heat: Hope Rowing Club, New Orleans, La., J. O'Donnell, bow, P. Powers, stroke; Friendship Boat Club, New York City, E. Conlin, bow, J. McCartney, stroke; Hudson Boat Club, Jersey City, N. J., G. D. Phillips, bow, W. Clarke, stroke. Won by the Hopes in 8m. 31½s.; Friendships, 8m. 51½s.; Hudson crew a bad third.

Second Day—Wednesday, August 21, was clear, with a brisk wind sweeping down the river, making the water somewhat lumpy near the start.

Double Sculls—First heat: The race might have been called the start of some of the ladies' clothes, but otherwise did not interfere with the prompt dispatch of the races. The tide ran up till the third race, when it changed in favor of the crews.

Four—First heat: Mutual Boat Club, Albany, N. Y., C. E. Bulger, bow, H. O. Graves, A. Mull, R. J. Wilson, stroke; Hope Rowing Club, New Orleans, La., M. Tansley, bow, J. Lusk, J. McElroy, M. Carey, stroke. Hopes led off, but Mutuals headed them at the half mile, and won in 9m. 19½s.; Hopes not timed.

Four—Second heat: Eureka Boat Club, Newark, N. J., J. Young, bow, P. Young, W. B. Flavel, J. Anglemann, stroke; Friendship Boat Club, New York City, W. Hurley, bow, M. Robinson, R. Evans, P. Birmingham, stroke, Elizabeth Boat Club, Portsmouth, N. H., D. Calhoun, bow, J. Gallagher, stroke, Atlantic City Boat Club, Elizabeth, caught the water first, but Eureka passed them, steering a better course, as they were well acquainted with the waters. Friendships dropped back. Off the Eureka boat-house the Elizabeths crowded the Eureka crew, and fouled them. Eureka got out of the scrape best, and crossed the line in 9m. 0½s., Elizabeths were disqualified. Had the crew from Portsmouth, Va., started better, the race might have been different. They rowed in fair form, excepting the stroke man, who throws his elbows too much at the recover, in imitation of a Battery waterman. With a little more practice and coaching this crew may become a formidable one.

Four—Third heat: Longueils, of Montreal, F. Foster, bow, A. E. Pell, H. Pell, W. I. Gear, stroke; Centennial, of Detroit, P. Keeler, stroke, John Schuyler, A. Siegenfeld, J. C. Passelton, bow, Longueils, of Montreal, P. B. Thome, stroke, H. V. Young, A. J. Valentine, G. W. Paynter, bow. Longueils broke their steering gear and the umpire called the crews back; but Arlington kept on her way and was disqualified. The other two were started again. Longueils fouled, but Centennials took the lead and won in 8m. 58½s. by six lengths, the Canadian's time being 9m. 17s.

Junior Singles—Final heat: F. Campbell, Eureka Boat Club, Newark, N. J.; R. W. Morgan, Potomac Boat Club, Washington, D. C. Morgan gave out. The other two had a good race over the first part of the course, but Bowlsby won readily in 9m. 40s. Their steering was poor, and the same may be said of a great majority of all entries, crossing the river several times in a zig-zag being quite a common occurrence.

Senior Singles—Final heat: G. W. Lee, Triton Boat Club, Newark, N. J.; R. W. Rathbone, New York Athletic Club, New York City; H. McMillan, Vesper Barge Club, Philadelphia, Pa.; F. J. Mumford, Perseverance Boat Club, New Orleans, La. Lee and Rathbone drew out of the rack and had the race to themselves, McMillan a poor third and Mumford of the Yales out of the hunt. Lee pulled a straight course, and at the end of the race he was in the lead. Eureka boat-house the cheering for the great sculler was immense. Lee spun out his lead and crossed amid great applause, a winner in 9m. 0½s. Rathbone led him a good fight and pulled in excellent form, but was overpowered by his opponent. Lee earned again the title to the champion of amateurs in America, and we cannot name the sculler either in England or on this side who could hold his own with the wonderful man from Newark.

Double Sculls—Final heat: Hope Rowing Club, New Orleans, La.; J. O'Donnell, bow, P. Powers, stroke; Mutual Boat Club, Albany, N. Y., C. Piepenbrink, bow, W. S. Mosely, stroke. For the first quarter they hung together pretty well, when the Mutuals drew ahead. At the half mile they led by a length. Hope spurred and steering a close course by the Eureka house. Here Mutuals crowded them and fouled running past again they beat them. On the Hopes a second time, fouling again and driving Hope away in shore. The latter, however, pulled in ahead and won in 8m. 37½s. They received a warm reception at the grand stand, which was one of the most pleasing episodes of the day's races.

Four—Final heat: Mutual, Saugerties, Eureka, Centennial. Mutuals pulled a quick, short stroke, all working together, and headed the rest of the Triton boat-house, Saugerties second, Eureka third, Centennials doing some faithful steering and the rest none too good either. Saugerties fouled Mutuals and Eureka came up and took part in the scramble; but Mutuals got out of it first and led the rest of the way. Time, 8m. 5s. Saugerties, 8m. 14s. Rest not

taken. The prizes, which were of handsome design and made by Thos. G. Brown, of New York, were distributed to the winners in the evening at Park Hall, Newark, with appropriate ceremonies, Lee and the Southern crew coming in for hearty applause.

COURTNEY-HANLAN RACE.—Representatives of the Hanlan Boat Club of Toronto, Ont., arrived in Geneva August 21, and were the guests of Courtney's backers. The next day they took a look at the course on Seneca Lake, and then went to Auburn. A conference between the parties was had and an agreement for a race between Courtney and Hanlan arrived at. The date was fixed for Tuesday, October 1; stakes, \$3,500 a side. The articles call for still water, but no locality has as yet been determined upon, though it is quite likely to take place at Ensignore, on Oswego Lake.

COST OF THE UNIVERSITY RACE.—The Financial Committee of the New London University race have submitted their accounts as follows: Boat-houses and floats, \$738.76; grand stand, \$593; surveying and buoys, \$54.18; flagging, etc., \$40.59; furnishing quarters for the crews, \$15.37; press, \$247.80; refresh boat, etc., \$148; printing and posting, \$138.35; music, \$237.78; carriages, \$25.50; harbor-master and police boats, \$106.15; transportation of shells and meat, \$48.48. Total, \$2,338.55. Receipts from grand stand, \$566.55. Net expenses, \$1,832. Of this amount three-fourths will be covered by the railroads, the rest by the citizens.

ANNUAL MEETING N. A. A. S.—The annual meeting of the National Association was held at Newark, August 20, Mr. H. E. Buermeyer presiding. Twenty-seven clubs were represented. Messrs. Walsu and Leveque, of the Nauticus Club, New York, were reinstated as amateurs. A resolution was passed to hold three races, open to colleges only, at a future date. After routine business the meeting adjourned.

PRIZES OFFERED.—The Passaic, Eureka and Triton Clubs, of Newark, will each present a challenge cup to be rowed for on the date of the proposed college races.

BURLINGTON BEACH REGATTA.—In the single scull race at Burlington Beach, Ont., August 23, Hosmer won, beating Morris, Ross, McKee, Plaisted, Suter and Coulter, in the order named.

BROWN-LYNCH RACE.—The single scull race, two miles and turn, between Brown, of Worcester, Mass., and Lynch, of Salem, Mass., was pulled, August 22, on Lake Quinsigamond. Brown won in 14m. 45s.

HALIFAX SCULLING.—W. Smith won the championship of Halifax harbor, N. S., for the third time, August 15.

ST. JOHN BOAT RACE.—The three-mile four-oared race at Bay Shore, N. B., between the McLaren and Brett-crews was won by the former, August 21.

CANOEING.—The Orange Canoe Club were out in force on the Passaic during the National Regatta, and attracted a good deal of attention in their canvas canoes.

FAST TIME IN A CANOE.—Mr. Editor: In your last issue "G. L. M." seems to question the speed made by our canoes on a recent trip to the Delaware. As regards our running through Great Fall Rift in three minutes, I would say that both the boat and crew are willing to swear that we ran the rift in that time. Of course, we had no means of finding out the length of this rift except by asking the people, and every one we asked told us two miles. Some of the raftsmen went so far as to say it was two and a half miles long. The current here ran at the rate of a mile a minute, and I have had men who have rafted on the river for fifteen and twenty years tell me that they had run through the rift at the rate of a mile a minute and sometimes faster, for when they were there they swept the river bed. A few years ago a boat-builder at Phillipsburg constructed a boat which he thought could run through the rift (when the water was high), but he found that the current ran so fast that the paddle-wheels had no effect on the water. This was about fifteen years ago, when the river was narrower than it is now. No boat has ever built that can run through the rift, built that we ran the first boats or canoes that have run down the rift in ten years. This I have from fishermen who have lived at the foot of the rift for from ten to twenty years. If you could give me the name of the correspondent who doubts the assertion I might give him a more detailed account of our passage down the river. Otherwise, I can only say: "Let him go down the river from the Water Gap at Phillipsburg, and he will pass his opinion on it." F. P. AND E. P. D.

East Orange, Aug. 24.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN SEPTEMBER.

FRESH WATER.	SALT WATER.
Trout, <i>Salmo fontinalis</i> .	Ser Bass, <i>Sciaenops ocellatus</i> .
Salmon, <i>Salmo salar</i> .	Sheepshead, <i>Achoerodus probatocephalus</i> .
Salmon Trout, <i>Salmo coquytus</i> .	Striped Bass, <i>Morone lineatus</i> .
Brook Trout, <i>Salmo fontinalis</i> .	White Perch, <i>Morone americana</i> .
Grayling, <i>Thymallus tricolor</i> .	Weakfish, <i>Cynoscion regalis</i> .
Black Bass, <i>Micropterus salmoides</i> .	River Herring, <i>Clupea harengus</i> .
Brook Trout, <i>Salmo fontinalis</i> .	Spanish Mackerel, <i>Scomber maculatus</i> .
Yellow Perch, <i>Perca flavescens</i> .	Corn, <i>Cyprinus regalis</i> .
	Tomato, <i>Sardina pilchardus</i> .
	Kingfish, <i>Morone chrysops</i> .

FISH IN MARKET—RETAIL PRICES.—Bass, 25 cents; bluefish, 10; salmon, 25; mackerel, 18; weak fish, 12½; Spanish mackerel, 40; green turtle, 10; halibut, 15; haddock, 8; king fish, 20; codfish, 8; black fish, 15; rounders, 10; porgie, 8; sea bass, 18; oala, 18; lobsters, 10; sheepshead, 20; scallops per gallon, 32; soft clams, 80 to 60 cents per 100; white fish, 12½; pompano, 30; hard crabs, per 100, \$2.50; soft crabs, per dozen, 75 cents.

Fish of all kinds very scarce as it is always the case at this particular season of the year. The catch of Spanish mackerel almost a total failure.

ONTARIO—Waukegan, August 13.—Every stream here is filled with brook trout. They will take almost any bait.

A. N. R. S.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Mr. James G. Mczie, a guest of the Fabyan House, Mt. Washington, caught two big trout the other day weighing 3½ lbs. and 2½ lbs. respectively. So says *Among the Clouds*, a paper published on the summit of Mount Washington. Now let us hear from the Gohoroshanks summer boarders.

New Bedford, Aug. 31.—The striped bass fishing at the islands continues to be vigorously followed. Fish are plenty, although much smaller, averaging 10 to 15 pounds each, the largest one caught the past week weighing 34½ pounds. Bluefish, h. sautog, scup, etc., plenty. Excursions and clam bakes ditto. CONCHA.

Nantucket, Aug. 24.—It has been a poor week for fishing on account of the high wind, what few have been caught running very large. The fishermen say that there will be plenty of fish next week. The surf fishermen on the south side are catching a great many fish, anywhere from 70 to 100 to a boat. Shark fishing still continues good, one party catching nine, three of which were blue dogs and one sand shark twelve feet long. JACK CHILWEE.

MOVEMENTS OF THE FISHING FLEET.—The number of Bank arrivals at this port the past week has been 13, 5 with 715,000 lbs. codfish and 8 with 230,000 lbs. halibut. The number of Georges arrivals for the week has been 36, and the receipts 430,000 lbs. codfish and 20,000 lbs. halibut. We notice 6 arrivals from the Bay, with 1,750 bls., and 16 from off shore with 2,500 bls. 364 bls. have been received from the Bay by freighter, and several faves are reported on the way home. Whole number of fishing arrivals for the week, 71.—*Cape Ann Advertiser, Aug. 23.*

CONNECTICUT—Hartford, Aug. 21.—Some good sport was had the past week by a party from here black bass fishing at West Hill pond. The pond, like all those waters artificially raised beyond their original shores, possesses a bad feature. The vegetation on the former border, now under water, produces a greenish scum, which on warm days renders the water quite thick and, of course, unfit for the piscatorial sport. "The pond works," as people thereabouts express it. A cold rain or a brisk breeze settles this scum, and then some fun may be expected by the one well acquainted with the haunts of the fish and the peculiarities of the pond, for it is "just full of 'em." Many of the anglers of that vicinity commit the error of either yanking the fish when hooked out of the water in a most slovenly manner, or of dragging them through their element by main force in order to accelerate the drowning. Both these methods are unsportsmanlike and apt to scare away the whole school, whereas a careful handling of the prey draws the remainder hind, stimulating their curiosity and voracity. By carefully manipulating his tackle, one of our party hooked seven and landed six bass at one place within less than fifteen minutes. One of the funny sights which we had the opportunity of appreciating during our stay at the pond was some jolly country boys drifting in about seventy-five feet of water with twelve feet of line out, and another the discomfited features of an immense fat and hoarse rural angler, who, having hooked a bass through the lip and dragged him through the water at the rate of six miles an hour by swinging his long rod right and left, finally succeeded in landing his hook minus the bass. P. X.

CONNECTICUT—East Hampton, Aug. 26.—At Pocotopang Lake, Uncle Jed is still at the front. He captured three black bass this morning that weighed 7½ pounds, the largest one weighing 5½ pounds. Fishing has been very good for a week past. HARRY COLVER.

WISCONSIN—Waukegan, Aug. 23.—Bass bite freely in Bantam Lake, Littleton; average about two pounds each. West Hill Pond is still a bad spot to try one's luck, although fairly alive with black bass. B. A. K.

ART AND ANGLING.—It is not given to all men to catch a fish and then accurately sketch it. A delightful combination of accomplishments is this. A correspondent, "R. E. B.," sends us an exceedingly neat pencil sketch of a fish which he wishes us to identify. The outline and contour are quite accurate. We have no doubts in pronouncing it to be the *Micropterus salmoides*. "R. E. B." writes from Ferrisburg, Vt.:

"I am told that in the northern part of Lake Champlain there is a large bass having more the sunfish shape and darker color than this, which is dark greenish on the back, lighter greenish on the sides, and white beneath. Our bass is the gamiest fish of the waters of the lake, and has been greatly increased in number since its protection. The ordinary weight may be set at 2½ lbs., though they frequently exceed it by one, two and sometimes three pounds."

NORTH CAROLINA—Fort Johnston, Aug. 21.—Some ten miles from here lies the wreck of the blockade runner Antoinette; sent by the natives to be a good place to fish, and thither I went last Friday. We should have reached the fishing ground at "low water slack," but the wind not being strong enough, did not reach it till rather late. Caught one hundred and ninety-five fish (five persons), one hundred and sixty-four trout, weighing from two to three pounds. The remainder were blue fish and angel fish. To secure all these required less than one and a half hours. On Monday I went out again. The wind blowing quite strongly from the S. W., and a heavy sea running. Only one trout was caught, but in about the same length of time as above mentioned, three of us succeeded in catching two hundred and thirty fish, nearly all blue fish, and very nearly the weight of the trout. I have caught many fish before, but never had such sport as this, yet my native tells me that I should go out when the fishing is good. As it was, for a time it was glorious sport, but after a while it became rather suggestive of hard work. A. D. S.

FLORIDA—St. Augustine, Aug. 22.—Sheepshead weigh from two to fifteen pounds and are caught in great numbers. SILVAIN.

STRAY NOTES FROM THE EDITOR.—D. H. Fitzhugh's party have just returned from the Au Sable River, where they took several hundred grayling, conscientiously returning to their native element all fish under ten inches in length of those caught. The party comprised Hon. S. T. Holmes, of Bay City; A. B. Turner, of the Grand Rapids Eagle; your humble servant, Mr. Hallock, editor of FOREST AND STREAM; Mr. Fitzhugh and four guides, one of whom was a justice of the peace for Crawford County. Justices of the Peace in this part of the country can cook and pole a boat as well as any one. One of the notables of the party is the old river-man Lew Jewell, who has acted as poler and Pullinurus for Milner, Mather, Thad. Norris, Geo. Dawson and many other eminent anglers. Dawson was here only three weeks ago. Just now there are several distinguished companies in camp on the Au Sable, including Judge Norris and son and Mr. Sweet, of Grand Rapids. A large

delegation of the Union Pacific Railroad people from Chicago left last Sunday. They caught 2,200 grayling, of which they returned 1,000 to the stream. For one dozen voracious eaters, three weeks on the river, a thousand fish or so do not go far. I wish I could give the names of a party from Central New York, who caught many little fish and left them dead upon the strand. Such wanton waste is execrable. The river is beautiful, and I shall write at length of it anon. Parties take the Mackinac branch of the Michigan Central road from Bay City to Grayling; thence descend the stream 25 to 30 miles and come out by wagon to Cheney, a station ten miles from the river. There is good hotel accommodation at Grayling and Cheney, and a shanty hotel on the Au Sable at the terminus of the road. The grayling season lasts until November, and parties are arriving on the river almost daily. Fraser House, Bay City, Mich., Aug. 24. HALLOCK.

BLACK BASS FISHING IN LAKE PEPIN.—Black bass fishing in Lake Pepin has been unusually good this season. The evening before Mr. Hallock arrived here I had the following remarkable good and bad luck. Tackle consisted of 80z. bamboo rod, single gut leader, with three of my Lake Pepin bass flies: First cast, 2 hooked, 1 saved; second cast, 1 landed; third cast, 3 hooked, 2 saved; fourth cast, 2 landed; fifth cast, 1 landed; seventh cast, three landed. Four of these were large fish, one of the three saved weighing 5½ lbs., the other two (of the same cast) weighing just 5½ lbs. This cast surpasses all of my former experience in black bass fishing, and never heard of anything to surpass it. But to save more than one on a single gut leader, and with an 80z. rod, is a most trying and delicate task. Consequently I now use but two flies, and did I not make my own rods should use but one. With three large black bass on at once, something is most sure to be carried away and ruined, so I wrote very early in FOREST AND STREAM that to get three on at once is about equal to losing all and ruining tackle. With my two flies I often save two at a cast. Mr. Hallock while here fished with one fly, and I will leave him to tell of the sport he had. I will say that his visit with us at Lake City was a most enjoyable one to us all, and with him we had a most splendid sport. Two evenings after Mr. Hallock left, in one hour's time I took twelve black bass with my two flies, three times saving two at once. In three evenings I took forty-one black bass, and every one with my own flies and with my 80z. bamboo trout fly rod. Now if better black bass fishing has been done in any other waters let us hear the particulars. DR. D. C. ESTES.

CALIFORNIA—San Francisco.—Rock cod fishing engages the local angler during August and September, and one who knows all about when, how and where to go, tells the *Pacific Life*:

"Having obtained a suitable boat and some one acquainted with the bay that knows how to handle her, and being provided with an anchor, and at least one hundred feet of anchoring line, fishing-lines, with plenty of spare leads and hooks, bait, and something to sustain the inner man, good fishing may be found at any of the following-named places: Arch Rock, which is situated a little below the water and to the westward of Alcatraz; Black Shag Rock, which is but a short distance to the south of Arch Rock; Fort Point, Lime Point, Kershaw's Point, Angel Island, and California City. The depth of the water varies from thirty to eighty feet, with rough rocky bottom. The fishing-lines should be at least one hundred and twenty feet long, with a lead weighing one pound. The best lures are rock-cod fishing are medium-sized Limerick hooks. The best bait is worms or fresh minnows or sardines, and the best time to go is on the neap tides, which occur at the first and third quarter of the moon."

FISHING MASTERS.—Acting Secretary of the Treasury Haley has issued a circular to Collectors of Customs, directing them to obtain from the masters of fishing vessels arriving within their districts reports showing, as far as practicable, the quantity and kind of fish taken by them within three miles from the shores of Canada. The form of the master's report requires the value of the fish to be given, exclusive of the cost of barrels, salt, packing and inspection; the tonnage of the vessel, number of crew and time employed. The circular also requires the Collectors to forward the department, with such return, a list of the vessels licensed for the fisheries in their district, indicating which of them are employed in the cod, the mackerel, the whale and the halibut fishery, respectively, and which of them fish in foreign waters during any part of the year.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME IN SEASON FOR SEPTEMBER.

Moose, <i>Alces naevius</i> .	Black-bellied plover, ox-eye, <i>Squatarola bicolor</i> .
Caribou, <i>Parus rufus</i> .	Ring plover, <i>Agallia semipalmatus</i> .
Eik or wapiti, <i>Cervus canadensis</i> .	Squirrel, red, <i>Sciurus h. 13-lineatus</i> .
Deer or Va, deer, <i>C. virginianus</i> .	Long-shanks, <i>Himantopus nigricollis</i> .
Squirrels, red, black and gray.	Woodcock, <i>Philohela minor</i> .
Hares, brown and gray.	Red-breasted snipe, or snipe, <i>Centrocercus urophasianus</i> .
Wild turkey, <i>Meleagris gallopavo</i> .	Macrorhamphus griseus.
Painted grouse or prairie chicken, <i>Tetrao urophasianus</i> .	Red-backed sandpiper, or ox-bird, <i>Actitis macularia</i> .
Wild turkey, <i>Meleagris gallopavo</i> .	Great marbled godwit, or marlin, <i>Limosa fedoa</i> .
Flamingo, <i>Phoenicopterus ruber</i> .	Wilson's snipe, <i>Centrocercus urophasianus</i> .
Finned grouse or pheasant, <i>Bonasa umbellus</i> .	Tattler, <i>Totanus semipalmatus</i> .
Quail or partridge, <i>Ortyx virginianus</i> .	Yellow-shanks, <i>Totanus flavipes</i> .

"By birds" generally, including various species of plover, sand piper, snipe, curlew, oyster-catcher, surf scur, phalarope, avocet, etc., coming under the group *Limicola* or Shore Birds.

CANADA—Peterboro, August 17.—Reports are made to me from different sections in this county stating all kinds of game plentiful. On the Ontario River and Rice Lake black, wood and gray ducks are in thousands, moving about in large flocks. The wild rice is showing up well just now, and no doubt a large crop will be harvested next month by the Indians at Rice Lake. In Stoney Lake, Deer Bay, Pigeon Lake and Creek and Burleigh summer ducks are more plentiful than they have been for years; perhaps, owing to the early season, many of the ducks have brought out two broods. Deer are reported running about the woods in great numbers. On account of there being very little snow, last winter should have been a favorable one for deer. We expect to hear of some heavy bags being made by sportsmen

when the game season opens. Duck shooting begins September 1, deer shooting September 15, and partridge October 1. Sportsmen should take notice that these dates are considerably changed from last year's. Mr. G. B. Sproule, who was camped a few days at Lovesick Rapids, on Deer Bay, early this month, reports very fine sport with black bass both above and below the Rapids; scarcely a fish weighing less than five pounds, and game to the last. Our game protective clubs are now reaping their reward. C. A. Post.

ONTARIO—Waukegan, August 13.—Deer and summer ducks have not been so plentiful for years as they are now. No hunters here to disturb the game. A. H. R. S.

MASACHUSETTS—Orchard Grove, Parker River, Aug. 22.—Gunning good, with prospects of heavy flights soon. Upland plover and brownie (black-breasted plover) quite plenty. Bags of 75 and thereabouts, mixed birds, quite frequent. NIMROD.

Salem, Aug. 20.—A few uplands on our Hills, and very plenty on Plum Island. R. L. N.

LONG ISLAND.—Mr. Orville Wilcox, the popular sportsman's host, formerly of Good Ground, L. I., has removed to Quogue, L. I., where he presides over the Ocean House.

PENNSYLVANIA—Uniontown, Aug. 20.—The first coon hunt of the season was joined in by J. R. Frey, John Boring, Lucien Bowie and Wishart Miller. They struck the trail in the Brown settlement last Monday night and captured eight coons on two trees.

SOUTH CAROLINA—Kingston, August 20.—Since the game law has been in effect the increase of deer has been very perceptible, and I think in a little more time they will be almost as abundant as in the times of yore. Around Kingston quail are very plentiful. In the fall there are a great many trapped, but not enough to impair good shooting in season. A friend of mine went out last night and caught four raccoons and a couple of opossums, which are quite plentiful. M. F. H.

Charleston, August 17.—Two parties have been out after deer this week, and were successful in bagging one on each hunt. Deer are plentiful this year, and fine sport is anticipated this fall.

Fort Johnston, August 21.—Rall are to be found in quantities: reed-bird later; plenty of duck in season; inland shooting fair, but late; too hot and too many snakes.

MISSISSIPPI—Paulding, August 16.—Party of four in one morning's shoot bagged twenty-five squirrels. Turkeys are reported quite numerous. VAL.

LOUISIANA—New Orleans, August 21.—We are having plenty of "pappa-bots," very fat; one of the finest of game birds; fat only a few months in the year.

MISSOURI.—Mr. Geo. A. Newett and Judson Ayers, on the 15th inst., shot eighteen deer and one bear at Helena. The deer are very plenty in this section this season, owing to the mild winter.

Reed City, Aug. 21.—Parties are arriving by the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad, bound north, to take advantage of the splendid bird and deer shooting in the northern counties as soon as the season opens in September. The fishing there is splendid. II.

Grayling, Crawford Co., Aug. 24.—Sportsmen are here with their guns, waiting for the shooting season which opens September 1, passing the interval in fishing. Deer and ruffed grouse are abundant, and ducks will be plenty. Take the Mackinac branch of the Michigan Central Railroad to Grayling and hunt along the Au Sable River. From Cheney, on the same road, it is three miles to Higgins Lake, and from Roscommon to Houghton Lake, eleven miles, where there is good duck shooting. HAN.

OHIO—Columbus, August 20.—The Columbus Shooting and Fishing Club was organized yesterday, with the following officers: Pres., Dr. J. K. Flowers; Vice-Pres., E. Savage; Sec. and Treas., Dr. W. Shepard. The tone of the club is excellent, and their skill as amateurs by no means insignificant. W. B.

A VERY REMARKABLE STUFFED BIRD.—We don't mean by this caption that the bird is well stuffed, or a chef d'œuvre of the taxidermist's skill. All about it which is really remarkable is what Captain Bogardus told us in regard to that particular pigeon. "That was the last bird I shot in England in the match with Mr. Aubrey Coventry. It would have made a tie if I had not killed it! Was I excited? No; not a bit. I knew I could grass it, and I did. It was stone dead before it reached the ground. I fancy there was something like £20,000 on that bird, and it made a difference of \$5,000 to me, and more than that to my friends. Kind of natural, ain't it, that stuffed bird?" and the Captain's face beamed with it, at least, a \$10,000 smile.

THE INTERNATIONAL PIGEON MATCH.—This match, as proposed by us in our last issue, has excited much comment, and we are led to suppose from the favorable reception it has met with that such a team match between the gentlemen of England and America would be quite possible. Captain John M. Taylor writes us as follows:

You state that arrangements can be made with Captain Shelly as to an International Pigeon Match. In my letter you will see that it was Mr. Dougal, gunmaker, St. James street, London, who had a conversation with Captain Shelly at Monaco on this subject. The way an International match was talked about began in this manner: At the Memphis Fish Trials I met Mr. Greene Smith, and I think, Mr. S. H. Turritt. Mr. Smith asked me into a private tent he had on the grounds, when the conversation turned on pigeon shooting, I remarking that I thought light guns could beat heavy guns. Mr. Smith disagreed with me and said, "Can you find four or five Englishmen to come over here and test this question?" I replied that I thought I could. So on my late visit to England I mentioned this matter to many crack shots, and they seemed to entertain the idea, provided, as I say in my letter to your journal, that all preliminaries are arranged on this side first and then submitted to Captain Shelly and his friends. JNO. M. TAYLOR.

"The Retreat, Bellefonte, Nottoway Co., Va., Aug. 26."

The one-mile run was won by W. J. Duffy, of New London, in 5m. 44s. E. C. La Montagne, of the New York Athletic Club, won the 440-yard run by half a yard in 56s.

In the high jump H. E. Ficken, of the New York Athletic Club, jumped 5 feet 1 inch; Wm. L. Boars, of Staten Island, and B. H. Bayre, of Columbia College, 5 feet each.

H. E. Balmeyer, of the New York Athletic Club, shot the shot 35 feet 5 inches; John Burton, of the Staten Island Club, 34 feet, and F. Johnson, of the Union Club, 33 feet.

The first heat in the 250-yard run was won by L. H. Warren, of Yonkers, in 28 1/2 s.; the second by McQuinn in 28 1/2 s., and the third by Hewitt in 28 1/2 s. The final heat was won by McQuinn in 26 1/2 s. For the broad jump Geo. McNichol, of the Manhattan Club, jumped 15 feet; H. Johnson, 14 feet 10 inches, and W. H. Mahoney, of New London, 17 feet.

The 600-yard run was won by Ralph Voorhees, of Greenpoint, L. I., with eight yards to spare, in 1m. 19 1/2 s. The first heat in the 250-yard run was won by L. H. Warren, of Yonkers, in 28 1/2 s.; the second by McQuinn in 28 1/2 s., and the third by Hewitt in 28 1/2 s. The final heat was won by McQuinn in 26 1/2 s. For the broad jump Geo. McNichol, of the Manhattan Club, jumped 15 feet; H. Johnson, 14 feet 10 inches, and W. H. Mahoney, of New London, 17 feet.

The first heat of the 120-yard hurdle race was won by J. Lafon, of the New York Lacrosse Club, in 32s.; the second by H. E. Ficken in 19 1/2 s. In the final heat Ficken was first, Lafon second, and Johnson third. Time, 18 1/2 s.

In the mile walk Wm. Purdy, of Greenpoint, was first, H. E. Ficken second, and B. W. Anderson third. Time, 1m. 35 1/2 s. La Montagne won the 220-yard run by five yards in 24 1/2 s.; J. B. Valine second, F. J. McQuinn third.

The pole-leaping was won by Geo. W. McNichol, who made 9 feet 6 inches in the jump; Wm. L. Boars, 9 feet.

The half-mile run was won by W. H. Griffin in 2m. 24 1/2 s.; E. C. La Montagne second, and W. R. Hewitt third.

In the 440-yard hurdle race La Montagne won by 9 yards in 1m. 2s., Iglehart second, and Work third. The official time made it 1m. 2 1/2 s.

The New York Athletic Club beat the Scottish-American Athletic Club in tug of war. Time, 18s.

HUGHES' "WALK."—Hughes, the pedestrian who has been working for a record, accomplished his 500 miles within six days, at Newark, finishing at 10:25 p. m. last Saturday. Why this performance is called a "walk" we are at a loss to understand. As a test of endurance it is noteworthy, and as a runner Hughes has won well-deserved notoriety. Hughes concluded his fifth day with 425 miles. He continued to walk 11 miles, making 436 miles, then retired till 1:30. He made his 430th mile in 9m. 45s.; retired at 12:55 p. m., and again took the track at 2:16 p. m. At the conclusion of his 470th mile he rested an hour and six minutes, after which he took only a few brief breathing spells. On his 471st mile his right foot was badly cut by an attendant while attempting to cut off a piece of his shoe, the wound bleeding very freely. On his 490th mile he ran two laps with his little 4-year-old boy of his hand. The last ten miles were made in 1m. 7m. 41s. 17m. 8s., 15m. 16c., 11m. 50s., 16m. 9s., 6m. 5s. The last mile was made in a run of 6m. 5s., the 500 miles being made in 55m. less than six days.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Communications.

AN number of anonymous correspondents will understand why their queries are not answered, when they read the lines at the head of this column.

C. G., Philadelphia.—We will reply at length next week.

H. F. D., Greensburg, Pa.—We shall be pleased to hear from you again.

H. S. F., Marlboro, Mass.—Communication received and used, as you will see.

C. E. C., Bradford.—Sorry cannot reply, but not in our line. Consult Bradstreet.

M. F., Red Hook.—Bohemian Glass Co., or Haggerty & Co. See advertisement.

M. L. W., Spender.—Address McKoon, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y., for a small tucker.

RIEKLING, New Haven.—For particulars of Creedmore Fall Meeting see our Ride column.

J. C., Muncy, Pa.—You can get the needles of Peck & Snyder, Nassau st., New York.

G. J. B., Jersey City.—In Connecticut you may shoot ducks, brant and geese in September.

R. R. C., Buffalo.—Write to West Jersey Game Protective Society, 106 Market st., Camden, N. J.

F. H. W., Elmira.—Buy by all means the second-hand gun you mention. There is no better maker.

BRANTNER.—Write to Jonathan Darling, East Lowell, Penobscot Co., Maine. He will take you to the game you want.

A. H. N., Jr.—There is really no difference between the various traps that we ever could judge. Your targets are very good.

MARINE ARTIST, Portland.—The address of Mr. A. Carey Smith, artist and naval designer, is 61 West Tenth st., New York.

E. P. B., Gouverneur, N. Y.—Models of skulls are not in use anywhere. For construction of one see our paper of Aug. 2, 1871.

E. H. L., Clover Creek, Pa., and H. L. F., Indian Lake, Hamilton Co., N. Y.—Young bear cubs are worth, delivered, from \$10 to \$15.

S. D. ROR, Richmond.—The Indiana open season for quail begins Nov. 1, and expires Jan. 1. For a 7 1/2 lb., 12 gauge, gun use 3 drs. powder, 1 1/2 oz. shot.

L. N. E., Fire Island.—For good bass fishing within a short ride of Saratoga, go to Greenwich, N. Y. For local information write to D. W. Mandel, of that village.

G. W. J., Morris-town.—In Virginia next month you may shoot deer with bow, fowls, geese, plover, and other game birds excepting quail, for which the season opens Oct. 15.

H. R. B., S. Myresam, N. Y.—Write to Geo. W. Reed & Co., 200 Lewis st., N. Y. Mention our name. He supplies all kinds of boat building woods in prepared form.

OLD BRADEN.—How am I to get rid of fleas on my cats? Ans. Some one might suggest a terrier. We said, "Wash your cat, and rub kerosene on her, remove kerosene by washing again."

E. K. C., Boston.—Shadow canoe costs from \$100 to \$125 according to finish, including paddle and sail. Rob Roy canoe is slightly cheaper. Ruston builds an excellent Rob Roy for \$75 complete. See our advertisements.

Dr. R. A. A., Montreal.—We do not know a ride by the maker you mention. Inquiries in New York have not yet any information.

B. F., Newark, N. J.—You will find very good hunting and fishing grounds in Pennsylvania about Raistow, Lyncum, etc. For hunting dogs see our advertising columns from week to week. There is a gun club in Newark.

F. P. W., Philadelphia.—The question you asked us could not be replied to at once, as the information we had collected was meagre and not reliable. Since you inform, however, so much impatience, you are quite welcome to seek the information where you please.

C. C. E., Boston.—To keep moths out of preserved birds' wings: Wash with a solution of corrosive sublimate and water. Use carefully, as it is a deadly poison. This recipe was given in our issue of May 9, 1878. When you wrote you probably had not received the index to vol. 10.

T. C. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.—How long are sand snipe in season on Coney Island? Ans. So long as the swigs of the waves on the shore, the silver tones of Leroy's corals, and the soft murmurings of the dary-eyed maiden on the shore, make melody sweet to the ears of this strange, shy bird.

Z. M., Red Bank.—We must stay by our first ideas as to your changing of guns, and cannot help you. Two-thirds of the pellets is a high standard of targeting at the distance you indicate. You can make your calculations from this. We think you would want a 12, weighing some 7 1/2 pounds.

G. D. K., Carlisle.—For rust in or on gun barrels we can advise of nothing better than a scratch-brush. Rust eats into the metal, and once there is rust, the minute erosion remains. Oil carefully before using the scratch-brush, and after it. We recommend Eaton's Rust Preventive as an excellent preventive.

C. W. W., Fairland, Ind.—Do not think you should have the least solicitude about the Dittmar powder. We believe it to be perfectly safe. The gun you speakabout would stand the charge perfectly well, though why you should want to use so much powder we do not know. See article in last V. & S. about overcharges.

RED SPINNER, Boston.—In West Virginia you will probably find good trout fishing about Berkeley Springs, Morgan county. You can find entertainment at some of the farmhouses in the neighborhood, if you prefer that to boarding at a hotel. Terms reasonable. Parkersburg, Wood county, also offers attractions to the trout fisherman.

H. T. E., Lynn.—To waterproof your tent: Dissolve one-half pound sugar of lead and one-half pound powdered alum in a bucket of rain water; pour off into another vessel, and steep your canvas in it, letting it soak thoroughly. If the quantity is not sufficient, increase in same proportion. Hang the article up to dry, but do not wring it.

W. F. J., Richmond.—Will "Fletcher's bell ball" resist a 22 Ballard? I propose to swing it and shoot at it 25 yards while it is moving. Who is the New York agent? Do you know of any other metal ball for rifle practice? Ans. It resists perfectly the 22 Ballard. There is no other metal ball.

J. W. B., Callaghan.—Please let me know your opinion of the following target, made with a 10 lb. W. W. Greener, 32 in., 10 bore; charge, 4 drs. powder, 1 1/2 oz. No. 8 shot; distance, 40 yds.; target, 25 in. circle, with central bull's-eye of 9 in.; 40 in. circle. Bull's-eye pierced with 97 pellets. Penetration excellent. Ans. An admirable target, and hard to beat.

C. A., Minneapolis.—Please give me the names of some of the reliable makers of Express rifles. How cheap can I buy an effective double Express, 45 cal., using 4 drs. powder? Ans. Makers are: Douglass, Scott, Henry, Webley and Riley. A good one costs from \$200 up. You could not get a 45, we think, now in the country—all imported ones are mostly .50.

O. & C., Battle Creek.—In your issue of Aug. 1 I noticed treatment of the drowned. About how long after being in the water could they be restored? Ans. Your question, though one worthy of a reply, is hard to answer. Cases are recorded of death rather from physical shock than drowning when immersion has not been longer than five minutes. An hour is, we think, a limit.

E. J. D., Williamstank, Mass.—Is a white swallow a rare bird? July 2 I shot a pure white pink-eyed bank swallow (at least I suppose it was a bank swallow, it was in their company, and is the shape and size of them). The bird is mounted, and can be seen at any time. Ans. The bird was an albino. We have accounts in the V. & S. of several albino swallows having been seen.

R. L. G., Louisville, Ga.—Please give me the calibre, length of barrel and weight of the Parker gun used by Dr. Carver with which he made such long shooting at glass balls, breaking them at fifty and sixty yards, in proportion to the last issue! Ans. Dr. Carver used two Parker guns. One Damascus, weight 10 1/2 pounds, 30 inches, 10 bore; the other twist, 10 pounds, 30 inches, 10 bore.

W. W. D., Edge, Pa.—If a bird which has been shot at by a party at the score and is going out of bounds, is shot at by a "scouter," and falls inside bounds, the shooter may claim the bird. Usually, another bird is given. If a bird dies out of bounds after being shot at by a party at the score, and returns inside of bounds, it is scored a lost bird. A bird must show shot marks somewhere to be considered a dead bird.

J. H. T. E., B., Cazenovia, N. Y.—Dixon Kemp's new book on yacht and boat sailing will cost about \$5. It has not yet been received in America, but copies will be on hand in about three weeks. Though an English work, treating of English boats, it is full of valuable information and instruction. The chapters on yacht sailing are the best fore-and-aft seamanship ever published. We have a sample copy at our office.

A. H. F., Coatesville, Pa.—My dog has sores breaking out on body and limbs. Health and skin about as usual; lost considerable flesh. Feed has been part meat, part vegetable. Ans. It looks as if your dog had mange. First reduce his feed, and give her little, if any, meat. Wash her thoroughly, using your hands in rubbing her down. Use an ointment of four of sulphur and lard. Give her a good dose of castor oil by all manner of means.

J. H. D., Cincinnati.—A, B, and D shot a rifle match. Competitors have a right to enter as they please. A missed twice. Ans. Make 42. A on each entry makes 42. They agree to divide the stakes. How many shares is A entitled to? 2. In shooting a match S and G tie with the following score: S, 4 4 5 5 4 4 5 4 3 4 3; G, 5 5 5 4 4 4 4 4 4 3. Which, according to N. R. A. rules, wins? A. Two shares, if he paid two entry fees. 2. S, because he has more bull's-eyes.

J. C. C., New York.—It has caused some trouble at shooting tournaments to decide who are professional shooters. With very rare exceptions all clubs shoot for money prizes, and the rules applying to other contests cannot be used here. We think the term "professional pigeon shooter" can be applied only to the men who shoot ostensibly for a livelihood, or to make money rather than to test their skill. Hence shooting for money stakes, or to decide a bet of money, does not constitute a professional pigeon shooter.

ASTON, Ophir, N. Y.—I need a 45 or 50 cal. rifle for large game at short range, and for convenience in carrying, wish to have it as short as possible. Kindly tell me the minimum length of barrel consistent with strong shooting? Ans. Use a 22 in. long barrel.

G. H. W., Red Bank, N. J.—The New York Herald, Aug. 22, 1878, says: "Josh Billings in one afternoon, in the White Mountains, caught 234 trout." And the Daily Graphic, of the same date, says: "Josh Billings went fishing from the Glen House, White Mountains, last week, and came back with a basket full." Are these statements correct and what kind of a creel did Josh use? Ans. This is a very old story, how old no one knows; of course it is true. Whatever is in a newspaper is true, whatever is in two newspapers is doubly true; whatever is in a thousand papers is a thousand times true. This story has been in a thousand papers. The size of the basket does not materially affect the yarn.

S. L., Belleville, Ont.—Can the American goldfinch be crossed successfully with the common canary, and does the former thrive alone in a cage? What singing bird or birds (not the canary) thrive best in captivity? Should Irish water spaniels have black or red roost to mouth? Are decked canoes, such as the Shadow type, etc., as safe as the ordinary leaved skiff for sailing? Ans. 1. Such crosses have been made, but do not seem to thrive well. The goldfinch alone endures captivity quite well. 2. Mocking birds, robins, bobolinks. 3. Irish water spaniels have mostly dark roosts, but white is no sign of poor. 4. Decked canoes are safer in a seaway under sail than a skiff, after you have learned how to handle them. They are much more serviceable for general use.

M. Y. M. A., Durham, N. Y.—Your bear story in issue of July 25 was in my reading book when I was a child. Pity you have to go back almost half a century for a yarn. To this day I never pass a tree stump standing high above the bottom memory of my quakerish grandpa, the man caught in such a trap. Ans. Yes, the story does smack of antiquity. Probably your great-grandmother read it in her reading book. We don't know how old it is. The older the better. Let the bear be respected for his gray hairs and venerable poll. He has "come down to us from a former (a very former) generation." We don't have such Bruins nowadays. Nor any such thrilling concatenations of exaggerations! agglomerated hyperbolisms about bears and other beasts as good old Sir John Maundeville and the other worthies used to perpetrate several hundred years ago. We grieve to see so much growing respect for the good things of our fathers. We may explain in passing, that the story was published, not as a "bear story," but as a sample of some "historical papers."

W. T. W., Philadelphia.—A shadow canoe costs from \$100 to \$125 sails and paddle included, everything complete, according to quality of finish. The best rig for general cruising purposes is the standard rig, sliding gunter, jib and dandy. The sharpie rig consists of two legs of mutton and is rather simpler, but not quite as handy for reducing canvas. Either is serviceable, however, and no decided advantage can be ascribed to either; the choice depends upon individual preferences. Everson, of Williamsburgh, or Brooklyn, E. D., is one and the same party. Williamsburgh is at present incorporated with the city of Brooklyn in the same as Kensington has been with Philadelphia. Everson is the only party having an authorized set of Shadow moulds to build from. He will not let any one copy them. For a lengthy canoeing trip proceed up the Delaware to Trenton, N. J., then send canoe by rail to headquarters of Susquehanna and explore its branches as far as time will allow. The scenery is very pretty and the country interesting. At the mouth of the river take the Sassafras canal into Delaware Bay and proceed to Philadelphia by sail. You may average 30 miles a day all through, or more.

BRIGHTON BEACH.—Of all the summer resorts in the vicinity of New York, Coney Island appears to have drawn a large proportion of the New York residents as well as those from the vicinity. The people of Long Island and Brooklyn have not been slow in improving these favorable opportunities. Many of our subscribers from Buffalo, Cleveland and Chicago have enjoyed the surf baths at Coney Island, and have given us credit for the information. But half of the story is not told. Coney Island is about four miles long, and has an ocean surf suitable for bathing. In addition to this it has hotel capacity for at least 20,000 people, and ample table-room for as many more. The hotel at Brighton Beach is becoming most popular, being able to accommodate 10,000 people, and in order to reach Brighton Beach from Brooklyn and Coney Island, and their trains run every fifteen minutes from the heart of the city of Brooklyn. This road has five monster engines, weighing thirty tons each, built by the Danforth Locomotive Works. Every train is well equipped with the Westinghouse air brake, and the system of electric signals on the line renders an accident almost impossible. During the season the company have been running from seven to nine cars on a train, with an average of ninety-six passengers on each train every fifteen minutes. Trains of fifteen and even seventeen cars have been dispatched with impunity, when crowded, without any accident whatsoever. All this business of train dispatching is mainly due to Mr. W. E. Dorwin, the superintendent of the road. Mr. Dorwin is well known to us, and his brother, Mr. T. Dorwin, has proved himself a most excellent manager in the West, and is now general passenger agent of the Texas and Pacific Railroad and located at Chicago. Mr. W. E. Dorwin has had twenty-three years' experience in the business. Any one seeing him walking around the depot would think he was the last man in the world to be looked for as superintendent. Every dispatch over the line, however, is brought to him, and on him the responsibility rests. He knows it, and is equal to any emergency. Mr. Dorwin's railroad experience has continued with success. Upwards of twenty years he was in the West and about two years on the Greenwood and Mountclair R. R., where he became disgusted with the management and left. But his capacity here shows what they have lost, as trains are run at short intervals with thousands of passengers without accidents. Messrs. Sweet & Breslin, proprietors of the Hotel Brighton, have shown the public that they are veterans in the business, and the best that the island or water affords is always at hand and at reasonable prices. Their hotel can accommodate 1,000 persons with rooms and all facilities for comfort that can be had at a summer resort. Brighton Beach, in fact, has been a paradise for New York, Brooklyn and travelers from all parts during the season. Railroad accommodations have been so extensive by the connection with the Long Island Railroad that parties can reach there from all parts of Long Island with dispatch, and it only one hour and ten minutes run from the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Brooklyn citizens can go from Atlantic avenue and reach the beach in twenty-two minutes, and enjoy the music, surf and associations, and be home early in the evening. At the beach we find archery as well as bathing and other pastimes. We trust that the facilities next season will surpass those of any resort in the world. This evening there will be a grand display of fireworks.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INDOCTRINATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1878.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guaranty of good faith and be addressed to the FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous communications will be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

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CHARLES HALLOCK, Editor.

T. G. BARKS, Business Manager. S. H. TURRILL, Chicago, Western Manager.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS FOR THE COMING WEEK.

Friday, Aug. 30.—Trotting at Waterloo, N. Y., and Vincennes, Ind.
Saturday, Aug. 31.—Duxbury Yacht Club Regatta. Glenwood Athletics at Yonkers, N. Y. American Athletic Club Meeting at Hoboken, N. J. Trotting at Vincennes, Ind.

Monday, Sept. 2.—Beverly Yacht Club Regatta. Quincy, Mass., Yacht Club Closing Sail. Trotting: St. Paul, Minn.; Minneapolis, Minn.

Tuesday, Sept. 3.—Police Rowing Regatta on the Harlem. Trotting: Richfield Springs, N. Y.; Bradford, Pa.; Amenia, N. Y.; Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Manhattan, Kan.; Galesburg, Ill.; Providence, R. I.

Wednesday, Sept. 4.—Empire Yacht Club Annual Regatta. Trotting as above, and at Delphos, O.; Davenport, Ia.; Gouverneur, N. Y.

Thursday, Sept. 5.—Riley-Smith Match at Bradford Basin. Trotting as above.

MASTERS OF FISHING VESSELS MUST REPORT.—The recent order issued by the Secretary of State to masters of vessels fishing on the Canadian shores is quite important. It is a step in the right direction. So far we have been totally in the dark in regard to our catch of fish. We even hope that in the future masters of fishing smacks, whether employed on a foreign coast or on our own shores, will be instructed to give full particulars, not only as to kind, but the weight or numbers of their catch. Just such a measure as this was strongly urged by the American Piscicultural Association at their last meeting. At present there is not a civilized country in the world which does not obtain an account of the catch of fish made by its people. Without such statistics how is it possible to discover whether certain kinds of fish are increasing or decreasing? We would like to have the instructions to Masters made to cover not only those fishing near the Canadian shores, but to include all the fisheries of the United States. In New York the count of the fish is now being made by private individuals who, at the request of the Commissioner of Fisheries, are industriously collecting the facts.

DRAFTS AND MONEY ORDERS.—All drafts, checks and postal money orders sent to us should be made payable to "The Forest and Stream Publishing Company." By observing this rule our subscribers and advertisers will save themselves and us much needless annoyance.

TIME ALLOWANCE.

A CORRESPONDENT writing to a contemporary proposes to handicap yachts according to their abilities or performances. This proposition is one of those fallacies that can only come to the surface through want of sufficient study of a subject very elementary in its nature. It is an old failing that crops up among novices about once every season and has to be combated over and over again. To handicap yachts with reference to performances means, theoretically, simply to bring them all to the winning line at the same time, necessitating the dividing of the cups between all hands. Time allowance, be it understood, is not granted for different performances at all. It has nothing whatever to do with the sailing of a yacht. It is granted in compensation for difference in size; for nothing else. It is a means by which models of different sizes can be tested for their sailing qualities. Any proposition to handicap sailing qualities is untenable upon the very face of matters, for it would be placing a lie upon superior design for speed and a premium upon a poor design, and it is to be regretted that such a misleading suggestion has again found its way into print. However, as in this case the correspondent did not assume to speak editorially, his opinions will probably not carry much weight. They serve simply to show how little real study is given as yet to questions at issue among yachtsmen. We will recur to the subject of time allowance at a future date. In the meantime readers who may have the matter under discussion will do well not to overlook the fundamental object for which time allowance is instituted, viz.: to enable yachts of different size to fairly test the sailing value of their models by neutralizing the advantages of excess of size through an allowance of time in proportion to the advantages innate to such excess.

PROFESSOR SPENCER F. BAIRD.



Prof. Spencer F. Baird, Sec'y of the Smithsonian Institution and U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, was born Feb. 3, 1833. Educated at Dickinson College, Professor Baird graduated in 1849, and in 1846 was appointed professor of natural sciences in that institution, where he remained until 1850, when he became Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. Professor Baird's appointment as Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries dates from 1871. On the death of Professor Henry, Professor Baird was unanimously elected to the position of Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution.

MIGRATIONS OF THE LEMMINGS.

FROM the very earliest times the migrations of animals have formed one of the most attractive subjects of speculation for the naturalist or philosopher. Although these general movements have been observed and wondered at for many hundreds of years, their causes, and the laws which govern them, are as yet unknown. Explanations, which are in a general way satisfactory enough, have been suggested to account for individual cases, but the whole subject requires more study and observation than has yet been given it. The day has passed, it is true, when it was believed that the birds, like the reptiles, batracians and some mammals, passed the period of severe cold in a state of torpor, reviving at the approach of spring, and issuing forth during the warmer hours of the day, only to return again to their holes and crannies if a sudden change in the weather deprived them of their insect food, or threatened death by freezing to themselves. The rails are no longer imagined, at the approach of the severe frosts, to bury themselves in the soft mud at the bottom of the marshes, where they contentedly remain until warned by the movements among the roots of the water-plants that the season of love is once more at hand, and that parental duties once more demand their attention. Nor are the little grebes at present supposed to swim semi-annually from their winter quarters in the Southern States to their breeding places in the Arctic regions.

The migrations of birds, however, have been much more carefully studied than those of any other group of animals, and by general consent the two causes most potent in influencing the regular spring and autumn movements are temperature, and abundance or lack of proper food. The irregular movements of various species of birds which occasionally

visit certain sections of the country have no doubt special causes, and although generally attributed to those above mentioned, but little is really known about them.

Still more unintelligible appear to be many of the migrations of mammals which so often take place. The very general movement by which enormous numbers of the gray squirrels change their locality is a case in point. Driven by what is usually termed a blind instinct, they set their faces in a certain direction, and, undeterred by any opposition, proceed on their way. They cross wide rivers, pass through towns and across railroad tracks. Men and boys, armed with every imaginable weapon, slay them by scores or by hundreds, but still they keep on, apparently heedless of these attacks, and at last disappear. Of the case of many of our deer, which, as is well known, change to a greater or less extent their location with the season, little need be said, as the conditions of their existence render different ranges necessary in summer and winter. One species known, the Barren Ground Caribou, performs a true migration, and takes, each spring and fall, a long journey to and from the regions of the extreme north. The summer is passed on the shores of the Arctic Sea, where the females, soon after their arrival in May or June, bring forth their young. They remain on the coast until September, when they turn their faces southward and proceed to the wooded districts which lie between the sixty-third and sixty-sixth parallels, where they pass the winter, returning northward again in early spring.

Perhaps the most extraordinary migrations of which we have any account are those performed by the Norwegian Lemmings, a little rodent hardly as large as a squirrel, of which the most fabulous stories have been related. It is said, among other things, that no barriers are able to stop their progress, and that they pass over, or through, every obstacle. That quaint, and we fear not altogether trustworthy, old traveler, Regnard, in his *Voyage en Laponie*, says of the Lemmings: "When it is necessary to pass some lake, or river, as happens at every step in Lapland, these little animals take the bark of a pine or birch tree, which they drag to the brink of the water, they then set themselves upon it and abandon themselves to the mercy of the wind, erecting their tails like sails, until the wind, becoming stronger, overturns both the ship and the pilot. This shipwreck, which often overwhelms 3,000 or 4,000 vessels, generally brings an extraordinary influx of wealth to those Laplanders who find the remains on the shore, and who, if the little animals have not been too long on the sand, make use of them for food, etc. Many of these animals make a successful voyage and arrive safe in harbor, provided the winds be favorable and not strong enough to raise any waves, which need not be violent in order to engulf these little craft. This singular performance might be considered as a fable if I had not witnessed it myself." The Italics are ours.

An interesting paper was read before the Linnean Society, of London, some time since by Mr. W. Duppa Crotch, who, during ten seasons of northern travel, has accumulated a number of interesting facts with regard to the Lemmings, their migrations and habits in general. Although Scandinavian naturalists would seem to have had ample opportunities to study the movements of this animal our knowledge of the subject, up to the publication of this paper by Mr. Crotch, was very imperfect. The author of the present account, passing by the marvelous tales of tradition in respect to these migrations, discountenances the opinions of later writers that lack of proper food or the approach of cold weather causes the movements of the Lemmings. It is observed that the migrants always travel to the westward and at last, after their ranks have been thinned by accident and the attacks of their predatory enemies, perish in the sea in great numbers. Collet tells us, and the instance is well authenticated, of a ship sailing for fifteen minutes through a swarm of these animals, the water being literally alive with them as far as the eye could reach. Mr. Crotch believes that the instinct which leads them to travel in this direction is hereditary, and that their ancestors in ancient geological times inhabited a land somewhere to the westward, now submerged beneath the waters of the Atlantic. He further states that the migration is not completed in one year as was formerly believed, and that the animals do not, as has been stated, form great processions and cut their way through all obstacles; but that they breed several times during the season, and, gathering together in droves, make at intervals a move in a westerly direction. The pugnacity of these creatures is something surprising, and at the approach of any animal they back against a rock or stump and scream with rage. Even the shadow of a passing cloud is said to rouse their anger. Mr. Crotch found on most specimens a naked spot on the buttocks, where the hair had been rubbed off by their assuming the defensive position just referred to, and he expresses surprise that it should simply be bare of hair and not a callosity. In their migrations the Lemmings cross wide lakes by swimming, but they are easily frightened when in the water, and lose all idea of direction, and if the surface of the water be at all ruffled are inevitably drowned.

While on the march they suffer from the attacks of all kinds of animals. The reindeer are said to trample them under foot at every opportunity, and carnivorous animals of all kinds and rapacious birds prey upon them constantly; but still they press on—westward. Mr. Crotch calls attention to the fact that fossil remains of the Lemming have been found in England, thus showing that this animal had advanced thither before that island was separated from the Continent.

The subject is an attractive and suggestive one, and is well deserving of further attention. As suggested by our London

contemporary, *Nature*, "It is certainly remarkable how a settled westward course is that chosen, calling to mind the similar direction which races of men are assumed to follow."

GAME PROTECTION.

MEETINGS OF STATE ASSOCIATIONS FOR 1878.

Tennessee State Sportsmen's Association, Nashville, Dec. 2. Sec'y., Clark Pritchett, Nashville, Tenn.
Wisconsin State Sportsmen's Association.
Massachusetts State Sportsmen's Association, at call of President
Missouri State Sportsmen's Association.

MEETING OF THE NEW JERSEY STATE ASSOCIATION.—We trust our friends among the New Jersey sportsmen will not forget the adjourned meeting of the Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, to be held at Newark on the 5th of next month. A full meeting is earnestly requested, as not only final arrangements must be made for the State Shoot, if one is to be held this year, but a full and free expression of opinion is desired as to the proper legislative action to be taken this winter on the very conflicting game law of the State. Other matters of importance will come before the meeting. We are in receipt of the following official notification:

"Notice is hereby given that the New Jersey State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will hold a meeting at the Clarendon Hotel, 495 Broad street, Newark, N. J., at 1:30 p. m., September 5. All delegates are requested to be present, and all organized clubs of the State, which have not yet joined, are invited to attend and receive three delegates each. J. VON LENSCHKE, Rec. Sec."

TENNESSEE.—Legislation is sorely needed to prohibit the wanton destruction of fish by seining in Harpeth River and other streams of this State. The formation of numerous game protective clubs of Tennessee sportsmen will in time, we trust, be effective in securing sufficient public interest in these matters to see that the supply of game and food fish is properly protected.

AN UNFAITHFUL STEWARD.—Chicago, Aug. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream*. I notice in your issue of Aug. 8, a communication signed S. M. E., Watertown, Wis., in which he speaks of one Joe Markers shooting at Lake Koshkonong, on July 20th and 31st, some thirty-eight woodcock. Perhaps S. M. E. does not know that the open season for woodcock in Wisconsin does not open this year until Sept. 25th; but such is the fact. Markers is the steward of the Black Hawk Club of Lake Koshkonong, and no doubt the members will be a little surprised to learn his manner of preserving their game. The fact is, however, he never did pretend to keep the game laws, and it is time the club knew of it and took some action. HOWARD.

HUNTING DEER WITH DOGS.

KINGSTON, S. C., Aug. 20, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—I beg leave to differ with the gentleman from Maine in regard to "Hunting Deer with Dogs." There are quite a number of deer in South Carolina, especially in the counties of Williamsburg and Georgetown. The only way they can be killed is with dogs. This is my experience, and it is also that of a good many old hunters whom I have conversed upon the subject. If a deer is chased and sent away without being wounded, you will be certain to find him back about the same spot he was started from in less than three days afterwards. I have known deer to be chased by dogs from Black River Swamp to Santa Swamp, a distance of from twelve to fifteen miles, and be back again in less than a week. M. F. H.

PHILADELPHIA, August 22, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—For many years prior to 1876 I have passed some weeks in each year camping in the Maine wilderness with a friend or two and the necessary guides, enjoying not only the bracing and delightful recreation that camp life affords, but with occasional "red letter days" with rod or gun; that were enjoyed with the zest of a clean conscience, vigorous appetite and good health—such as properly belong only to true sportsmen.

In the fall of '69 or '70 two friends and myself started on our usual trip, when we spent some weeks among the Schoodic Lakes, in the eastern portion of the State, and though we had but a limited amount of good sporting luck, we enjoyed every moment of the trip most thoroughly. On this occasion the man whose name is attached to the article in your issue of Aug. 15 was one of the guides to our little party, and as guide or hunter is not excelled by any one in that State. But, all the same, it is to just such experts as he is that the whole sporting fraternity are indebted for the wholesale game spoliation of the Maine forests of their game; and it is the acts of just such men that caused the very stringent game protective laws to be passed, and which, if my memory is correct, forbid the killing of moose until after 1880, or the export of any caribou, deer, or grouse that are killed in the State.

Now, here is the reason for my assertion: In the trip in question when Mr. Darling was one of our guides, he told the writer, as did his brother George, who was with us in a similar capacity, "that in the winter of the deep snows, a few years prior to our trip, he and his brother killed upward of 80 deer without using a shot—running them down on snow-cuts, cutting their throats, taking off their hides, and leaving the carcass lying where it was killed." The hides, having a small cash value, were "brought out of the woods in a shebang." Again, this very same person, with another whose name escapes me for the moment, but who lives or lived on the banks of Cold Stream Pond, near Treat's Mill, in Enfield Town, killed, a winter or two previous, in the Aroostook region, upward of eighty moose for their skins alone, which reached the tannery in due season. There are hundreds others whose lust for gain has been so strong that they have lent themselves to the destruction of nearly all the wild animals in that grand old State. Her tens of thousands of acres of forest, scores and scores of magnificent lakes, and miles of rivers and streams should afford delight to the heart and hand of the sportsman. Now her wildernesses have not a tinge of the wild life in them that they are entitled to and would have but for such wanton destruction.

The Game Law of Maine is very stringent, and I for one hope most most vigorously enforced, that her woods and waters may once again be full of wild life. No doubt the guides do most seriously desire to have these game laws altered. If I understand it, they are reasonably well enforced, and being so, it materially interferes with their profits. Any tinkering with it, no matter whether deer are run with dogs or not, would, in all probability, make an opening sufficiently large to permit rapacious men to step through it at their pleasure.

R. R. R.

WARRENSBURG, N. Y., Aug. 19, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—I have been a wonderer since this thing has been brought up in your columns before. Mr. Darling's thirty years' experience in hunting deer ought to make him a competent judge on any defect in a game law protecting them; also thoroughly acquainted with their habits and actions both when they are unmolested and after being driven by dogs. I think, from his writing, I should not differ from him. My experience has been short, compared with his, it having been only ten years since I commenced hunting them, but have hunted with men who are good deer hunters—two of them have hunted in the Adirondacks every year for nearly fifty years. They have killed deer at all times, with dog and without. My opinion is the same as theirs—that deer driven by dogs as soon as they can elude them by swimming rivers or ponds, or wading small streams, they lie down to rest, and when night comes go back to the place they started from, or its vicinity. Have known of several instances when deer have been started three successive days in the same place, being driven each time two or three miles. On Sept. 2 a very large buck was pursued by dogs across the Boreas River, and followed up the stream, wading and swimming, and at times running on the bank of the river, until he had gone over two miles. The second day after he was started from the foot of the same mountain and took the same route. The next day he was killed, being started from the same place, and making the same race every time. We have a deer near Warrensburg—a doe. She has been here since last winter. I will warrant she has been driven to water by hounds once a week for fifteen weeks, always starting from the same place, and she can be seen almost any day in the same field in which she was first seen last spring. I could mention other instances that have come under my observation when there could be no doubt about it being the same deer that would return when night came.

Another point is, that no man can kill as many deer when there is snow on the ground with a dog as without, if he is a good hunter. The last time I hunted deer with dogs there were eight in the party, and six hounds; four of the hounds ran two races per day for six days. We killed four deer, all we saw near enough for a shot, and that number is as many, or more, than parties will average in a week's hunt, I don't care how many dogs they have.

Deer never run long. About the first thing they look for after being started is water, in which they hope to throw their pursuers off their track, and they almost always do it. But when on snow they are all-butted (that is, hunted without dogs) the hunter finds the track, and follows cautiously until he finds his game. If he is an ordinary hunter, and even a third-rate marksman, he seldom misses his deer. In the early part of the winter this is the way most of our deer are killed. Market hunters, some of them, kill, in good hunting, a few to seven in a day.

Then comes the butchering season (when deer are worthless, both the meat and the hides, the latter part of winter and early spring. The first crust that comes upon the snow, it is impossible to go into the Adirondacks without hearing how deer are being slaughtered on the crust. Some use dogs, others take their gun and snowshoes. They never hunt for single deer, but always go for a flock. As is generally known to sportsmen when snow is deep, deer get together where young hemlocks and laurel are plenty, and yard there like sheep. The snow gets packed hard in their yards, and they can get about to feed as well as in the summer; but when they are forced by their wholesale butchers to vacate their yards, and are chased by them until they can run no longer, then they are shot or the dogs kill them. Two years ago I was reported (and I don't doubt it) that some of the Adirondack guides would kill a deer and deliver the saddle for one dollar. This butchering in spring, and floating on ponds in summer evenings when deer are with young, is what is ruining our deer, and if not stopped, soon will entirely destroy the deer in the Adirondacks.

Our game law prohibits hunting deer with dogs. In my opinion, and every man without exception that knows anything about deer that I ever talked with agrees with me, you may hunt deer with dogs as long and as much as you choose in the fall, say from September to December, three months, and they will increase. It is the spring and summer shooting that is destroying them. All the law we want is something that can and will be enforced to protect them at that time. It cannot be done with the law we have now. If our law prohibited the sale of venison after Dec. 1 by the sale of it, I mean shipments from the country market so there would be no sale for it after Dec. 1, that would in a measure stop still hunting in December; as it is now more deer are killed that month than the three preceding, because the law gives one month to dispose of their deer they take advantage by hunting almost to the last day for market, and it is very easy to say the deer were killed in season.

Then, again, some of the city gentlemen who are so earnest in their endeavors to sustain a game club (in the city) for the protection of game, when they are making laws are guides to help kill deer for them, but use all means in their power to kill all that can themselves, and that too in summer, when nearly every deer they kill destroys one or two others. This is the class of sportsmen who will invariably and who are always crying with a loud voice, "You must not do deer," when they themselves do more harm in a single summer night than they could do in a week's time in the fall with dogs.

I say, have them stay at home a little more, or remember it is their duty to help encourage this protection of the game, and not the destruction and annihilation. There are a few city sportsmen who are in the woods in the summer months who would refuse to hunt deer with a jack lamp, and do all they can for the preservation and protection of game. I mention city sportsmen, because guides depend on them for their support and would not hunt unless paid by them. I should like to hear from others on this subject.

A. H. THOMAS.

The Rifle.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—Concluding Day, Aug. 17.—Strangers' stakes; small bores at 800, Snider's and Martini's at 500 yards; rounds, seven; P. Schwartz, 39, first prize. Ladies' stakes; 600 yards for Martini's and Sniders, 900 for small bores; R. G. D. Booth, 43, first prize. Small-bore champion match; rifles any, 1,000 yards, fifteen rounds; W. A. Jamieson, 65, first prize. Consolation match; 200 and 500 yards, five shots at each range; Private Morrison, 43, first prize. Quebec Volunteer Champion Match; five rounds at 200, 500 and 600 yards; won by D. Turnbull, first prize, with 65. Frontier Stakes; 500 yards, seven shots; first prize, Lieut. Col. J. M. Gibson with a full score of 35. The City Stakes; 600 yards, seven shots; won by Shaw with 29. The Battalion Match; teams of five, 500 and 600 yards, seven rounds at each range; won by the Montreal Garrison Artillery, with 215. Three Rivers Battalion making one point less. The Macdonna Match; ten rounds at 500 yards; first prize, Lt. Col. Gibson, with 44. The Association Match; teams of five, 500 and 600 yards, five rounds at each range; won by Richmond Rifle Association, with 177. The Military Match; five rounds at 200 yards,

standing, and 400 yards, kneeling; first prize, Corporal Coppin, with a score of 44. The Wimbledon Team. The following are the successful marksmen in the competition for representatives of the Province of Quebec at the Wimbledon (Eng.) meeting of 1879: Capt. Thomas, Fifty-fourth Battalion; Sergt. Riddle, M. G. A.; Pte. Wynne, Fifth Royal Fusiliers; Lieut. Vaughan, M. G. A.; Major Mudge, P. W. R.; Sergt. Wardill, P. W. R.; Pte. Ross, P. W. R.; Capt. Balfour, Eighth Royal Rifles, Quebec; Sergt. Orr, P. W. R.; Pte. Ross, Sixth Fusiliers; Sergt. Harcourt, P. W. R.; Sergt. Meadum, V. V. R.; Capt. Boyd, Fifty-fourth Battalion; Lieut. Campbell, V. V. R.; Pte. Wilson, Fifth Royal Fusiliers; Capt. Thompson, Fifty-fifth Battalion Metic; Pte. Turnbull, P. W. R.; Pte. Rowand, V. V. R.; Corporal Allen, P. W. R.; Corporal Currie, Sixth Fusiliers.

AUGUST AMATEUR SERIES.—Boston.—200 yards. We give the leading scores:

O. N. Jewell.....	5	4	5	4	4	4	5	6	45
N. F. Frye.....	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	5	45
J. E. Lord.....	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	5	45
W. E. Guerrier.....	5	4	5	4	4	4	5	4	45
O. Marshall.....	5	4	4	5	4	4	4	5	45
H. B. Southern.....	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	5	43

Walnut Hill Range, Aug. 19.—No-clearing match; distance, 200 and 200 yards; possible 35:

O. M. Jewell.....	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	29
J. Jordan.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	28
C. U. Melges.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	28
O. M. Jewell (re-entry).....	3	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	31
J. Jordan (re-entry).....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	28

Boston (201).—Seventh renewed competition in long-range match at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards. The weather was all that could be desired up to 1,000 yards, when it came out bright, with a change of wind, followed by a cloudy sky. In the scores we give, those having a star were shooting for places on the American team. Both the scores made by Messrs. Gerrish and Jackson are admirable ones.

* William Gerrish.*									
800.....	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
900.....	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
1,000.....	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
* Captain W. H. Jackson.*									
800.....	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
900.....	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
1,000.....	4	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5
* J. R. Sumner.*									
800.....	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
900.....	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
1,000.....	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
* J. F. Brown.*									
800.....	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
900.....	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
1,000.....	4	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5
* J. F. Rockwell.*									
800.....	4	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5
900.....	4	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5
1,000.....	4	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5
* G. W. Davidson.*									
800.....	4	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5
900.....	4	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5
1,000.....	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
* John A. Lowe.*									
800.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
900.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
1,000.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
* Salem Wilder.*									
800.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
900.....	5	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	5
1,000.....	5	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	5
* A. Hebbard.*									
800.....	5	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	4
900.....	5	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	5
1,000.....	4	3	5	4	4	4	4	4	4
* J. Chaville.*									
800.....	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
900.....	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
1,000.....	5	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	5
* S. Lewis.*									
800.....	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
900.....	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
1,000.....	2	3	5	4	4	4	4	4	4
* G. Loomis.*									
800.....	5	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	4
900.....	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
1,000.....	2	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	5

The shooting was the best on record, excepting the American team at Creedmoor on the second day of the international match, they making on the first day 1938, and on the second day 1277, while the six gentlemen yesterday made 1267. Mr. William Williams's splendid showing of 218 out of a possible 225 equals Capt. W. H. Jackson's superb score made last season, and the largest ever made on Walnut Hill, and only surpassed by Mr. Bruce at Creedmoor, and Mr. Selph of New Orleans, who each made 219, the largest scores on record.

Boston and METROF.—Metrof.—Teams of six, 30 shots each man, 200 yards. Won by Boston with 755; Metrof, 652. The highest score was made by N. W. Arnold with 132.

Boston and ATTLEBORO TEAMS, Aug. 19.—Teams of nine men, 30 shots each man, 200 yards. Boston team, 1,103; Attleboro, 990. Highest score made by J. B. Osborn, of Boston team, with 129.

MEDFORD AMATEUR ASSOCIATION.—Bellevue Range, Aug. 25.—Third match of the August series; the scores made at the 200 yard range are as follows:

Cushing.....	4	5	4	4	5	4	4	4	26
Hayes.....	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	26
Rames.....	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	26
Howard.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	26
Ames.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	26

Scores made at the 400-yard range:

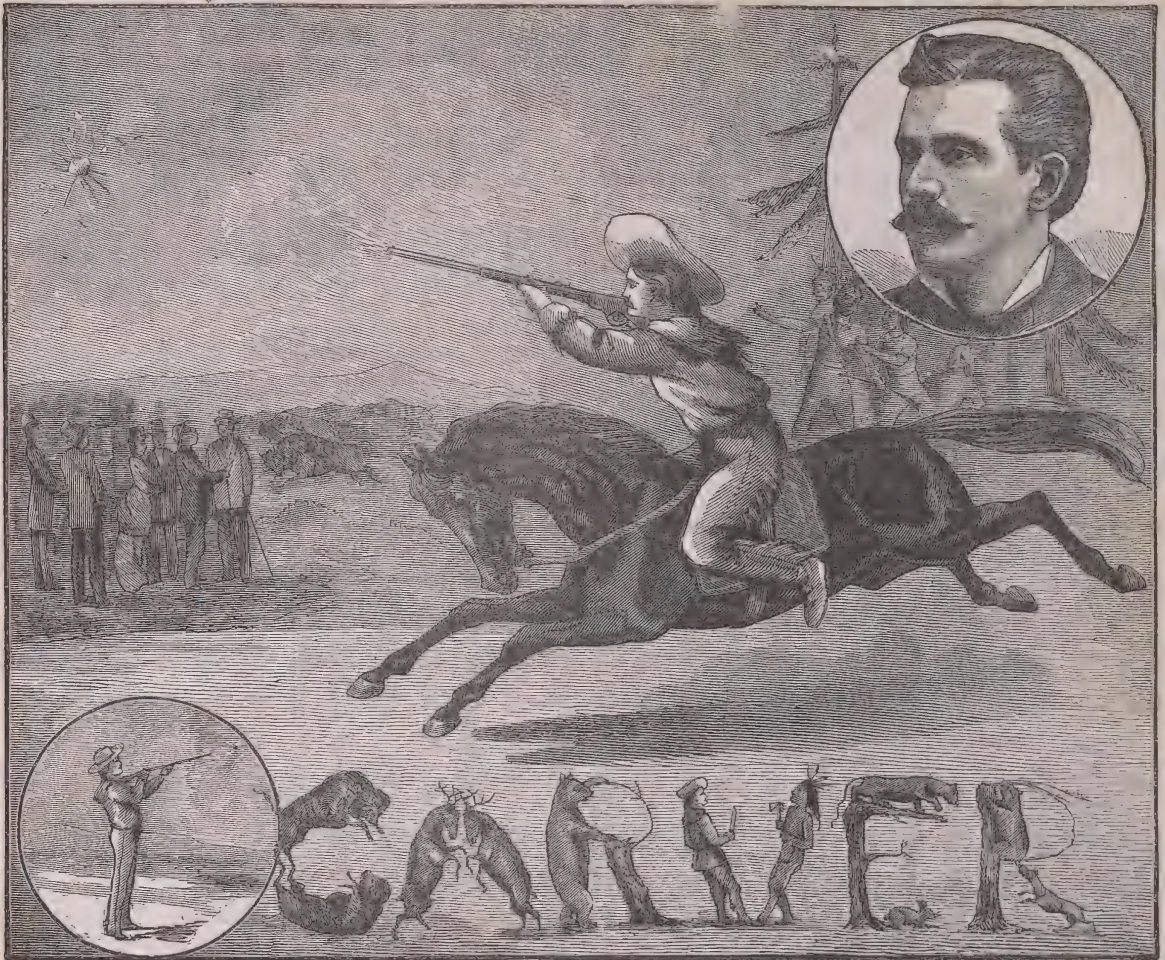
Osborn.....	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	32
Sawyer.....	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	32
Whittington.....	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	32

SPRINGFIELD vs. HOLYOKE.—Springfield, August 23.—The second contest of the rifle club of Springfield and Holyoke City, and the Holyoke Rifle Club, having teams of six men, took place at Williamette to-day, and was won by Holyoke by the close score of 250 to 249. The distance was 200 yards, the strings ten shots, and the shooting off-hand. Holyoke was also victorious in the three contest, and, therefore, wins the match.

CONNECTICUT.—Stamford, Aug. 24.—Match at 300 yards:

J. H. Swannett.....	5	4	4	4	3	3	3	4	43
W. H. Sanford.....	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	35
G. F. Hendrie.....	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	35
W. H. Hendrie.....	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	35
Walton Ferguson.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	36
W. H. Taylor.....	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	36
North Trowbridge.....	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	36
H. M. Wilson.....	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	34
T. J. Warren.....	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	34
A. S. Swannett.....	2	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	32

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DR. W. F. CARVER,
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THE CHAMPION RIFLE SHOT OF THE WORLD,

Having so far a half interest in his Phenomenal Rifle Exhibitions during next season throughout Europe for the sum of
\$25,000,

is open for engagements to give Exhibitions of his Wonderful Shooting on Foot or on Horseback, or both, throughout the United States and Canada, until Christmas, when he visits California, proceeding to Europe in the Spring.

Dr. Carver will engage to shoot Glass Balls at from twenty-one to thirty yards rise, while riding bareback at full speed, upon his famous

BUFFALO HUNTING AND TRICK HORSE "SURPRISE,"

jumping hurdles and fences, breaking the balls while the horse is in the air! He will ride bareback any wild or untrained horse that can be forced into a run, breaking a glass ball while the horse is at full speed!

Dr. Carver is the originator of Glass Ball Shooting with a rifle, and is the only man in the world who shoots Glass Balls. Coins from a Trade Dollar to a Three-Cent Piece, or any minute object thrown into the air, with a rifle. He is the only man in the world who shoots Glass Balls from a horse's back, the horse running at full speed!

At Oakland, Cal., in December, 1877, Dr. Carver broke 1,003 glass balls with a rifle, missing but seven out of 3,000. At Oakland, Cal., in January, 1878, Dr. Carver won his Champion Horseback Badge by breaking 50 straight balls, horse running at full speed. At New Haven, Conn., June 13, 1878, Dr. Carver broke 1,000 glass balls in 72½ minutes, with Winchester rifle. At Beacon Park, Boston, June 29, 1878, Dr. Carver broke 100 glass balls in 4½ minutes with Winchester rifle. At Brooklyn Driving Park, N. Y., July 4, Dr. Carver broke 100 glass balls in 3½ minutes with Winchester rifle. At Brooklyn Driving Park, N. Y., July 13, Dr. Carver broke 5,300 glass balls in 7 hours 34 minutes with Winchester rifle. In performing the latter feat he raised to his shoulder over eighteen tons more weight and broke 500 more balls in the same time than did Capt. Bogardus when attempting to break 5,000 glass balls with a shot-gun. Dr. Carver stood firmly on his feet throughout the trial, while Capt. Bogardus was compelled to shoot a portion of the time seated in a chair.

FOLLOWING IS A PARTIAL LIST OF HIS SHOTS AT FLYING OBJECTS WITH WINCHESTER RIFLE: Shooting glass ball, the gun upside down, the shooter lying on his back over a stool. Shooting 50 glass balls out of 100 thrown into the air, with a Winchester rifle. First shooting with a Winchester rifle—breaking 11 balls in 3½ seconds. Shooting glass balls thrown 21 to 30 yards high. The Wonderful Hip Shot—Shooting glass balls without sighting, holding the gun on the hip; this the most wonderful of all fancy shots. The Lateral Double Shot—Breaking two glass balls thrown into the air at the same time, making a double shot, and loading the gun once while the ball is in the air. Shooting glass ball thrown from a distance of 30 yards straight at the shooter; this is one of the most difficult shots that can be made. The most wonderful shot ever made at a flying object with a rifle—Shooting a glass ball thrown into the air 24 to 30 feet high, missing it with the first three shots, loading the gun three times while the ball is in the air, and breaking it with the fourth shot before the ball reaches the ground. Shooting at and hitting a brick thrown into the air, reloading the gun, and hitting one of the flying pieces. Shooting lead pencils thrown into the air. Shooting coins thrown into the air—trade dollars, 50, 25, 10, 5 and 3-cent pieces.

The following challenge, issued by Dr. Carver Dec. 12, 1877, has never been accepted: I will wager from \$20 to \$500 that I can beat any man in the world shooting the following matches, or any one of them:

1. I can break 1,000 glass balls quicker with a shot-gun than any man living.
2. I can break more glass balls from a horse's back, the horse to be on a run 21 yards away from the balls, than any man in the world can break at 30 yards and stand on the ground.
3. I can break more glass balls with a rifle, the balls to be thrown in the air, than any man in the world can break with a shot-gun and shoot 30 yards, using a 15 yards trap.
4. I can break 100 glass balls quicker with a Winchester rifle than any man in the world can break them with a shot-gun.
5. I can break two glass balls thrown in the air at the same time, making a double shot, loading the gun once while the balls are in the air, using a Winchester Rifle.
6. I can make more fancy shots than any man in the world.
7. I will wager \$1,000 that I can kill no 6 buffalo in one run, shooting from a horse's back, than any man in the world; and if buffalo are not to be found will about six, and go on the prairie at any time.

Parties wishing to contract UPON A CERTAINTY for Dr. Carver to give one or both of his wonderful exhibitions—on foot, on horseback or both—for one or more days, or to shoot over a circuit for a stated period, please apply for terms and dates to

E. C. HAYNES, Agent,
No. 835 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The following challenge, dated Aug. 19, was issued by Dr. Carver, and published in the New York Sun, Aug. 20, 1878, and the money deposited. It has not as yet been accepted: Permit me through the columns of the Sun to accept three of the challenges of Capt. A. H. Bogardus, and to challenge him for four more matches with shot-guns. The matches I have accepted are as follows:

1. To break 80 out of 100 glass balls, distance 30 feet, the balls to be thrown straight or picked in the air a distance of from 15 to 30 feet.
 2. To shoot at a target for \$50 a side, distance 100 yards.
 3. To give Capt. A. H. Bogardus 500 broken balls in 1,000, the articles of agreement and the money to be deposited with the Winchester Arms Company.
- I further challenge Capt. Bogardus to shoot three pigeon matches for \$300 each and the Championship of the World. The first two matches to be shot at 21 yards, 100 birds each, two traps, boundary 80 yards, under Prairie Club rules. The third pigeon match to be at 100 single birds, 30 yards, five ground traps five yards apart, boundary 31 yards; English rules to govern. The man winning two of the three to win the badge of championship of the world, the stakes to go with each match. I also make the following glass ball challenge to Capt. Bogardus: To shoot eight hours from traps with shot-guns, the man breaking the most balls in eight consecutive hours to win the match. The man to be shot for \$250 a side and the glass Ball Championship of the World, each to shoot with one or more guns; everything to be equal. The shot-gun matches to take place between Nov. 15 and Dec. 15. I name St. Paul for the first matches, as Capt. Bogardus and I both spent there one week the first of September. The money to be deposited as forfeit before the 1st of September in the above-named place. The man refusing to shoot at the appointed time to lose the amount of forfeit. I have deposited the articles of agreement and forfeit with Parker Bros., 91 Chambers street.

DATES FILLED UP TO OCTOBER 12, 1878.

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TO

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We have just received a direct importation of East India novelties, to which we desire to call attention:

- 1st. 25 pieces pure Corah Silk, a delicate fabric, of soft, creamy shade, which we sell by the piece.
- 2d. 25 pieces real Seersucker, which was made in narrow stripes expressly for us. We shall make suits to order, and keep in stock. Back Coats ready made during the month of August.
- 3d. Chogas.—A few of these fine embroidered Camel's-Hair Smoking Jackets for gentlemen, such as we offered two seasons ago.
- 4th. 25 pieces Pure Pongee Silk. These silks, made into suits, we offer as the coolest and most attractive summer garments for gentlemen ever shown. Price only \$11 per suit.
- 5th. 50 sets of Pijamabs and Cobias—or East India Sleeping Dresses. These were made to order in Canton, and are very handsome and desirable, at same time inexpensive. Last season we sold the suits at \$15. This month we offer them at \$9.
- 6th. 30 pieces genuine old fashioned Nankeen. This we sell by the piece or make to order into suits for gentlemen or children.
- 7th. A few dozen East Indian Silk Sashes, to be worn with Children's Summer Suits. These are very fine in quality, but very cheap. Price \$2.

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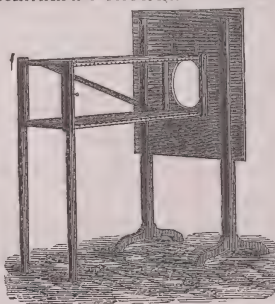
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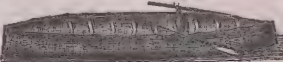
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Pat. Nov. 20, 1877.

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Standard penetration tester.....	\$10 00
Test cards, per box (100).....	1 00
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My goods sold by the trade in preference to any goods in the market.

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March 21



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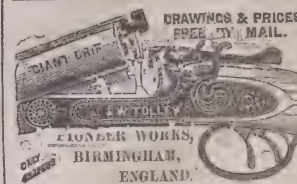
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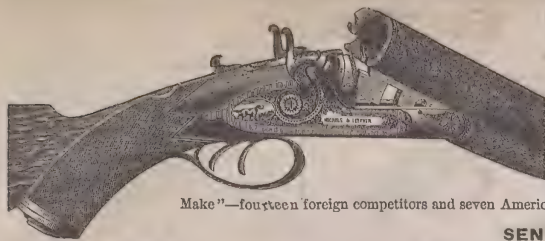
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MAY 24--Sharps Military Long-Range Match; Forty-eighth Regiment team, using Sharps (Model 1878) Military Rifle; record, 800, 900 and 1,000 yards. **270**

Best record of any other Rifle. **170**
In five-sixths of the matches in which the Sharps Rifles were allowed to be used, and were used, at the Spring Meeting of the N. R. A., May 23, 24 and 25, at Creedmoor, they won First Prizes.

OLD RELIABLE.
TRADEMARK.

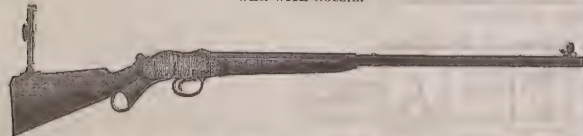
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PEABODY-MARTINI BREECH-LOADING RIFLES.

THE STANDARD ARM OF GREAT BRITAIN.

ADOPTED ALSO BY THE TURKISH GOVERNMENT, AND USED BY ITS TROOPS IN THE LATE WAR WITH RUSSIA.



MILITARY, TARGET AND SPORTING.

Being rifled on the only system suitable for the "Express" principle. Our long-range and mid-range rifles can be transformed to Express Rifles by simply changing the sights and the use of the proper size of "Express" bullet. PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

Send for price list to **PROVIDENCE TOOL CO., Providence, R. I.**
Aug 3m

Dittmar Powder.

THIS POWDER IS NOW USED BY

CAPT. A. H. BOCARDUS

In all his matches, both indoors and in the field. He uses no other. It was also used in the wonderful performances of

DR. CARVER

At the Brooklyn Driving Park on July 4, 5 and 6, breaking balls at seventy-five yards with a shot-gun.

NO SMOKE, NO DIRT, LESS RECOIL.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS AND PRICE LISTS.

DITTMAR POWDER CO., Office, 1 Cortlandt St., New York.
WORKS: BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

The Parker Gun



Simple in Construction. Durable and Effective in Action.
FIRST PREMIUM AND GOLD MEDAL AT CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

Endorsed by the Leading Sportsmen as being the American Gun for American Sportsmen. Send stamp for new catalogue, edition 1878.

PARKER BROS., 97 Chambers St., New York.
From the Champion Shot of the World—it affords me pleasure to recommend the Parker Shot-Gun as being a very safe, durable and excellent shooting gun. Having shot it in many of my exhibitions, I find for rapidity in loading and firing, and the extremely long shots made with it, it cannot be excelled. The principle of the break-off, and the manner of opening to insert the shells give it a decided advantage over all other breech-loaders. The rapidity with which I have shot this gun is due to the construction, enabling me to break the gun open and cock both hammers at one motion, which cannot be done with any other breech-loading shot-gun. Wherever I have shot this gun it has attracted great attention by the extremely long and difficult shots made with it. I shall always take pleasure in recommending your gun, and shall continue to use it in my exhibitions. Yours truly,
DR. W. F. CARVER, San Francisco, Cal.

The Kennel.

SPRATT'S PATENT
MEAT FIBRINE DOG CAKES.

Twenty-one Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals awarded, including Medal of English Kennel Club, and of Westminster Kennel Club, New York.



None are genuine unless so stamped.

E. G. De LUZE,

18 South William Street, N. Y., Sole Agent.

BROWN & HILDER, St. Louis, Western Agents.

For sale in cases of 112 pounds.

COCKER SPANIEL
Breeding Kennel

OF

M. P. McCOON, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y.
I keep only cockers of the finest strains. I sell only young stock. I guarantee satisfaction and safe delivery to every customer. These beautiful and intelligent dogs cannot be beaten for ruffed grouse and woodcock shooting and retrieving. 10c

BLOODED watch dog pup wanted; large breed July 4
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To be given under the auspices of the

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SEPTEMBER 3, 4, 5, 6, 1878.

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CHAS. LINCOLN, Supt.

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A Bane to Fleas—A Boon to Dogs.

This Powder is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animals, or money returned. It is put up in patent boxes with sliding pepper box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and efficacious.

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A CERTAIN REMEDY.

Put up in boxes containing a dozen powders, with full directions for use.

Price 50 cents per box by mail.
Both the above are recommended by **ROD AND GUN** and **FOREST AND STREAM.**

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117 FULTON STREET.

Oct 19

Sportsmen's Routes.

NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA NEW LINE
ROUND BROOKLYN ROUTE
FOR TRENTON AND PHILADELPHIA.
 COMMENCING JULY 15, 1898
 STATION IN NEW YORK—Foot of Liberty st. N. R. Leave New York for Trenton and Philadelphia at 6:30, 8:30, 10:15, 11:50 A. M.; 1:30, 4:00, 6:30, 12 P. M. and 4:50 P. M. Arrive Trenton at 8:15, 10:00, 11:30, 1:00, 3:30, 5:00, 7:30, 9:00 P. M.
 Leave Philadelphia from station North Pennsylvania Railroad, Third and Berks streets, at 6:55, 8:55, 10:55, 11:50 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30 P. M.
 Leave Trenton for New York at 1:20 (except Monday), 6:50, 8:15, 10:00, 11:30, 1:00, 3:30, 5:00, 7:30, 9:00 P. M.
 Pullman Drawing Room Cars are attached to the 6:30 A. M. and 11:50 P. M. trains from New York and to the 7:45 A. M., 1:30 P. M. trains from Philadelphia.
 STATION TRENTON—Leave New York and Philadelphia at 8:00 A. M. and 6:30 P. M. Leave Trenton for New York at 1:40, 6:00 A. M., 6:10 P. M.
 Boat of the "Brooklyn and Erie Annex" make connection at Jersey City station to and from Brooklyn and Erie Depot, Jersey City.
 Tickets for sale at Foot of Liberty street, Nos. 929 and 944 Broadway, at the principal hotels, all offices of the Erie Railway in New York and Brooklyn, and at No. 4 Court street, Brooklyn. Baggage checked from residence to destination.
 Sept 13 H. P. BALDWIN, Gen. Pass. Agent

TO SPORTSMEN:

THE PENNSYLVANIA R.R. CO.

Respectfully invite attention to the Superior Facilities

afforded by their lines for reaching most of the sportsmen's favorite hunting and fishing grounds in the Middle States. These lines being CONTINUOUS FROM ALL IMPORTANT POINTS, avoid the difficulties and dangers of the "switch-back" routes. The latest cars which run over the smooth steel tracks ensure STOCK TO BE TRANSPORTED without failure or injury.

The lines of

Pennsylvania Railroad Company

also reach the best localities for

GUNNING AND FISHING

In Pennsylvania and New Jersey. EXCURSION

TICKETS are sold at the offices of the Company in all the principal cities to KANSAS, KENOSHA, MILWAUKEE, CRESSON, RALSTON, MINNEAPOLIS, and other well-known centers for

Trout Fishing, Wild Shooting, and Still

Hunting.

Also, to

TUCKERTON, BEACH HAVEN, CAPE MAY, BUNAN, and points on the NEW JERSEY COAST

and for SALT WATER SPORT AFTER FIN AND FEATHER.

L. P. FARMER, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

FRANK THOMSON, Gen'l Manager.

1611-12

CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN R.R. CO.

THE ONLY DIRECT RAILROAD FROM

Chicago to St. Louis, and Chicago

to Kansas City,

WITHOUT CHANGE OF CARS.

FIRST-CLASS ACCOMMODATIONS IN

EVERYTHING.

SPORTSMEN will find splendid shooting on the line of this road; prairie chicken, geese, ducks, brant, quail, etc. Connects direct at Kansas City with the Kansas Pacific Railroad for the great Buffalo and Antelope ranges of Kansas and Colorado.

Liberal arrangements for transport of Dogs for Sportsmen.

JAMES CHARLTON,

General Passenger Agent,

Chicago, Ill.

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The Route of the Sportsman and Angler to the Best Hunting and Fishing Grounds of Virginia and West Virginia.

Comprising those of Central and Piedmont Virginia, the Ridge Mountains, Valley of Virginia, Alleghany Mountains, Greenbrier and New Rivers, and Kanawha Valley, and including in their varieties of game and fish, deer, bear, wild turkeys, wild duck, grouse, quail, sheep, woodcock, mountain trout, bass, pike, pickerel, etc., etc.

Guns, fishing tackle, and one dog for each sportsman carried free.

The Route of the Tourist

(through the most beautiful and picturesque scenery of the Virginia Mountains to their most famous watering places and summer resorts).

The Only Route via White Sulphur Springs.

Railroad connections at Cincinnati, with the West, Northwest and Southeast; at Gordonsville, with the North and Northwest; and at Richmond and Charlottesville with the South. All modern improvements in equipment.

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BROOKLYN, FLATBUSH & CONEY ISLAND R.R.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT,

Commencing July 1, 1898.

Trains for Coney Island—Leave New York at Flatbush

avenue, Willink Entrance, Prospect Park, at 6:30,

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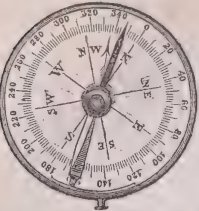
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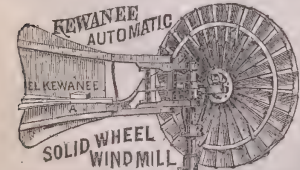
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Fishers Patent Brush Cleaner for Rifles and Shot-Guns
NOW READY.

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IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

REDUCED PRICE LIST OF SPLIT BAMBOO RODS, WARRANTED THE BEST IN THE MARKET FOR THE PRICE.

Six-strip hexagonal fly rod, German silver mountings, three-joint, extra tip and tip case.....	\$18 00
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Six-strip hexagonal, black bass rod, German silver mountings, three-joint, extra tip and tip case, solid reel plate.....	27 00
H. Y. LEONARD'S light fly rod, two-joint, German silver mounting, extra tip and tip case.....	17 00
H. Y. LEONARD'S six-strip hexagonal fly rod, German silver mounting, three-joint, extra tip and tip case, waterproof ferrules.....	20 00
Black bass rod, ash and lancewood, brass full mounted, two middle joints and three tips.....	7 50
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Russia-leather fly-book, with the "Hyde" clip, large size.....	6 00
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Best enameled waterproof paper fly lines, from.....	.6c. to 10c. per yard
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Agents for Huber's Champion Glass Ball Trap..... each \$9 00
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IRA A. PAINE'S FEATHER FILLED GLASS BALL.

PATENTED OCTOBER 23, 1877.

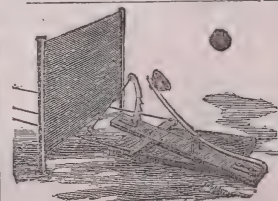
The "Standard" Ball.

The Bohemian Glass Works would respectfully call the attention of all dealers in Glass Balls to the fact that the Paine Patent Filled Ball is the STANDARD and ONLY BALL MADE TO A SCALE, therefore we would respectfully caution the dealers against laying in a stock of unsuitable articles for the Spring Trade, when you can purchase the Best Ball ever made at prices less than is charged for other inferior balls. No other ball affords the PLEASURE of the Feather Filled Ball, and no other Ball is as beautifully made. It will break in every instance when hit by shot, and is sufficiently strong to prevent breakage either by transportation or falling on the grass.

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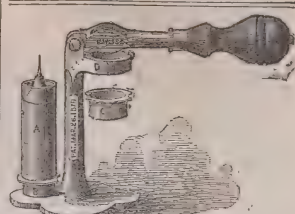
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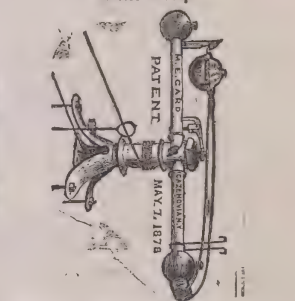
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ROD AND BOW

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

Terms, Four Dollars a Year.
Ten Cents a Copy.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1878.

{ Volume 11.—No. 5.
{ No. 111 Fulton St., N. Y.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun Fishing on Lake Superior.

No. 1.

"Forth upon the Glitche Gumes,
On the shining big-sea water,
With his fishing line of cedar,
Of the twisted bark of cedar,
Forth to catch the steed of Nahma.
Alise-Nahma, king of fishes,
In his birch canoe exulting,
All alone west of Hawatha."

THE excursionists of the steamer Keweenaw, who left Cleveland on Thursday, July 11, for a trip around Lake Superior, spent Sunday, the 14th, at Mackinac, in the full enjoyment of its pure bracing air, its delightful drives and charming views, and on the morning of the 15th started for the Sault St. Marie. As a party of fishermen were just preparing to visit their pounds, some twelve or fifteen miles distant, we concluded to accompany them and see the *modus operandi*, notwithstanding it took us several miles out of our direct course. We accordingly took in tow the tug and sail boat belonging to the party, and in an hour or two arrived at the fishing ground. The pounds are constructed at a considerable distance from the shore, with which they are connected by a long net or lead, coming in contact with which the fish follow it up until encased in the pound, from which they are unable to extricate themselves. The pound itself is a large seine or net-work fastened to stakes driven in the bottom of the lake, and is suspended from them at a depth of several feet beneath the surface of the water. Arrived at the pounds as yard after yard of the net was raised into the boats, bringing into view only here and there a stray herring or a small-sized whitefish entangled by the gills in the meshes of the net, we began to think it a water haul, and not worth the detour we had made in order to witness it. But as the bottom of the net was neared, a struggling, plunging mass of scaly beauties came into sight, and were shovelled by the fishermen into the boat. The catch was almost exclusively whitefish, of splendid size and unrivaled flavor, as we soon had an opportunity of testing, our caterer having availed himself of the occasion to lay in a supply for the steamer. I may here remark that there is no fresh-water fish, and but few of the denizens of the salt water, that can compare in flavor with the whitefish of the northern lakes, especially when taken from the clear cold waters of Huron or Superior and transferred to the table within a few hours after his capture.

Having laid in our supply of fish and waved a farewell to our fishermen friends, we steamed away for the Sault, where we arrived on Tuesday morning, the pound after having tied up for the night at a landing a few miles below, the channel of the river being in some places too intricate and dangerous to venture on during the night.

The first view of the Sault St. Marie is picturesque and novel. The seething, roaring turmoil of the waters of the St. Mary River, as they dash with arrow-like swiftness down the rapids, nearly a mile in extent; the Indians in their light birch canoes engaged in taking "whiting" in the struggling mass of angry waters at the foot of the rapids, and the Canadian town away in the distance across the river; while just at hand, on the other side, is the American city, with its costly and elegant ship canal, now being expensively improved by the government, and its general air of activity and business, and its numerous vessels passing to and fro through the canal.

We had looked forward with considerable interest to our arrival at the Sault, as it was to be the beginning of our trout fishing experience on Lake Superior, and were no sooner on shore, than, having engaged a couple of Indians and a canoe, we put across the river, at the foot of the rapids, to try the fishing in the streams on the Canadian side. The pull across the river, which is here exceedingly rough and boisterous, on so frail and insignificant a craft, and with a crew so inexperienced; and while attended with no real danger, is yet, apparently, so hazardous as to make those of weak nerves or unaccustomed to the water heartily wish themselves ashore. Indeed, the trip across the river just below the rapids, which I made twice, was, to me, much more animating and exciting than the ride down the rapids, which is regarded as the thing to be done by all visitors.

Having trolled unsuccessfully across the river in the hope of striking a trout or, possibly, a Mackinaw salmon, the *Nanawagoose* of the Indians, which we were informed were taken here, we put up our trolling tackle, and, with light fly-rod in hand, began the ascent of what we then supposed to be distinct streams entering the St. Mary's River from the back Canadian country, but which we ascertained about dinner time, as we emerged into the broad stream above, to be only small branches of the St. Mary passing around islands and mingling again with the main river at the foot of the rapids.

In vain, however, did we try all the allurements we were masters of to entice the speckled beauties from the swift waters of the rapids, or the occasional more quiet pools we encountered. In vain we changed our flies, and at last resorted to the Indian expedient of attaching a worm to a fly-hook, all, however, to no purpose; and, disappointed at length, we returned to the steamer with some dozen or fifteen small fish, none of them half a pound in weight.

On our return to the steamer we made the descent of the rapids, which, though pleasant enough, was not up to what we had been led to expect from all we heard concerning it. Late that evening we left the Sault, and about midnight passed Whitefish Point, and entered on the broad bosom of Lake Superior. As we write more especially with reference to the fishing of that region, we will pass over the many pleasant and interesting incidents otherwise connected with the excursion; the visit to Marquette, Bayfield, Prince Arthur, etc., not to omit mention of Duluth, of the Mesabe Sea, made famous by Proctor Knott; the visits to iron mines, copper mines and silver mines; the excursions of our enthusiastic geologists, and the havoc they made among the sandstone, granite, quartz, traps, etc.; the gathering of agates along the pebbly shore, where we all became children again, and splashed barefoot up and down the beach, and scratched in the sand and gravel until abundantly satisfied with the curious and beautiful specimens we had gathered—all of these form delightful reminiscences, and will long be recalled with pleasure by all of those who were so fortunate as to participate in them.

It becomes us, however, to make especial mention of the obligation we were all under to Prof. Nelson, of Delaware College, Ohio, for his very entertaining and instructive lectures on geology. But to return to our fishing: As to the fishing along the south shore and northwestern shore as far as Prince Arthur's landing, it may be summed up in the general statement that there is no trout fishing worth naming, or such as to justify persons in stopping and exhausting their time and patience in the capture of such few small fish as are likely to reward their efforts. At every landing we made we essayed the trout with unvarying want of success.

That in the less frequented streams, as a distance from the towns, good fishing might be had I have no doubt; but in none of the streams within a day's journey of the ordinary stopping-point of the steamer is the fishing worth seeking after. More or less small trout may be taken in all of them by using a short rod and a few feet of line, with a lead and bait, but no place where you can fly fish with any expectation of a return at all commensurate to the toil and labor incurred.

But while this is true of trout-fishing, some other kinds of fishing are to be enjoyed in great perfection. We will many of us long remember Pigeon River and its extraordinary pike-fishing. Be it understood, however, that the fish taken was not a pike at all, but the same fish known generally in the Cincinnati markets and throughout the West as the Ohio salmon, or jack salmon. It is a salmon, either, any more than a pike, and has no resemblance to either except in the elongated head and dental arrangement, which might be remotely suggestive of the pike.

The fish was the *Luciperocera* of the ichthyologists; but as scientific names seem almost as unreliable as common ones, to believe this latter euphonious title has had to give way to the uncouth one of *Silatesodon*—the fish being a true perch and not in any manner allied to the pike or the salmon family.

When our boat came to anchor in the bay off Pigeon River (which, by the way, is the boundary line between the United States and Canada), understanding that there were extensive falls and rapids a mile or two up the river, we took our Indian and canoe and started with the view of ascending to the rapids and trying for the trout.

Throwing over our trolling tackle as we ascended the river, when about a mile above its mouth and a short distance below the rapids, in water ten or twelve feet deep, our trolls were struck simultaneously, and on drawing in we found on each a fish weighing about three pounds.

Though satisfied that they might be taken in numbers in that particular locality, we were at the time intent only on trying for trout farther up among the rapids, and not regarding *Luciperocera* as game under the circumstances, we passed at once to the falls, where, having fished faithfully for an hour or more without a rise, except from a stray pickerel, when in the absence of trout no doubt thought himself justifiable in picking up any flies lying around loose, and who himself was picked up in consequence, and being informed by our guide that he had never known trout to be taken in the river, we put up our fly rods, and rigging up a couple of bass rods with artificial minnows, determined to try back down the river for the mis-named pike. As I fully expected, no sooner had our trolls reached the locality where we encountered the fish on our upward trip than they were again voraciously taken, and two fine fish brought to hand. After this the biting was fast and furious, and in an hour we had, perhaps, twenty fish, varying from two to four and a half pounds in weight.

The hour having nearly arrived for the departure of the steamer, as announced by the bulletin at the office, we hastened to reach her; but finding that their plans had been changed and that the steamer would remain all day, we informed others of the locality of the fishing, and during the evening a hundred or more fine fish were taken. The fish were so voracious and eager that they would often seize the troll when merely dropped quietly over the side of the canoe as you would a bait. I am fully satisfied that had we gone early in the morning provided with proper bait, or even without bait, we could in a few hours have taken hundreds of them, the fact being that they bit so eagerly that it in a measure destroyed the sport, and an hour or two was as long as one cared to take them.

I may here state that these fish seem to abound in all the

larger rivers along the north shore. A day or two after our Pigeon River experience, while accompanying my wife in a canoe for a mile or two down the Keweenaw River, we took several of the same species.

When returning in the afternoon to the stream from the mouth of the river I directed my Indian to pull for a short distance along the shore of the bay, and in so doing took a Mackinaw salmon, *Salmo amethystus*, of two or three pounds weight, a fish that for symmetry of form and brilliancy of color rivals the speckled trout.

Sault St. Marie, August 1.

THE BOW AND QUIVER.

BY EDITHA.

THERE are so few healthful recreations in the open air of which women can partake without being charged with encroaching upon the domain of the "lords of creation" and incurring the imputation of being unfeminine, that it is not to be wondered at that archery should be rapidly increasing in popularity among our countrywomen. Besides its beneficial effect upon the health, too, it is an elegant amusement, developing as much grace as can be displayed in actual dancing, far more than the modern sleepy quadrilles or the indolent glide. Before going into the merits of our subject, a slight sketch of what is known of the bow and arrow in all ages may not prove wholly devoid of interest to my readers. There is no entirely authentic history or tradition relative to the invention of the bow. Plato ascribes it to Apollo, by whom it was communicated to the Cretans. The first mention of it occurs in the book of Genesis, xxvii., 8, 1700 B. C., where Isaac bids Esau take his weapons, "his quiver and his bow," and go into the fields to get him some venison. Ishmael, also, we read in Genesis xxi., 20, "Grew and dwelt in the wilderness and became an archer." Indeed, repeated allusions to this ancient weapon of the Jews occurs in the Old Testament: Jonathan presented his bow to David (I Samuel xviii., 4); "The archers hit and sore wounded Saul" (I Samuel, xxii., 3) 1055 B. C. Astor, of Amphipolis, has been slighted by Philip, King of Macedon, at the siege of Methone, 353 B. C., shot an arrow, on which was written, "Aimed at Philip's right eye," which struck it and put it out. Philip threw back the arrow with these words: "If Philip takes the town Astor shall be hanged." The conqueror kept his word. In the Greek mythology, and in the ancient Grecian and Egyptian sculptures, are various allusions to, and delineations of, the bow. Records of archery have also been traced in many Persepolitan, Macedonian and Parthian antiquities. The Chinese had this weapon. One of their proverbs says: "When a son is born in the family, hang the bow and quiver at the gate," and their great sage, Confucius, wrote a treatise on archery.

All the eastern nations seem to have used the bow as a weapon of warfare, and practiced archery as an amusement in times of peace. In Persia equestrian archery was much practiced, and shooting at the popinjay was a favorite recreation. The Arabs were skillful archers. In Chinese Tartary both sexes were equally expert in the use of the bow. The Manilla Indians, the Caribbee Indians, the Demerara Indians, the natives of Florida and the tribes of North America, as well as South America, all were very expert in the use of this weapon, though of course, at the present day, it has been superseded to a great extent by the most approved fire arms. The Scandinavians were likewise expert archers. Homer makes numerous mention of the bow. In his *Iliad* (v. ix., l. 162) Pandarus is thus described, aiming an arrow at Menelaus:

"Now, with full force the yielding horn he bends,
Draws to an arch and joins the doubling cord;
Close to his breast he strains the nerve below,
Till the barbed point approach the circling bow;
TV impatient weapon whizzes on the wing,
Sounds the tough horn and twangs the quivering string."

He mentions the Locrians as being

"Skilled from far the flying shaft to wing."

Again, in the *Odyssey*, we find the stories of Penelope vainly endeavoring to bend the bow which Ulysses had left at home; and the hero himself, disguised as a beggar, having obtained permission to compete with them, thus proves his skill:

"One hand aloft displayed
The bending horns, and one the strings exerted,
From his essaying hand the string, let fly,
Twangs short and shrill, and shrill and lowly cry."

Athena, too, is made to introduce archery when celebrating the anniversary of his father's funeral. We read that the armies of Alexander the Great were chiefly composed of archers. Plato, who was a great advocate of archery, and was desirous that qualified persons should be appointed by the government to teach the youth of Athens this art, mentions that the standing guard of the city numbered among its force one thousand archers. Livy makes mention of the skill and prowess of the Grecian archers. Plutarch signifies the defeat of the Romans by the Parthians, and ascribes it to the manner in which the latter galled the enemy with their arrows. The Huns were likewise skillful archers. The Romans as a people were not skilled in the use of the bow, although many of the nobles and several of the Roman Emperors practiced it as an amusement. Herodian speaks of the

feats and the "unerring hand" of the Emperor Commodus, who exhibited his skill on the wild beasts in the amphitheatre. It is a disputed point as to the time of the long-bow's introduction into England. Some writers assert that it was the arbalest, or cross-bow, only which was used at the time of the Norman Conquest under the reign of Edward I. Prior to the battle of Hastings, when Harold and his two brothers were killed by arrows shot from the cross-bows of the Norman soldiers (A. D. 1066), there is no authentic record of archery being practiced in Britain, although some writers claim to be able to prove that it was in existence there previous to 440. The controversy was never settled as to whether it was an arrow or a bolt which slew William Rufus and which caused the death of Richard the Lion; and that the long-bow was not the cross-bow, was the opinion of the witnesses between Matilda and Stephen, and with which Richard made such havoc among the Saracens. Certain it is that that famous old hero of ballad romance, Robin Hood, who could

"Hit a mark at a hundred rods
And cause a hart to die."

would be divested of half the glamour of his name if we took from him the graceful long-bow and the "feathery arrow." Therefore, if not from stronger convictions, we side with the last mentioned opinions, that, although the arbalest may possibly have been the most common weapon of war, yet in the "merric green wood" at least the other was expertly handled. Ritson, in the "Old Garland," a quaint collection of ballads of Robin Hood (now scarcely to be found), gives the following characteristic anecdote of nearly the last words and actions of his famous outlaw. When he felt his end approaching he said:

"But give me my bent bow in my hand,
And a broad arrow I'll let see;
And where this arrow is taken up
There shall my grave be made."

At the battles of Cressy and Agincourt, the long-bow was evidently used. In the reign of Edward III, again we find express mention of our archers, to whom, indeed, the victory seems generally to have been chiefly owing in most battles wherein they were engaged. Sir John Smith attributes this not only to the skill of the archers, but to the "dazzling, be-mazing effect which a volley of arrows flying thick as hail through an army must have on the enemy's soldiers, and also to their horses."

In the reign of Edward IV, we find sundry curious laws relative to archery, to the importance of bow-staves, etc., in one of which "unlawful games, as dice, quills, tennis," etc., are prohibited, but "every person strong and able of body" is required to use his bow. Henry VIII was a great patron of archery; and a law made in his reign enacted that "all men not having any lawful impediment except religious and judges—under sixty years of age and an archer in the law—long-bows, and teach their children, servants, etc., having a bow with two arrows for each under seventeen years of age, and with four arrows for those above seventeen. Penalty, 6s. 8d. per month."

Queen Elizabeth, too, was a patroness of archery, and did not disdain herself to "wing the feathered shaft." By some statutes made in her reign, and that of the use of the bow formed part of the education of youth. At some of the public schools, and especially at Harrow, every parent was lealed upon to allow "to each boy a bow, three shafts, a bow-string and a bracer, to exercise shooting;" and prizes were given to be shot for by twelve competitors. Shakespeare, who, in his works introduces numberless allusions relative to this science, was, if we may credit any of the accounts of his mid-night onslaughts on the stage, an expert in archery. Charles I. was a practical lover of archery, as was his father, James I.; and by these two sovereigns commissions were issued for the purpose of preventing inroads on and removing obstructions from the public grounds and fields devoted to the practice of archery, for it would seem that brick and mortar were even then beginning assiduously to encroach on the "pleasant green fields."

Archery was neglected by James II, in the troubles of his reign; and after his abdication and the accession of a new family, bringing with them other predilections, the practice of it declined, and gradually fell into almost total disuse, being kept up only by a few companies or societies, among which the oldest and the one which survived the longest was the "Society of Finsbury Archers," who had records dating back as far as 1676. In Clerkenwell church is a monument to Sir William Wood, an officer in the wild marshes, who died at the age of 82. It has been restored by the Toxophilite Society. Part of the inscription runs thus:

"Long did he live, the honor of the bow,
And his great age to that alone did owe;
But how can art secure? or what can save
Extreme old age from an archer's grave?
Surviving archers wish his loss lament,
And in respect bestow this monument."

A splendid allusion is made to the Finsbury Archers by Catherine, Queen of Charles II, was by Mr. Constable—one of the oldest and few remaining members of that body—transferred to the Toxophilites, when he joined them soon after their formation in 1780, under the auspices of Sir Ashton Levers and Mr. Waring. That society was the parent of most of those which have since sprung up, and of late multiplied so rapidly.

George IV., when Prince of Wales, was a munificent patron of archery, and by his influence mainly contributed to make it fashionable, and thus reanimate it. Before leaving archery as a masculine accomplishment we must not omit that celebrated archer, Tell, who, when Gessler asked him why he took the second arrow, boldly replied—"But Tell has taken his place among the mythological heroes, so it is of no importance what he said."

It has already been mentioned that archery is peculiarly adapted to females, not so in the present day singular in that opinion. If we go as far back as the ancient mythology we find Diana with her bow; if we seek in the writings of the poets, we find Tasso's beautiful description of Cleveida:

"Her rattling quiver at her shoulder hung,
Therein a duff of arrows feathered well;
In her right hand a bow was bended strong,
Therein a shaft headed with mortal steel.
So it to shoot she singled out among
Her foes which of her wild marshes strength should feel;
So it at almost Latona's daughter stood,
When Niobe she killed and all her brood."

If we take a flight to Asia we shall find in some of the harems the fair slaves practicing archery in the gardens of seraglio. A traveler in Persia, we forget who, eloquently describes the bow of buffalo horn, black as jet and highly polished, with its richly gilded and enameled back, and string

of pure white silk, decorated at the ends with loops of scarlet and gold; the delicate and costly arrows, the sleeve of rich satin embroidered in gold, worn to protect the arm; and the jeweled thumb-ring (an article peculiar to the East) used by these beautiful captives, as well as the curious target composed of softened clay, at which they shoot. But we need not seek in the realms of the East, in the dream-land of poets or the superstitions of ancient idolaters, in order to demonstrate that archery has been practiced by females. Froissart mentions that it was one of the recreations of the stately dames of his day. Black Douglas, wife of one of the warlike and rebellious race of Douglas, was an expert archeress, and more than once, when besieged, tried her prowess on her own sovereign. Margaret, the daughter of Henry VII, is stated to have killed a buck in Alnwick Park with the bow and arrow. In the private purchases of Henry VIII, we find entered so much for bows, arrows, bells, braces, etc., for Anne Boleyn. Queen Elizabeth, as was already mentioned, must have been a quite a skillful archeress, for we find it recorded that on one hunting party she, "with her own hand, did shoot three deer."

Coming down to the reign of Victoria, we see that she was, when young years younger than now, disposed to encourage this elegant science, by the Highland Fete, at Holland Park, in 1850, added as a prize, expressly to be competed for by ladies in archery, a handsome and valuable bracelet. And so the progress of this elegant pastime has been through all ages and more or less popular in all countries. We come now to that part most interesting to Americans—reducing theory to practice—and this is rapidly being accomplished. The whole science or pastime is so very new in this country, and experienced archers so comparatively rare, that any well-grounded American authority is scarcely yet to be set up. The art cannot be taught by words; the theory and regulations must be given and certain directions laid down, the rest must be the work of practice by the archers themselves. Our old friend Roger Ascham, in his quaint language, ventures a very reasonable conjecture as to the reason why more has not been written: "The faulte was not to be layed on the language which was worthy to be written upon, but that the menne which were negligent in doyng it; and this is the cause thereof, as I suppose. Menne that used shottynge most, and knewe it best, were not learned—men that were learned used shottynge litle, and were ignorant of the nature of the thyng."

There are few, very few works on archery, and of these Hansard's Book of Archery, Hastings' British Archer, and Robert's Bowman, are perhaps the best. Bowyer and Smyth has his treatise on the bow, and the weekly journals in giving prominence and encouragement to what must in the near future lead all the outdoor sports of the more refined sort.

Fish Culture.

A VISIT TO THE FISH COMMISSION.

GLoucester, Mass., August 27.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

One of the most gratifying things connected with the work of the Commission this season is the interest that its work has awakened among the fishermen, as shown by their care in preserving specimens taken at sea and bringing them in for identification by the corps of scientists. Hardly a day passes without some rare form, never before known on our coast, or at least to this locality, being presented to them, and occasionally they bring something that is entirely new. This, in addition to the daily dredgings on board the *Speedwell*, will make the collection of 1878 as full of important results as any of the previous ones when the field was comparatively new.

The department of invertebrates, perhaps, exceeds that of the fishes in the number of new species, many of which may be of practical importance as furnishing food for the fishes and in determining relationships; still, science takes all forms into account, never questioning their practical value at the time. Professor Baird, however, is known as a scientific man with a practical side, and while the specialists are each at work in their own divisions he is planning to increase valuable species, or, by taking the charts and soundings, the depths at which certain species feed and the nature of that food, etc., to devise means whereby the fishermen may increase their catch.

There have been seasons here when the cod were unusually plenty, but the fishermen were unable to take many on account of the scarcity of bait, which they are obliged to get from Nova Scotia or Newfoundland. Mackerel are the best bait for cod, but are too valuable, and the herring comes next; but after being ten days on ice this fish becomes valueless and the cod refuse it; hence they must put back at the end of this time whether they have a full fare or not, and to try and remedy this Professor Baird has brought a new variety of gill-net, such as is in use by the Norwegian fishermen for taking cod, from which, if successful on our coast, a change may be wrought in this matter. He also has had a trawl-like rigged, with wire arms or spreaders every three feet, with a snood and hook on each end to determine at which depths the different fishes feed.

Since the announcement in FOREST AND STREAM of the discovery of the chimera there have been several reports of the two of them to-day fresh and dead, and the fishermen gather around them in wonder at this sudden apparition of monsters caught here where they have fished all their lives and never seen one. This singular looking fish has a shark-like form, but is largest at the head, which has, when seen in profile, a square, projecting nose overhanging a formidable mouth, which, instead of teeth, has the bones of the jaw projected into a cutting bill not unlike that of a moustache, and which is undoubtedly capable of taking a mouthful with a clean cut from almost any fish or other animal. Unfortunately these fish have all been devoured by the fishermen in order to preserve them, and it is therefore impossible to determine the exact nature of their food from their internal organization or the contents of their stomachs.

Another of the valuable "finds" is the *Alteporus ferox*, a fish with a long, scissel-like, serpent-shaped body about five feet long, and a head four feet in diameter when alive, but, having been ten days on ice in a fishing boat and in alcohol ever since, is now shrunken to about three, surmounted by a dorsal fin running nearly its full length and nearly a foot high, with a large forked tail and a narrow, formidable-looking head, whose sharp, scissor-like jaws are armed with keen, lance-shaped teeth, which vary in length from half an inch to an inch and a quarter, giving an expression not unlike those

old fossil bat-formed reptiles of pre-historic times called pterosaurs. Two of these fishes have been obtained, the first which have gladdened the eyes of a naturalist on this side of the water, although several have been taken in the waters near Madeira. Mr. Goode had proposed the name of scissor-mouth for the use of the fishermen, but waived this in favor of that by Professor Baird, who suggested lance-mouth as more descriptive. The generic name is from the Greek, and is formed from *a*, not; *lepis*, a scale; and *saurus*, a lizard, or a lizard without scales, while the specific one, *ferox*, refers to its ferocity.

The chimera resembles nothing more than the fabled monster, whose existence has long been considered chimerical, and reminds one of those hideous demons of the old sculptors, which they reproduced in the carvings on the capitals of columns, but the alteporus is like the sea-serpent! It looks like some of the pictures of it; and now that two of five or six feet have been found, why not one of forty? It is becoming every day more evident that there are not only more things in heaven and earth, but also under the sea, than are dreamed of in our philosophy—and who can put a limit to that? What a man does not know about, as a matter of course, he has no idea of; and what do we know of the sea? Nothing comparatively. The coast has been pretty well dredged around parts of Europe and in a few spots in America, and ships go across and see what is on the surface, and sailors are believed if they do not see anything that others have not beheld, but are treated as imbeciles or impostors if they do.

Please remember that I do not say that the alteporus is the sea-serpent, but if it were a few times longer than it is it would be no discredit to some of the descriptions, and these specimens may be young ones. A case in point: A small serpentiform fish, popularly known as a "ribbon-fish," and growing to perhaps three feet in length or so, has been long known; but a specimen was stranded in Bermuda that was over eighteen feet in length, and which was fortunately secured by Mr. J. A. Murray, of the Fish Commission, and sent to the British Museum for its flesh was used, and no specimens approaching its length have been seen before nor since. Taking these things into consideration, I am willing to believe that the half has not been told us, and therefore will not be so greatly astonished if some day the commission really does pull Leviathan out with a hook, or his tongue with a cord which they shall not need.

As the fishermen are not so well educated as they are on account of their being the most striking in appearance, and, in consequence, more attractive to the casual reader or visitor; but they are far from being the most important things that relate to the propagation of the food fishes. All things relating to this branch will be found in the report of the work, and one fact is so linked with another that to attempt to give a just idea of a work would be impossible within the limits of this letter. Your readers are already familiar with the nature of the commission and the manner of dredging, sounding and taking deep-sea temperatures; therefore, I will say that, having worked within the distance that the *Speedwell* could cover in a trip by daylight, the steamer is now voyaging longer ones, and Commander Beardslee left last night at midnight, in order to get on untired ground by morning, with the expectation of being back to-night.

In weather when it is not advisable to go to sea, the experts are busy in determining the characters of specimens previously caught and recording them. Messrs. Goode and Bean, assisted by Mr. Earle, are up to their elbows in the alcohol tanks a good part of the time, fishing out the undetermined, counting in-rays, measuring and comparing with recorded specimens, and determining the characters of the new species they live. There are tenfold more useless, destructive fishes in the sea than in fresh water, and if means could be devised to destroy them without killing the useful ones it would be of vast benefit. For instance, see the bull-heads or sculpins, *Cottus*, no valuable fish feeds upon them, and they being all head and stomach, are worthless as food for man, but I saw a full grown herring taken from the stomach of one who would not weigh three times as much as his prey, and who, if dressed, with his head off, did not contain as much clean meat as his herring.

I only mention the sculpin because it has just come under my notice; but there are dozens of other forms that perhaps served a purpose in checking the increase of the cod, herring, mackerel, etc., in time past, before the advent of man, but which, under the influence of man, has passed into a pest, and appeared as a balancing power, that in some cases—namely certain fresh water species—has been an overbalancing power.

The fishermen often throw these very destructive fishes back into the sea alive, but in order to maintain a more equitable balance they should be killed, and would then be destroyed in some proportion to the better sorts.

The absence of visitors on the steamers, and the expeditions this year, have been a great boon to the fishermen, and a great relief to curious questioners; and, judging from the character of the work thus far, it is safe to prophecy a series of results from the year's work that will be not only of great credit to the commission, but will ultimately tend to the benefit of the fisheries, and through them to the whole people.

FRED MATHER.

TURTLES AND EELS.—Holyoke, Mass., Aug. 30.—Editor Forest and Stream: With Mr. Roosevelt, we think that the mud turtle, the common spotted fowler, has been a sad disturber of our peace and destroyer of young fish. For several years, commencing in 1876, we were in the way of setting box traps for capturing turtles, baiting with a fresh fish, bait bit open, or the inside of a sheep or chicken, and placing trap in the shoals at head of pond. The water flowing through the box carries the smell of blood down into the pond. On going to the box in the morning we were frequently disgusted by finding the box full of mud turtles, leaving the snapping turtle out in the cold. We have frequently caught them in the same place, and found them eating of worms and dead minnows, when fishing for snapping turtles. We don't swear, but the mud turtle has often brought up some very hard thoughts about brimstone, etc. We should like, if in our power, to assist Mr. Roosevelt to the sight he so earnestly desires—mature eels going down stream. In the first place we would ask: Are there no eels in any of the Long Island waters? Are there no eels going any farther, for true to their nature, are they going of all sizes, by my small stream noted for eels will answer the purpose. A large stream would be too expensive to cover with netting. Mr. Roosevelt would have to provide himself with a waterproof suit, a good stout net to span stream, and a lantern. At the first heavy rain and wind storm of a dark night, on or after the fall of the leaves, and every storm after until frost sets in, he will find the eels moving. He will land the eels, and darker the night, the greater the fisherman's harvest. After the storm clears off,

* The long-bow was six feet long and the arrow three feet; the usual range was from 300 to 600 yards. Robin Hood is said to have shot from 600 to 600 yards, a Persian hero, Arash, is stated to have shot a much longer distance. The cross-bow was used to a stock and discharged with a trigger.

and the water begins to get clear, the run stops until the next storm, when the ice will move again. By holding the lantern close to the surface of the water you can occasionally see one pass tail first. In the same water we have helped to take several barrels full in a night, and for many nights in the season. We have caught them in early spring with hook, in the same stream, as plenty as if an eel had not left there the previous fall. The net will have to be visited, at least every twenty or thirty minutes, as we have known nets carried away from side stakes by the water of fish and leaves. Many eels will be found drowned in the net, while others are full of life and vigor.

THOS. CHAMBERS.

✧ **LOSS OF WHITE FISH.**—Madison, Wis., August 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* All the white fish in the hatchery at Milwaukee died during one night last week. There were a large number of them, many from six to nine inches long. They had been in the hatchery eighteen months, and were all alive and well in the evening and dead on the following morning. No cause is assigned for this loss. II.

Natural History.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.
CERVUS COLUMBIANUS.

SINCE this animal is but little known, and since there is a lack of information as to its habits and characteristics in the eastern part of this continent, I have thought that perhaps a few remarks made by a person who has been conversant with it for the past sixteen years might prove to be interesting.

The article concerning this species in Hallock's "Sportsman's Gazetteer" is a fair account of this type of deer, with this exception: that in the statement regarding the flesh being inferior in favor and quality to other species, the writer has certainly made a grave mistake. The contrary is the case, the flesh being quite equal if not in some respects superior to that of his white-tailed brother, *Cervus virginianus*, and undoubtedly much better than that of the wapiti or elk, *Cervus canadensis*. That of the moose, *Cervus alces*, is thought by some to be better, but others differ from them in this opinion. The black-tailed deer of the Pacific coast differs in appearance and size but little from the Virginian deer, and, to ordinary observers, both animals, if placed side by side, would be thought to be of the same variety, the only distinguishing characteristic being, as indicated by its local name, the black tail; and this appendage differs only in being black on its upper side from the root to the tip, being white underneath as in the Virginian deer. The coat is a blue one from about September till March or April, the rest of the year it is red. The white on belly and stern never changes. The fawns are spotted at birth with very distinctly marked spots of white, extending in parallel rows from the shoulders to the buttocks. These gradually grow smaller until autumn, when they totally disappear. Occasionally an albino is seen pure white, while others are marked with white spots or patches, and may better be described by the Spanish word *pinto* than any other that occurs to me. These cases are very rare. The islands lying in Puget Sound and the Gulf of Georgia produce more of these deer than any other locality, but this freak of nature occurs sometimes on the mainland.

The range of this deer in British Territory is from the 49th Parallel of latitude on the south to Alaska on the north, and from Vancouver Island on the west it extends a long distance eastward to the interior of the mainland. Its food consists almost altogether of browse, the boughs of the various coniferous trees, maples, etc., and the shoots of various sorts of berry and other bushes forming a chief diet. I do not think it is a feeder on any distinct kind of food, the fact that I have never seen it feeding on any of the native grasses, blue joint, red top and Timothy—to which it has access in many places; neither have I ever seen any of the said grasses showing signs of having been cropped by deer. A long hanging moss growing pendant from the Douglas fir (*Abies Douglasii*) and other trees, as also a wild vetch commonly known as pea vine are a favorite food. The circumstances under which deer may feed on grasses, but it certainly does not as a rule nor to any great extent. The size varies considerably in different places, and in none more so than on the islands before referred to, the average weight being very much more in some places than in others. The largest bucks are a trifle over 200 pounds, entrails removed, but in August and September, when in their finest condition, a buck 150 to 170 lbs. is considered a very good one. A fat doe in January, her best month, goes from 100 to 120 pounds. The rutting season occurs in different places from September to November, being entirely over in some localities before it has commenced in others, and the period of gestation is supposed to be about or in the neighborhood of six months. No positive authority exists on this point, however, as there are no deer parks here, and with wild deer it can, of course, be only a matter of approximation. During the subsequent rutting season the neck of the buck swells to nearly twice their ordinary size. Two fawns are produced at a birth; instances of more are related, but this is perhaps as rare occurrence as twins in cows. The fawns are sequestered for a time after their birth until they gain the requisite strength to follow their dam. They remain with her till late in autumn, when they separate and commence life "on their own."

These deer are not gregarious. Although occasionally a group of three or more are seen together, they are as a rule solitary. By this I mean that they do not congregate in bands like elk and deer of other kinds, and nothing has transpired to show or prove that they are migratory in the sense applicable to other species. Of course, as the snow comes lower on the mountains in winter they descend to the valleys, and the advent of their favorite food in the spring has the effect of making some move from their settled haunts, but nothing of the character of a general movement ever occurs. They are nocturnal in their habits, feeding chiefly early in the morning and late in the evening, and during the night about the period of full moon, and are rarely seen during the middle of the day, except when startled from their lairs, save at two seasons, namely: during rutting, when they appear to be continually on the rutting ground at night, period, when the bucks' horns are approaching maturity. They repair their open spots with a southerly aspect and bask in the sun, and this feature is termed by hunters "hardening of the

horns." The does are hornless. An occasional doe has been killed bearing the horns, but these cases are very rare indeed.

Whatever index is put on the horns of these animals may be to the age of the animal, in this species they are not to be depended on to any degree in this respect. Spike bucks are often obtained certainly more than the second summer old, and others with old grizzled heads and molars worn down to the gums, together with other positive signs of old age, bearing horns of not nearly the number of times that others of far less age bear; and the common idea or opinion of an additional tine for each successive year is wholly inapplicable to this species. The horns sprout from the head in the form of a knob, about March or April, and mature in August and September; they are dropped in December and January. They form quite a formidable weapon of offence and defence, and although severe fights occur between the bucks during their amours, still they do not appear to be as pugnacious and determined as other sorts of deer, as no instances are on record of interlocked horns and consequent death of both combatants. They rarely come to bay, nor do they make anything of a fight when caught in the water. The horns are cylindrical in form (slightly ovate), and the tines, with the exception of the brow antlers, proceed from the posterior part of the main horns, and they (the tines) but seldom exceed five or six in number. These deer are very numerous and do not recede before civilization to any great extent, as long as their cores are not destroyed, and apparently their numbers are not affected to any great degree by near proximity to settlements. As an example of this they abound within three to four miles of Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, a city of four to five thousand inhabitants, and in any direction within a radius of a mile and a half of this city—one of a thousand inhabitants—a deer can be started by a crowd about fifteen or twenty minutes from the time the horn is turned loose, any day in the year. Their sense of smell and hearing are very acute, and they appear to be more alarmed by an unusual noise, or getting the wind of, than by seeing a person, although they pay but little attention to the report of a gun, and sometimes as many as three or four are killed with a muzzle-loading rifle without the hunter stirring from his tracks. Why they should be so numerous may appear strange, taken in connection with the fact that the gray wolf (*Canis cynopterus*), their natural enemy and insatiable persecutor, is plentiful, is an object of veneration, and is never molested by the Indians of this vicinity; while also the gray and bay lynx (*Lynx canadensis* and *Lynx rufus*) depend on the deer to a great extent for stocking their larder, while the panther (*Felis concolor*) depends on the same almost altogether. But their numbers may be accounted for in this way: No epidemic such as is spoken of in other places occurs here.

Their gait is a three—a walk, a trot, but little faster than the walk, and a run, the latter better expressed by buck jumps, high bounds being made in the air at each leap. They are splendid high jumpers; a seven rail snake fence appears to offer no obstacle, while a five feet picket fence is rarely attempted, and affords security to the settlers from depredations on their crops. The modes of capture practiced here are still hunting, driving with hounds, fire-hunting, and shooting to a limited extent. Bleating for the bucks and crying like fawns to call the does are practiced by the Indians, who, here as in other countries, take the easiest method of securing food. A buck on the run can usually be stopped for an instant by bleating or whistling, but if not killed he is off the next minute like a shot.

New Westminster, British Columbia, May 10, 1878.

SWORD-FISH.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN., August 23, 1878.
EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

I have just returned from a sword-fishing excursion off Block Island, and have become very much interested in the habits of this fish, and in the manner of breeding, concerning which I am unable to find out anything. The fishermen here know absolutely nothing about the habits of the sword-fish except that he comes up to the surface periodically for the purpose of sunning himself. They also know that he is a migratory fish, because "he's here in summer and he isn't here in winter."

I have never seen a fisherman who ever saw a female, or who has ever seen anything which would any difference in sex. The smallest one which I ever heard of being caught weighed 46 pounds, the commonest size caught in Block Island waters ranging from 80 to 225 pounds, fish being occasionally caught as high as 450 to 500. These, however, are rare. I wish you would publish something concerning this curious fish in the columns of your valuable paper, as I am sure they would be appreciated by one of your readers as have ever seen one. The "Encyclopaedia Britannica" (1876, Fifth Edition), gives a somewhat meagre description of the fish itself and the methods employed in its capture in the Mediterranean, but says nothing of the habits of the fish, and does not even mention that it is found in American waters. Any information which you can give regarding their habits and method of reproduction will be very gratefully received by myself and several others. We had very good luck fishing, and in twelve and one-half days' fishing captured 13, varying from 34 to 326 pounds in weight.

E. H. HUBBARD.

We may state to our correspondent that the sword-fish probably never spawns on our coast. The only known spawning grounds are in the Mediterranean, and especially about the Straits of Messina. In the Mediterranean quantities of young sword-fish are seen from half a pound upward. None less than three or four feet long have ever been seen in the Western Atlantic, and these have lost the distinguishing character of the young fish, which have a high, sail-like fin the whole length of the back and a prominent spine on the operculum. The Fish Commission recently had a sword-fish from the coast of Maine, which weighed nearly 600 pounds, one of the largest with authenticated weight. The Cape Ann fishermen have of late caught many of these fish on their trawl-lines when fishing for halibut on the Nova Scotia Banks at a depth of 150 to 200 fathoms, an entirely new phase in the history of this species.

The sword-fish make their appearance on our coast off Block Island and Montauk from May 15 to June 1, and remain in the New England waters till early winter when the snow falls. Their presence seems to depend on that of their favorite food, the mackerel and menhaden, which they follow industriously. When the schools of summer fish dis-

appear the sword-fish also goes. It is impossible to say how far they are influenced by temperature, though it does not at present appear as if they were sensitive to cold. They kill their prey by striking it sideways with their sword. They must needs do this, because their toothless mouths are not adapted to seize and hold living struggling fishes. Mackerel and menhaden taken from their stomachs are usually marked with a gray stain in their sides, the effect of the blow of the sword. We may add that Professor G. Brown Goode is collecting material on the sword-fish, which will shortly appear in the "United States Report of Fish and Fisheries."

THE ENGLISH SPARROW IN AMERICA.

WE have hesitated to again open in these columns the long-voiced and very unsatisfactory discussion of the English sparrow question. Little real value attaches to a controversy where the recorded observations are often not of sufficient extent and thoroughness to be of practical bearing, and where the observers are themselves unintelligent in ornithological and scientific subjects. It would seem, however, that the sparrow has now been among us so long that a properly conducted investigation by competent experts would definitely and finally determine whether he is a useful ally against insects and worms, a merely harmless and neutral member of the feathered tribe, or a pest and a nuisance. To this end we most heartily endorse the plan proposed by Dr. Elliott Coues in the August number of the *American Naturalist*, in a vigorous article upon "The Ineligibility of the European House Sparrow in America." This proposition is: That "at the height of the insect season, at the time when the sparrows should be eating the bugs, if they ever do, in some places fairly infested with the bugs, a sufficient number of sparrows be killed and examined as to the contents of their crops. Let the authorities of any of our large cities—preferably Boston, where the birds are said to have done so much good, and where the sparrow combination talks loudest—furnish to proper persons, say five hundred sparrows, whose stomachs shall be examined by some competent botanist and entomologist together. If noxious insects should be found to form the greater portion or even any considerable portion of the food of these birds, I would yield the case as far as this particular count is concerned."

Such an investigation, repeated in different sections of the country, would soon settle the question and determine before it be too late what kind of a creature this is which we have so cordially received and now so jealously foster.

Dr. Coues has studied this question very thoroughly, and is outspoken in the indictment he brings against the sparrows. The charges of that indictment are substantially these: That the birds entirely neglect or insufficiently execute the work for which they were imported; that they harass and drive away more valuable native and insectivorous birds; that they already commit great depredations upon the kitchen, garden, orchard and grain field, and that, as their unlimited increase goes on, these depredations will assume more serious proportions; that they are, by reason of "their perpetual antics" in spring and summer, and their constant defiling of porch and window-sill, especially obnoxious and aggravating; and that, again, the condition of their life and increase being essentially different in America from that in Europe, they are out of their place here and have no part in the natural economy of the country; and, finally, that they threaten before long to become as serious a plague as are the grasshoppers and the potato bugs. While not prepared to advise extermination, Dr. Coues would recommend for checking their increase that the birds be left to shift for themselves, that the legal penalties for their destruction be removed, and that they be used as targets for the boys with shot-guns, and trapped for sparrow matches as pigeons are now employed by sportsmen.

Below we publish two communications upon this subject, the first from a correspondent in Milford, Mass., the second from Dr. E. C. Sterling, of Lake City, Minn.:

In I think, the current number of the *Essex* is an article on the English sparrow, the tenor of the article being against this bird, and citing the Nuttall Ornithological Club as authority for many statements there made, one of them being that the bird does not eat worms or bugs, etc.

As a friend of the English sparrow I would state an incident I witnessed to-day. In company with a friend, as I was leaving the office this noon, we saw one of a numerous flock of the sparrows fly to the butt of a large black walnut tree, some fifteen feet from where we stood, and begin to peck into a crevice of the rough bark, and start off with the bug I send you to-day in his back. We started forward quickly, causing the bird to drop it, and as it fell in a clear place near the sidewalk, we easily found it, and it being something never before seen, send it to you for name.

This is the second time I have seen sparrows taking bugs from the same tree. Once before this, last year, as I was passing along on the sidewalk, I noticed one of the birds in the street, say twenty feet from the tree, fly direct to the butt of the tree, and begin pecking at what I, after frightening off the bird, found to be a small insect, say as large as a deer fly, which was closely hidden in a crack in the bark.

If it is not good proof of the insect-eating propensity I could furnish more. I have also seen them picking up canker-worms on the sidewalk, and apparently eating them; and, passing two docks four times daily for some three years at all times of the year, I have never yet seen a right between the sparrows and other birds, although there were plenty of small birds of other kinds near by. A pair of the sparrows this year built a nest and reared a brood of young directly over my office in a ventilator hole in the brick wall, and never have I seen or heard any disturbance with other birds.

Several years since, before the sparrow was introduced into this town, we were overrun with canker-worms, so much so that houses near trees were black with the worms; and it was not an unusual thing for one, in calling at a house, to have the ring at the door answered by a servant with a broom in hand, to sweep away the worms from the entrance. This season it was a rare exception to see a tree eaten by the worms.

very handsome dog, and is a better all over. If he had a dark nose and eyes, like Fairy, he would be a grand animal. I think he will please a lot of people. I have no doubt of it. I will have a pup of his color. I think Ned's body color will please judges better by being smooth than gray, although I like a gray coat. If he gets a sufficiency of long hair, although he will take the eyes of judges. He is a very nice dog, and if his head does—that is, if his body grows and draws his rather heavy breadth of head—he will be hard to beat. I think I should try Victor again, and then the chance of a dark nose. Yours truly, E. L. YERGEN.

THE SHREK QUESTION.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In response to your request for information in regard to bitches worrying sheep, I send you the following facts: The Hon. W. C. Hammett, of Howland, Me., once owned a magnificent black Newfoundland bitch, which not only killed the neighbors' sheep, but even her own master's, in the barnyard. She became so savage that her master was obliged to keep her constantly chained, and, finding he would be obliged to kill her, he possessed one of her pups to supply her place. One night, when the youngster was about nine months old, its mother succeeded in getting her head out of the collar, and, taking the pup, repaired to a small island at the mouth of the Sebobe, on which A. K. Roberts was pasturing a flock of twenty sheep, among which was a very large buck. Of these the two dogs killed fifteen outright, and mangled the others so that three of them had to be butchered, one ewe and the old buck alone surviving. The latter man such a gallant and desperate fight in defence of his flock that the bitch was unable to get home, and the pup was in nearly as bad condition as his mother. The havoc was at first supposed to be done by bears, but the tracks on the wet sand of the beach were clearly those of dogs, and on being followed up the culprits were discovered more dead than alive. Mr. Hammett promptly paid the damage, and as promptly immolated "Old Fenella," on the altar of his wrath. The pup was never known to go within a rod of a sheep afterwards. I can vouch for the above facts, but am bound to state that in the course of a long experience among sheep-killing dogs it is the only instance of a bitch attacking sheep that has ever fallen under my observation. PENOBSCOT.

Columbus, Nevada, Aug. 22, 1878.

PODSINSKY LOSES A DEAR LITTLE FRIEND.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Enclosed in my old leather easy chair, in slippers, with my bow tie neatly tucked up, I sat myself down this evening for a quiet smoke, and opened the last number of the *FOREST AND STREAM* and prepared to enjoy the perusal of its columns. As I turned its pages I was pleased to find in the communication of "G. L. A." a sympathizing and congenial spirit. I was glad to see that a kindred soul appreciated my views on the intelligent companionship of dogs. I say to "G. L. A." I have no slake. But my sympathy is sad to-night, and "G. L. A." will appreciate and understand my sorrow when I say that one of my dearest little pets died last night. Poor little Prince! He was a lovely dog, and had been wont to curl himself up in my lap evenings as I smoked and read. A week ago he began to droop and pine, and looking up in my face with sad, meaning eyes, said: "I am sick. Can you not do something for me?" I took down "Stonehenge," and "Fallock's Sportsman's Gazette," and sought some remedy to fit the case, but could find no parallel disease of poor Prince's ailments. I tried various remedies, called in a friend of experience, but the disease baffled our efforts and the poor dog continued to get worse. Last evening I brought him in and laid him on the sofa, wrapped him in warm blankets. But he was restless, and groaned; and as I said to him, "Poor little Prince, what is the matter with you?" he raised his head, and looking up with his two large, lustrous eyes appealingly, seemed to understand that his end was near. About twelve o'clock he essayed to rise, and creeping into my lap, raised his head and tried to reach my face, which he licked, and placing his little paws around my neck, gave one convulsive shudder and fell back dead, with his eyes fixed on mine. Covering him up with a shawl, I sat the sad hours of the night through, and at sunrise buried him under a rose-bush in the garden. To-night I am sitting here sadly with a cloud of sorrow upon my heart. And how much I miss that little dog none who has not learned to love such a little pet can know. I shall miss his joyous bark of welcome when I come home at night, and his winning ways. He was only a little dog, it is true, but he loved me and I loved him. "How didst thou die?" I asked him sympathizingly, and he exclaimed: "I waste so much sentiment on you, my dear friend, that I die." "G. L. A.," say, I imagine, for he at least will appreciate my sorrow. It is true I have other dogs, and little Nelly bly is sitting at my feet, with beseeching eyes, trying vainly to attract my attention, and says plainly, "Let me take the place of poor Prince." But no, little girl; you are a nice little doggy, but you are not Prince—not to-night, Nelly. It is too soon. "G. L. A." will find papers to his initial address at the post office. FORDS.

San Francisco, Aug. 26, 1878.

INFLUENCE OF PREVIOUS SIRS.—From an exceedingly intelligent article in the *Live Stock Gazette*, we take the following:

With regard to dogs, some interesting facts have fallen under my notice, which may prove to be both useful and entertaining to those interested. I possessed a thoroughbred Collie dog and bitch; the latter had already littered several times, the puppies being thoroughbred. However, on one occasion, the bitch got lined by a mongrel greyhound, which was not a very good dog, and the consequence was that the next litter took place after the collie had been bred by the dog of her own breed. In due course of time she pupped, four of the offspring being black-and-tan, resembling the collie, while three were of the bluish color and build of the mongrel greyhound, impossible to mistake. The collie bitch remained in my possession for years after the time referred to, and was never mated again with any other dog than the collie, yet not one litter did she have offspring like the mongrel, but without throwing one or more pups bearing an undeniable resemblance to the mongrel. In conclusion, I may add that most stock-breeders know only too well, and often to their cost, that animals, whether mares, cows, sheep or dogs, will throw back; therefore, when I take into consideration the practical experience both of others and myself in such matters, I cannot agree with the comparative few who hold that "after the production of offspring from quadrupeds, no captivous influence of previous sires remain," as stated in an article in the *Live Stock Journal*, of May 10, by Mr. Frith, who also mentions an instance of a gray pony being served by a male ass, and subsequently by horses; after which he goes on to say that the foals got by the latter had no appearance of ass, but even the long ears. It has certainly come under my cognizance that in the mare and the mare after the ing mule foals, have thrown perfect horse foals; but these

instances do not disprove the well-known fact among a numerous class of practical stock-breeders, that the conceptive influence of previous sires most certainly and undeniably remains in almost innumerable instances to a very marked extent. GEORGE BRAMMONT.

SALES.—Mr. T. A. Fowler has purchased for Mr. John Gibb, of Orange, N. J., Dashi, a lemon and white pointer. Dash was one of the Boston prize winners.

SALE OF DREAM AND SEFTON.—J. Addison Smith, Esq., of Baltimore, has disposed of the pair to Mr. E. A. Willard, of Jonesboro, Ill., for \$500. Dream has been already shipped. Sefton remains with the Baltimore Kennel Club to be thoroughly broken. Mr. Amos Kelley has charge of Sefton, and he will have him ready by the 1st of December.

WHEELS.—*East Aurora, N. Y., Aug. 29.*—Mr. John W. Perry's Gordon setter Belle whelped four dogs, one bitch, Aug. 17, by Turk, formerly of Chicago.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 1.—C. L. Keller's orange and white setter Bird whelped to Duke eight dogs and four bitches.

NAMES CLAIMED.—C. L. Keller claims the name of Glenroy and Leonora for his black and white pups.

Yachting and Boating.

HIGH WATER FOR THE WEEK.

Date.	Boston.	New York.	Charleston.
Sept. 6.	7 27	3 55	3 17
Sept. 7.	7 27	3 55	3 17
Sept. 8.	7 27	3 55	3 17
Sept. 9.	10 15	6 51	5 09
Sept. 10.	10 15	6 51	5 09
Sept. 11.	11 31	8 09	7 11
Sept. 12.	M	8 34	7 47

CRUISE OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

(CONCLUDED.)

ALL day Thursday, Aug. 15, there was so little wind that the two divisions of the fleet, *Rambler*, *Dreadnaught*, *Estelle* and *Recreation* at Tarpaulin Cove, and the rest at Holmes' Isle, remained at anchor, their crews mostly engaged in fishing. In the evening was passed to get under way early next morning, and make for Newport again. The yachts in Tarpaulin Cove were up at half-past five Friday morning, *Dreadnaught* parting company off Cutty Hook to have some fishing. *Estelle* and *Rambler* kept on their course, and after a fair sail came in to Newport Harbor at 2 30, 3 30, and 3 40, respectively. The other division, under Commodore Kane, made sail at 6:50 A. M. the same day, with the wind light from S. W. and the tide on the last of the flood. *Volante* had *Recreation* and *Bugene* (Capt. Clarence E. Brown), lately added to the squadron, as her special antagonists. *Vixen*, *Regina* and *Active* formed another class by themselves, while *Vision* and *Grace* proposed tackling each other. Among the second class schooners were *Clio* and *Poam*, and *Intrepid* and *Restless*, among the keels. *Volante* was first to pay round; the rest followed close astern, excepting *Poam*, who was delayed some ten minutes. All set clubs and jib topsails. Passing West Chop, *Regina* and *Vision* were in the lead, with *Nereid*, *Active*, *Intrepid*, *Restless* and *Clio* close aboard, and *Madeleine*, *Vision*, *Bugene*, *Volante*, *Recreation*, *Grace*, *Poam* forming a second division. *Clio* drew ahead, but lost ground upon making a board to the southward, and it took her a couple of hours to make good the difference. The day was just one to suit her, though, and so she again came out ahead of the lot. Toward noon, when off Tarpaulin Cove, *Vixen* had worked out ahead, followed by *Regina*, *Vision* and *Clio*. To leeward were the *Nereid*, *Restless* and *Active*. The wind veered to the west and all light breeze, and the killing what there was of it. *Clio* got a streak of wind and closed up on the smaller craft ahead, but was led by quite a distance, passing the Sow and Pigs Lightship, by both *Vixen* and *Regina*. As soon as sheets were eased off, *Grace* seemed to be doing better, for she ran by *Vision*. On the wind they seemed pretty evenly matched, though *Grace* had a full bottom at the time. Both indulged in a luffing match, which was ended by *Grace* slipping through the other's lee after they had gone far out of their course.

Nereid in the meantime had chosen the passage through Wood's Hole and has a rapping tide to shove her along. She did so well that when the rest fetched into port they, much to their astonishment, found her quietly riding at her anchorage. *Clio* led at 5h. 45m., preceded by *Vixen* some 34m. 40s., *Regina* next at 5h. 45m. 30s., *Madeleine* 6h. 10m., *Grace* 6h. 10m. 30s., *Vision* 6h. 30m., *Intrepid* 7h. 30m., *Active* 7h. 40m., the rest not timed. *Regina* carried away her topmast, or she would have given a better account of herself. Commodore Kane informed Mr. Johnson Gilpin, secretary of the Citizens' Committee, that the club was compelled to decline the offer of a "Citizens' Cup," as the fleet would disband. The offer, however, would be kindly remembered by them. We have already made some remarks upon the position of this cup, and think that if the committee will follow our suggestions they will meet with a more satisfactory result next season. It was next day resolved to disband, and many of the yachts then went off cruising on their individual responsibilities. The commodore and officers have done much through their zeal in organizing and carrying out the programme so successfully to justify the congratulations they received upon the high water mark of their cruise. It was to be regretted that so little windward work was put in by the fleet, as nearly the whole cruise may be termed a sail down-hill, and the real qualities of the craft and their captains were called into play only to a limited extent. The sailing proved pretty conclusively that off the wind at least, the keel boats are craft not to be despised, and that among the lighter schooners *Clio* is hard to beat, while in the first-class *Estelle* must be considered about the best on an average. But we believe, as said, such tests as these were not but negro in their results. *Volante* deserves a word of praise for the plucky and persistent manner in which Mr. Robert Center tools her, and the conscientious way in which she accompanied the big fellows from first gun to last. If *Muriel* had shown up a little more company with others it would have helped solve the riddle of her speed, though just as it is, her hands and her paint hardly dry, no one will blame her designer or owner

from keeping aloof until she is in trim to enable her skipper to get all out of that there is in her. *Dreadnaught* is certainly to be classed among the fleet and fastest of our seaworthy schooners, and her equal is not in commission this year. *Intrepid* did very well, and came up to the intentions of her owner, for no one will deny but that she is a whole-some, able and fairly fast craft, just what was designed for. *Vision* never got into a seaworthy or *Grace* would have badly beaten her. *Active* proved herself smart and handy, and the *Regina* was exceedingly well handled, a fact, by the way, to which she owes much of her success. The cruise of the N. Y. Y. C. may well be pointed as an example for others to follow next year.

YACHTING NEWS.

NARASSET REGATTA.—*Mr. Editor:* The second Union Regatta of the Nahasset Yacht Club was sailed Saturday off Pleasant Beach, Cobasset, and was by far the most successful race of the season in our waters. The entries numbered one hundred and four, of which about seventy started. The day opened auspiciously with a light southerly breeze, and in an hour for starting they had increased more to the south and blew very fresh. At a quarter past one o'clock the preparatory gun was fired for the first-class centreboards and keels to come into line; and after a short delay, arising from the difficulty of getting so many boats into line, the second gun was fired for the start, and off they all went in a bunch, wind abeam, and lugging all the sail each one could carry. The second-class centreboards then took no time in getting into line, and were very promptly started after the larger class, many of them reefed and lagged over well before the breeze, which by this time was very fresh and squally. The third-class centreboards and second-class keels then came into line and were soon flying after the rest. These yachts all sailed the same course, which was nine miles in length and at times pretty rough, giving some of the smaller craft quite a shaking and preventing a number of timid skippers from completing the race. The first-class schooner class for very small yachts, of which there were a great many, and as they started on their short course in the shore, they looked from a distance as if they were all sail and no boat. When all were started the sight was as pretty as could be desired, and in fact the number of starters was greater than in any club race ever sailed here. Besides the racing boats, the bay was filled with larger yachts, some at anchor and some sailing over the course, and all full of interested spectators. The beach and all available points on shore were also lined with spectators, and the steamer *Rose Standish* carried a large party over the course. When the race was about half completed the breeze suddenly died away, and after several very uncertain puffs, came out very light from the southwest, and, as is usual in such cases, favored some of the yachts more than others, but did not materially alter the result, although it caused many of the smaller boats to explain why they did not win. The *Fancy* in the second class, and the *Psyche* in the third both lost their masts early in the race, the *Psyche* going short off at the deck. As both these yachts had hollow masts it gave those who do not believe in their strength a chance to crow. There were several minor accidents, but otherwise the race went off in a highly satisfactory manner, and owing due to the kindness of Mr. Towse, who kindly allowed his yacht to be used as judges' boat, and who welcomed the yachtmen and their friends on board in a most cordial manner. The times of the three leading boats in each class are given below. Judges: E. D. Peters, J. P. Hawes, Jr., A. A. H. Meredith, W. Lloyd Jeffries and E. H. Hawes.

FIRST-CLASS CENTREBOARDS.

Names.	Owners.	Unreefed	Length.
Fancy.....	Arthur Burgess.....	1 17 26	25 6
Folly.....	H. P. Burgess.....	1 19 63	25 6
Evil.....	T. M. Smith.....	1 23 15	25 4

FIRST-CLASS KEELS.

Clyde.....	Dillingham & Bond.....	1 23 18	34 6
Lotie.....	W. L. Andrews.....	1 23 18	34 6
Lotie.....	P. W. Webster.....	1 31 29	24 0

SECOND-CLASS CENTREBOARDS.

Scamp.....	John Bryant.....	1 16 45	18 0
W. Ter Wick.....	J. T. Huchers.....	1 17 37	19 0
Thelie.....	W. H. Hedges.....	1 19 26	20 0

SECOND-CLASS KEELS.

Fairy.....	C. A. Perkins.....	1 33 41	(7) 21 4
Unknown.....	J. G. Chauncer.....	1 34 09	21 2
Unknown.....	E. A. Hedges.....	1 35 23	21 2

First prize not judged until *Fairy* is measured.

THIRD-CLASS CENTREBOARDS.

Dolly Varden.....	A. B. Clevery.....	1 36 33	16 0
Besale.....	G. P. Upham, Jr.....	1 38 04	16 0
Seafire.....	G. P. Upham, Jr.....	1 38 50	16 0

SPECIAL CLASS.

Frolic.....	H. M. Knowles.....	1 07 03	13 0
Charlotte.....	Geo. Gattaway.....	1 07 33	13 0
Fiera Lee.....	C. A. Norden.....	1 10 55	13 0

BROOKLYN YACHT CLUB.—Owing to the paucity of yachts ready to join the squadron of the Brooklyn Yacht Club for the annual cruise, this event has fallen through. The yachts were to have met Monday, August 26, at Glen Cove, but only *Madeleine* and *Kate* were on hand. Commodore Wallack being indisposed, did not put in an appearance, nor was the flagstaff present. Word had been sent through the club's secretary to the vice-commodore to take charge, but nothing came of it. This is to be regretted, but we must confess the failure was not entirely unexpected. The date was fixed too late in the season. Most yachtmen had already taken part in previous cruises of the Southampton, Atlantic and New York yacht clubs, and the vacation of many was at an end. The calls of business were omnipotent, and but few craft could be gathered at the rendezvous. Moreover, others had left these latitudes and were scattered along the coast down East, unwilling to give up their private cruising for the sake of going over the same ground again within the narrow compass of the harbor. The result was that the club was left a little too tedious to do more than once or twice a season. The Corinthian spirit is seeking fields and pastures new, and will not readily be pent up within the set limits of a hundred miles or so of mill pond sailing. Which club will be the first to break the custom of a cruise up the Sound and show the stuff it is made of by changing its course next year and heading to the south?

THE YAWL RIG.—Great curiosity was manifested to see how the *Fancy* would sail in her new dandy rig, and she surprised everybody by the manner in which she behaved. It was said she never sailed so well before, and never looked better. The new rig is certainly very becoming to her and certainly very convenient. —*Pacific Life.*

BEVERLY YACHT CLUB.—The forty-third regatta of this club and the third championship regatta of the year will be sailed

HARD-WEATHER YACHTS.

HALIFAX, August 20, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Permit me, as one taking a profound interest in the development of yachting on this continent, to thank you for your able advocacy of hard-weather yachts. I am glad to see the movement in favor of giving the English style of craft a fair trial in American waters, convinced, as I am, that before long it is not one, but a score of *Murcels* that we shall be showing our fleets "the way out." Harior sailing is all very well in its way, and racing in smooth water is glorious fun; you can bring out the highest speed of a model, sacrificing every other quality to that, and the catamaran is not a perfectly legitimate craft; on the contrary, I very much admire the ingenuity of its construction and the marvelous speed obtained, but I contend that the *Amargilla*, the *Tartanella*, the *John Gilpin*, *et hoc genus omne*, are not yachts in the true sense of the term. The fact is, we have, on this side of the water, got into the habit of calling everything that floats a yacht. I have known an open boat, rigged with spritmain and jib, entered in a regular yacht race. In England that would not have been tolerated, and the craft would very properly have been relegated to its own class of "open sailing boats." But I am not anxious at present to enter upon the difficult task of drawing the line of demarcation between yachts and sailing boats; my object in addressing you is to contribute what I can to the arguments in support of the deep model for cruising and racing in rough water.

I have opportunities of familiarizing myself with both the shallow and moderately deep types. Of the extremely deep types, such as the latest English racing craft are, I cannot speak from personal experience; nor do I fancy that anything like the *Christine* among the *forties*, or the *Alouette* among the *fives*, would suit me. There is a happy medium which will yet be struck by us if we are only wise enough to profit by the experience of our English brethren.

There are two or three points of belief in the yachting creed of this side of the Atlantic which bar the way to genuine salt-water yachting. One is that the centreboard is the equal of the keel for all kinds of work; another, that speed is the main object to be attained; a third, that the longer mast and boom, the more huge the jib, the more vast the mainsail, the better. We very aptly give to such much canvas into our working, or lower, sails as we can manage and as a necessary consequence, the moment it blows a single reef broeze our canvas yachts are in difficulties, and it takes a good hand at the filler, and another at the mainsheet, to pull the vessel through in safety. Sailing, under these conditions, becomes a series of jerks of excitement, and you are constantly wondering whether the next puff will or will not raise you. The sailor's chief task soon learns by practice the "length of the righting lever" of his boat; he may not get it to the first deck stroke, or, it may be, half way to the cockpit coamings, it is high time to luff sharp up if he does not want to turn turtle.

My own yacht is fairly entitled to the appellation of a "deep," seeing she draws six feet aft, while she is only thirty feet long. She is, compared with the shallower models which compose our racing fleet, slow in smooth water; but there is not one of these clippers which, if caught under a sea and wind, such as it was my fortune to be in a few weeks ago, but would halt if not altogether, down to the keel. The one which could stand the amount of hard weather my race-course will take comfortably. In this summer's cruise my two friends and I owed our lives, under God, to the fact that our yacht was deep, and carried her ballast so low that, with quick watching, she could be kept upright in a horribly bad sea that would have tripped and rolled over a shallower yacht depending wholly on beam for her stability. I have great joy in experiencing the difference between outside and inside work, and the value of having a deep draught yacht, such as that has a good "holy" of the water, can cut her way through a heavy head sea, and is snugly sparred and snugly canvased.

When fitting out this spring I was strongly advised by several yachtsmen, for whose opinions I entertain much respect, to give the craft a longer bowsprit and five or six feet more of mainboom; in other words, to increase her total area of sail by about a third. "She can carry it all, and more," was the end of all such recommendations; and no doubt she could in smooth water, but happen to catch an infinitely more for outside cruising than for harbor sailing, and my impression was that for the former purpose she had as much sail as she wanted. As it turned out she had too much for rough weather, and quite enough for fair winds, as I think will be admitted when I say we ran ten knots an hour before a freshening breeze under mainsail, gaff, topsail and spinnaker; this in a rough sea is good work for a yacht thirty feet long on the water line. So for the rough weather: We went out one morning, at the beginning of our cruise, under plain lower sail—mainsail and jib—a tremendous sea heaving in from the southward, and a cross chop bringing up with the northerly wind. Regular ocean sailing; nothing between us and the coast of Europe, so that we had the full benefit of the Atlantic surge. The wind piped up with fierce gusts that laid us right down till the cabin-top was awashed. "Reef down" was the order, and both reefs of the mainsail were hauled in, ditto the jib, and we spanked along, only to find after another hour had passed, that under close reefs she was over-pressed. We tied the jib down, showing only a few feet of the head, and even this rag of head-sail had to come in when we turned to for a whacking log thrash to windward, with the pleasing prospect, if the gale got much worse, to extemporize a drag, and ride it to. Fortunately, matters did not get as bad as that, and the good little ship claved right up under the lee of the land, and got into the smoother water of Ship Harbor, when we were able, though it still blew in violent squalls, to give her whole mainsail and jib. We rigged up a storm trysail in the next harbor we made, for we knew now that the snuggest of canvas may be unexpectedly required.

Perhaps I had better pipe "elay." This yarn has spun itself out, and knowing something of the mysteries of crowded "galeries" and in expensive "forums," I suspect my communication may be condemned to the waste-paper basket on the ground of undelugth if on no other. But it it escapes that fate, and is thought worthy of being placed before the yachtsmen-readers of FOREST AND STREAM, I shall ask you, sir, to "grant me of your grace" another chance to fill up a column or two on this subject of yachts for work as well as play. ROTOR-OBOIX.

ROSSMORE HOUSE.—This popular house, situated at Speonk, near Moriches, L. I., can be readily reached twice a day from New York. This season the Rossmore House has been remarkably well patronized, which fact is due to its pleasant situation, its excellent management, and the bathing facilities. Being located on Great South Bay, fishing and gunning can always be had. Address for rooms and terms Mr. S. P. Conklin, Rossmore House.

TAKE SOLID COMFORT.—You will find it in the easy chair made by F. A. Sinclair, Motville, N. Y., and advertised in our columns.

FOREST AND STREAM will be sent for fractions of a year as follows: Six months, \$2; three months, \$1. To clubs of two or more, \$3 per annum.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME IN SEASON FOR SEPTEMBER.

Moose, *Alces melchior*.
Caribou, *Tarandus rufifrons*.
Elk or wapiti, *Cervus canadensis*.
Buck or Va. deer, *C. virginianus*.
Squirrels, red, black and gray.
Hares, brown and gray.
Beaver, *Fiber zibic*, *Castor canadensis*.
Wild turkey, *Meleagris gallopavo*.
Himantopus, *Colaptes auratus*.
Cupulidius cupido.
Ruffed grouse or pheasant, *Bonasa umbellus*.
Quail or partridge, *Ortyx virginiana*.

Black-bellied plover, ox-eye, *Sylvia larula helvetica*.
Ring plover, *Erythrura semipalmatus*.
Sparrows, *Spizella americana*.
Song or long-shanks, *Himantopus nigricollis*.
Woodcock, *Philopelia minor*.
Red-breasted snipe, or dowitcher, *Macrophthalmus griseus*.
Red-ecked snapper, or ox-bird, *Tringa americana*.
Great marbled godwit, or marlin, *Limosa fedoa*.
Willow, *Totanus semipalmatus*.
Tattler, *Totanus melanoleucus*.
Yellow-shanks, *Totanus flavipes*.

"Bay birds" generally, including various species of plover, sand piper, snipe, curlew, oyster-catcher, surf birds, phalaropes, avocets, etc., coming under the group *Limosa* or *Shore Birds*.

CANADA.—*Groenochurst*, Aug. 26.—The prospects for deer hunting this fall are very good. A number of bears have been seen around the neighborhood this month, and a few have been shot. J. S.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Worcester*, Aug. 29.—Mr. Jerome Marble, with a party of about fifteen, start from here Monday night, Sept. 2, for Minnesota and Dakota Territory, on a two months' hunting. The gentlemen of the party are accompanied with their wives and families. They leave here in the excursion car, "City of Worcester," recently described in the *Forer* and *Steam*, which will be their home during their absence. They take with them the porter who has charge of the car, also the regular cook attached to the car.

Nantucket, Aug. 18.—There has been a large flight of curlew the past week; the largest bags were 30, 25, 18, 12.

NEW YORK.—*Marbleton*, Aug. 30.—Game is quite plentiful here. B. A. M.

LONG ISLAND.—*Jennia Bay*, Aug. 27.—On Sunday morning, during the storm, several large flocks of curlew passed over, going south. One small lot got detached from a flock, wheeled round, came down and made for the water and the east end of the bay, and being so tame that they flew close to a boat with a crabbing party in, that they fired their baskets (not their guns), expecting to capture the whole lot. Did not bear how many they killed with that shot. A few small flocks of small drakes have made their appearance. They do not stop more than a day or so. Coots are seen almost daily off Rockaway Beach.

MICHIGAN.—*Bay City*, Aug. 28.—I put in a couple of hours summer woodcock shooting near the city yesterday by way of a change from grayling fishing on the Au Sable, where I had been camping the week before. Drove out four miles in company with Sid. A. Van Dusen, proprietor of the Fraser House here, and beat three small cornfields near the bank of the Kawkawlin River. Took an hour before dinner and an hour or so after; the ground dried by the noontday sun and the worms deep in the moist earth below. Took no dog; flushed our own birds; walked up fourteen and bagged eleven as they rose the tassels of the corn. The heat was not great, the birds were strong flyers, and all young ones save two, which were beginning to moult. I never enjoyed summer shooting more. Had we taken the early morning we should have made a bag of twenty brace, as the field was well bored where the woodcock had worked. We beat up and down the rows, eight rows apart and abreast, pulling trigger when we sighted feather, for the corn was ten feet high in places. We shot 7-pound, 12-bore guns, with 2½ drachms powder and an ounce of No. 12 shot. The long-bills came to bag in fine condition, and no lead in the invoice.

I am disposed to bar the dog in cover of this sort where the birds always lie close; but the sportsman must be a good marker to gather all he drops. Where two shoot together they can assist each other greatly by lining the quarry from the point of firing.

The Fraser House is one of the best in Michigan, and enjoys a large patronage. It has just been altered and greatly improved. The dining hall is twenty feet high and of proportionate floor dimensions. Mr. Van Dusen, the proprietor, is one of the best still hunters and wing shots in the State, and the string of woodcock which we brought in was pronounced an unusually good one for this locality. We recommend corn as good woodcock cover, and advise sportsmen to examine fields more thoroughly than they are in the habit of doing.

HALLOCK.

Bay City, Aug. 27.—On Monday, the 26th, Chas. Hallock and S. A. Van Dusen, in four hours, flushed twenty-two woodcock, killing sixteen of same. How is that for high? GWSNE.

MINNESOTA.—*Hulokins*, Aug. 27.—In McLeod County and the two adjoining counties, Becker and Renville—pinioned grouse were never as scarce as they are this season. This is the more remarkable from the fact that the number of old birds on the prairies this spring were unusually numerous. I attribute "the failure of the crop" to the May freeze, which, I think, must have injured the eggs. Yesterday I went out and bagged only nine birds, seven of which were old ones, while in former years, in a shorter time, my count would be forty-five to fifty-five. The experience of all my friends corresponds with my own. W. O. E. B.

Rochester, Aug. 26.—Prairie chickens, I am told, are generally very plentiful throughout Western Minnesota, owing partially to the fact that the prairies were burnt off last fall to destroy grasshoppers, so there were no spring fires to burn the eggs. But little attention is paid to game protection in the western part of the State, and shooting began this year before the birds were able to fly one hundred yards. The quail crop in the eastern portions of the State is a good one, and in Western Wisconsin there are more squirrels than for years. VAND MONT.

THIS CRUISING CANOE.—No matter of what type, the regular cruising canoe should not weigh more than sixty pounds, and must be capacious enough to be slept in by her captain at night if desired. Anything that weighs over sixty pounds cannot be transported with facility by one man, or taken over a "carry." The cruiser should be alike swift under paddle and sail, and her rig readily handled. Strength, stiffness, elasticity, durability, and last, but not least, beauty and finish. If possible, the canoe should be unsinkable, through the introduction of water-tight compartments. White cedar is by far the best material for constructing a wooden canoe. It has nearly the strength of oak, and is much lighter, never warps, and can be obtained in clean lengths. A fourteen-foot canoe, built of oak, will weigh thirty per cent. more than one of cedar. Keel, keelson and timbers must be of oak, however, to retain the fastenings well. Stem and stern posts may be hackmatack or rock elm, deck of Spanish cedar, beams of yellow pine, and paddle should be flat-bladed and made of spruce. For sailing use a leeboard, without it no such leeway is made that it is a drawback to the canoe's efficiency under canvas when beating against the wind. The board need not be small, and could be made to stow snugly on the bottom inside, or on deck.

SPORTSMEN'S CANOES.—We have examined some open canoes for sportsmen sent to H. O. Squires, of Cortlandt street, by Rishelton, of Canaan, N. Y. They are of handsome model, very light, yet strong, owing to the proximity of the ribs. The latter are a marvel of good workmanship, and show the form of the boat to advantage. These canoes, though of light material, can stand a great deal of hard work and knocking about, and it is a wonder that they can be turned out for the low figure they are.

GREENPORT YACHTING GOSSIP.

GREENPORT, August 24, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Business and pleasure of late have afforded me an opportunity for becoming pretty extensively acquainted with the whole eastern end of Long Island, and particularly with the vicinity of this beautiful village, and I am impressed not only with its beauty as a summer resort, but with its excellence as a place for sportsmen, not just now, of course, but in the "sere and yellow leaf" of the year.

The metropolis of it all, so far as the northern jaw, so to speak, of the open mouth of the eastern end of Long Island is concerned, is Greenport. The town is known to all yachtsmen, if to nobody else, as a point of rendezvous for the various clubs who annually cruise eastward from New York. They all like it, or at least all I have talked with, on general principles. However, one prominent skipper denounced slightly against the universal expression of admiration. "It would be perfect," he said, "only that it's so far upland. If you are coming westward from the Vineyard or Newport, why you can sail in very well, but if you generally happens, you have had a fair wind up the Sound, why then you've got a headwind all the way up here from Plum Gut; and if you want to take advantage of a favorable breeze down the sound you must lose a lot of time in slowly beating down to the Gut."

As usual, such yachts have been in and out all along during the summer, and here now, the New York Yacht Club had a regatta here early in the season and the Brooklyn Club later. The Atlantic Yacht Club only last week, and next week (Friday, Aug. 30), the Brooklyn Yachts were to assemble here again, but I believe their programme has been given up, as at the rendezvous at Glen Cove early last week only a few put in an appearance.

As one walks about the maple-shaded and cottage-bordered streets of the quiet, picturesque village, particularly in the evening, the number of beautiful eyes one meets is legion, and each fairer has a dainty bit of broadmouth on his arm; for the jaunty sailors are favorites with fair sex, who are usually, and the native swains must stand by and accept the situation with the best grace they can, sure that winter will bring its revenges, and when these batty foreigners are gone the summer of their discontent will be charmed away.

The schooner *Gladys*, the yacht of Vice-Commodore Hall, of the Brooklyn Yacht Club, left for Greenwich, Conn., some time ago, to remain over a day, and then go across to Glen Cove, where the Club was to rendezvous. The schooner *Comet*, owned by Mr. Langley, of the same club, left opposite the Manhattan Hotel, Shelter Island. The schooner *Osgrey*, of the Seavanhaka Yacht Club, is anchored near the *Comet*. Not far away lies John C. Cooke's trim shower *Prospero*, or old this morning, but I can't find her among the rest this afternoon. She flies the flag of no club.

Although not here at the present moment, mention ought to be made of the Brooklyn Club yacht *Sea Witch*, owned by Commodore Stott, in which Greenport feels a personal interest, since she alone, or all the boats outside the water here. Commodore Stott has a summer place on the shore of the bay south of the railroad station, and his boat white yacht, with its navy crew, may always be seen anchored just in front of his door, except when away on a cruise. Sometimes he illuminates her; sometimes fires volleys of salutes on very dark nights for the picturesque effect of the fire leaping into the blackness from the miniature cannon's mouth, while the echoes resound along the far shores, and are answered by courtesies from the guns of pleasure-boats across the bay; sometimes he sends a band of music ashore to play the other day the *Kate* was technically harassed by the same in port as well as while playfully cutting the line of his friends when there are several sleepy yachts here. On one of them—the *Kate*—I paid a half-hour's visit this morning at the invitation of her genial owner and commander, Vice-Commodore Randolph, of the Brooklyn Yacht Club. Her breadth of beam, in proportion to her length, is very great; consequently, she can make exceedingly fast time without dipping her rail. She shows a heel to most of her competitors, beating the *Kate* the other day, and I am somewhat after the latter has come off conqueror in a race from which the *Kate* was technically barred. Commodore Randolph, particularly pleased with her interior fittings, Commodore Randolph seems to be not only a gentleman of taste but of great practical ingenuity, and the way every inch of space was utilized, with the elegance of the whole, pleased me greatly.

Besides this, some sloops which belong here are to be seen in the harbor—the Rev. Dr. H. M. Sander's *Flora*, which flies the flag of the Atlantic Club, and the *Wendy*, owned by Mr. George Post, of Greenport. The *Wendy* and the John M. Sander's *Flora*, of Riverhead, was here yesterday, but sailed westward last evening. Mr. Winslow's sloop, *Arrow*, has just been called up on account of the recent death of the father of its owner.

So much for yachting news in this neighborhood. Every day the slender spars and snowy canvases of some new pleasure craft may be seen lying like a fair picture on the blue, calm surface of the bay, or scudding before a brisk breeze, while others disappear. Besides this, there are some of the old-fashioned "sloop boats," some of them very trim and speedy, which are cruising about, so that no lack of this element of beauty in a seaside picture, and endless opportunity of a day's or hour's sailing, at a moderate price, for those who enjoy it—and who does not?

JOHN CAMPBELL.

LEAVES FROM A DIARY OF WESTERN TRAVEL.

SOME five weeks ago a hunting party was made up in our office, and through the intermediation of the FOREST AND STREAM, the services of Mr. John Omohondro were obtained. We took great pleasure in reproducing the itinerary of this party—true hunters, every one of them. We beg to call attention to the terse, clear manner in which information is imparted. This is the way to tell a story. Fine writing is all good enough in its way, but mostly it is *non propter verba*.

RAWLINS, W. T., August 18.

July 27, 11:30 A. M. We started from here, but did not travel further than eight miles when we camped near a little creek. After dinner we took our guns, but without any success, except that I killed a couple of young sagehens. Elevation, 7,200 feet.

28th.—Left camp at 7:30; came at noon upon a plateau where the aneroid showed 8,200 feet. We made about eighteen miles, and got in camp at 3 o'clock, near Muddy Creek. We had a lovely place in a little poplar grove at the head of a spring. Near the camp the fish were scarce, and I caught only twelve little trout. Elevation, 8,100 feet.

29th.—Without moving camp we took our horses and rode some miles to another brook, where the fishing was so good that I filled my basket in a few hours. Frank and Jack tried to shoot antelope; fired several shots but did not kill any. The trout in this water are long and slim, large head, body silvery, with a bluish-black spots; belly is nearly red; very little game in them. There is another fish here which takes the fly like a trout. The form and color is like a small minnow; ventral and anal fins red, dorsal fin and tail yellowish, scales small and silvery; has a good flavor, but is full of bones; a kind of chub. During the eclipse I caught my largest trout that day, and when the darkness was over we turned home to our camp, where we heard bad news. Jack was cooking dinner, and during the eclipse, which both of them were watching, the fire went out, and the water and quilts caught fire, which, after some efforts, they extinguished. This accident was a good experience for us—not to make the fire too close to the tent again.

30th.—Left camp at 10 o'clock. After we had been riding about eight miles we saw at a distance two men on horseback, who took us first for Indians, but when they found that the mistake was made, they came on. Coming from Colorado, they were going north, about six miles from here, being a little tired of the hot sun; thermometer showed 85 degrees at the night before we had ice. We found here a splendid clear and cold brook, and expected good fishing, but no fish was caught, not even a minnow or chub. I think the water contained too much lime and alkali. In the evening five of our horses ran away about two miles, and it took all the skill of the guides to bring them back again. Elevation, 7,200 feet.

31st.—Soon after breakfast we all went out to kill some game for our dinner. Jack and Tip killed an antelope each, while Frank and myself wounded one each. I broke the hind leg of one, but my old Jimmy, being slow, could not catch him, and gave the chase up. After dinner we tried it again. Jack and I came in camp at 6 o'clock, let our horses loose, and I took the cartridge out of my rifle. When we were putting our saddles aside we saw four large buck elk coming down a canyon. We took our rifles and ran all speed to cut them off in a little cut-in in the mountain. Jack was over 100 yards ahead of me, when I could not run any more. I rested a minute, and then I saw Jack making signs to me to come up to him. I tried all my strength, and when on the top of the hill I saw three elk to the left and the big buck about 100 yards ahead of them near the creek, 200 yards from me. I put my Sharps to the shoulder and pulled, but no shot responded—I forgot to fire. Still the buck gave me time to do this, and then I fired, with what success I could not tell. He ran after a sudden jump over the hill and got out of sight. Meanwhile Jack fired several shots at the others, broke one down, which ran off again. When I climbed up to the top of the hill I saw Jack raising his gun at my big buck that had fallen down in the high grass, and tried to get up again; but he was so sick and weak, he could not get up. The guide broke one of his fore feet he sank down close to the creek, where a bullet through his head killed him. When he was lying there he looked at us angrily and showed fight. My bullet had penetrated the abdomen about three inches before his right hind leg, and very likely went through the bowels into the lungs. He was a very large buck, and Jack estimated his weight up to 800 or 900 pounds. His antlers are enormous, large and thick, and the velvet is still on. The guide said that they seldom saw such large horns in velvet. I felt proud, but at the same time a kind of sadness came over me for having killed such a large animal and not being able to make use of all the meat. We only took the loins, tongues and antlers. When we came to camp Tip brought a black-tailed buck home.

August 1.—We moved south about eight miles to the main branch of the Savory Creek. Here I found the trail of a small size; could catch more than we could eat. Frank and Jack went out shooting, and Frank succeeded in killing a fine antelope buck, whose horns he brought in camp as a trophy.

2d.—Tip and I took horses and rode up the creek about three miles, where I caught some good-sized trout, but not many; while Tip, during his fishing, caught by chance a young wild cat. Our camp was very dry, furnished with meat and fish, and for dinner our bill of fare showed elk, deer, antelope, trout, flap-jacks and coffee.

3d.—To-day, like the last few days, the thermometer showed between 80 and 90, while in the morning at 5 o'clock we found ice in our cups. It was too hot to go shooting or fishing, so we stayed in camp and put our things in the tents. In the morning we had a good wash, and in the afternoon we mended our clothes and soaked our raw pine of peace. After this hard work we took a nice cooling and refreshing bath in the Savory. Jack and Tip had looked out for the next day's camp. Elevation, 7,700 feet.

4th.—At five we got up, took breakfast at 5:30, and started at seven, and then moved about eight or ten miles south to the head of Savory Creek. The stream is small, rapid, and so are fish, which everywhere in this water take the fly readily, so that I could catch a mess at any time. While I was fishing, wading the stream and casting the fly into a shadowy pool, overhung by willow bushes, suddenly I saw a big old antelope buck standing within five yards before me without any fear, knowing very well that I could not kill him with my split bamboo rod, then walked slowly away. Nothing of importance occurred this day.

5th.—Game was here in great abundance, but as we had met enough in camp Jack and I took our horses and went out sight-seeing, but not very far. I forgot to take an aneroid with me. We climbed up very high mountains, and had magnificent views. The highest point we ascended was about 10,000 feet. When we came in camp we heard that Frank had killed an antelope.

6th.—The day was hot again, and we did not do much hunting or fishing. I caught some trout near the camp, and then Frank and I picked gooseberries, of which we cooked with sugar a fine preserve, which went first-rate with the fat flap-jacks we had for supper.

7th.—We moved camp and made a twenty-mile ride, which tired us out, as well as the horses. We had got into rough but more picturesque country; had to pass many high and steep mountains; sometimes it was not without danger to go down the steep canyons and slide down the rocks. At noon we had a short rest, and then we arrived at the head of two branches of Battle Creek in a lovely valley, which is surrounded on three sides, forming a triangle, by high mountains. We put our camp up near the junction of the two branches, both of them splendid streams, large enough for fly casting. We had scarcely put our feet on the ground when I made my rod ready to catch. Almost with every cast a trout of two line trout were landed. I never had a better trout fishing. The trout were so numerous that I could not stop fishing, although I had to put them all back, as we could not eat them all. Out of one pool, where the branches came together, I caught thirty-two trout, from six to eighteen ounces, without moving from my stand. The fish were delicious, and we had them cooked in three different styles.

[Concluded next week.] SOMMAUS.

EASTERN LONG ISLAND.

PERHAPS to the experienced traveler the journey across Long Island is not the pleasantest he might find among the various railways leading out of New York, although the quiet beauty of the scenery beyond the city would delight the eye of an artist; but to the man who loves to tramp, with ready gun and watchful dog, when the fields are brown in the autumn, and the leaves fall gently through the still, warm haze of Indian summer, all the latter part of the ride is attractive. He recalls the prairies as he glides across the level green plains of Hempstead, with its toy town of Garden City; then great fields of corn, which involves the universal verandah, remind him of the fond the quail would delight to hunt; and he forms an unuttered hope that the reapers will not glean too closely. At Farmingdale begins a close heather of blackberry bushes, etc., and after a few miles of this the road penetrates the boundary of that sterile and the scrub-oak region, which covers the whole interior of the island, and is not escaped this side of Yaphank station. The surface here is a level, open country, as a rule, as so scattered that you may look for miles ahead, while there is no such shadow as exists in a forest. Sometimes only a little thin grass covers the ground, which is carpeted by pine needles. But where oaks grow the ground is likely to be concealed under a continuous chapparral of tangled vines, briars, saplings and weeds, knee-deep, which makes grouse shooting (or partridge shooting as it is termed here) fatiguing and tedious. When you find the quail, you are likely to take the quick steps and sudden turns often demanded when a grouse is flushed. The range of pretty hills to the northward of the line of the road, known as the "Spine," used to be, and still is, a famous place for ruffed grouse.

It was in this dry, open country, where the berries and small acorns which they love so well were to be found in abundance, that I saw many more of the quail than in the plentiful flocks, rearing their young all over this central part of the island. It was known to the pioneers as the "heath hen," and they pursued it so recklessly that, as long ago as 1840, Giraud could find no trace of its presence, and put it down in his "Birds of Long Island" as extinct. If introduced once more and protected, no doubt the prairie grouse would thrive and increase in the central and central uplands. At Yaphank the eye is attracted by a stream, which the train shoots over, and which flows through a canyon of vegetation, as it were, the trees and bushes growing so directly from the water's edge that no bank can be seen at all. "Trout habitat that stream" is the mental comment as we rush by. There is no doubt they do, for we know that some of the best trout ponds on the south side are fed by its waters. For some miles more the road is a level, open country, wooded and swampy, black, isolated farms gleaming among the trees, out of which, perhaps, a startled bittern will rise on heavy wings and flap away in silence.

Riverhead passed, you come to the shores of Peconic Bay, and the region for fall duck shooting. Spring duck shooting does not amount to much here, but in the fall and early winter prime sport may be had. In each of the little half-farming half-forest lands along the shore of the bay, there are some one or two gentlemen who shoot more or less and who own creditable dogs; but the metropolis of the gunning, as of all other interests in this region, is Greenvale, the terminus of the Long Island Railroad.

It was my good fortune to make the acquaintance there of several gentlemen, fond of the gun and skillful in its use, who kindly posted me as to the prospects for good gunning in their vicinity during the coming autumn, and the best localities to be chosen by any one wishing to make good bags in sportsman-like fashion. Mr. Burt Clark, who may be spoken of (without prejudice to his comrades) as probably the most thorough sportsman in the place, says that he has not for many years known woodcock so plenty as they were in this region last summer. Just before the Fourth of July one man "dug up" six in a clump on Shelter Island, and Burt Clark says that even now, if one was to search especially for them, he could find forty in a single day's tramping. There is no good fall woodcock shooting in Suffolk County, and if summer shooting were abolished the effect would be to stop the sport altogether; still, a two weeks' later opening of the lawful season would probably be an improvement. Some parts of the south side of Peconic Bay afford good woodcock shooting, the outskirts of East Yaphank, for example. Burt Clark points out the "boss" spot of all, as well as for all sorts of snipe and plover.

Greenvale's "strong hold" is quail shooting. Besides Mr. Burt Clark and his brother John, there may be mentioned several others who are good shots; among them Mr. Clark, Sr., father of the two gentlemen alluded to above, John George, Captain Dana, and General W. W. H. Halsey. At Mattituck Ed. Betts shoots for market, getting, it is said, two hundred quail last fall; and at Belting Hollow, Wm. Youngs has the reputation of being the best shot. The farmers are disposed to make no objections to persons lawfully shooting on their lands if they are

well behaved and careful not to do mischief to fences or wound any of the valuable live stock, of which a large amount is wound in the county.

Greenvale sportsmen need not go far, but usually tramp eastward, the country there being more adapted to the birds, and at the same time easier to shoot over. Strangers coming here would do well to follow their example. In Oshamock—the neighboring township northwesterly—the outskirts of Dismal Swamp, and Brown's Meadows are good localities; also Queen street, Silver Lake, Long Pond, Albion's, Paul Brown's and Conklin's lands, and the neighborhood of the crossings. In East Marion, the opposite direction, D. G. Floyd's land, Sorel Pond, East Marion Lake, Birch Pond and Jerome's farm are favorite grounds. Shelter Island and Gardiner's Island, Montauk and outskirts of Sag Harbor also afford good shooting for quail, which are already piping loud and clear from the stone walls.

For grouse shooting the sportsman must go to the southern tip of the island, where a few shy miles west of Greenvale. Just around here there are not enough grouse to make good sport. Southeastward from Riverhead, however, they are said to be in plenty. Of course, there are some good dogs in this vicinity. Burt Clark kindly took me over to see his pups, the mother of which is his Irish setter bitch Linda, and the father, Schoonmaker's blue belton setter, Ben. They are all promisingly promising puppies. I mention, *ex passim*, Mr. Clark's valuable dogs, and the time he spends in shooting—batteries, boats, decoys and stools of artistic make and endless quantity, and the various other accoutrements of an enthusiastic sportsman. Other dogs which ought to be named are Captain Bennett's liver-colored setter, Mink, Heizmann's liver-colored pointer, Ned, and Aleck Wiggins' orange and white pure Irish setter, Dan, which I did not see, but which was represented to be exceedingly fine.

Having thus given the information likely to be of interest and value to sportsmen who are seeking a good place for game during the coming autumn, concerning the claims of the eastern end of Long Island to notice, only one thing remains to be noticed—lodging facilities. This is a matter of too much importance to be ignored. The most ardent and ardent sportsman gets tired and hungry; where he can best overcome both these and recommending a place for shooting it is important for him to know. All these villages have good taverns. It is hard to choose between them. I should say: "Avoid the 'summer' hotels." The best place, undoubtedly, here in Greenvale (which is likely to be the visiting sportsman's headquarters), is the Wyandouk House. I speak from a varied experience. Though Charley Wright is a sportsman, and the time he spends in shooting, he and the amiable "Mrs. Charlie" know how to take care of those who do shoot. As for getting here, two trains daily on the Long Island Railroad arrive at convenient hours, or you may take steamboats from New York tri-weekly, and from New London daily. The same remark applies to Sag Harbor, where I should recommend the Nassau House.

JOHN CARNEY.

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

WE arrived in Centralia, Mo., 3 P. M., August 14, and found ourselves in the midst of an immense grazing country; the best level prairie as far as eye could reach, broken only by hedges and small woods. When we got to Centralia we saw some half dozen wagon loads of hunters just starting out to get first shooting after the expiration of close season for chickens. Each wagon contained from four to ten men, and half as many dogs. During an hour or so spent in C., we saw a number of parties in wagons, on foot and on horseback, with their guns, dogs and, in most instances, campfires, and saw a third party of hunters on horseback on prairies farther north. We were informed by our sporting friends that recently all the best ground had been fenced in and posted, the owners combined in prohibiting all shooting; we therefore decided to start as quickly as possible and get as far north as we could away from railroad and towns before sundown. We procured a two-horse team and spring wagon for the day for the low rate of \$2 per day, laid in provisions for the journey, and started at 10 o'clock. It was necessary in case we had to camp, but the prairie was so small and contained but two rooms. To lodge three men in such a house, with himself, wife and five children, was crowding a little more than is always pleasant. We located two covens of chickens after sundown, giving our dogs a little to run. We were at them next morning as soon as we could see to shoot. The grass was high and wet, and the birds lay low, and it was not easy to get near them. The first covey was small and contained but two rooms. To lodge three men in such a house, with himself, wife and five children, was crowding a little more than is always pleasant. We located two covens of chickens after sundown, giving our dogs a little to run. We were at them next morning as soon as we could see to shoot. 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replied, "Mr. —" "a." "What kind of a man is Mr. —?" "You'll find out when you meet him." "What does he build such fences for, they must be a great expense?" "To keep such fellows as you off."

He then informed us that he was the owner of the land, and was in search of a crowd of gunners from the town of Mexico, who threatened to defy him, and paid no attention to his signs of "keep off" posted on every alternate panel of fence. He threatened to shoot the first one he caught. "If it cost him \$1,000," and wanted to know if we belonged to that party. We hastened to assure him that we did not, but "were weary pilgrims from a far-off land—men of peace, gentlemen of honor, who would not steal his sheep, scare his cattle, nor shoot his dogs. We had spent the previous night at his neighbor C.'s house, and could vouch for us. We had traveled too far to be disappointed now, and we must get into that inclosure somehow. We were not pines nor Bess Tweeds in disguise, but were willing to buy. Could he not board us at his house? Was there not a hole of some sort in that confounded fence?" Finally, we succeeded in making a treaty, we agreeing to help him keep others off. He went with us and showed us where the chickens were, even when I killed a pair of them, he could vouch for us. We had then when we had to quit on account of the heat. The next morning our host went with us again. We had plenty of sport until about 10 o'clock, when it became too hot again. We could not prevail on our host to shoot, though he carried his gun all the time. He could not kill on the wing, and was much astonished at our breech-loaders and the way in which we knocked the birds down, especially on one occasion, when I killed a pair of the first rise, and then a third one that lingered long enough for me to reload and kill him. He showed the keenest appreciation of the working of our dogs, but could not understand why we would not shoot quail when dogs pointed them. When we parted he pressed us to come again, but I am not infatuated with chicken shooting. At the season when they will lie to a dog the weather is too hot to allow you to preserve your game, and too severe on both man and dog. As a game bird, I find them easy to hit and easily killed. No. 9 improved chilled shot does the business for them every time. A fair marksman with a good gun could not wish for easier game. BEDFORD.

St. Louis, Mo., August, 1878.

SALMON, TROUT AND DEER.

HEADWATERS OF THE MCCLLOUD RIVER,
NEAR SISSON'S, SISKIYOU CO., CAL., July 15.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

The McCloud is a glacial stream, flowing from the base of Mt. Shasta, a full-burn river, where it bursts from the ground, inclosed in canyon walls from 500 to 1,000 feet in height, roaring with a velocity of from ten to twenty miles an hour, and continually crooked. From its source to its mouth, near the United States Fishery, more than sixty miles, its icy waters are not warmed by the customs of civilization nor polluted by the flow of city or even country habitation. Apart from our camp at Horse-shoe Bend, the Indian alone dances on its banks and gathers to its fish-banks. From his conical bark hut, or poles covered with boughs, he sallies forth to the deep pools at every turn, and standing on poles, supported by crotches, hurls his forked spear, barbed with bone, through the salmon, and withdrawing his rude spear the barbed points remain, and by a strong cord attached the huge fish is drawn ashore. But we had no such unscientific appliances for taking our trout and salmon.

The Dolly Varden are found in this stream only, except in Alaska and the glacial waters of Mt. Hood in Oregon, and Mt. Ranier and adjacent peaks in Washington Territory. They are the Pacific red-spotted salmon trout, *Salmo campbelli*; but the Indians call them "Wye-ul-dicket." They are sometimes fifteen pounds in weight. But as a rare fish they had no special interest for our party, one of whom was a fish connoisseur of California. As a game fish they are not much esteemed. The salmon, that literally filled the river, would often take the hook in spite of every precaution to prevent it, and it was hard work, if not good fun, to keep the monsters out of the rapids, for once in them no tackle provided by any of the party could get them back and land them safely. But rightly managed the salmon soon gives up the fight. He is stubborn, but, after his first run, so much like the pickerel, does not exert his full strength. The fight seems to be no work, but to death. They are game to the very last, and must be secured largely by strategy. The ordinary McCloud River trout weigh from twelve ounces to three pounds, and a catch of forty or fifty requires a horse to bear the load. Fishing with a pack-horse was a novel experience.

The telegraph was sixty miles away, and as for post office, we had none; but ice was good, and we packed the large surplus of fish that a camp of twenty-six could not consume to tempt the icky appetites of our city friends, distant nearly a hundred miles by stage and about two hundred more by rail.

Why salmon bite either at a bait of their own eggs, or rise to the fly in fresh water, is to me a mystery. Some of the proprietors of our many salmon-curing establishments have made careful examination to discover the cause of their food, and nothing. One firm examined nearly 100,000 with the same result. Hence, many conclude, and our intelligent Fish Commissioners are all of the opinion, that they eat nothing after leaving salt water, and their nature might have served for Walrus, who wrote:

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,"

for they bite from habit.

But they swallowed their bait as though this was their habit, too. Some of them were very greedy, but not greedy to the point where they would carry off a snail, or a lizard, and in a few minutes, perhaps, be landed with the lost hook securely fastened. Others would lie lazily on the gravelly or sandy edges of the pool, and scarcely allow themselves to be frightened away.

Castle Lake is also near Sisson's, but in an opposite direction from our present camp, and is a more lovely fishing ground for trout surpassed in any country. But the fishing might grow tame at last if there was no other recreation or employment. Usually, in a well-ordered camp, there is no opportunity for time to hang heavily on any one, but here, certainly, there were excursions too numerous for any one or all of the party, and too many even to mention in a single letter. But the deer hunting attracted the attention of every one to the camp. The camp was never out of view, although many bucks can be killed in this State. This is the finest deer-hunting region in California. The country is mountainous,

but not rough. A competent guide can travel 100 miles around the base of this snow-capped and glacier-clad mountain, without crossing a stream or entangling himself in chaparral, and weary neither horse nor rider. In a little mountain grove and meadow, where the south fork of the Sacramento heads, and the pitcher plant feeds on insects that seek its sweets, twenty-four bucks were seen by one man in one day. In a single trip from Sisson's to the camp twenty-seven deer were counted. But there are those who will never get the buck fever by seeking out their game, for, being destitute of the instinct of the hunter, they are sure to frighten the game for miles around. There are those, too, who have tried tricks of every improved pattern, and scored well on the target, but have never killed a deer. It is impossible to slaughter them in this region almost at will, and whoever can shoot at all can get the finest bucks without fail. There are at least twenty deer licks in the range of the party. There are mineral springs to which the deer resort; these often appear like a few drops of stagnant water here and there in the crevices of great rocks, where the deer lick the scanty fluid. Careful examination shows iron, sulphur and soda in nearly every one. One of these I went about nine o'clock one morning. As I descended the canyon wall to the bed of the deepest wild torrent, about sixty yards across, I could see several stately bucks coming down the well-trodden rocky side opposite. To move not even a muscle, when any one appeared in sight, and to advance toward them when all chance to stop and look, or to touch their branching antlers at the same time, and when each was behind some bushy tree, was no easy task, but at last we had approached within good range and I had selected the two largest bucks, standing one hundred feet apart, and almost simultaneously they dropped, one with a broken neck and the other with a pierced heart. But my own spirit sank within me at the cruel slaughter. It was doubtful if both could be consumed in camp, and then they were killed in such a cowardly way, taken by surprise, where I knew they would be sure to come. To be sure it was not even a faint allusion to the Adirondack method of driving them into the water, where one hunter seizes the deer by the tail and another blows out his brains with a shotgun, but stalking ought to be good enough for any one in this region when it is so easy on horseback. Three varieties of deer are found here—the mule, the black-tailed and the white-tailed. Of the mule deer I have seen none alive, but at Sisson's I and the lead of one that was killed last winter and weighed 166 pounds, and they frequently weigh when dressed 225 pounds.

The black-tailed deer are the most common. Somewhere I have seen it stated that the flesh of these is very poor eating and not to be compared with that of any other member of its family inhabiting North America. This is a great error, and must have originated with some one who killed a lean old doe and expected the flesh to be tender and juicy like that of a veal. When the black-tailed are in good condition the flesh is fully equal to any of the Virginia deer that I have ever seen. The black-tailed deer are migratory. Mr. J. H. Sisson, who has resided here for 23 years, and has killed perhaps more game than any other resident, is an intelligent and close observer of the habits of all animals. He tells me, and his statements are fully corroborated by everybody, white and Indian, that the black-tailed deer feed in the forest in summer from the snow line above the timber on Mt. Shasta to the beds of the rivers; that in August the bucks are found alone on the high rocky points "hardening their horns," and that as the winter becomes severe they travel across the Trinity mountains to the western side of the Coast range and along the Pacific Ocean, or else follow the general contour of the mountains toward the Sacramento Valley, and return again in the early spring.

A very few remain in this region all the winter. At some seasons they lie under the thick brush and will not stir unless closely approached, but early in the summer they lie often at the feet of large trees in open places. They go from gray to red in May and June, and the fattest are the first to change color; and go from red to blue in September; and back to gray in November and December. They feed largely on the blue thorn, a species of ceanothus. They rut principally in December, but partly in October and November.

Compared with the mule deer the feet of the black-tailed are small and the body round, the muscles lighter, the horns smaller in proportion to the body, and less regular in shape. The color is darker, and when blue it is really blue, and even when the deer is in the red it is a darker red. The feet of the black deer are long and fleshy, white under and black on top. A good buck will weigh when dressed 140 pounds. On the black-tailed deer there is usually much less white than on the mule deer. It is seldom white under the throat, but there is usually a little white around the nose. Their habitat is principally in the Coast Mountains of California and Oregon, and east to the Sierras.

Considerable abundance, and how easy it is to shoot (or slaughter) them in the many licks of this country, and how easily guides and all necessary outfit can be had at the foot of Mt. Shasta, is it not strange that one who hold and another shoot his deer in the Adirondacks? Let your sportsman who visit California bring rod and gun and turnaside for a month, or even a week, to this region, and no one need return from hunting without his first deer. F. E. S.

TIM DOYLE'S FIRST SHOT.

TIMOTHY DOYLE, the hero of this story, an Irishman, young Irishman, not long married, came from the Green Isle to the backwoods of Canada, and was told that a good single barrel shot-gun would be of mighty good service to him in his new home. So he hunted the town stores till he found in a junk shop an old "Brown Bess," which had been converted from a flint to percussion, cap lock. This gun he purchased, together with a cow-born powder flask and shot, for \$2, and returned to his home delighted with the acquisition, which he showed off in sportsman's style to the admiring eyes of Biddy, his wife. Armed with this deadly weapon, he one day sallied forth to hunt for game. His dog was not long in chasing a squirrel up an old tree, and Tim thought he would have a shot just to get his hand in before he came to more desirable sport. He loaded his gun, as he had once seen a neighbor do, by pouring the powder down the muzzle, and then he emptied this in the gun. On top of the powder he rammed down a piece of hornet's nest for a wad, then did the same with about as much shot. During this time the dog's frantic barking around the tree kept the squirrel quietly seated in a notch, waiting to be slaughtered.

"I could now, Biddy, see that chap come down out of that tree," cried Tim, aiming the gun to his shoulder. Trembling from head to foot he closed both eyes and pulled the trigger, but no report followed. Down came the gun to a

rest to the ground, and Tim peeped in through to see what could be the matter. It struck him he had not put in enough ammunition. He emptied in another charge of powder and shot, which were again wadded down as before.

"Now, Biddy," cried he, "look out; she is sure to go off this time." But notwithstanding he snapped the trigger two or three times it would not go. "Be abhorred," cried Tim, "I'll be equal with ye yet, and I'll fill yer old barrel with powder till ye do off, bad cess to ye." Around came the powder horn once more, and a good load of powder was put in on top of the two charges of powder and shot already in the gun, and, with a determined air, he was just raising it to his shoulder when Biddy cried out: "Whist there, Tim, put ye yer gun one of those little copper things in the little copper bag."

"Och, rare and oceans, that's just it; she'll go now, and no thanks to her. Fetch it along quick; the bird up in the tree there is getting tired waiting till I shoot him, so he is." Carefully adjusting the cap, once more the gun was brought up and the trigger pulled. This time it went off with a vengeance. Tim was sent heels over head, and the gun went spinning some yards off. "Biddy helped Tim up. 'Oh, are ye kilt?'" cried she. "Divil a bit," said Tim, "but where is me gun?" "I'll go for it," cried Biddy, starting to run to pick it up. "Holy Mother!" yelled Tim, holding his nose, which was bleeding profusely: "Stop, Biddy; stop, I say; don't go near the divil; there's two loads in her to come out yet; don't touch her for yer life." And there the gun lay till an older settler, who chanced to pass, explained matters, and taught Tim Doyle to become what he now is—a good shot.

STADOCENA.

ERRORS IN PICTURES OF FIELD SPORTS.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

In your issue of August 15 I have read with much interest the criticisms of "J. L. K." on "Marine Painting." He is evidently a seaman, and knows whereof he speaks. And who can fail to admire his enthusiasm over the beautiful yacht. He speaks of her as if he loved her, and I have no doubt he does. His strictures on the average marine picture are no doubt perfectly legitimate. And yet there may be some excuse for inaccuracies here. Accurate technical knowledge of the subject is not very easily obtained from books, and scamen are able and willing to give information are not found at every turn.

There is another department of art, however, equally faulty, or more so, but not a shadow of excuse. This comprises the legion of sporting sketches which adorn or disfigure the walls of our public and private houses. Most of them are so faulty as to be exceedingly offensive to the sportsman and the naturalist, or to any one, in short, who knows much about the subjects treated. To illustrate, I have before me three pictures. In many respects they are very good indeed. The landscape, the still life, the color, the atmosphere, the grouping and drawing of the figures, all show much artistic merit.

The first is entitled a "Quail Shooting." It is a very popular picture, has been much admired, and reproduced in many forms. I need hardly describe it; everybody has seen it. In the foreground are the pointers, the coveys of quails and the hunter. In the background is a field of rye, partly cut and in the distance the harvest men busy at work under the same job. It probably never occurred to the artist that quail are never shot in harvest-time, from the fact that they are mostly in the shell, and it is contrary to law in every State of the Union. The artist has just placed a late autumn scene on a midsummer landscape. That is all.

The next is "A Herd of Deer," a buck, a doe and two spotted fawns. Did the artist not know that such a group is never seen in nature? The buck is never found in company with the doe when her fawns are "in the spot." He cares no more for her or her fawns at this season of the year than he does for the sod under his hoofs. The buck has no affection for his children. Indeed he will destroy them if he can get at them. The male and female consort together for about one month—generally through November, long after the spots have disappeared from the fawns. In the picture there is a glaring anachronism. The spotted fawns indicate autumn or early summer. The fully-developed and beautifully-pointed horns of the buck certainly mean October or November.

These blunders are seen at almost every turn, and are altogether inexcusable, because the least bit of research would have pointed out the errors.

There is a print which illustrates pickerel shooting in the open water of the West. Of the artist and the writer both place a large dorsal fin upon the pickerel, an appendage which he does not possess, as every one knows who has ever seen him.

There seems to be just now a demand for literary and artistic work of this kind. Why do these men offend the public taste by producing such stuff? A picture should tell a story. The artist should be a teacher of correct principles in the natural history of the objects he portrays. In other words, he should speak the truth. In looking over these art blunders one is reminded of that celebrated picture of "Abraham Offering up Isaac," in which the old Patriarch is represented as about to dispatch his son with a modern fowling-piece, or of that other great historical panorama of the Israelites crossing the Red Sea, pursued by the hosts of Pharaoh, who are armed with breech-loading repeating rifles. VSNATOR.

Monmouth, Warren Co., Ill., August 19.

"Venator's" points are well taken. A great many anachronisms do exist, and many of them of the most glaring character. Our attention was called some time ago to a clever bit of art criticism in the London *Athenaeum*, which showed the blunders made by artists who introduced flowers which were not only out of season, but which could not belong to the locality in which they were depicted as blooming. We have before written, however, on this particular point, that the picture of a fish, for instance, which might suit the thorough art critic, would not do for the professor of ichthyology. For the former, general effects that slight necessary idealization of nature would be acceptable, while the Smithsonian *savant* would find fault if there was a scale too little or a spine in the dorsal too many. General coarse blunders, however, when nature is travestied, ought to be derided. Neither birds, fish nor animals can be drawn from one's inner consciousness. Mistakes in natural history by distinguished authors might be made quite noticeable, if one were to seek for the tares in the wheat. Does not Thackeray in "The Virginians" make the Potomac teem with salmon?

Harbinger.....	1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1	8	10 10 11 11 00-6	
Shelby.....	1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1	8-13	01 09 10 10 10-2	8-21
Wells.....	1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 0-6		10 11 11 11-8	
Jones.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 10-10		00 10 10 10 5-13-29	
Leland.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		10 10 10 01 01-5	
Merriman.....	0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1-8-13		11 01 11 11 00-6	11-39
Gravel.....	1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1-9		11 10 10 11 11-8	
Spence.....	1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1-10		10 10 10 11 10-7-15-31	
Price.....	1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1-7		10 10 10 01 10-6	
McCallum.....	1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1-9-10		11 10 11 01 01-9-13-2	
Ties on thirty-two, 5 single and 2 pair.				
Turrill.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		01 11-3	
A. Price.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		01 11-3	11-12-17
A. Kleinman.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		11 11-4	
J. Kleinman.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		10 10-2-6-14	
Willard.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		10 10-2-6-14	
Orga.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		10 10-2-6-14	
Ties on thirty-one.				
Tunstall.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		10 10-2	
Vass.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		10 10-2-13-13	
Lyndon.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		11 10-3	
Spence.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		11 10-3-6-13	
Ayer.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		11 11-4	
Spence.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		10 09-15-11	
Gillespie.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		10 10-1	
Orga.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		11 11-4-5-12	
Ties on thirteen divided.				

Ties on twenty-nine:				
Tucker.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		10 11-3	
Cranch.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		10 12-5-15	
Fifteen took third money.				
Wells.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		11 11-4	
Leland.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		10 10-1	
Merriman.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		10 10-2-3-10	
Price.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		11 10-3	
McCallum.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		10 10-2-4	
Prize money: Five ground traps 30s; 10 single birds; \$10 entrance; five prizes:				
Ayer.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		11 11-4	
Harbinger.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		11 11-4	
A. Kleinman.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		11 11-4	
Gravel.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		11 11-4	
Spence.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		11 11-4	
Price.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		11 11-4	
McCallum.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		11 11-4	
Tunstall.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		11 11-4	
S. Kleinman.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		11 11-4	
Merriman.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		11 11-4	
McCallum.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		11 11-4	
Doxie.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		11 11-4	
Jones.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		11 11-4	

In shoot off, Ties on 5 and 8 divided. Ties of 4, Ayers and Porter divided on 5 at 26 yds. Ties of 2 won by Merriman.

Friday afternoon. Club shoot, ten single and five double; teams of three, 100 yds. each club; re-entries allowed.				
Turrill.....	1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1		11 11 10 01-7	
Price.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 10-19		11 11 11 11 10-17-36	
Ayer.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		11 11 11 10 11-9	
Harbinger.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 10-13		11 10 10 11 11-8-17-35	
A. Kleinman.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		11 11 11 11 10	
J. Kleinman.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 10-20		10 11 11 10 10-7-17-37	
Corbo.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		10 11 10 10 11-7	
Gravel.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 10-8-11		11 11 10 10 11-7-14-31	
Lyndon.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		11 10 10 11 11-8	
Spence.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		10 10 10 10 10-6-14-30	
Willard.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		01 10 10 10 11-7	
Orga.....	1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1-7-16		11 11 10 11 01-8-15-31	
Bellon.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		11 10 10 11 11-8	
S. Kleinman.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 10-13		00 11 10 10 10-6-11-29	
Tunstall.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		01 10 10 10 10-6	
Thomas.....	0 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-7-18		11 11 11 11 10-16-32-31	
Tucker.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		11 11 10 10 10-7-14-31	
Gravel.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		01 10 10 10 10-6-8	
Price.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		01 10 10 10 10-6-14-31	
Merriman.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		11 10 10 11 11-8	
Leland.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		11 10 10 10 10-6-14-31	
McCallum.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		11 11 11 11 10-7-16	
Doxie.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		10 10 10 10 10-6-14-31	
Price.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		11 11 11 11 10-7-16	
For.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		11 10 10 10 10-7	
Stagg.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		11 10 10 10 10-7-16	
Wells.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		11 11 11 11 11-8	
Jones.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		10 11 11 11 01-8-10-34	

Merriman and Leland and Wells and Jones divided fifty money on thirty-four birds.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Communications.

A number of anonymous correspondents will understand why their queries are not answered, when they read the lines at the head of this column.

W. C. O., Garrison, N. Y.—In Illinois.

A. C. W., New York.—Good snipe shooting can probably be had near Patchogue, L. I.

G. C. P., Broadway, N. Y.—No Pigou, Wilks & Lawrence powder for sale in the country.

D., Houston.—The makers are very responsible, and we take great pleasure in informing them.

W. B. L., Ontario.—We did find the name of the person in the Directory, but cannot tell his standing.

P. S.—Can give you no satisfactory pedigree of Shot. Inquired of H. S. Says he can't help you.

G., Philadelphia.—All hard ware stores sell trunk trimmings, which is what you want for your gun case.

H., P. M., Columbia, Tenn.—We know of no wild pigeon dealer nearer to you than T. Stagg, of Chicago.

D. J. A., Wall St., New York.—We believe the Fenobcock county to be a good one and that you will find game there.

F. P., Newark.—You will find good steel glasses at the stores of the gun-fans and dealers in sportsman's goods who advertise in our columns.

J. H., Boston.—The porous stone filter can be obtained of Tolberton, No. 111 Fulton St. Price \$1. At a small additional cost the long India rubber tube could be supplied.

D. C., Georgetown, D. C.—Yon's is a difficult question to answer. Think we would advise you to get the new American gun. The firm you ask about has been so called for about three years.

Dittmar.—We think the mixture does make good results. But one grade of Dittmar is used for fowling-pieces. Two drachms would do no harm. Does not weaken the barrel in the least.

J. C. B., Pittsburgh.—What book contains the best information respecting the breeding, rearing and training of the red Irish setter? Ans. 1. Read Irishmen, Bloodhounds, and many others. 2. Have no opinion to give—can't do it, you know.

H. G. W., Norristown, Pa.—In the country about Halsion, Pa., you will find weasels, deer, badgers, grouse, woodcock, trout, catfish, etc. We have no reliable advice as to particular stream best for camping this season. You can hardly go amies.

J. O. M.—My setter had distemper when 7 months old. He will not fatten. Lumps form on him and especially on his face. Ans. Should give age of dog and some particulars about attack of distemper. Attend as much as possible to his general health.

A. D. N., Monson, Mass.—For deer in Michigan go to the Manistee River, the region around Escanaba, Lake Lake, the woods about Kalkaska and other towns that part of the State. Take your dog along. You will find both deer and turkeys about Flint.

C. S. S., Ulca.—Dittmar's powder seems to give general satisfaction. Use exactly the same quantity by measure as you would of black powder. Mr. Spauld's powder with Dittmar, 3½ ozs. of shell, is all wrong. 1½ oz. of chilled, or ordinary shot, is a good load. Could not tell you where the rabbit dog can be had.

F. W. H., Green Bay.—My puppy, 9 months old, setter, has a broad red streak of flesh that looks very unpleasant. Ayre and nose run. Has small sores. Please to come and go. What shall I do? Ans. Give a little sulphur occasionally, and rub in kerosene oil where sores are. Consult your local surgeon about the eyes.

C. E. S., Ironton.—So much would depend on the weight of your barrels in your German gun that we could not advise. Certainly if trusted the gun never will do any good work. Such small calibers as 20 do not allow much chance to rebore. Advise you to get a new gun. To rework the old one might cost more than it was worth.

W. H. J., St. Augustine, Florida.—Give your dog a teaspoonful of sulphur three times a week, followed by castor oil on the alternate days, or give three compound cathartic pills in place of the oil. 3. Pain caused the yelping, and he probably has obstinate constipation. 3. Give the area nut in a little milk and water, or plain water.

C. H. S., Philadelphia.—Have a setter pup 8 months old. Puppy plays with loads, picking them up. When I got him his mouth was disfigured with warts. Lower lip one continuous series of warts. Has them on the roof of his mouth. What must be done? Ans. Gradually destroy them by application of nitrate of silver or caustic potash.

F. T. B., New York.—My setter pup has lice on him. What will remove them? 2. Is a gun shot injured in any way by being bent? Ans. 1. Use kerosene oil well rubbed in, and wash off half an hour after with soap and tepid water. 2. Might be inconvenient to shoot with until you were used to it. Could be straightened at a small expense.

A. McK., Baltimore.—My 8 months old terrier has little white lumps over him filled with matter. These break when squeezed. Eyes watery and weak. Terrier dull. Bays well. Lumps have come out during the last few weeks. I feed him on scraps. Ans. Cease feeding meat and give a teaspoonful of sulphur three times a week, followed by a small dose of castor oil each alternate day.

Reader, Worcester, Mass.—I have an English setter dog six months old. About a days ago a large swelling appeared over his right eye, completely closing the eye. Bad quite hard. After two days the swelling went down, leaving a soft bunch about the size of a walnut. Eyes are running some. Ans. This swelling may require puncture. You had better consult some surgeon.

Nat., Halifax.—A cocker spaniel, 15 months old, when retrieving, is hard mouthed and spoils birds. How can I cure him? 2. Bitch has had two litters from a good dog, and now lined by a cur. Will it affect her in future? Ans. 1. Can be broken by judicious treatment. A thistle in a glove sometimes does the business. Make him carry an egg, and punish him if he smashes it. See books on dog breaking. 2. Very likely to crop out in subsequent litters.

B. R. B., Sparta.—In loading your metallic shells put two wads two sizes larger than the shells in on powder and one over shot. Use plink edge over powder and brown over shot. We think that invariably two wads over powder give better pattern than one. In loading paper shells use one card wad and two Eley's pink shells, or one card and one Eley's thick felt on powder and one Baldwin wad on shot. Wads should be, for paper shells, size of the gun. Some use a tride larger.

T. M. W., Grand Tower, Ill.—My setter, four years old, passes blood from his bladder without apparent cause. Otherwise seems in perfect health. These discharges do not seem to affect his habits. What ought to be done? Ans. Cut out the bladder, and examine the bladder. World, in the first place, keep him quiet, and give him half a teaspoonful of sweet spirits of nitre once a day for three days. It might become chronic unless attended to. A little laxative medicine might do him good.

A. P. R., Rochester, N. Y.—The most prominent canoe builders are Ruston, of Canton, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., who makes a specialty of the Rob Roy canoe. Cost about \$70. Wm. Everson, of 481 First St., Brooklyn, E. D., Long Island, makes a specialty of the Shadow canoes. Cost complete, with sails and paddle, about \$120. B. Waters & Sons, of Troy, N. Y., make all kinds of paper canoes. Wm. English, of Peterborough, Ont., builds bass wood canoes of the Indian type, and Mr. J. F. West, of East Orange, N. J., can give you information concerning canvas canoes.

W. O. E. B.—1. Is it considered safe to shoot Eley's or Kay's wire cartridges from a modified choke-bore gun, said gun being one of the 310 guns? 2. Is the blue belton a separate and distinct type of the setter, and how does the breed, as a rule, compare with the Gordon, Laverack, Irish, etc., for nose, staunchness, and endurance? Ans. 1. Ought not to be used. Safe, but might injure the gun. 2. The blue belton is a special strain, as much as Gordon or Laverack, and occupies an important relation to most of the modern strains, and was no doubt equal to any.

J. V. D., Bay Ridge.—Have a Newfoundland dog about eighteen months to two years old. Under his lower jaw, near the throat, is a soft, pulpy lump about a hen's egg in size, that occasionally almost disappears. The lump referred to is not strictly stationary, and has lasted for a long period. At the same time, he is troubled with canker of the eye. His appetite and general health are good. The canker, otherwise it is poor, and he eats little for meat. Inform me of the nature of the above, with the mode of treatment? Ans. Try and cure him of the canker. Feed no meat for a month. Give a little sulphur twice a week, and pour a little lead water in the ear each day, holding it there for a few minutes.

T. A. K., Okauka, Ill.—What do you consider the best cure for distemper? Ans. There is nothing more general than the term employed to describe the first sickness in dogs. This we have repeated in our columns innumerable times. Distemper may be quite a different disease in one animal from another, just as in children croup differs from measles or scarlet fever. We cannot, then, advise one certain specific as a cure for what is called distemper. The best thing to do is when the emergency arises, to keep the animal warm, and give him a nose, to give a good laxative, and avoid events. The salt cure mentioned by us, contributed by a correspondent, we have of late had good report of in quite a number of

B. A. M., Marlinton, N. Y.—For woodcock shooting use one of No. 12 shot. Woodcock retire to the higher and more mountainous districts to moult. They eat worms, the larvae of insects, etc.

W. J. P., Rockland, Me.—My setter pup, 6 mos. old, had the distemper. I tried the salt cure on him. It made him so weak that he could barely walk. Now he is very poor and miserable. There is a thick discharge from his eyes. What must be done with him? Ans. In a former number we expressed that the use of salt or salts for a long period was a heroic method of treatment, and might not be adapted to all cases. Be careful of the dog's diet. Do not let him eat for a while anything but good oat meal with broth. Give him a teaspoonful of oil of sweet almonds, and try and build him up. He may have over-depleted by the treatment. Follow this up with a good laxative every other day for a week. There is a weak strain in him, but he did not get well, if judiciously treated. We would be glad to hear from you again.

SETTER, Sag Harbor.—Please tell me in your next what you would call a dog answering to the following description? Black and white; head dark, pointed with white; 12 inches from end of nose to foot head; forehead 4½ in. broad, 6 in. around nose, 13 in. around head; jaws forward of ears; upper lips broad, inside of mouth very black. Ears 5 in. long, set well back; very large lump on top of head; 8 ft. 1 in. long exclusive of tail; strands 22 in. high forward, 18 in. high on hips. Hair, long and very fine on ears, hind legs and tail; weighs 41 pounds; 8 months old. Marked—black head, saddle and hips white, neck, chest, sides, legs and tail. Has fleas, what shall I do for him? Answer: Wash and white setter is the best way we can get it. He may be so much so that you strain as far as the color goes. For fleas wash him and apply kerosene, washing him afterwards.

R. S. G., Ashland, Wis.—1. To waterproof cloth: Take half pound sugar of lead and half pound powdered alum, dissolve in bucket of water, pour off into another vessel, steeping the canvas into it. Soak well, hang up to dry, but do not wring it. Paste this in your hat. 2. Rinse articles of clothing, etc., in water, with one ounce alum dissolved in it. This will render them practically fireproof. To remove mildew: Slacked lime, two bushels. Draw off the lime water and mix 120 gallons of water and ½ pound black vitriol. 4. Pyrethrum rubrum is the insect powder. 5. To patch rubber boots: One half pound bi-sulphate carbon, three handfuls guano-percha. Put in wide-mouthed bottle, shake frequently; at end of two weeks we can get it, 25 cents a bottle. Remove the cork tight, and pour the article into the cement and allow it to evaporate before bringing edges together. After it has become light colored in spots warm and bring edges perfectly together, stand away for awhile and the job is complete.

Loon Fort, Toronto.—If your boat is 24 ft. in, over all we assume he is about 24 ft. on water line. In that case would advise lengthening her amidships so that she will have 3½ beams to her length. Your beam being 7 ft. make her 24 ft. on water line. She will then stand up to her present canvas better, as she will take more ballast to bring her down. Put this as low as possible. She will be roomier, faster of the wind and probably do quite as well in the wind. A simpler way to make her stand up better will be to transfer as much of her ballast as possible to the under side of her keel by putting on a "shoe" of lead, say 12 ft. long, 4 in. deep and 4 in. thick, or its equivalent of 400 lbs. in some places. Remove this ballast from inside. If possible, substitute wooden floor for the metal one and stow the metal between the timbers under the floor. This will materially lower the boat's centre of gravity. Perhaps you carry too much canvas in your lower sails, of that we cannot judge without more particulars. You might easily experiment by putting more ballast in her as she is at present, though bringing her down deeper in the water would alter her trim and might injure her sailing, but the reverse might also be the result. As it is easy to remove the extra ballast again you might alter her trim, first, by moving the extra ballast to the present ballast under keel, etc., as explained above. The lengthening operation would be the most expensive. Remember that narrow boats always keep more than broad, shallow craft at the outset, but become stiffer than the other type the stronger the wind blows.

T. C., Roslyn, L. I.—The "Whitehead" fish torpedo is an English adaptation of American experiments made many years ago. Mr. Whitehead, chief engineer at a torpedo factory in Trieste, Austria, brought out the invention in an improved form, since which time the British Government has been experimenting with it at the Woolwich arsenal. It is steered by an automatic arrangement which keeps the torpedo in a straight line, and when once started in its course, with the operator ceases and no change in direction can be effected. It is retained at the desired depth by means of automatic valve attachments to air chambers connecting with a reservoir of compressed air. By admitting the compressed air into them to a greater or less degree water is driven out, or let in, and the torpedo rises, or sinks. The valves operate through the differing densities of water at different depths. The torpedo cannot be steered very accurately, and its efficiency is much overrated for practical work. The propelling power is compressed air. The steel cases are made by boring out of the solid so as to avoid joints which would leak under the 600 lbs. pressure to the square inch. For rough water the torpedo may be set down as absolutely useless, excepting at very close quarters; anything which cannot be guided over its course by an operator is very uncertain in its efficiency. The Lay and Ericsson torpedoes are much more dangerous weapons of attack than the fish. Explosions on a vessel's side above water would be very ineffective and it would require a much heavier charge to produce damage than under water, as most of the force of the explosion would pass off through the air away from the ship. Cannot say exactly how many pounds of nitro-glycerine would be required to shatter the sides of an ironclad. Only experiment can determine that.

KANES, St. David's.—Smallest skiff for two persons should be about 9 ft. 6 in. long, but 16 ft. would do better. Cut out a section board 3 ft. 6 in. on top, 3 ft. 6 in. on bottom and 11 in. deep. Take two boards each of 3 in. on top, 3 ft. 6 in. on bottom and 11 in. deep. At an angle to suit taste for rake of stem and counter. Cut out stern piece from 3 in. thick board say 2 ft. 6 in. across top, 3 ft. 2 in. across bottom and 9 in. deep. Make stem of oak, about 3 in. stuff. Cut rabbit in it. Now stand up the mid ship section. Nail the two side boards lightly to the section and bend the ends together at the stem. Insert and at the latter, then the stern sides to it in the rabbet. Bring them together at aft and nail to the bottom of counter. Trim everything, turn over and nail on bottom boards of 3 in. stuff crosswise. Tongue and groove boards are best. Turn up again and put in a board in the boat's center, running the entire length and about 6 in. wide. Nail to bottom. Put on a keel strip outside about 3 in. or 3 in. thick to save the boat when beaching. Next put in thwart; wide one in stern, one in middle and one up in the bows. Nail the thwart in the stern, or stern, or stern, or stern. Take out the section board. Put a skag piece in the stern, and nail to the bottom at from the point where it begins to turn up, and a stern post up and down, across the stern board and the skag. This will stiffen the latter. For thole pins cut rectangular pieces in sides and nail a strip alongside of them on inside and outside. In the recesses thus formed ship the thole pins. The recesses should be 1½ in. long, 2 in. deep and 3 in. apart. If you wish put on a narrow chadog batten along upper edges outside. Oars about 6 ft. 4 in. long. For sail use leg of cloth, about 3 ft. 6 in. high, 11 ft. 6 in. long from bow through hole in forward thwart. Yards 6 ft. 6 in. long. Sail about 50 square feet light drilling.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INDICATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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* Any publisher inserting our prospectus as above one time, with brief editorial notice calling attention thereto, and sending marked copy to us, will receive the FOREST AND STREAM for one year.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1878.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guaranty of good faith and be addressed to the FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous communications will be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for dereliction of the mail service if money remitted to us is lost. NO PERSON WHATSOEVER is authorized to collect money for us unless he can show authentic credentials from one of the undersigned. We have no Philadelphia agent.

Trade supplied by American News Company.

CHARLES BALLOCK, Editor.

T. C. BANKS,
Business Manager.

S. H. TURRILL, Chicago,
Western Manager.

FOR THE FEVER STRICKEN CITIES OF THE SOUTH.

LAST week the following circular was issued by us and sent to all our advertising patrons, to the sportsmen's associations and rifle clubs in the New England and Middle States:

"New York, August 29, 1878.

"The attention of the nation is turned to the fever-stricken cities of the South. The sufferings of the sick are greatly augmented by a general destitution consequent upon business stagnation. The appeals for aid are urgent.

"I am convinced that these appeals will meet a ready and generous response from the sympathy and benevolence characteristic of the fraternity of sportsmen, and to facilitate the proffered assistance of sportsmen and sportsmen's clubs, we will cheerfully receive all contributions, which will be acknowledged in our editorial columns, and at once given into the general fund in charge of Mayor Ely of this city. The money sent through the agency of the FOREST AND STREAM AND ROD AND GUN is to be known as the 'Sportsmen's Contribution.'

"Money orders and drafts should be made payable to 'The Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York.'

In response to the same we are in receipt of the following amounts for the "Sportsmen's Contribution."

Forest & Stream Pub. Co.,	\$35	Dr. S. T. G. Dudley,	\$10
Gen. Geo. W. Wingate,	25	James Brady,	5
T. W. Sparks, Phila.,	25	Thomson & Son,	5
L. S. Lawrence & Co.,	25	Licitation & Co.,	5
E. G. Backford,	10	B. P.,	5
Power & Fulton,	10	Major Merrill,	5
Messrs. Stanton & Co.,	10	Mrs. F.,	1
John Scott,	10		

The total amount, \$173, we have this day handed to Mayor Ely for distribution in the South. Our work has but just commenced. We know of a good deal of money on the way to us, and all contribute who can. We feel sure that our appeal will not be in vain.

As the money comes in we will turn it over to the Mayor, and full lists of donors will be published in this paper.

OUR INTERNATIONAL TEAM MEN.

The season of 1878 cannot be called altogether a blank one, with such a record as we herewith present of the endeavors of the team candidates for places on the squad of 1878. They were made at periods extending over a month on ranges here and there over the country, in all sorts of weather, generally not the most favorable, and by men in many cases working singly; or where direct competition did exist, there was, of course, no helplessness in it, nor were the men stirred to great endeavors by the prospect of a coming team of foreign champions. There was everything to discourage, and little to encourage the formation of the very best. *Per contra*, the men working for places were in nowise tyros. They were all men of intelligence, and as riflemen trained to that careful watchfulness over minor details, which yields the difference between a medium and a magnificent score. How slight a thing may bring down a score is seen in the case of Professor Dwight, who made his big scores of 218 and 219 on the 12th and 13th of August respectively. Owing to some error in the arrangement of dates he was compelled to shoot again on the 15th and 16th, and scores of 197 and 188 were made, the fatigue and the care of such a slight built man being sufficient to create the falling away. The team will now be called together, elect a captain, enjoy a few days' practice together, and then shoot over the ranges for the "Palma" in 1878. Really, for all purposes as a record, and for the scientific memoranda, it will be all that could be secured were a dozen teams in the field. With such a magnificent initiative the team of 1878 should put something on the rifle record overtopping anything now on the cards, even though it should result in creating a permanent panic and stay-away feeling among the foreign riflemen:

SCORES BETWEEN JULY 16 AND AUGUST 10 INCLUSIVE.

W H Jackson, Sharps,	192	198	390	214	216	420	214	206	410	200	210	410	1,260	210	Total Ave.
R Mathbone, Remington,	191	209	406	203	214	417	205	209	414	213	213	426	1,257	209	12
C E Dwight, Maynard,	183	192	381	203	206	414	213	218	437	197	183	383	1,236	206	206
T S Sumner, Ballard,	180	218	388	212	209	421	209	196	406	199	204	403	1,229	204	5.6
J F Brown, Ballard,	182	193	380	211	211	422	201	203	404	205	193	403	1,222	204	5.6
H F Clarke, Sharps,	200	203	403	206	200	406	211	207	413	204	159	393	1,221	204	1.2
W Gerrish, Remington,	179	202	381	196	414	200	206	408	1,201	200	1.6
H T Rockwell, Remington,	177	193	370	206	211	417	156	197	383	200	195	385	1,183	197	
G W Davison, Peabody Martini,	178	189	367	189	199	393	194	201	395	1,160	191	2.3

HOW TO NAME A YACHT.

OUR contemporary *Pacific Life* has an appropriate word to say upon the abominable practice in vogue of naming vessels after some fifth-rate little politician, or a corner loner unknown to the world beyond the block he lives in. All the more nauseous is it to see such designation applied to yachts. The Christian names of feminine gender may be excused, though even they become hackneyed, when the *Lizelles* and *Carries* and *Belles* and *Annas* number up in the hundreds. But to call a pretty clipper after such a meaningless inanity as John T. Smith, H. F. Brown, O. R. Jones, J. U. G. Johnson, *Edt genus omne*, is carrying the mutual admiration business a little too far. Who on earth, outside of the intensely dull and narrow limits of a country town, knows or cares for the Smiths and Browns and Joneses anyway? Such names are apt to repeat any one before he sees the yacht. In contradistinction are such pertinent and appropriate titles, which have lately been followed up on a certain line among some jib-and-main-sails in our waters; they include *Thistle*, *Nettle*, *Bramble*, *Thorn*, *Prickle*, *Briar*, *etc.*

What does our contemporary think of the following plan for naming a yacht? Invite all the girls in the neighborhood, seat them in a circle, tell them to think each of a name, and at the count, "one, two, three," sing them out as loud as they know how. The first name caught by the owner's ear decides the clipper's appellation. There need be no fear of the young ladies all calling out their own names, not at all. This happened once, when all those rejected are said to have immediately drowned themselves. The terrible consequences have ever been a lesson to the fair ones. And then girls have so much more taste in such matters than your rough-and-ready tar.

THE SCOTCH HERRING FISHERY.

WE published some time ago a very remarkable chronological table due to Mr. Lindahl, of Sweden, which gave the periodical visits of the herring to the coasts of Northern Europe. Herring may be always caught in the northern waters in larger or smaller quantities, but Mr. Lindahl shows in what years herring abounded. From a careful examination of the tables there appears certain intervals when the fish are found in great numbers. During about eighty years between the lapses of a century, fish seem to swarm, then the shoals disappear and fish are scarce. No exact rule can, however, be formed as to when the fish may be expected in large numbers. Mr. Lindahl's first date of abundance is in the year 1020. This was followed by a herring period during the latter part of the twelfth century. Then again at the close and middle of the thirteenth century. From 1556 to 1590 the fish were in enormous quantity, the large catches lasting for thirty-five years. There has been preserved fairly authentic data of the enormous catch in the sixteenth century. It had a special name and was called a *Land-Stotting*. Old chroniclers state that for a space of fifty and sixty miles the

shores of the Swedish mainland and the adjacent islands were covered with curing and salting houses, many of them two and three stories high, and inhabited by vast multitudes of people who had congregated there from various and distant parts, and whose sole occupation was in connection with the fisheries. Herring were so abundant that thousands of ships came annually from Denmark, Germany, Friesland, Holland, England and France to purchase fish. One small town, Marstrand, alone, for a long series of years, shipped 600,000 *turnor*, or some 2,400,000 bushels of fish. In 1587 the herring disappeared and reduced the fishermen to misery. There is a strange old story which is told on the Finland coast how the queen of the herring having been caught all the rest of the fish left. The advent of herring in 1774 was a very large one, and it seems to have lasted until 1804. In 1809 herring were very scarce on the coast of Sweden, and perhaps have never been in as large quantity as in former years.

Our attention has been called to the report of the Scotch Fishery Board for 1877. We find that the total number of barrels cured was 847,718, being almost 250,000 barrels more than last year. Taking the average then of the last ten years the total annual catch must be something like 843,250,800 herring, worth some \$1,756,723. In the year 1876 the herring harvest was a failure, only 593,197 barrels having been cured, while during 1873, '74 and '75 the catch represented respectively 939,233, 1,000,561 and 942,980 barrels. Many causes were alleged for the absence of herring, principally the bad weather which occurred in 1876. Taking, however, the highest yield of fish in 1874 as something over a million of barrels in proportion to the increase of boats, fishermen and implements now in use, it seems that for the present fish must be less numerous than in former years.

Some curious investigations have been made in regard to the number of herring destroyed by the birds on the Scotch sea coasts. "It is assumed," says a leading authority, "that the gannets consume more than 1,110,000,000 herrings per annum." But this can by no means account for the loss in herring, as the gannets in former years devoured quite as much fish as they do to-day. The devastation that cod, haddock and hugg and other fish make on the herring is undoubtedly greater than the birds; and it is supposed that on the Scotch coast the incalculable number of 29,400,000,000 of herring are consumed by these fish. When the fishing in Scotland is compared with the industry of former years, the enormous expansion of the fishing interest is manifest. There are 7,000 boats fishing for herrings in the Scotch seas, with an aggregate of 230,000,000 of square yards of netting. If these nets were placed in a continuous line they would stretch out to 12,000 miles—more than across the Pacific—and would cover a superficial area of seventy square miles. If, then, the power to capture has increased fivefold, the catch has not responded in an equal ratio.

In comparing the results of the Scotch herring fisheries with our own, it will be found how really insignificant is our catch. Professor Brown Goodie read before the American Fishcultural Association, in February last, a table of the estimated value of the United States Fisheries for 1876. In this table we find the value put on herring to be \$507,977, and the weight 23,000,000 of pounds. It is the menhaden fishery which at present is of great importance, its value being in 1876, some \$1,657,790, representing a catch of 463,000,000 of pounds. It is quite probable that this year the catch will represent something over two millions of dollars. This special fishery employs 1,500 men, with sixty-five steamers, and several millions of dollars are embarked in the enterprise.

THE BUCEPHALUS OF THE PLAINS.

YOUR general reporter must be an imaginative person, and your St. Louis one most particularly so, for it is to this gifted individual that we are indebted for the story of the "Wild Texas Racer," who makes three miles in 4:50. These are the figures, with a stop-watch. The FOREST AND STREAM AND ROD AND GUN is not a horse paper, but still the history of this untamed pacer is so wonderful that we must give it in detail. The untamed delights in the name of the "Black Boss," and is the glory of the plains. When you go for Boss he looks at you, whinnies, flirts his tail, and is off like greased lightning. Once (so the reporter says) the celebrated Mexican vaquero, Juan Gonzales, went for "Black Boss," tooth and nail, mane and hoof, with mounted relays and lassos and lariats. It was colt's play for the Untamed. Even when they had driven him into Hermosa Gully, and had the rope on his neck near the Wichita Mountains, and the vaquero and the whole of the company sat on him, he got up and, like that Western play mule in the drama of the "Forty Thieves," he kicked the whole establishment to smithereens. He bit Juan G., carried him three-quarters of a mile by the nape of his neck at a gallop of 2:13 (Hanus' time), then dropped him and betook himself to his native plains with a snort. The "boys" were not, however, disheartened, but ran him for twelve long months; but it was no use. Now, alas! "Black Boss" has learned to be cunning. He no longer awaits the chase, but at the sight of a pursuer "devours the earth," as the Arabs call it, or "dusts," as we Yankees briefly express it. Now, all this is very fine; but we are forced to put but very little credence in the whole story. Ferocious lion hunts can be as plausibly written up in New York as wild horse chases in St. Louis.

We doubt if to-day there are really any true wild horses in Texas. We mean those which are, or have been, wild during several generations. A good many horses escape from herds and roan, and are not wild horses, as the public under

stand them. Some time ago our attention was called to a paragraph which ran the newspaper cycle. This told how two men in a buggy with a pair of horses ran down wild horses. Sighting their herd of wild horses, they always kept them in view, following them up day after day until they tired the wild horses out. Now, plainness, to whom we showed that paragraph, fairly split their sides with laughter. "What must you people down East believe! There ain't no turn-pike road over a prairie. Catch horses that way? If the wild horses get tired out don't you think the man's team would get used up, too? It's just confounded nonsense."

We have been looking up this wild horse business for quite a number of years, and this is the upshot of our researches: The untamed steed of the Ukraine (at least in the United States or territories) exists no longer, save in combination troupes with peripatetic Mazeppas in flesh tights. Possibly twenty-five years ago there might have been found some few herds, where now are the territories of Nebraska and Wyoming. There is the barest chance that south of what is called the Stinking Water country on the Loupe, some few might be discovered, but even this is doubtful. We have from the best authority that four years ago three horses were run down in a snow storm, worn out and famished, which were supposed to be the last of a band, but reliable trappers and hunters doubt if these horses were wild ones. Dr. Carver tells us that he has never heard of any wild horses of late years, and other guides and explorers affirm the same thing. Following up our wild horses led us to inquire about creasing. Now, we have always believed that creasing was a mythical performance. Neither Carver nor John Omohondro believe in it. Carver said to us: "I have tried it on a horse that we couldn't catch, and it always resulted in killing the horse. I have planted my ball just where I wanted to, some inches or so below the mane, so as to clear the spinal column, and the horse keeled over it is true, but he never got up again. Only once a horse seemed to recover, but he died in the long run. You read about creasing mostly in dime novel literature, but it's all bounce. Just possibly, in old times, with a small calibre or a spent ball, a horse might have been knocked down, but with the rifles used on the plains it is death to a horse. Such loose horses as may be caught are not really worth much. Endurance they have, but not great speed. When you break them they lose spirit, save to buck when the fit is on them." To conclude, the Bucephalus of the plains does not exist in 1878.

MIDSUMMER JAUNTS OUT WEST.

BY THE EDITOR.

JAUNT THE FOURTH.

NEENAH, Wisconsin, 1878.

BRETHREN: Since I sent you "Jaunt the Third" my roving pen has been gathering facts through half a dozen States—here, there and everywhere, pretty much as the bee sips: and it is only just now that I have been able to line the busy worker home.

Hence my long hiatus.

When I "lit out" from Louisville, Ky., lately, to escape the stifling heat, I made tracks due north, 500 miles or more, as you know, until I reached the shores of beautiful Winnebago Lake, in Wisconsin. There under the shade of the Treaty Elm where Gov. Doty sealed his compact with the Indians forty years ago, I found that peace and bodily comfort which was assured at the time when the pipe of peace was smoked. The ancient tree stands on a point projecting far into the lake, so that all the coveted zephyrs which blow stir its drooping fronds. These cover an area ninety-six feet in diameter, and whenever a chance breeze sways and lifts them a little, I catch glimpses of either shore from my reclining place on the grass beneath. Under the edge of the canopy, far away to the right, are the blue cliffs of Clifton, which are scarcely distinguishable from the summer cloud on the hazy horizon. Against the blue are the white sails of a dozen yachts strung out in a line, motionless, and diminished to mere specks in the offing. They have loitered there the long day through, like maids in sulks, gazing abstractly at their reflections in the glassy surface: illustrating the vicissitudes of ardent yachtsmen in a midsummer regatta—no wind, out of ice and patience, and everything red hot and limp; time allowance discounted, and the foremost in the race nowhere. From my weather quarter the shore sweeps around, leftward, in a great arc, first receding until it scarcely defines the distant head of the lake, and thence advancing nearer and nearer, until the hardly discernible trees which fringe the margin begin to develop, and gradually take form and comeliness. Just where the line of growth breaks off, the Fox River leaves the lake and a lighthouse stands sentry. Two miles this side, and abreast of the point where the great elm stands, another affluent of the river leaves the lake, and the two uniting, enclose a pretty island, six miles in circumference, the wooded shores of which fill up the features of the landscape on my left. It is called Doty Island, and Gov. Doty's log mansion is the most conspicuous object seen across the channel. Forty years ago the Winnebago Indians used to paddle in from their fishing excursions on the lake, and drawing their bark canoes up the sloping shore, without fear or prejudice of white man, saunter up to the Doty house and salute the Governor with an emphatic "How!" This familiar monosyllable usually carries with it an intimation that a plug of tobacco for the pipes and a handful of sugar for the squaws would be acceptable—and I believe the Governor never bestowed grudgingly. Thereby was comented a friend-

ship so lasting that the Winnebagoes have never blackened their faces toward their white brethren.

Close beside the old mansion, nearly hidden by the trees, is the Island House, kept by John Roberts, which is allowed to be one of the most charming summer resorts in the State. Being on the line of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, it is much frequented by Chicago people, including the families of the company's officials themselves. The Wisconsin Central Railroad also has a station two miles distant; so that the house enjoys a constant and considerable patronage. From the piazza a lawn slopes to the margin of the lake, where a little wharf finds sufficient depth of water for the largest steamers which ply between the towns of Menasha, Oshkosh and Fond du Lac. Fruit trees and arbors diversify the lawn, and a fringe of large forest skirts the shore.

Winnebago Lake is thirty-eight miles long and eighteen miles in greatest width. It abounds in sturgeon, bass, sheepshead, muscalonge and pike perch, and affords unlimited sport to the angler. Excursion steamers take out fishing parties daily, and it is not unusual to see a dozen skiffs strung out in line, towing asters, en route for well-known islands, reefs and sand bars, in mid-lake, where the fish most congregate. On one of the larger islets the Oshkosh Yacht Club has a rendezvous, with commodious house and picnic grounds. Experienced and enthusiastic anglers take to the small boats and troll with spoon and minnow, or fish along the reefs with fly; but many remain on board the steamer, preferring the company of ladies and the grateful shelter of the awnings, and these often catch large numbers of bass and other fish trolling from the stern at low rate of speed. There is excellent bass fishing in July and later in the outlets of the lake, the branches of Fox River, and bass may be raised with fly along the rushes and lily pads which edge the shore within a stone's throw of the hotel.

Doty Island is the joint possession of the sister towns of Neenah and Menasha, twin rivals which cannot be induced to affiliate. The factories and business houses of Neenah are located on one branch of the Fox, and those of Menasha on the other, each town occupying both sides of its respective river. A broad avenue divides the island, and the streets of the rivals run parallel and side by side. Each has a population of about 5,000. The drives in the vicinity are very charming, and taken all in all, there are few places where the summer season can be passed in a more enjoyable manner.

Five miles down the river is the town of Appleton, the busy centre of the large manufacturing district to which the Fox River furnishes inexhaustible water power. Products to the value of \$2,500,000 are annually manufactured there, and include baskets, barrels, bricks, carriages, furniture, flour, iron, leather, lime, lumber, machinery, paper, wood pulp and woolen goods—the item of flour alone reaching nearly \$1,000,000, and of iron \$400,000. Appleton is only in its infancy. In a quarter of a century it will lead nearly all the great manufacturing centres of the Union, because its water-power is greater, inexhaustible and constant; and because it is the geographical centre of great economic interests, and lies directly upon the line of a trans-continental highway, which will soon be made practicable by a navigable ship canal from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi River. It does not depend upon mountain streams and the caprices of droughts and freshets for a precarious supply, but it has 500 square miles of water always in reservoir in the lakes Winnebago, Poygan, and Butte des Morts. This great water route follows the Wisconsin River from its debouchure at Prairie du Chien half way across the State to Portage, and thence by a short canal into the Fox River which connects a series of large lakes, and finally empties into Green Bay, on Lake Michigan. The Fox River improvement, of which so much has been heard, was initiated nearly forty years ago. It contemplated the opening of this great water route to commerce, and the utilizing of its power for manufacturing. After bankrupting several companies, it recently passed into the hands of the United States Government, and is making rapid and substantial progress toward the great consummation. Light draft craft long since passed through the entire water-way, but it is believed that four years must elapse before the commercial dream of practical navigation will be fully realized. Already there are sixteen dams across the river, of which six are massive stone constructions, 700 feet in length or more, at each of which large manufacturing interests cluster. It was my good fortune to traverse the entire distance in a steam launch in company with Col. A. Fuller, U. S. Engineer in charge of the improvement, and the enjoyment and diversity of such a voyage—now in the canal, and anon in the broad picturesque river—may well be imagined. At Appleton are no less than thirty large factories, which line the sides of the river and occupy the busy islands in the centre. The boats of the canals and the cars of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad take up the manufactured wares and merchandise at their very doors. Those who have contemplated with amazement the industries on the Merrimack, the Genesee, the Connecticut, and the Mississippi at St. Anthony, would be more than startled to observe the visible water-power at Appleton and on the river below. The amount of power running to waste can hardly be estimated.

The town of Appleton is romantically located. The houses of the wealthy occupy the verges of the bluffs which flank the river and overlook the busy industries below. Back of the residences are the business streets, which lead to several bridges which span the river. The surface of the suburbs is undulating and pleasant for building sites. A pretentious hotel

occupies a shaded spot near the bluff, and a band stand in a little park opposite is the source of agreeable music in summer evenings. A mile below the town, across the river, is a park with a little menagerie of wild animals, a half-mile race track, and the popular Tellulah Sulphur Springs, where one can drink his friends' health with a flavor of hard-boiled eggs. Conveniences for guests, and row-boats on the river, which is here broad and deep, make the resort more enjoyable. All along down the river the bold shores are dotted with farm houses and enlivened by ripening grain. Cultivated fields alternate with forests. Broad stretches of smoothly flowing river contrast with the vivacious tumble of the foam over the great dams and the swirl of the eddying water below. At sixteen long intervals sloop arms swing open the great gates of the locks which bar the passage: a stone sarcophagus receives the launch and its living freight, which gradually settles down from the daylight into the watery sepulchre below; there is a temporary sense of dampness and a stifling fish-like smell, such as one experiences in a vault; stone walls sixteen feet high enclose us on all sides, and all that is needed to make a first-class tomb is, to hermetically seal the top. Deliverance can come only through the open door; and when at last the gigantic leaves fold back, and the escape valve of the little steam engine emits a sigh of relief as we emerge into the sunshine and pure air, we feel like the astonished Seducer at the last day, who foolishly believed there was no resurrection. However in a July day the occasional change from the heated atmosphere into the lower temperature is rather grateful than otherwise. To me the journey was as much a novelty as the passage across the Styx into Hades will be, with the advantage in my favor that no fee was demanded, Charon being so much engaged in watching Cerberus that he had no time to attend to legitimate business.

One of the quaintest places on the Fox River is Depere, where great blast furnaces belch continually and the air is black with smoke. Depere was an old French mission town hundred years ago. Green Bay, at the mouth of the river, is cheerful and enlivening. It wears a busy aspect, with its many brick warehouses by the river side; its beautiful private residences on eminences; its crowning spires; the round-houses and slopes of the Wisconsin Central Railroad on one bank, and of the Chicago and Northwestern on the other; great drawbridges spanning the river and uniting both; puffing steam tubes whistling for passage, and great lake steamers lying at the wharves. It has 8,000 population. Until recently it was a thriving and growing place, but has lost much of its importance by reason of a decline of the lumber interest in that particular district. With the full completion of the great canal across the State it will doubtless revive and become an important outpost and entrepot. As a summer resort Green Bay has always been popular, and especially visited by Southerners. Its yachting and fishing are fine and the hotel accommodation excellent at Cook's, the Beaumont and the National. The greatest loss which the town has to deplore is the historical "Green Bay Horse with Switch Tail," which has skipped.

HALLOO.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.]

ROCKY MOUNTAIN WANDERINGS.

NO. 2.

THE railroad and its accompanying civilization have greatly changed the character of the Western outlying towns and of their inhabitants. Many of the old time desperadoes have perished by the bullet or the rope, while others have turned from their evil courses and become respectable (*sic*) citizens; not a few, however, still haunt the small railroad towns and eke out a precarious existence by gambling, horse-stealing or robbery. Their numbers are happily growin less each year.

A little occurrence which took place at Rock Creek Station while our train was stopping for supper recalled to my mind some of the scenes of early days. A number of bullwhackers (Western vernacular for the drivers of ox teams) were in camp here, and were collected at the station to see the train come in. A few moments before its departure, while walking up and down the platform, I saw a very large man, armed with a four-foot club, beating a much smaller man who was apparently unarmed. The latter fled at once, and was pursued by the large man, who soon caught up to him and struck him again. At this blow the smaller of the two, who was called Wild Texe, turned, and, springing at his assailant, stabbed him three times, cutting him in the side near the heart, in the small of the back and in the arm. The large man, Irish Mike by name, dropped as if he had been shot, but almost immediately sprang up again and recommenced the pursuit. Wild Texe, however, kept well ahead of him and gained a position of safety near the rear of our train. Mike fell again on reaching the platform, and, when the train passed him, as we moved west, he was apparently in *articulo mortis*, and was howling lugubriously; he was covered with blood—a sickening sight. Wild Texe, after loitering about for a few moments, started off south over the prairie, but had only made about sixty yards when a number of the wounded man's friends, with fierce oaths and threats, but most of them without arms, started off after the fleeing wretch. As we passed the bullwhackers' camp, which was but a few hundred yards from the station, we saw a lithe, active man, hatless, but with his rifle in one hand and his cartridge belt in the other, running over the prairie with great swiftness, and in a short time I could see the flashes which indicated that the Texan was

being shot at. It was doubtful in my mind whether the fugitive would be overhauled or not. It was rapidly growing dark, and in such a light it is difficult for a man to see his sights so clearly as to shoot well; besides, if the fleeing man can keep ahead of his pursuers for a few moments he can hide in the ravines and escape during the night. At Medicine Bow that evening I learned that the wounded man was still alive, and that Wild Texe had been captured and was then in duance. How matters have turned out since then, whether the wounded man died and Texe was lynched, or whether matters were amicably adjusted among the bullwhacs I have no means of knowing.

An hour after leaving Rock Creek we reach Medicine Bow, the point from which we propose to start on our first trip. East and south of this town are extensive beds of Jurassic age, which have already yielded many tons of fossil bones, and which it is our purpose to explore still further. Then too, there are, on the plains and in the mountains, many species of birds still rare in the collections of eastern ornithologists, while deer, elk, antelope and bighorn are said to be abundant in and about the mountain ranges through which the Medicine Bow River flows. This country, although it has been traversed by more than one exploring party contains much that is of interest and the labors of a careful observer will not go unrewarded.

Medicine Bow is situated on a river of the same name about 650 miles west of Omaha. Some time spent in the collection of information in regard to it enables me to furnish the following statistics: Number of buildings in the town, nineteen, of which fourteen are dwelling houses; resident population, sixty. The town has been the point from which freight is hauled by wagons from the railroad to Forts Fetterman, McKinney and Reno, and the business brought to it from this source caused it for the time being to assume a certain air of business activity. Recently, however, the shipping point for freight has been changed to Rock Creek, and at present Medicine Bow stagnates.

Leaving the Bow in the afternoon in company with Mr. W. H. Reid, I am driven about twenty miles to the rancho of Mr. J. S. Jones, where we shall make short trips of two or three days each into the neighboring mountains in search of game. Mr. Reid, my companion, is an old resident of the Territory, and is thoroughly acquainted with almost every foot of ground in it. As hunter, miner or prospector he has traversed it in every direction, and is equally at home on the plains or in the mountains. A good fellow, an admirable hunter and an unusually accurate rifle shot, he is the man of all others whom I should select if ever I should be so fortunate as to make another hunt through Wyoming. He has told me that we are a little too early in the season to find the best hunting, but that there is a fair prospect of our finding elk, mule deer and mountain sheep on the western extremity of the Medicine Bow Range. In this particular section of the country the game, that is elk and deer, commence in summer to work south into the high mountains which lie between the railroad and North Park, and follow the snow line as it ascends, thus reaching by July or August the highest points of the range. At the approach of winter these animals commence to descend the mountains, moving northward, crossing the Laramie plains and the Platte Valley to the Platte Range, which includes Laramie Peak and the Sweetwater and Seminole Ranges, where they pass the winter. The latter range is much lower than those which lie to the southward, and the snows are light and, except on the higher peaks, soon melt. This northward movement of game scarcely begins before October 1st, while the movement toward the south commences in early spring as soon as the snow softens.

At Mr. Jones' rancho we were most kindly received by the proprietor, and our stay there was rendered extremely pleasant by his hospitality and that of his wife. Although his rancho is not as yet fitted up for the reception of guests, we were most comfortably entertained, and we greatly enjoyed the delicious milk, butter and vegetables with which the table was each day supplied. These may seem commonplace delicacies to those who have never roughed it in the mountains or on the plains, but those who have will remember how rare and how desirable they are. Mr. Jones proposes this winter to make considerable additions to his house, and next summer will be able to accommodate parties from the East who may wish to hunt on Elk Mountain or in any portion of the neighboring Medicine Bow Range. He has a herd of about fifty head of horses, and will be able to fit out parties with everything that they may need except arms and blankets—these they should of course bring with them. I feel warranted in saying that satisfaction will be given at this rancho, and that the charges will be moderate. At the proper season, game of all descriptions is to be found in the vicinity. Sage grouse abound on the creeks which flow into the river; antelope are numerous on the prairie, and the mountains will yield elk, deer, bear and probably mountain sheep, though the latter are becoming scarce.

Even were there no game in the country, no lover of nature could wander along the valley of the Medicine Bow without feeling repaid for his journey to this place. The trees and the air are full of rare and interesting birds, whose sweet songs fill the heart with delight. At short intervals along the river we find fresh beaver dams, and, by quietly watching for an hour or two before sunset the artificers of these curious structures can be seen busily at work stopping leaks, gathering food, or clumsily sporting in the water. Make but a move, however, and, with a loud splash, some watchful old fellow signals to his mates that there are strangers present, and

down all dive, not soon to reappear. As we push through the brush, intent on the new objects of interest which constantly present themselves, we are startled by a sudden crackling of twigs and a rush through the quaking aspen brush, and, in a moment, we see in a little opening about forty yards distant a fine buck mule-deer, which stops and gazes curiously at us with his soft, innocent eyes. His summer coat is just falling off, and the short, now hair is of a fine steel blue; his horns are still in the velvet, but are full-grown and now nearly hard. Involuntarily I raise my shot-gun, but lower it again with a smile—it is loaded with dust shot for small birds. Even if I were a rifle I do not think that I should have the heart to take the grand life that so unobtrusively offers itself. No, let him go; I shall have other opportunities when the hunting fever is on me.

After a day or two of bird-collecting, Mr. Reed and I obtained ponies and provisions from Mr. Jones and started for the western extremity of the range on a little hunt. As we wish to travel as light as possible we each tie a pair of blankets behind our saddles, and, taking a sack of provisions and a coffee-pot, are soon on our way. The first ten miles of our journey leads us through a country much traveled by herders and hay-makers, and hence destitute of game; but before long we begin to see antelope in small numbers feeding on the prairie. One old buck, which was slowly walking along directly in our path, seemed disposed to investigate us and waited, watching us most intently, until we were within four hundred yards of him. As I was anxious to try my new Sharps rifle, I dismounted to take a shot at him, but as soon as I halted he ran about one hundred yards away and then stopped again, quivering from me with his head turned back. Throwing up my sights to five hundred yards I fired with great care, and in a moment the buck started and ran like the wind, soon passing over a little swell and out of my sight. I turned to mount and asked Reed where the ball struck. Seated on his horse he could see the antelope much further than I could, and he replied, "By Jove, you killed him." And so it was; for, after riding on for some distance, we came upon our quarry lying on his knees quite dead. The ball had hit him to the right of the tail and had raged through him, coming out at the shoulder—a lucky shot. The horns were soon transferred to our saddles, and we proceeded on our way, reaching the foot of the mountains about three o'clock in the afternoon. Here, near a beautiful spring, we determined to camp, and, leaving our horses and meagre camp equipage, started out on foot to look for deer and elk. Four hours' hard mountain climbing, over rocks, through thick brush and among fallen timber failed to reveal any game or any signs of its recent presence, and we returned to camp discouraged. The mountains were lovely where we camped, and would have detained us for some time had we come prepared for collecting. The dusky grouse was especially abundant, old females with their half-grown young being started at short intervals. Clark's crow, too, was seen and heard very often, besides many other mountain birds. Bear tracks and other indications of their presence were seen, but none of the "signs" were fresh enough to warrant our spending much time in looking them up.

The following day was devoted to a thorough investigation of Codes, Little and Elk mountains, with the same results as before. A few fresh elk tracks were found, but it soon became evident that game was by no means abundant here. Two months later the hunt would have turned out very differently, but the game was as yet far to the southward amid the high mountains that wall in North Park. So we turned our faces toward the plain again and spent several days hunting antelope, which were very abundant. It would be a pleasant task to narrate to you the incidents of these few days, but time and space warn me to close this letter. It is enough to say that we returned to Mr. Jones well laden with meat and bearing several fine bucks' heads as trophies of our hunt at the foot of Elk Mountain. Yo.

Elk Mountain, via Medicine Bow, Wyoming.

GAME PROTECTION.

CLOSE SEASONS FOR FISH AND GAME.

SEVERAL weeks ago, with the view of preparing for our readers a comprehensive and authoritative compendium of the close seasons for fish and game throughout the country, we requested of the Secretaries of the several States and Territories authentic information. To this request the most of them have kindly responded, and we take great pleasure in here acknowledging their courtesy. We give below an abstract of the statutes thus obtained. In some cases, where we have failed to secure the attention of State officials, we have compiled the laws from other and less reliable sources. The dates given below we believe to be trustworthy. It must be remembered that in many States there are special county and local modifications of the general State law. We shall shortly publish this information in the form of a tabulated statement for the use of game protective societies and all others who may desire it.

ALABAMA.—Deer, April 15 to September 15; fowl, April 1 to October 1; quail, April 1 to October 1; wild turkey, April 1 to September 15. These provisions relate only to the counties of Mobile, Choctaw, Monroe, Clarke, Washington, Baldwin, Marengo, Lowndes, Sumter, Escambia, Hale, Dallas, Montgomery and Greene.

CALIFORNIA.—Salmon, August 1 to September 15; salt or trout, November 1 to April 1; shad, April 1 to December 31;

trout, November 1 to April 1; antelope and deer, until March 30, 1882; fowl and quail, March 15 to September 15, except in Loson, Plumas and Sierra counties; in San Bernardino and Los Angeles counties, April 1 to August 1.

COLORADO.—Elk, buffalo, deer, antelope, mountain sheep and bison, January 1 to September 1; pinnated grouse, pheasant and prairie hen or grouse, November 15 to October 1.

CONNECTICUT.—Black bass, May 31 to July 1 (in Connecticut and Farmington Rivers may be taken at any time); salmon, none taken under nine pounds; shad, June 25 to March 15; trout, July 1 to April 15; quail, ruffed grouse and woodcock, January 1 to October 1.

DELAWARE.—Rabbit, partridge and pheasant in Kent and Sussex counties, February 15 to November 1; in New Castle county, January 1 to November 1; woodcock, January 1 to July 1.

FLORIDA.—No law for fish except one requiring non-residents to procure a license; deer, April 1 to September 1; no sea birds or birds of plumage may be killed; wild turkey, April 1 to September 1.

IDAHO.—Fowl in Ada county, April 15 to September 1; pinnated grouse in Ada county, March 1 to August 1; quail, April 1 to September 1.

ILLINOIS.—Deer, February 1 to October 1; geese, May 1 to August 15; pinnated grouse, January 15 to September 1; quail, February 1 to November 1; ruffed grouse, February 1 to October 1; snipe, May 1 to August 15; wild turkey, February 1 to October 1; woodcock, January 1 to September 1.

INDIANA.—Deer, January 1 to October 1; fowl, April 15 to September 1; quail, January 1 to November 1; pinnated grouse, February 1 to October 1; woodcock, January 1 to July 1; wild turkey, March 1 to September 1.

IOWA.—Black bass, April 1 to June 1; salmon, November 1 to February 1; deer and elk, January 1 to September 1; fowl and geese, May 1 to August 15; pinnated grouse, December 1 to September 1; quail, ruffed grouse and wild turkey, January 1 to October 1; snipe, May 1 to August 15; woodcock, January 1 to July 10. No person to kill more than 25 grouse, quail, snipe or plover in one day.

KANSAS.—Pinnated grouse, February 1 to July 31; quail, January 1 to September 30. Killing of plover, ruffed grouse, wild turkey and woodcock prohibited at all times.

KENTUCKY.—Deer, March 1 to September 1; squirrel, February 1 to June 15; rabbit, February 1 to October 20; fowl, January 1 to October 1; snipe, May 1 to August 15; plover, February 1 to October 20; woodcock, February 1 to August 15; doves, February 1 to August 1; wild turkey, February 1 to September 1.

LOUISIANA.—Deer, February 1 to August 1; quail, April 1 to September 15; wild turkey, April 1 to September 1.

MAINE.—Black bass, April 1 to July 1; land-locked salmon, September 21 to February 1; in St. Croix River and tributaries, September 15 to February 1, and in Moosehead and Penobscot waters, September 21 to June 1; salmon and shad, July 15 to April 1; togue and trout, see land-locked salmon; caribou and deer, January 1 to October 1; moose, until 1880; fowl and plover, May 1 to September 1; pinnated grouse (possession), January 1 to September 1; ruffed grouse, snipe and woodcock, December 1 to September 1.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Black bass, December 1 to July 1; land-locked salmon, October 1 to April 1; salmon, until April 7, 1880; lake trout, October 1 to April 1; shad in the Merrimack, June 10 to March 1; in the Connecticut, August 1 to March 15; trout, October 1 to April 1; deer, until January 1, 1880; fowl, April 15 to September 1; pinnated grouse shooting allowed only on one's own land; plover, January 1 to July 1; quail, January 1 to September 1; ruffed grouse and woodcock, January 1 to September 1.

MICHIGAN.—Trout, September 1 to May 1; grayling, November 1 to June 1; deer in Upper Peninsula, November 15 to August 1; Lower Peninsula, December 15 to September 15; fowl, January 1 to September 1; pinnated grouse, January 1 to September 1; quail, January 1 to October 1; ruffed grouse, January 1 to September 1; wild turkey, January 1 to October 1; woodcock, January 1 to July 1.

MINNESOTA.—Trout, April 1 to September 30; antelope, deer and moose, November 1 to December 15; fowl, September 1 to May 15; pinnated grouse, August 14 to September 30; quail and ruffed grouse, September 1 to November 30; July 3 to October 31.

MISSISSIPPI.—Deer, March 15 to September 15; quail, March 15 to September 15; dove and stalling, April 1 to September 15.

MISSOURI.—Deer, January 15 to September 1; pinnated grouse, February 1 to August 15; plover, February 1 to August 1; quail and ruffed grouse, February 1 to October 15; wild turkey, March 1 to September 15; woodcock, January 1 to July 1.

MONTANA.—Pinnated grouse, ruffed grouse and quail, March 1 to August 1.

NEBRASKA.—Buffalo, elk, mountain sheep, deer and antelope, January 1 to October 1. No wild birds save only water fowl, jack-snipe, sand-snipe, waders and woodcock can be taken at any time of the year.

NEVADA.—Trout and salmon trout, January 1 to September 1; deer, antelope, elk, mountain sheep or goat, January 1 to July 1; pinnated grouse, partridge, pheasant, woodcock, grouse, quail, fowl, geese, sandhill crane, plover and curlew, April 1 to September 1; sage chicken or snipe, April 1 to August 1.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Black bass, May 1 to June 30; muscologne, December 1 to May 31; pickerel, March 1 to May 31; pike, December 1 to May 31; salmon trout and speckled trout, September 1 to April 30; deer, January 1 to August 1; moose, February 1 to October 1; plover, quail and ruffed grouse, February 1 to August 1; woodcock, February 1 to July 1.

NEW JERSEY.—Salmon trout and speckled trout, October 1 to March 1; black bass, April 1 to July 1; pike or pickerel, March 1 to May 1; deer, December 1 to October 15; squirrels, January 1 to July 1; rabbit, January 1 to November 1; quail and pheasant, January 1 to November 1; woodcock, January 1 to July 4; rail, December 1 to September 1; red birds, December 1 to August 15; upland plover, January 1 to August 1; prairie chickens, until 1880.

NEW YORK.—Black bass, Oswego bass and muscologne, January 1 to May 30; trout, September 1 to April 1; salmon trout, October 1 to March 1; deer and moose, January 1 to September 1; fowl and geese, May 1 to September 1; quail, January 1 to November 1; woodcock, January 1 to August 1; on Long Island, January 1 to July 2.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Trout, October 15 to December 30, in the counties west of the Blue Ridge; partridge, quail, doves and wild turkeys, April 1 to October 1. This applies only to the counties of Davidson, Randolph, Rowan, Anson, Warren, Guilford, Rockingham, Orange, Caswell, Mecklenburg, Edgecombe and Carabarra.

from his surprise, the captain began hauling in his line, and after ten minutes' hard labor secured the bird. This exploit was equalled by that of a Gloucester, Mass., youth who shot a seal in the Squan River last week, and wheeled it home on a wheelbarrow.

THE MINISTERIAL WHITEBAIT DINNER.—We print the fish portion of the *menu* of the ministerial dinner given at Greenwhich, England. We have no doubt but that quite as good a dinner can be had at Brighton Beach. Earl Beaconsfield no longer can revel in whitebait alone. Mr. E. G. Blackford, in the most brutal Republican way, has deprived English Ministers of the monopoly of whitebait dinners. What is amusing about all this is that the *London Spectator*, because the bill of fare is written in old English, dates the decadence of Great Britain from the un-English character of the *menu*:

YE ANNUAL WHITEBAIT DINNER

YE HONORABLE MINISTERS

Wednesday, Ye 14th August, 1878.

At ye Hotel de Ville, London.

Ye SUPPER was QUEENWITHE.

This Bill of ye Fare is drawn in playne English, without any dooks of Frenche or other foreygn tongue, for the sabbid and sobere comfort of frendes, and that ye maye know what ye are asked to accept.

YE BILLS OF YE FAIRE.
YE SOUPE.
Soupe made from ye TORTLE, and alsoe Soupe made from ye Greene Fatte of ye same.

YE FISHES.
Ye FLOONDERS curiously cooked, and SALMONNE served inno lyke manere.
Ryssoles of ye LOBSTERE. Ye lytel SOLES fried.

Ye Puddinge of ye WHITTING. Ye EGGS skinned & stewed inno lyke manere.
Ye Omelette of CRABBE inno ye style as served to ye Guardes of ye line castle.

Ye TROUT from ye River Rye, served with ye sauce of Tartar.
SALMONNE inno collops, with ye sauce inno ye cyprus fashione.

Ye WHYTEBAIT, be-trizzled & alsoe be-devyiled.
Ye Dinner will be served after ye manere of ye Russian people.

THE RIO FOR BASS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In black bass fishing a short rod is always the best if it is long enough to get your flies where you want them. Bass fishing is mostly carried on from a boat, and a long rod in a boat is a nuisance. Black bass almost, if not always, as they are brought near the boat, make a dash and try to run under the boat, and a long rod is then a hindrance to turn them around the end of the boat and where the anchor is not, by the way, if possible. Bass are bold biters when they do bite, and are just as likely to bite or rise at a fly quite near you or the boat as at a distance. I believe they are not scattered around, but are much more apt to be collected in some considerable numbers together. Bass do not seem to be at all timid about a boat or anything, but are very notional biting or taking the bait, and when they have a notion to have a notion to be using of not more than two flies on a six-foot leader (casting lines some call them), and not trying to make long casts. Try to find where the fish are, and so handle them with a short line if possible, but "let him have his head" for the first run with your finger on the line, giving it an easy pressure so as to drag him a little at first, and then, as he increases the pressure, so as to get too near any obstructions. You will notice, I think, that he will go into the air and "stand on his tail" when you first strike him, either with a fly or bait, and is very apt to do the same each time you bring him up at the end of a run. Then you must look out that he does not get too much slack line on you. The instant he goes into the air just pull him over into the water where he belongs, and at the same time "keep him coming," but do this carefully without too sharp or too strong motions. After a few runs you may be able to bring him near the boat, then look over, or he will go under it in spite of you, breaking your rod or line. With skillful care just pass him around the other side of the boat. I think usually the fish won't try this more than once or twice before he will turn over on his side. Now he is ready for the landing net, and so pass him out and go for another. C. F. ORVIS.

Manchester, Vt., Aug. 1, 1878.

"A TOUCH OF NATURE."—Mr. George Dawson, the editor of the *Albany Evening Journal*, has been on a grayling expedition among the woods and waters of Michigan. In his travels there he fell in with some of the lumbermen, who are, for the first time in that region, working through the summer. Many of our readers in their summer wanderings have come across just such characters as this:

Scores of these sturdy workers were on the cars for their several camps, and they seemed gratified that there was this unexpected demand for their willing service. A little incident shows what affectionate recollections even the humblest retain of their old homes. One of them suspected that I was from "York State," and, seeing my bundle of rods, fancied, also, that I might have visited some of the forest localities with which he was familiar. When I assured him I knew every foot of the territory he referred to, he "froze to me" like an old friend and was greatly delighted.

"Ever on Little Tupper?" was his first direct question.
"Oh, yes, both Big and Little, often."
"Bully places those air. No such lakes in these parts, nor trout neither. I'd climb the back of a hog in the woods to see one such as I've tuck in Little Tupper. Ever fished in the Racket?"

"Every foot of it."
"Know the Little Bog?"
"I've been there often."

"Hail Columbia! I used to live right 'round thar. Ever meet Joe Peiser?"

"Oh, yes, I had his team once to take me to Canton." Jumping up with a "whoop!" which startled the crowd, he held up his black bottle toward me as if he were tendering me a kingdom and wished it was a continent, with the simple remark:

"I say, pard, won't you take a drink?"

I begged to be excused, and averted further importunity for the moment, by saying:

"Did you ever know 'Tom Cole, who used to live, years ago, on the Potomac?"

On this question my friend looked at me with the most comical expression of surprise and admiration. His face lit up like a pine knot, and his eyes became liquid as a running

brook, as old recollections seemed to crowd upon him like a log-jam in a spring freshet. When speech came to him he exclaimed:

"Jerusalem! Did you know Tom? Why, I've bunked with him in every sanny in the North Woods."

And then, with an intense earnestness which lifted the comic into the sublime, he sang, in a full, clear voice, a verse of "Father, come home," as if he would have been the happiest man on the globe if, at that moment, he could have taken his old friend by the hand, and stood once more on the shady banks of Big Tupper; and then, in a tone as full of pathos as the minor key of a funeral dirge, he said to me:

"Squire, hope to God I won't slide the chule until I get back home again!"

When I reached my destination, determined in some way to express his gratitude, he followed me to the platform with the remark:

"I say, chummy, if you won't take a drink, you'll let me carry your traps to the shanty, won't you?"

And he did. On leaving me the good fellow shook my hand with a pressure which made it feel as if it had found its way into the fresh cleft of an oak rail cut. And "I saw his face no more."

A STRING OF FISH.

A Montreal correspondent sends us this clipping and asks if it can be credited:

Mr. Charles Lechay, of Gananogue, Ont., an oarsman, had a most desperate encounter with a maskinonge on Monday on the river, a little below Granite Island. When Mr. Lechay galled the monster he made straight at him, breaking his leg and frightfully lacerating his arm, and his clothes were literally torn off him; and had it not been for the timely assistance of Mr. Frank Lolond (another oarsman) the fish would have killed him. The monster measured 11 feet 8 inches, and weighs 589 pounds.

Yes; we should think the story substantially true. We never before heard of a "maskinonge" 118 yards long and weighing 589 tons. But then every one knows that there are bigger fish about Gananogue than were ever caught anywhere else. It is remarkable that the fish should have swallowed the two men and the boats, but the very fact that the oarsmen made faces at the monster may account for this mad freak. In pleasing contrast to the ferocity and bloodthirstiness of the Gananogue "maskinonge," a most dangerous beast, is the tender love towards the human race displayed by the pickered of Clear Lake:

Living at Clear Lake is a family who have a little girl who takes daily rides on the lake in a small skiff drawn by two pickered. They are regularly harnessed, and by means of lines she is enabled to guide them in any direction desired. The fish are about three feet in length, weigh between seven and eight pounds each, and are very powerful. The rapidity with which they skim through the water with the boat and its precious cargo is said to exceed in swiftness the fastest sail boat that has been placed on the lake. When the girl has tired of riding she drives the pickered to a boat-house, where they are unharnessed, taken into a commodious glass aquarium and fed. When she visits the tank to harness them for a ride the pickered jump almost into her arms, so glad, apparently, are they to see her. The young miss has been offered \$1,000 for her strange team, but no money would induce her to part with them.

Beautiful, is it not! And note the effect of the indefiniteness of the locality. "Clear Lake" to add the State would destroy the charm. Who wants to know where Fairy Land is, or who would put his finger upon the exact spot on the map where it all happened "once upon a time, in a land, O over so far away." These, be it remembered, were only coarse pickered. If we find such sentiments beneath rough exteriors what may we not look for—through the magic glasses of the reporter—in the presumably finer natures of the tender trout, *Salmo fontinalis*, speckled beauty, *Yenuseta maculata*? Toughened indeed must be the wretch who can read this truthful and touching incident without a copious weep:

One of the most remarkable evidences that fishes possess reasoning power is related to us by a reliable gentleman which we hasten to lay before our readers.

Our informant has on his grounds an artificial trout pond which contains at least 3,000 spotted beauties, weighing from a half to two pounds each. The gentleman has a little daughter, five years of age, who may well be called the queen of the speckled beauties. This little miss has succeeded in training the fish so that she can go to the edge of the pond and with a handful of crumbs feed them from her chubby fat hand. The fish have learned to jump out of the water and snatch a worm from her fingers. They seem exceedingly fond of her—they are said to perfectly adore their little queen. On Thursday last she was standing near the edge of the pond, where the water was quite deep. While reaching over to drop a few crumbs to her subjects, she suddenly lost her balance and pitched headlong into the water. She says that she "went way down," when she felt something underneath her and she quickly rose to the surface, where she put her little lungs to their utmost test and called lustily for help. Her cries quickly attracted her parents, and they were horrified at seeing the little girl floating upon the surface of the pond. The father rushed quickly to the water's edge and reached out for his treasure, and as he raised her from the water a perfect solid mass of trout was found beneath her. These faithful subjects of the little queen as she fell quickly gathered beneath her and she showed their love for their mistress by bearing up her body until aid arrived, thus preventing her from meeting a watery grave, which she would have otherwise done. Parents who have little ones can imagine the parents' love for these trout, when they remember that their sagacity saved the life of their little daughter.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

A TENNESSEE FISHING CLUB.

MANY years ago, long before clubs were known in the far off Southwestern country, a party of gentlemen of this place banded themselves together, and for many years passed several weeks of each spring and autumn in the delightful recreation of angling. The party numbered some seven or eight, and were noted for the harmonious manner in

which, year after year, they quietly made their preparations for their first campaign. Two of the gentlemen were distinguished divines of the Methodist Church; the others were leading merchants of the city. They were provided with a complete camp equipage, for they went at their favorite amusement in true sportsman-like manner. They fished in most of the principal streams of this State—the Cumberland, Harpeth, Elk, Flint, and Tennessee rivers, besides Turnbull, Mill and other creeks. For the larger streams they had boats to convey them from point to point, and for navigating the smaller streams they had a boat which served also as the body for their fishing wagon. Their tackle was of the best and most improved make, Canoy's, Meeks' and other reels; grass, linen and silk lines, Limerick hooks, with snoods of various colors to match the different stages of the water; jointed rods, minnow seines, buckets, landing nets and hooks, artificial flies and tawls, in fact everything that could be suggested to make up an angler's kit. In addition to the above mentioned paraphernalia, these gentlemen were all experts in the art of angling. The streams in which they fished were well stocked with black and striped bass, black perch, drum and jack, to say nothing of eels, turtle and catfish. To say that they were always fortunate in taking great numbers of fish is almost superfluous, for the reason that they never ceased fishing until they did catch a good number. But with all that nature had done for their sport, and science had aided it in, they were prudent enough not to depend solely upon chance, and in consequence never forgot to start with a well filled larder and a few unostentatious flasks of Robertson and Lincoln Counties best brew to make good any shortcomings on the part of the elements or the capricious finny tribe that they were after.

That equipped they would seek some good ground where to pick their tents, near a farm if possible, so that they could get their supplies of milk and butter. Once settled, the first part of the programme was the securing of minnows. Each one had his bucket and favorite spot to fish, and away they would go, only to meet at some given place about the hour of noon, when, as a rule, the fish would cease to bite, and they could take advantage of this respite for luncheon and a rest. It would fill volumes to give a literal account of all their exploits, and we cannot do so, but we are getting an account of some of the gentlemen composing this exclusive angling association, and an anecdote or two told upon one of more of them on some of their expeditions. The two D. D.'s were the exact opposites in form and disposition; the one was a fine-looking, portly person, cool and self-possessed, with a peculiar voice, much like that of a female, but a most patient and scientific fisherman; the other was a person of diminutive stature, nervous and believing in the efficacy of a good trout-ting great deal in it. When the fish would not bite he would make the woods ring with some old-fashioned cantering hymn, his voice sounding more like that of a giant than one we should fancy belonging to him. Then there was W. A., an excitable individual, at times rather irritable, but a good fellow and an excellent fisherman; J. M. A., a quiet and retiring party, but full of fun and always ready to give a good joke; L. G., a solemn character, who was not conversively so, a hard worker, and, as a result, a lucky sportsman.

A notable member of the association was one who wore a military title—I say wore it, because he assumed it with a degree of pomp and style quite befitting the rank allotted him. He hated water, that is to say, he disliked going into it with the other members when minnows were to be caught, or a boat launched or beached, or any emergency when called upon. He was a member of the association, but he was not a fisherman. One day he lost a fine fish, or his hook caught in a rock, or something such trouble had happened him. Just in the midst of his rage the military member called upon him to put him across the stream in the little wagon boat. "All right," says W. A.; "but you know this craft is fearfully crank—a sudden shift of your quid will capsize it—so you must be on your guard or you will get into your much-deadened element." With such a warning he made at first a man of his own mind, and then he and off she darted into the stream, but he was not long and gotten half way across, over she tipped, and into the rushing stream was our military man thrown. There he was, floundering like a great fish, swearing all the oaths known to a regular old salt. Whether W. A. did this to palliate his anger or was it the result of accident, I could never learn. I doubt, however, if the military man ever believed that it was. The same gentleman was once the cause of a good deal of merriment in the camp because of a rather ridiculous incident of a well-intentioned effort to secure some game to his reel. It was an exceedingly hot day in September, and upon the banks of Stone's River, that the patience of our hero had been well exhausted—fishing with all kinds of bait, such as minnows, earth worms, flies, etc., to no purpose, not even a nibble to reward him. Just at this moment he fancied he saw in the grass close by him a little green frog. He looked again, and there was the frog, sure enough. "Ah! ah! my little joker, if I can but lay my hands upon you I would offer you as a temptation, which I know some noble jack could not refuse; so here goes, and I will catch you if I can." After some little scampering about, and with the aid of his broad-brimmed Panama, he succeeded in capturing the innocent frog. Placing him carefully upon his hook, he next proceeded to cast him into the water, but he was so awkwardly managed that he fell on his back or bass or jack) nearly on his side, and he was not long in getting up. His cast was perfect, and there stood our friend, rod in hand, reaching as far as possible out into the stream, with the clear setting sun shining full in his face, which was, from that cause and excitement, as red as a beet, waiting patiently for the expected bite; but he waited in vain. "No bite! How can this be?" What was his disgust when H. G., coming up the opposite bank, discovered that the frog was in the water, and had swam out to the bank, which it had climbed up and was sitting there, apparently meditating upon the cruel nature of the human race and in full view of his persecutor. If it were not for fear of tiring the patience of my readers I could give a dozen or more of just such embarrassing situations that happened not only to the military member, but to all the others. As it is, I had better tell about Col. H.'s experience with a young lady of Julia river, who was a friend of his in New York, knowing the old gentleman's fondness for fishing, and knowing his favorite way to wade out into the stream, sent him a pair of the above-mentioned trousers, with boots and breeches together. Old Nick, as everybody called him, was delighted. "Now I can go with the boys," said he; "no fear of rheumatism or ague with such waterproofs as these. I can take the stream and be as dry as a powder-horn."

With such cooling thoughts in his mind, he climbed up and down the stream, and in hand stepped out into the water, the place where he entered the stream was very rapid water, about eighteen inches deep. The bottom was rocky, with green,

slimy moss growing upon it. He thought, however, that it was soft, and pushed ahead, his friends in the meantime watching to see the result of his new rig. They had not long to wait, as the old gentleman's feet flew from under him and down he came, and there he was, in great danger of drowning, the breeches filled with water and the old man powerless to help himself. His friends in the meantime were so convulsed with laughter as to be unable for a few moments to go to his rescue. At length he was taken out, and this ended his fishing career.

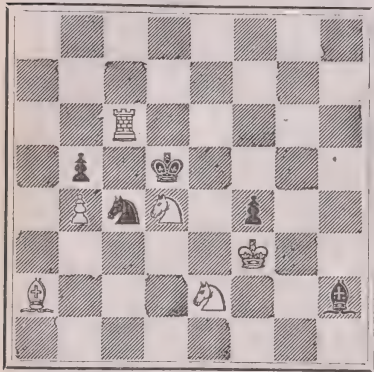
Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 1878.

J. D. H.

The Game of Chess.

Problem No. 25.

Tourney set, No. 10. Motto: Blue Bells of Scotland.



White to play and give mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS—No. 21.

[Solutions Nos. 17, 18, and 19 should have read Nos. 15, 16 and 20. White P at Q3 should be changed for a Black P.]

- | | | |
|-------------|--------|--------|
| 1—Q-K4 | 1—P-K3 | 1—R-K3 |
| 2—Q-K5 | 2—K-K3 | 2—K-K3 |
| 3—P-K3 mate | 3—K-K3 | 3—K-K3 |

Game No. 73.—RUY LOPEZ.

- | | | | |
|------------------|----------------|------------------|----------------|
| White, MacKenzie | Black, English | White, MacKenzie | Black, English |
| 1—P-K4 | 1—P-K4 | 19—Q-K3 | 19—Q-K3 |
| 2—K-K3 | 2—K-K3 | 20—K-K3 | 20—K-K3 |
| 3—K-K3 | 3—K-K3 | 21—K-K3 | 21—K-K3 |
| 4—K-K3 | 4—K-K3 | 22—K-K3 | 22—K-K3 |
| 5—K-K3 | 5—K-K3 | 23—K-K3 | 23—K-K3 |
| 6—K-K3 | 6—K-K3 | 24—K-K3 | 24—K-K3 |
| 7—K-K3 | 7—K-K3 | 25—K-K3 | 25—K-K3 |
| 8—K-K3 | 8—K-K3 | 26—K-K3 | 26—K-K3 |
| 9—K-K3 | 9—K-K3 | 27—K-K3 | 27—K-K3 |
| 10—K-K3 | 10—K-K3 | 28—K-K3 | 28—K-K3 |
| 11—K-K3 | 11—K-K3 | 29—K-K3 | 29—K-K3 |
| 12—K-K3 | 12—K-K3 | 30—K-K3 | 30—K-K3 |
| 13—K-K3 | 13—K-K3 | 31—K-K3 | 31—K-K3 |
| 14—K-K3 | 14—K-K3 | 32—K-K3 | 32—K-K3 |
| 15—K-K3 | 15—K-K3 | 33—K-K3 | 33—K-K3 |
| 16—K-K3 | 16—K-K3 | 34—K-K3 | 34—K-K3 |
| 17—K-K3 | 17—K-K3 | 35—K-K3 | 35—K-K3 |
| 18—K-K3 | 18—K-K3 | 36—K-K3 | 36—K-K3 |

NOTES (Condensed).

- That this move is not better than the recognized continuation of 6-B-K3 is specially shown.
- Rather venturesome.
- R-K3 is preferable.
- I favor K-K4.
- This move prevents Black exchanging Queens save at the expense of a piece.
- Either resign or play Q-K5, which allows of a further struggle.—*Westminster Papers.*

CURSEY JOTTINGS.

The Derbyshire Chess Column of Aug. 8 is devoted entirely to American chess matters. We endorse a portion of that which contains the balance we view with disapproval. The *Turf* observed: "That it is the impartial judgment that our representatives have not been out-played, and that their misfortune must be ascribed to some other cause than lack of ability, etc." This is published in the Derbyshire Chess Column with the appended comments thereon: "What this 'some other cause' may be, of course we cannot even guess at, but our readers will have some idea of the chronic state of brag that just now obtains in the States from the fact that this article is being copied into other American Journals [kindly give names of some?] and that MacKenzie is Chess Editor of the *Turf*." Oh, Derbyshire, did not MacKenzie score one and one-half games against Zukertort, one and one-half games against Winawer, one game against both Blackburne and Bird, and then two consecutive games, in playing off a tie, against Biel? Are not these straw whereon to express an "impartial judgment?" What would have been the "impartial judgment" of the Derbyshire Chess Column had MacKenzie represented Derby at the Paris Tourney? We repeat that you would have devoted an entire column to the subject, and kept it up for weeks thereafter. Had you treated the matter as did the *Turf* you would not have indulged in brag. "Brag just now obtains in the States"—indeed! This affords us a seasonable opportunity to remind the Derbyshire Chess Editor that he has indulged in brag—we refer to his articles on Reichenbach's later and 1000. This brag has had facts at its back, and English solving ability is just a matter of pride. We "acknowledge the corn" in that instance, and we also parenthetically state that Andrews is a first-class problemist, solver, critic and umpire, and that Messrs. Pierce and Meyer are also good problemists and solvers. But why did you so present the subject to your readers in a manner that left open no fair inference to your readers other than that MacKenzie wrote this "impartial criticism?" Hardly the fair thing to do, knowing as you must have, that Mr. MacKenzie did not conduct the *Turf* chess column while engaged in play at the Paris Tourney. While we admire Thompson's pluck, enthusiasm and ability, we cannot applaud or even silently wink at his indiscriminate and unfair attack upon American chess in that exceptional cases are made to appear as illustrations of American chess players

generally. It is not our intention to provoke a discussion with the Derbyshire Chess Column by the above or our closing observation, that friend Thompson sometimes goes off before even a half cock.

The winners of the prizes in the problem tourney of the *Reichs-Deutscher Schach Club*, of Italy, are: first, G. B. Valle, Spezia; second, A. Abela, Malaga, Spain; third, M. Oberman, Leipzig, Germany.

The English manager of the International Tourney intends to publish games, etc.—he having discontinued his column in the Glasgow *News of the Week*—in the *Argus and Express* chess column, of Ayr, Scotland.

Mr. Morton's chess column in that paper is conducted with rare ability.

The *Westminster Paper* for August gives a portrait of Mr. Winawer, the celebrated Russo-Polish chess player, and about sixty games played at Paris. It is a valuable number, and should be in the hands of every chess player.

Game No. 74.—RUY LOPEZ—BIRD'S DEFENCE.

Final round. Played July 23, 1878:

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
Mason.	Bird.	Mason.	Bird.
1—P-K4	1—P-K4	20—K-K3	20—K-K3
2—K-K3	2—K-K3	21—K-K3	21—K-K3
3—K-K3	3—K-K3	22—K-K3	22—K-K3
4—K-K3	4—K-K3	23—K-K3	23—K-K3
5—K-K3	5—K-K3	24—K-K3	24—K-K3
6—K-K3	6—K-K3	25—K-K3	25—K-K3
7—K-K3	7—K-K3	26—K-K3	26—K-K3
8—K-K3	8—K-K3	27—K-K3	27—K-K3
9—K-K3	9—K-K3	28—K-K3	28—K-K3
10—K-K3	10—K-K3	29—K-K3	29—K-K3
11—K-K3	11—K-K3	30—K-K3	30—K-K3
12—K-K3	12—K-K3	31—K-K3	31—K-K3
13—K-K3	13—K-K3	32—K-K3	32—K-K3
14—K-K3	14—K-K3	33—K-K3	33—K-K3
15—K-K3	15—K-K3	34—K-K3	34—K-K3
16—K-K3	16—K-K3	35—K-K3	35—K-K3
17—K-K3	17—K-K3	36—K-K3	36—K-K3
18—K-K3	18—K-K3	37—K-K3	37—K-K3
19—K-K3	19—K-K3	38—K-K3	38—K-K3

NOTES.

- This is altogether premature. P-Q3 is the correct continuation.
- Possibly necessary after the last move, and, no doubt, intended as its foilower, but it only shows how completely the nature of the opening has been misconceived. Mr. Mason possesses many of the qualities of a really strong player, and particularly he is by no means apt to break down under difficulties, but he certainly lacks what is called judgment.
- Which is obviously a sign of weakness.
- This P seems likely, either directly or indirectly, to work considerable mischief.
- He cannot stand against R-K3 while the K remains at R, but B-K3 would appear to be more hopeful than the text move.
- Which of course wins.
- This game is a good specimen of Mr. Bird's vigorous, if somewhat loose, style. Careful elaboration is not a quality that he goes in for, and as long as his opponent's game is broken up, he does not seem to mind his own being in various places.—*Westminster Papers.*

CORRECTION OF PROBLEM NO. 23.—Remove White's Queen at the board, and place White's King on Q's 8th square.

New Publications.

BYRNE'S TIMBER AND LOG BOOK. By Oliver Byrne, C. E. The American News Company: New York.

This is a handy little work and ready-reckoner, which is useful alike to the merchant, mechanic and trader. Its use will economize time and labor, and the great variety of tables contained will cover a large field of inquiry. To shipbuilders and yacht-builders or designers we can especially commend the pages on board-measure, timber and plank measure, the cubical contents of spars and round timber generally; as well as the tables of wages, which will assist materially in keeping the accounts of the building yard. Weights, foreign measures compared with American, tables of interest, and tables showing the value of any number of pounds of cotton at different prices, or of any number of articles at different prices, will render the book welcome at the desk of merchants and traders generally. On all these matters the book may be accepted as a standard. It may be carried easily in the pocket, and its price of 35c. places it within reach of all.

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL ATLAS OF NEW JERSEY COAST. Illustrated. By Woolman & Rose, Philadelphia. Price 57c.

As the name indicates, this work contains a mass of information of interest to all who are or may be connected in any way with the coast of New Jersey, either as proprietors of land, sportsmen, or yachtsmen. It is intended to preserve in accessible form a record of the past and present condition of the coast line, including a strip of land, ten miles wide, from New York to Cape May. The historical and biographical portions of the work have been carefully compiled from the most authentic sources by Mr. T. T. Price, M.D., of Tuckerton, Burlington Co., and Mr. Bernard Cooper, of Freehold, Monmouth Co., both gentlemen well known, and fully competent, by their long residence and wide acquaintance in the State, of acceptably filling the task undertaken. Through them many incidents concerning the Revolution, and reminiscences of fact relating to the lives of the first settlers now first reach the light of publication. A series of maps of the coast and harbors, taken by permission from the United States Coast Survey, are the only complete maps of the Jersey coast ever published. They form a most valuable feature of the work, and are worth as much as is asked for the entire work—certainly they could not be bought separately for any like sum. Besides a detail map of the entire State and adjacent counties of New York and Pennsylvania, we have in this book a series of six separate charts of the coast line as far down as Cape May, with all the soundings, lights, buoys, fishing and hunting stations, towns, counties, roads, railroads, and position of wrecks marked out, which, together with the innumerable illustrations of villages and summer resorts, form a most valuable collection of matter, alike interesting to the sportsman, farmer, country gentleman and yachtsman. Accompanying the rest is an old-time chart of 1812, taken from Capt. Gibbons' "Chart Book," which will form a basis for instructive comparison of the changes taken place within the last fifty years. Old islands have disappeared; others opened in their stead. Large areas of beach land have sunk, and new formations created, while, of course, the number of lights and buoys have vastly increased, and what was once a dangerous coast has been shorn of its worst features, so far as the most perfect lighthouse system in the world can effect. To the life-saving stations much attention has been

bestowed. The origin and improvements in the service stations, their locality and furnishing, with rules for the guidance of the shipwrecked; will be found of immediate benefit to all who coast along the Jersey shores for profit or for pleasure. The profuse illustrations throughout the volume will serve to give an adequate idea of the wonderful and rapid development in number and importance of the summer resorts that dot the beaches of favored New Jersey. They will serve better to select one's summer abode than any number of advertisements or descriptive articles could do. The local history has been obtained from resident citizens, and is fuller probably than anything heretofore published. Besides seventeen charts and maps, the reader will find accurate and detailed plans of no less than thirty-two towns and villages, showing divisions in lots, and their owners, with the means of access to them. Statistics, covering all the industries, population, schools, light-houses, wrecks, yachts and yacht clubs, inventions, etc., add to make the book one of the most prolific works of reference recently published. The yachting public will find in the rear a coast survey chart of New York Bay and Raritan Bay, with a list of coast waters, including the Sound as far as Throggs Neck—a useful appendage. Taken as a whole, the book can be recommended to all whose interests are identified, permanently or temporarily, with the coast of New Jersey, in its past, present, or future. It is printed in clear type, charts in color, and bound in a serviceable and handsome manner. A specimen copy can be sent at our office.

AROUND THE WORLD IN THE YACHT "SUNBEAM." By Mrs. Brassey. New York: Henry Holt & Co., 25 Bond st.

Hackneyed descriptions of travels over well-trodden roads the world has brought forth innumerable, but it has remained for Mrs. Brassey, wife of one of the well-known engineer and employer of labor, Mr. Thos. Brassey, to open to the public paths in literature, entirely new and heretofore unexplored. Mr. Thos. Brassey, M.P., who, as a successful yachtsman and navigator, is a standing example for all amateurs to follow, in his account of the *Sunbeam's* cruise around the world has confined himself to matters more or less of a professional nature, branching out here and there into politico-economical considerations in connection with the countries visited. Mrs. Brassey, who is thoroughly in accord with the spirit animating her husband, has, on the contrary, given us, in her book of the same voyage, a pleasantly and ably written diary of strange lands and people, as well as of life at sea as it appeared to a woman of close and intelligent observation. At times, her very practical suggestions and wiser deductions reveal a shade of character bordering upon sound executive or administrative qualifications, which it is too often presumed are wanting in the softer sex. At the same time, there is nothing in Mrs. Brassey's views elicited by the happenings during their protracted voyage, which is in the least unwomanly. The occasional assertion of her rights among not over-scrupulous strangers, and the means she took to maintain them—as, for instance, when shabbily treated by mine host at Santiago, Chili—are pleasing insights into the energy of character which even many men would do well to display oftener for their individual benefit and the protection of the general public. The descriptive talents of Mrs. Brassey are marked by their clearness and terseness, and are fortunately free from that rapid inflation of words, so often met with in books of travel, whose effect is that of a meaningless attempt at padding or romantic fiction rather than a truth-conveying analysis of the actual condition of things. Moreover, in so far as Mrs. Brassey relates the doings aboard the yacht, the public may put entire faith in their value as specimens of professional competence, seldom, if ever, attained by a lady without in the least sacrificing any of the qualities which render the gentler sex the admiration of men. Without doubt, Mrs. Brassey is sailor enough to teach many of her readers who may pride themselves on their nautical acquirements some lessons which they may take to heart with advantage to their standing as seamen or pilots. The book is as full of interest to the yachtsman as to the family fire-side, and it has been brought out in attractive form with illustrations by the publishers.

WINGATE'S RIFLE PRACTICE—MANUAL FOR RIFLE PRACTICE. By Gen. Geo. W. Wingate, General Inspector of Rifle Practice. N. G. S. N. Y. Sixth revised edition. New York: W. C. & F. P. Church. 1878.

The author of the "Manual for Rifle Practice" has been fortunate enough during the last few years to see three things, which, as one of the originators of rifle practice in the United States, must have been more or less flattering to him: Firstly, from a very small beginning in New York, rifle practice has extended all over the United States; secondly, the rules and regulations governing rifle shooting have had for their source the limits laid down by the National Rifle Association; and, thirdly, the "Manual" has, in a surprisingly short time, entered on its sixth edition. Both practically and scientifically, General Wingate, from his position of Inspector of Rifle Practice, is admirably capacitated for the work undertaken. The book has not stood still with its first edition, but as changes and new regulations have been introduced in the use of the rifle as a military arm, fresh and interesting matter has been added to the "Manual." One great excellence of the work is that the rifleman, whether as a military or a non-military man, can find in it exactly what he wants. Our Journal is constantly requested to give to new organizations hints and ideas how to increase the efficiency of members on the range. Wingate's "Manual," in its "Suggestions to Marksmen," has an appendix which is invaluable. As it is, General Wingate's "Manual," and the method, philosophy and practice it inculcates, have been so thoroughly appreciated that the system designated in the school of the rifle has now been officially adopted in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Vermont, New York, New Jersey, Illinois, California and Louisiana. The greatest compliment that can be paid to the book is that the "Manual" is considered and used as a standard work in both the Navy and Regular Army.

GOOSE.—We have lately seen somewhere—we don't exactly remember where—the wood-cut of a strange bird. It bears under it this legend, which has helped us considerably: "Anser hypoboreus—Snow Goose." We are glad to be so informed, because we felt it was no-goose.

ORONOGA COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The first annual fair will be held at Syracuse on the 17th, 18th and 19th of September. In a hippic way the programme is superb.

HANGING A HAMMOCK.—Every well-to-do farmer—every owner of a cozy village home—every member of a city stay-at-home club who commands a spot big enough to swing one—should have a hammock. A very good one may be bought for \$1.50 to \$4, or as much higher as you choose to go. It should be hung where there is a good afternoon shade, and, if intended for use for children's use, so low that small children can get into it by the aid of a box or low stool, and over soft ground, so that the numerous tumbles that are probable will be harmless. If no other place is available, it may be hung between the pillars of a veranda, a place well enough for the older people who use it, but undesirable for children on account of the lack of a soft turf, as well as for the noise which accompanies its use by the youngsters. When children only are to use the hammock the manner of hanging it is not important, but if provided for the use of grown persons it should then be so suspended that the head will always be considerably higher than the feet, and the use of the hammock of one who uses it depends upon a proper observance of this fact. If you have no more suitable place, suspend it from the columns of a veranda. The hook which supports the head end should be 4 feet from the floor, and that for the foot end 3 feet, and these proportions should be observed wherever it may be hung, to secure the most desirable curve for the ease of the occupant.

Another point to be observed: the head end should be fastened to the hook by a rope less than a foot long—just enough to properly attach it, while at the foot is a rope 4 feet long. This gives the greatest freedom for swinging the lower part of the body, while the head moves but little. This is a point which cannot be observed in a hammock for children, who think more of it as a swing than a place of comfortable repose. When trees serve for supports, ample provision should be made to prevent injury to the bark, by means of a stout canvas or heavy bagging between the ropes to which it is suspended and the bark. If the hanging be so arranged that the hammock can be taken in during long storms it will last much longer.—*Boston Golden Rule.*

A SURGEON'S EXTRAORDINARY LEAP.—Although it happened over half a century ago, the following story, vouched for by Mr. Chester Burbank, of Watervliet, an old resident of the town, will be found interesting even at this late date. In the year 1830 the sloop *Robert Burns*, of Castleton, was lying at anchor off the Palisades. The sloop was 200 tons burden, and was manned as follows: Captain, Arad Buckman; pilot, Wm. Porgy; cook, Chester Burbank, who now relates the story; and Henry Douglass, Tinsmith and one Bogie, of the crew. There were also two young ladies aboard, who occupied the cabin, one of whom was named Miss Almira Austin. About 12 o'clock at night the crew were roused by the shrieks of the young ladies and a terrible commotion in the cabin. The door was broken in, when it was found that a huge sturgeon was in the room, and the trouble. Appearances indicated that the fish had leaped from the river upon the locker and slid through the open window of the cabin, landing in the berth occupied by the young ladies. The young girls, unable to realize what the object was, were paralyzed with terror at first, but soon regaining their senses gave utterance to shrieks and loud springing from their berth, crouched in the furthest corner of the cabin, while the fish, finding himself in strange quarters, flopped about in the berth. It is needless to add that the surgeon was speedily dispatched by the sailors and divided equally among those on board. The young ladies, however, refused their shares, and could not be induced to even taste of the fish after it was cooked.—*Albany Journal.*

EQUALLY WONDERFUL.—Two patrons of the piscatorial art, having met at the water's edge, inquired of each other as to the success of the morning's fishing. It was found that the one had been fishing with fly and had made a tolerable basket, while the other, who had been fishing with bait, had taken only a very few. Referring to the state of the water, the fly-fisher recommended the other to give up the bait and try "fly," and he thought he would be more successful. His friend, saying he had no artificial flies with him, he was told he might catch a few natural flies and try these, and that the best for this purpose was the horse-fly, which he would get by the neighboring hedges. Taking this advice, he at once went off in the direction of the hedges. Seeing a girl herding cows, he went to her and said, "My good girl, do you know where it is likely I will get some horse-flies?" The girl, not understanding the question, looked at her interrogator, but made no reply. The question was repeated, but still the girl was silent. He then said to her, "My good girl, did you ever see a horse-fly?" "No," replied the girl, "but I've seen a cow jump over a dyk."—*Ayr (Scotland) Argus.*

MORE LATE EDITOR.—This time it is an English "society paper" editor who tries his hand at natural history. A London paper says:

One of these journals declares that the editor of another is the arch-fiend who was cast out of Heaven for misconduct—which we can scarcely believe. The arch-fiend responds by calling his assailant an egg-dealer, and says that he lays goose's eggs, a most remarkable fact in natural history. It appears to us, as mere outsiders, that the fiend carries too many guns for the egg man, and that the latter had better retire from the contest, or there may be a terrific smash, in which his fragile wares cannot fail to suffer severely. It is not pleasant, we admit, to be told that you lay eggs, and the eggs of a goose, moreover; but the best way is to keep the thing as quiet as possible.

VELOCEPÈDE TOURISTS.—Two velocipede riders of Paris, M. le Baron Emanuel de Graffenried and Burgenstein and M. A. Laumelle d'Angers, have accomplished a very long and rapid journey on their velocipedes. Leaving Paris on March 16, they returned on the 24th of April, after having traveled a distance of more than three thousand miles. Their route extended through a part of the west, the middle, and the south of France, Italy and southern Switzerland. They traveled through Orleans, Tours, Poitiers, Angoulême, Bordeaux, Montauban, Toulouse, Montpellier, Marseilles, Toulon, Nice, Menton, San Remo, Genoa, Turin, Milan, the Simplon—where they barely escaped destruction by an avalanche—Vevey, Bern, Lausanne, Geneva, Dijon, Troy and Provins. The longest distance that they accomplished in a single day was between Turin and Milan, a distance of 90 miles which they made in 9½ hours.

TEACHING BULFINCHES TO SING.—At Fulda, in Germany, there are several schools for teaching bulfinches to sing. The young birds are divided into classes of from six to ten each, and kept in the dark. As they are fed a small hand organ is played. The birds first begin to associate the music with the feeding, and when hungry they begin to sing a few notes of the tune they hear daily. They are then placed in a room where light is admitted. This seems to render them more lively. They are then taught additional music, and enjoy singing. The most difficult task is starting the birds. Some are kept for a long time in the dark, and on starvation tactics before their stupidity or obstinacy can be overcome.

THE BICYCLE IN SCOTLAND.—The Scotch press reports that Mr. John Rankin, a young Kilmarnock gentleman, has just completed a journey to London and back on a bicycle. He left Kilmarnock on the 23d of July, and reached the metropolis on the 1st of August, after having made a stay at Sheffield, part of a day at Birmingham, and part of a day at Coventry. The distance of 430 miles was thus run in about six days, making allowance for stoppages. Mr. Rankin left London for home on the 6th of August, taking the east coast route, and reached Glasgow on Saturday evening, thence going to Kilmarnock that night by train. The longest run in one day was from Morpeth to Edinburgh, the distance being 112 miles.

Tiffany & Co., Silversmiths, Jewellers, and Importers, have always a large stock of silver articles for prizes for shooting, yachting, racing and other sports, and on request they prepare special designs for similar purposes. Their **TIMING WATCHES** are guaranteed for accuracy, and are now very generally used for sporting and scientific requirements. **TIFFANY & CO.** are also the agents in America for Messrs. **PATEK, PHILIPPE & CO.,** of Geneva, of whose celebrated watches they have a full line. Their stock of **Diamonds and other Precious Stones, General Jewelry, Artistic Bronzes and Pottery, Electro-Plate and Sterling Silverware** for Household use, fine Stationery and Bric-a-brac, is the largest in the world, and the public are invited to visit their establishment without feeling the slightest obligation to purchase.

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THE LANCET.—
"Hunyadi Janos, Baron Lieke, attests that its richness in aperient salts passes that of all other known waters."

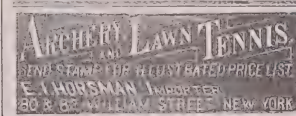
THE BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.—
"Hunyadi Janos is the most agreeable, safest, and most efficacious aperient water."

PROF. SOR VINCOW, Berlin. "Invariably good and prompt success; most valuable."
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PROF. SOR SCANZONI, Wurzbourg. "I prescribe none but this."
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Helvetia Rifle Club.
The Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the above Club will be held
On SEPTEMBER 8, 9, 10 and 11,
AT UNION HILL SCHUTZEN PARK.

The different committees do everything in their power to satisfy all friends of this noble sport which will visit this festival. Prizes to the amount of about \$5,000 are set out for target practice. Prizes to the amount of \$600 are set out for bowling. For particulars see programmes. August 27.



Ronan's Metal Shell Cleaner.
Cleans fifty shells in ten minutes. No water used. Knives elastic, self-adjusting, prevent the slipping of valves. Is unequalled as a brusher being by covering with an oiled cloth. For sale by all gun dealers, or sample sent free by mail on receipt of price, \$1.50; 10 and 12 lbs. J. P. RONAN, 755 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Mass. Liberal discount to the trade.
Sept 23 3m



Prices Lower than before the War.
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OLD KENTUCKY BOURBON & MONONGAHELA
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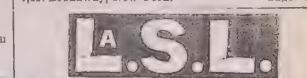
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COMMONWEALTH DISTRIBUTION CO.,
By authority of the Commonwealth of Kentucky supervised by Hon. R. C. Wintersmiller, Ex-Treasurer Generals T. A. Harris, Geo. E. H. Gray, and other prominent citizens, will give the TWENTY FIFTH LOT DRAWING in Public Library Hall, Louisville, Ky., on
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No Postponement.

UNPARALLELED SCHEME.
\$115,400 in Cash Prizes,
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Read the List of Prizes:
1 Prize \$100,000.....\$10,000
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1 Prize 5,000.....5,000 Prizes 20.....10,000
10 Prizes \$1,000.....10,000 Prizes 100.....10,000
20 Prizes \$500.....10,000
9 Prizes \$300 each Approximation Prizes.....\$2,700
9 Prizes 200 each.....1,800
9 Prizes 100 each.....900

1,900 Prizes.....\$115,400
WHOLE TICKETS, \$2. HALF TICKETS, \$1.
25 TICKETS, 50c.
Remit by Post-office Money Order, Registered Letter, Bank Draft or Express. Full list of Drawing published in Louisville Courier-Journal and New York Herald, and mailed to all ticket-holders. For tickets and information, address COMMONWEALTH DISTRIBUTION CO., or A. J. COMMERFORD, Secretary, Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky., or to B. H. POTTER & CO., General Eastern Agents, 122 Broadway, New York. August 27



A S. L.
A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. NINTH GRAND DISTRIBUTION, 1ST, AT NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, SEPT. 10.
Louisiana State Lottery Company.
This institution was regularly incorporated by the Legislature of the State for Educational and Charitable purposes in 1868, with a capital of \$1,000,000, to which it has since added a reserve fund of \$350,000. ITS GRAND SINGLE UNDER DISTRIBUTION will take place monthly on the 10th of each month. It never scales or postpones. Look at the following distribution:

CAPITAL PRIZE, \$30,000.
100,000 TICKETS AT TWO DOLLARS EACH.
HALF-TICKETS ONE DOLLAR.
LIST OF PRIZES.
1 Capital Prize of.....\$30,000
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2 Prizes of.....6,000
5 Prizes of.....5,000
20 Prizes of.....10,000
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200 ".....10,000
500 ".....10,000
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1,837 Prizes amounting to.....\$110,400
Responsible corresponding agents wanted at all prominent points, to whom a liberal compensation will be paid.

Application for rates to clubs should only be made to the Home Office in New Orleans.
Write, clearly stating full address, for further information, or send orders to
M. A. DAUPHIN,
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All our Grand Extraordinary Drawings are under the supervision and management of GENS. G. T. BEAUREGARD and J. M. A. EARLY.
August 27 2c

Kentucky State Lottery.
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Class Draws September 14.
One prize of \$14,000, one of \$5,000, and one of \$1,000.
1894 PRIZES DISTRIBUTING \$67,923.
Whole Tickets, \$1.
WILLIAMSON & CO.,
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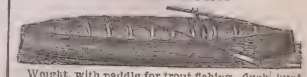
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Admission 50 cents. Children half price.
THE MARVELLOUS ST. BENOIT TWINS.
Admission 25 cents extra. Children 15 cents.

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Boys prepared for College or University. Terms, \$20 for ten months. For circular apply to Principal, Leesburg, Loudoun Co., Virginia.
August 2nd. THOMAS WILLIAMSON.

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Record of Sharps Rifles at Spring Meeting N. R. A., Creedmoor 1878:

MAY 23--LEECH CUP, for the Championship of America, won by Mr. Frank Hyde with SHARPS LONG-RANGE RIFLE, MODEL 1878.

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Best record of any other Rifle. **170**

In five-sixths of the matches in which the Sharps Rifles were allowed to be used, and they were used, at the Spring Meeting of the N. R. A., May 24, 24 and 26, at Creedmoor, they won First Prizes.

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COCKER SPANIEL Breeding Kennel

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I keep only cockers of the finest strains. I sell only young stock. I guarantee satisfaction and safe delivery to every customer. These beautiful and intelligent dogs cannot be beaten for ruffed grouse and woodcock shooting and retrieving. **110 lb**

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A Bane to Fleas—A Boon to Dogs.

This Powder is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animals, or money returned. It is put up in patent boxes with sliding pepper box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and efficacious.

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Sportsmen in want of first-class cocker spaniels write at once to ROBERT WALKER, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y. Stock and delivery guaranteed. Price, \$15 each for dog or bitch or spayed bitch pups. may 21 yr

Choice Red Irish Setter Pups for Sale.

By our imported Dash, winner of first prize New York, 1878, out of Flora (imported), winner of first prize New York 1878. For particulars address J. H. STABLE, Ellington, Conn. aug 29 18

FOR SALE LOW.

English and Irish Dogs and Puppies of the purest breeding. Superior in color and form. Apply to ARNOLD BURGESS, Hillsdale, Michigan. aug 29 18

FOR SALE—One Irish setter bitch, six months old—a beauty—with full pedigree. One Irish setter, fifteen months old; color, bright red. One setter, 1 1/2 years old. For full particulars, address J. H. STABLE, Ellington, Conn. aug 29 18

FOR SALE—A splendid litter of field trial setter pups. Address, HERBERT, 92 Worcester Street, Boston, Mass. aug 29 18

ENGLISH PRIZE, STUD, SPORTING AND NON Sporting Dogs for sale. Greyhounds, pointers, setters, retrievers, spaniels, broke for the field, 200 each; for the field and show bench, of good pedigree, 240 each; fox terriers, bull terriers, black and tan terriers, from 240 each, all dead game, of good pedigree, and very valuable for breeding; better quality for the show bench, 220 each. Also a few Yorkshire terriers at 240 each. The price Yorkshire terrier, "Willie," will be sold. Winners of silver cup, Queensbury, first and silver cup, Ulster, and ten other prizes. All dogs will be sent to Me. Mrs. Hampton & Steglitz, Express Agents, 60 William Street, New York. Drafts to accompany order, payable on Alliance Bank London. Satisfaction is guaranteed by the advertiser, who is a judge and reporter of English dog shows. F. STUBB, Well Road Farm, Stump Cross, Halifax, England. mar 7 18

DOGS BROKEN—Gentlemen desiring to have their dogs broken this year by me will please communicate at once. Want them fitted for the field or season open. Shall go South for the winter with the dogs. My entire kennel (12 dogs and puppies) for sale. Come and see them at Centerville on the Erie Railroad. First buyers best selection. Address E. S. WANMAKER, Clifton, Passaic County, N. J. ject 17

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Union Kennels, Glencove, L. I.

Boarding and breaking a specialty. Going south coming fall with kennel. For particulars address HARRY HOWARD, Union Kennels, Glencove, L. I. sept 11

FOR SALE—Having more younger stock than I can accommodate, I will sell the following setter dog pups, all by imported Milo (Dan-Venus), full cousin to English champion Ranger: One red pup, out of Kilarney (imported Frisk and Grouse), whelped May 16, 1878. One orange-and-white pup, out of Fan (Gildersee's Dash-Fan), whelped May 21, 1878. One orange-and-white pup, out of Poppy (Drake-Judy), whelped May 22, 1878. One liver-and-white pup, same litter as above. Price \$15 each. For pedigree and particulars, address C. H. C. Post-Office Box 2,475, New York. sept 11

FOR SALE—A fine full-blooded American greyhound, age about nine months. Address P. M. sept 11

I WILL exchange a brace of beautiful black and white cocker spaniels for a fine double gun, either breech or muzzle loader; small bore preferred. Address J. T. B. SMITH, Box 106, Kingsford, Ulster County, N. Y. sept 11

FOR SALE—English setter, two years old; good on quail, woodcock and partridges; good retriever; pedigree; price \$45. P. H. BOARDMAN, Newburyport, Mass. sept 11

DASH, lemon and white pointer, winner of 1st prize in Boston, 2d prize in New York shows, in his class; 3½ years old; harness stock; full pedigree; for a limited number of well-bred bitches, \$24. Address T. A. FOWLER, Llewellyn Park, Orange, New Jersey. sept 11

SPAYING—Bitches spayed at residence of owner or kept until well. Address Box 124, Dedham, Mass. Refers, by permission, to Dr. E. J. Foster, Secretary Mass. Kennel Club. sept 11

FOR SALE CHEAP—A red and white native setter nearly two years old; 1½ yard-broken and ready for the field this season; price, \$10. Address Box 489, Middletown, Conn. sept 11

BLOODED watch dog pup wanted; large breed preferred. Address TRAMPS, N. Y. Herald office July 11

FOR SALE—English setter dog, 4 years old, thoroughly broken. Can be seen on game—woodcock, quail or partridge. Address, P. O. Box 2,476, Newburyport, Mass. sept 11

FOR SALE—One grand English setter bitch, seven months old, black and white, evenly and beautifully marked. Sure, Dumit's Dash. Price of the border—Dora; dam, Nellie, Trap—Nettie. Price \$20. If not sold by August 10 will be put in breaker's hands for my own use. For pedigree and full description address G. H. GOODRICH, Toledo, Tama Co., Iowa. aug 1

FOR SALE—A Chesapeake Bay ducking dog, thoroughly broken. L. G. WHITE, Box 215, Worcester, Mass. aug 22

FOR SALE—A thoroughly broken red and white setter bitch, 1½ years old, with a pedigree for fifty years. Address E. J. ROBBINS, Westfield, Conn. aug 22

FOR SALE—A red Irish setter dog, eighteen months old, out of Moll II., by St. Patrick II.; is a splendid good dog, and house broken. Will be sold cheap. Also, one Santee-Queen dog pup, seven months old for sale. Address N. R. BAKER, Topeka, Kansas. aug 21

FOR SALE—Gordon setter, very handsome, pure black and tan, well broken on all game, four years old, excellent water dog, pedigree. Also Gordon grey, two years, broken on game, with pup that will be delivered when pups are weaned. She is by Tom out of Chloe, pure black and tan and very handsome. For particulars address P. O. Box 369, New Bedford, Mass. aug 22

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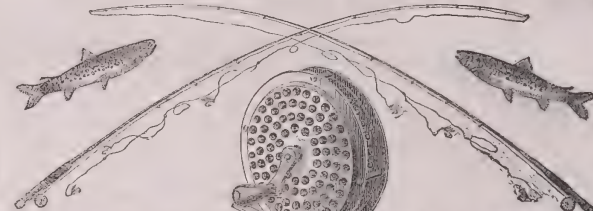


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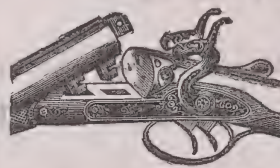


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ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

Terms, Four Dollars a Year.
Ten Cents a Copy.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1878.

[Volume 11.—No. 6.
[No. 111 Fulton St., N. Y.]

THE LAMENT OF A MENAGERIE KEEPER'S WIFE.

I am tired of his passion for hateful beasts,
Around them he never will cease to roam;
And he gives them each night most delicious feasts,
While he knows I've nothing to eat at home.

He has often deserted me in my race,
My sad supplications regarding not,
As he hurried away to some horrid cage
To play with his lurid-eyed ocelot.

He has told me that never was mind of south
So sweet to the nostrils of wild or man,
As the breath of his brown-speckled jaguar's mouth,
Or the plaintive sighs of his pelican.

And all this I believed, but I cannot see
How he can prefer in this mania new,
To the kiss of his children, and love for me,
The embrace of a crazy kangaroo.

Yet mid tigers and lions he ever prowls,
For the sacred ox he has made a bed,
And he fondles the plumes of those awful owls,
That will hoot on my grave when I am dead.

And I who adore him am cast aside,
As if unworthy to be caressed,
While he slumbers with gladness and dreams with joy
On the clover-fed zebra's odorous breast.

Oh! some night could I only in silence steal,
Unsuspected behind him, I then might hear
All his elegant badinage with the seal,
And his honeyed words to the Lapland deer.

I would then hear him joke with the bats and bears,
And I know the sagacious things would laugh;
And I'm certain he'd speak of our household cares
To the puma's cubs and that old giraffe.

What hours he spends with the wombats too,
He seems of the yak cage to have a lease,
And I'm morally sure that the bristled gnu
Is his chosen love and last caress!

—CUTIE JONES in New York Sun.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

Fishing on Lake Superior.

No. 2.

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Dearly with mosses and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic—
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.

—Ravenshoe.

THE shore along the south coast of Lake Superior, like that of Lakes Erie and Huron, is low and uninteresting; but as we ascend along the north coast the outline of shore becomes much more bold and picturesque, and in the vicinity of Thunder Bay and Niipegon, attains to the sublime. The far-famed picture rocks were disappointing in their effect, but Thunder Cape and the massive cliffs and palisades about the mouth of Niipegon River were extremely imposing and majestic.

We reached Red Rock, the post of the Hudson Bay Company, on the Niipegon River, some six miles above its mouth, on Friday, July 26. The only white persons residing here are the agent of the company, Mr. McLaren and his family, consisting of a son and two daughters. Numerous Indians and half breeds, ragged and dirty, lounged about the wharf as we came to a landing, while the wigwags, surrounded by a squalid and dirty set, told us in unmistakable language that we had at last reached the land of Hiawatha. Wherever we had heretofore landed and been disappointed in the fishing, we had been encouraged by being told "to wait till we got to Niipegon." So now we were at "Niipegon," the deep, clear water, as the Indian name signifies, and what was to be the fruition of all our hopes? Were we to have them realized to the fullest extent? or were we to be again disappointed?

No sooner had the steamer reached her landing than we sprang ashore, eager to try the trout that evening, although then nearly five o'clock. In vain, however, was our appeal to every Indian and half breed we encountered as to the quality of the fishing and the feasibility of procuring a boat and guide. None of them understood English, and it was only after seeing the agent and making our wants known to him that we were provided with a canoe, and a guide in the person of a sachem, known as Pierre, but called Peter for short. By this time a drenching rain had set in, but consider-

ing that rather favorable than otherwise, we donned our gum coats and hats and set out under the guidance of Pierre for the rapids, about half a mile above. The rain was pouring down in torrents when we reached the rapids, but the fish seemed to enjoy it, and were jumping in every direction. Steadying our boat in the rapid current by the use of his pole, as only an Indian can do, just at a point where a smaller stream, setting off from the main river, dashed wildly and swiftly over the rocky bottom, we began our casting. The fish rose eagerly and took the feathery deception in a way that showed they meant business, and the Indian lad who occupied the bow of the boat was busy landing and unhooking the fish. They were not of the largest size, but varied from about half a pound to two pounds in weight, and were exceedingly beautiful in their coloring and active and game as they struggled in the rapid current to effect their escape. In about an hour and a half we returned to the steamer with between twenty-five and thirty fish that were the admiration of all who saw them, and wonderfully stimulated the piscatorial zeal of all who had come in any manner prepared to fish.

The next morning was cloudy and lowering when I arose about five o'clock to see what preparations were being made for a camping excursion to the second rapids, some twelve miles up the river, at a point known as Camp Alexander. As all was quiet on the steamer, and likely to continue so for an hour or more, I hastened ashore, and having rushed up Pierre, set out for the scene of our previous evening's sport. The fish, though not so abundant as on the previous evening, were still quite plentiful, and in about an hour I returned to breakfast with a half dozen fish, averaging three-quarters of a pound each.

I shall always recall with pleasure the few hours' fishing at Red Rock. While the fish are neither so large nor plentiful as they are further up the river, yet they are abundant enough and of a size sufficient to make it royal sport, while at the same time it is free from the annoyances and excessive labor of attending the fishing higher up. The fishing ground can be reached in fifteen or twenty minutes from the steamer landing. The water is beautiful, swift, clear and cool. You are to a great extent free from the attacks of the black-flies and mosquitoes which are so annoying in the woods, and all you have to do is to submit your boat to the guidance of your Indian and devote yourself to the tranquil enjoyment of your surroundings, all the while taking fish enough, if you understand your business and are properly equipped, to satisfy any reasonable desire.

On arriving at the steamer we found arrangements in progress for the camping excursion, and about nine o'clock some dozen of us, together with as many Indians in charge of the boats, set off for the camp, being accompanied across the portage of a half mile by pretty much the entire excursion party from the steamer, and took our departure amid the waving of handkerchiefs and cheers of encouragement. Our party were the most of them prepared for fishing of some kind—that is to say, they had rods and lines and hooks, but as they had no previous experience in trout fishing, their equipment was better adapted for ordinary still-fishing for bass or pickerel than for casting a fly for trout. Several of our number, however, went as spectators merely, and to enjoy the novelty of a day and night in the woods.

It is a long and tedious pull from Red Rock to Camp Alexander, the current of the river being at some places so strong as to make it extremely difficult to pull up, and it was late in the evening when we reached our camp. Too late, indeed, to do much that day, and a most wearisome walk of three or four miles was rewarded by the capture of only eight small fish. One Indian, however, took about the same number with his bait, and other members of the party having met with like success, led us among us the greatest abundance for supper and breakfast.

The most of us had taken the precaution to purloin from the steamer the blankets in our respective state rooms, and one or two of us had availed ourselves of the opportunity to buy in addition a heavy blanket from the agent of the post. It was well we did, as during the night the mercury fell to forty-two, and it was highly amusing as I lay awake about three o'clock in the morning to hear the maledictions from our neighboring tent on the weather. In a little while one of its occupants crawled out exclaiming: "My God! I'm frozen," and soon another and then another, until all the company, with two or three exceptions, had grouped themselves around the camp fire, where, with the abundance of dead pine timber, they soon had the woods aglow with the roaring flames, and were themselves thawed into condition to face over their grievances.

The next day was Sunday, and perhaps the least said about the fishing the better. Several of our party, however, started out early and returned about noon highly elated with their success, and bringing in with them between forty and fifty fine fish, the largest weighing four and a half pounds. This was taken with a troll by Mr. Crane, of Detroit.

The writer's own experience of Sunday fishing is by no means satisfactory. Having remained in camp with a few others, whose consciences did not altogether approve of Sunday fishing, and the hours becoming exceedingly monotonous and heavy, he, in an evil hour, suggested to a friend, who was under bonds to his wife not to fish on Sunday, that they should walk down to the river at a point only a hundred yards distant and relieve the tedium by making a cast or two, to which proposition said friend agreed, but as he was under

bonds not to fish, kindly consented to carry a landing net. But ours, alas, was but a short and inglorious excursion; for, after a break neck scramble through fallen pine trees and underbrush, and a continuous warfare with the black flies, hardly had we reached the river when, in an endeavor by a long leap to reach a large rock slanting at an angle of about forty-five degrees, the writer's feet, as he struck the rock, flew from under him, and in an instant he found himself up to the arm-pits in the river. To grasp hold of the rock and scramble out and return to camp a wiser and a wetter man, and one disgusted with Sunday fishing, was all that remained to be done.

The experience of the previous night had satisfied most of our party, and on Sunday evening they all, except four or five, returned to the steamer. Early Monday morning we were stirring, and having had breakfast by six o'clock, started for the falls about two miles above the camp. After a portage of half a mile we took to the canoe and began the ascent of the rapid current. During the ascent to the second portage, a distance of perhaps a mile, our boat took a dozen or more fine fish, when we again disembarked, and, after a toilsome tramp of nearly a mile, came to the falls.

The scene that here burst upon us was terrifically grand. The immense volume of water came hissing and roaring down the cascade with perpendicular plunges here and there of ten or fifteen feet, and as it dashed furiously against the rocks below spouted high in the air and fell around in wreaths of spray. At the base of the fall is a long deep pool, through which the current sweeps rapidly till it reaches the lower end and meets the obstruction of the shallows, when it turns back with an eddy and sweeps up along the left bank on which we stood. I have not often seen a more splendid cascade and waterfall than these falls of the Niipegon River.

Our party were soon actively engaged, and a great many fish of one and two pounds weight were taken. I was fishing, as was also my comrade, with an eight-ounce split-bamboo rod made by Leonard, of Bangor, Maine, and the perfection of lightness and elasticity, and consequently had great advantages, especially in casting, over those using heavy tackle.

Having satisfied myself with fishing the more quiet portion of the pool, and in the hope of striking something heavier than we had yet taken, I approached nearer to the fall, and walking out on a projecting rock just at the foot of the cascade, where the roar was deafening, made a cast into the boiling foam below the fall. A splendid fish rose, and, seizing the fly, sunk again into the foaming waters below. The strain on the rod and line was tremendous until I succeeded in pulling him into the quieter water just below the projecting rocks on which I stood, and which I had succeeded in doing by the time my guide reached me with the landing net, and who was at the time toward the lower end of the pool. After giving him time to exhaust himself in the quiet water, he was safely secured in the net and found to weigh three pounds. A few moments after my comrade, a lad of sixteen, struck, and after some time succeeded in landing a fish of like weight. Having no landing net, the young gentleman was loud in his appeals for help, when a young friend of his own age gallantly dropped his own rod, and, seizing the first net he could lay hands on, hurried to his relief; sometimes falling over rocks, sometimes splashing knee deep in the water, and anon stopping a moment to disengage himself from bushes and snags, he at length came to the rescue and took out a three-pound fish.

Many fish were taken of two and two and a half pounds weight, but as we had to return to the steamer that night it became necessary that we should stop our fishing about noon in order to reach the camp and make our preparations for returning. On our arrival at the camp we found we had nearly a hundred fine trout, and were satisfied. We ate our dinner, packed our traps, and set out on our return down the river to the steamer, which we reached late in the evening, flying our mosquito nets and handkerchiefs as banners, and were enthusiastically received by our friends on board, mostly, no doubt, through good fellowship, but partly because they were extremely tired of waiting for us and were anxious to leave.

In conclusion, I would say that I have never seen any trout fishing equal to that on Niipegon River. In the Rangeley Lakes large fish are often taken, but from my own experience on Rangeley, I would say you take ten, nay, twenty, fish in Niipegon to one there. In Moosehead Lake more fish can be taken than on Rangeley, but the fishing, all considered, does not, in my judgment, compare with Niipegon. Even as regards the size of the fish, I have little doubt that if any record were kept, more fish of five pound and over would be found to be taken on the north shore of Lake Superior than anywhere else in the country. Louie, my Indian, stated that about a year ago he appeared, just at the head of the Red Rock in Niipegon creek trout that weighed sixteen pounds. I do not undertake to vouch for Louie's veracity, but at the same time see no great reason to doubt his truth.

Fish of eight and nine pounds are not uncommon in the lakes of Maine, and I believe there is a pretty well authenticated instance of one which weighed thirteen pounds. The jump from thirteen to sixteen is not very great, at least I am disposed to think so. It is not necessary, however, that the Niipegon fisherman need resort to the ordinary trout rod, reel and silk line, with a supply of gut leaders and flies, and an extra tip or two to provide against accidents. It is well, also, to be provided with some preparation of pennyroyal as a defense against insects. Heavy tackle would be of no special advantage except in enabling you to land the fish faster when biting rapidly, and the advantage in this respect

would be more than counterbalanced by the disadvantages attending its use, in the increased difficulty of casting and in other respects.

Of course all this applies only to fly fishing. If any one wishes to go all the way to Niageon and fish with a lead and bait, and yank out trout as you would catfish, no special precaution is necessary. Only do as the Indians do—cut the first stout sapling alongside your path, tie a stout piece of cord to the end of it, tie on half an ounce of lead, and take two or three half hitches over the shank of a stout hook, stick on a piece of fat bacon, and throw your bait with a chug into the river. When you feel a tug yank him out; if a small one you will probably find him suspended fifteen feet in the nearest pine tree from the hook in your hand. If you keep your temper. If a large one, and your hook tears loose, keep your temper; but, if you are fortunate enough to land him, thank your lucky stars and go on your way rejoicing. I have never been a believer in the entomological knowledge of trout, and my experience on Niageon did no tend to encourage such belief. So far as I could see, the trout accepted one fly as readily as another—and red or yellow, blue, gray or white, all were alike welcome.

The agent of the Hudson's Bay Co. issues fishing permits, for which he charges one dollar per day, or a season permit for five dollars. Some of our party were inclined to demur to this demand and question his right to enforce it. I cannot speak authoritatively on the subject, but have myself no doubt of his right to do so. Our steamer left Niageon on the morning of Tuesday, the 10th of July, and ran direct for the Sault, where we had a repetition of our former good luck fishing, and, having again ran down the rapids, we laid aside our tackle, satisfied that after Niageon all else would be stale, flat and unprofitable. PISCATOR.

Steamer Keceenaw, Aug. 2, 1878.

Fish Culture.

FISH NEWS FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Mr. Sam. Webber, one of the New Hampshire Fish Commissioners, writes from Manchester, September 7:

The young salmon which were introduced in '76, were very plenty last year, and had not all gone to salt water last July. We have built a new damway at the Rockingham Falls in this city, with a very easy slope—about one foot in fifteen—so that any fish can ascend it easily. Salmon have been seen here at intervals all summer in the pools below the fall, and many of them have undoubtedly gone up. One, estimated at twenty pounds, a week ago—August 31—and Commissioner Powers has secured several at the hatchery above Plymouth. We expect to get more when the fall runs come to start them, as there was quite a large run in October last year. The mill owners at Nashua have just completed two first-class fishways on the Brackett plan, over the dams on the Nashua River in that city, which will give the salmon access to the upper waters of that river in Lancaster and Clinton, Mass., where the fry have been placed by the Massachusetts Commissioners. The road to the Pemigewasset River is all clear for the salmon, and next year we expect to provide fishways, so that the shad which we put in last summer can return to Lake Winnepesaukee. All the evidence we can collect points to a two-years residence of the parr and smolts in fresh water, after which they go to the sea, returning as 8-pound fish the fourth year. Most of those seen in 1877 weighed from 7 to 8 pounds, and must have been of the planting of 1875, as there were none put in the Merrimack in 1874, the fry of that year having all been planted in Connecticut. A few larger fish of last year may be referred to the planting of 1873. The same holds good this year, while the main run of those seen have been from 12 to 14 pounds, with a few larger ones. I, for one, have no faith in the theory that salmon increase in weight with such enormous rapidity in salt water, that a smolt of $\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{3}{4}$ of a pound can go down to salt water one season and return a 10-pound fish the next.

We have ordered from the S. Fish Commission 250,000 ova of the *Salmo gairdneri* not of California shad, as some of the papers have it which we hope to hatch successfully and divide between the Merrimack River and one of the larger lakes, wishing to see if they will naturalize in fresh water, as they have in California. We also expect from Mr. Stone some of the ova of the McDougl River trout, and have arranged with Mr. Stone to landlocked salmon spawn. Massachusetts will probably receive a lot of California ova, and we have 150 fine brook trout weighing from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 pounds each, so that we expect to fill our hatching boxes this winter with 600,000 ova of various species of the salmon family. If the Connecticut Legislature will pass proper close laws and allow the fish to return up the river of that name, we will put part of one hatch in the upper waters of that stream.

Black bass fishing has been very good this season in some of our ponds, while in others, either from want of food or some other cause unknown, most of the fish appear to have escaped and gone down into the rivers, but Sunapee Lake, Wakefield, Milton, and Northwood ponds have afforded fine fishing.

SETH GREEN ON EELS.

ROCHESTER, Sept. 4, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM: I see by the papers that some party has seen spawn in eels, and another party has seen young eels born. One or both of these parties are mistaken. I am going to let them fight it out, and it may be that some one will take up the fight and use up the controversy. I saw my name mentioned in all the articles, and I think it my duty to let the people know what I have said. I said I had opened thousands of eels, and I had opened and examined them nearly every day in the year, and had never found any young eels or spawn in them except in their stomachs. All I ever said was that I did not know how they bred. I may have said some time that they might be hybrids, but I never said they were; and the reason I did not say they were hybrids is because I did not know. If an eel had a row of spawn like other fish she would have a row after she had done spawning. The sac that contains the spawn is left, and in three weeks it is healed up and is as perfect as it was before the fish spawned. The sack after spawning is so small that people do not notice it. It is about one fiftieth part as large as it was before she cast her spawn. I fish carry these eggs for years. When they are put under a magnifying glass they can be seen of several different sizes. Those nearest to the cast out are the largest, then there are immature eggs, which

diminish inside. There may be as many as seven of these distinct formations. Some fish begin to breed when they are two, and some three and four and five years old. Now, suppose a fish is five years old and it breeds seven years, that would make it twelve years old. That would take it through the prime of its life, and fish may be like animals, and their breeding stops when they have passed the prime of their life. I have seen a deposit of eggs for days; fish have for years. Hens lay one egg a day and fish lay one batch of eggs per year. If eels spawn I do not think it would take long to find that out, for the roe sack is always there after the fish have spawned.

I have said that I thought they breed in the ocean, because I have always seen them coming up the fresh water streams when they were not larger than a small snail, and when they are that size they can go up any falls. They do not go up in the sheet of water, but on the rocks, the same as an angle worm would go up any wet surface, and I think that is the reason that there are no eels in the upper lakes. The reason is because they get so large by the time they arrive at Niagara Falls that their weight causes them to drop off. I believe if Niagara Falls were within one hundred miles of the ocean that young eels would go over them. I have never seen or heard of an eel being caught five hundred miles from the ocean that was not over six inches long and his body as large as a pipe stem. These facts are what I base my opinion on. I am anxious to know how eels breed, and will send the first man a draft on New York for five dollars, and pay express charges, that will send me an eel with young eels in it that bred there, or an eel that has a roe of spawn in it. Yours,

SETH GREEN.

Mr. Green's ideas about eels are very good and sound, and his explanation why eels are not found above the falls of Niagara is quite plausible.

—Eels in Michigan, thanks to the work of the Commissioners, are quite plentiful. In nearly every place where they have been deposited they have grown and multiplied.

THE LUDLOW THOUT CO.—This association is prepared to sell trout and salmon eggs and fry at reasonable prices. Address B. Freulburg, Supt., Ludlow, McKean Co., Pa.

Natural History.

AN EXTINCT ANIMAL.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

In the "New Annual Register" of 1781, there is an "Account of some particular animals in Connecticut," purporting to be taken from the "General History of Connecticut." Precisely when this "General History" was published, or what degree of credibility it was entitled to I am unable to say; but in this "account" is the following catalogue of animals which had their habitat in that State, which I transcribe in the words of the History:

"There are only two small parks of deer in Connecticut; but plenty of rabbits, hares, gray, black, striped and red squirrels, otters, minks, raccoons, weasels, foxes, whapenockers, woodchucks, cubas and skunks. The following descriptions of the four last mentioned animals may be new to the reader."

I shall, for want of space, omit the description of the woodchucks and skunks, as containing little that is novel, and shall pass over the account of the whapenocker with the simple remark that he was somewhat higher than a weasel, a beautiful brown color, exceedingly wild and unamiable, and carried a fur of so fine a quality that muffs made of it sold for forty guineas apiece; but the description of the cuba is so interesting that I transcribe the quaint original:

"The cuba I suppose to be peculiar to New England. The male is of the size of a large cat, has four long tusks sharp as a razor, is voracious and demands higher food, if he has the first blow will spoil a bed before he yields. His lady is peaceable and harmless, and depends for protection upon her spouse; and, as he has more courage than prudence, always attends him to moderate his temper. She sees danger and he fears it not. She chatters at him while he is preparing for battle; and, if she thinks the danger is too great, she runs to him and clings about his neck, screaming her extreme distress; his wrath abates by her service, but he does not love her in like manner, when he is chained, and irritated into the greatest rage by an impatient dog, his lady, who is never chained, will fly about his neck and kiss him, and in half a minute restore him to calmness.

"He is very tender of all his family, and never forsakes them till death dissolves their union. What father shows the magnanimity of his little animals! He never manifests the least anger toward his lady, her servants, his own or her children, in any manner, when he is chained, and irritated into the greatest rage by an impatient dog, his lady, who is never chained, will fly about his neck and kiss him, and in half a minute restore him to calmness.

"It is to be observed that the writer does not furnish any description of the color, appearance and personal habits of the cuba, by which we may compare him with other animals, or determine whether he is now really extinct, further than that he "is of the size of a large cat and has four long tusks sharp as a razor." I was tolerably familiar with the fauna of New England fifty years ago; but I think the cuba will have to be identified by somebody older than I am. I should suspect that the author of the "General History of Connecticut" had been made a victim of by some one accustomed to draw the long bow, but that he claims to have seen the animal he describes and to have himself witnessed the exhibition of those admirable moral qualities ascribed to the cuba.

There are said to be grains of truth in the sources of all the myths that invay human beliefs and current social systems, and I hope there are savants among your readers who, from the facilities of age and accurate observation, or of extended reading, may be able to identify, by the above description, the very curious New England animal whose example is held up for imitation by the "rational part of creation."

Milwaukee, Aug., 1, 1878.

Geo. W. Chapman.

MULE DEER.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

I notice in your issue of the 29th of August that a hunter expresses his regret that he did not "kill" in the Rocky Mountains against the liberty Eastern naturalists have taken in re-

christening, as he supposes, *C. macrotis*, calling it the mule deer instead of the black-tailed deer, the name by which it is known in that region. A little attention to the history of this nomenclature will show the hunter that the rechristening was done in the mountains, when it was called black-tailed deer. This deer, so far as we have any written record, was first discovered by Lewis and Clark in 1804. They first called it the black-tailed deer, and then the mule deer. In 1805, when they abandoned this name for *macrotis*, and gave it the name of mule deer, giving the former name to the Columbia deer, and they thereafter adhered to the name of mule deer except in one solitary instance. When on their return in 1806 they procured their last specimen, which they brought home, they called it the mule deer, which is the last time the mentioned name was given to the animal. According to every rule of propriety and practice, then, as the first discoverers had the right to name it, especially if they proposed an appropriate name. The enormous ears of the animal suggested the name and vindicate its propriety, while there is a manifest impropriety in calling it black-tailed deer, when the entire tail is white except the black pencil at the end—a much larger proportion of the tail is white than black. On the black-tailed deer, as the visible part of the tail is black, and hence the appropriateness of that name for it. The Columbia deer has never been known by any other name. I submit, then, that the hunters of the Rocky Mountains did not act wisely when they rechristened this deer, giving it an inappropriate name, and one which properly belonged to another and very distinct species. From necessity this new name could have been given to the animal, for the hunters of the Rocky Mountains these deer occupy the same range, it must be known by its old name to avoid unutterable confusion. It seems to me that the hunters of the Rocky Mountains should desire to be able to converse intelligibly with their brethren on the western slope on this subject; but this is impossible so long as they retain this misnomer. Audubon and Bachman, Prof. Baird and all other authorities, so far as I know, have followed the names given to these deer by the hunters of the Rocky Mountains, and in doing this it never occurred to them that they were rechristening this Rocky Mountain deer. The question of names I deem an important one, if language is to be used to convey an identical idea in all parts of the country. Already great confusion and misunderstanding has arisen from this misnomer, and I really think the sooner it is abandoned the better.

J. D. CATOON.

Ottawa, Ill., Sept. 4.

AT THE AQUARIUM.—It is kind of comforting to look at an alligator nursery, a whole batch of the darlings little "igators you can clasp your eyes on," "prayer enough," a strong-minded lady who looked at them said, "to kiss a crocodile is to kiss your foster mother. The Doctor imported a bed for the eggs, brought up the temperature with horse manure, watered them, and in eleven weeks the little things chirped the shell. Of thirty-six eggs thirty-five alligators were born. One egg was cut open to see how the incubating performance was getting along. Now the secret. Dr. Dozier may claim as his own the use of the watering pot to sprout the eggs, and keep the eggs moist. One of the little things when handled showed exceeding obstinacy. He would not open his mouth to show his teeth. When forced to do so he gave faint squeals which could be distinctly heard. Little alligators are very much in request for aquaria, and as now the whole rationale of raising them has been found out, the eggs can be entered into the market for a considerable demand. A saunter through the aquarium discloses many new features. The electric eels look in fine condition. Their specimens are quite as large as the tank, and seem so comfortable and contented that there can be no doubt but that they are storing up all the time whole loads of electricity. For eels they are quite handsome, the bottom of the head and neck being of rich salmon color, the sides of the head being black. The eels are to be let into one of the ponds in the aquarium with a Bleeker street car horse has not yet been arranged as to time. Dr. Kohn is busy educating his two pets, Saets and Bobita, the hippopotami. These two brutes, solid 400 pounds of India-rubber, are in splendid condition. The fine order they are in arises from the egg-nog (less the liquor in it) which they absorb every morning. Their breakfast being 10 eggs and a cup of water, for each of the two brutes. When the word of command the hippo's smile. It is a smile covering about an area of four square feet, when the grooving tusches and any amount of tongue and jaw can be seen. The Doctor says they are fast becoming gentle, though they will snap like a bulldog at times. It is doubtful whether they are very sensible animals. All their heads seem devoted to seeing, hearing, eating and drinking out of the water, their brains being so small they are bound to be small. The peculiar valves in the nostrils are curiously constructed. As soon as apples are ripe the young hippos will be fed with some as a desert after their mash of bread and bran. Should a baby hippo get a colic what a sad thing it would be, and what gallons of paregoric would have to be poured down! The two chimpanzees seem to be all right, but, poor creatures, the water is coming, and it is doubtful whether they will live. The most melancholy of them we know of is to see a languid chimpanzee munching a cold boiled potato. One especially, the red-haired monkey, is said to be a striking likeness of Kearney, though it is the seal which "pools its issues." The grand coming feature of the aquarium is the advent of Professor Hermann, the great predigestor, who will do all kinds of impossible things. This wizard will commence to astonish people on the 18th of this month.

YOUNG OF THE STING RAY.—Sarasota Bay, Fla., Aug. 19,

1878.—Editor Forest and Stream: I notice in recent numbers several items relating to the development of the young of the sting-ray, *Trygon centrurus*, or, in the vernacular, sting-ray. I am happy to be able to give a little information on the subject, and to show that the young of the sting-ray are not as one of your correspondents states that he had only found them in the spring, although the fishermen stated they were also found in the fall. I was at Cedar Keys the 21st of last month, and while my sloop was lying at the wharf a number of men and boys came down to enjoy the fishing on the incoming tide. Among the catch was a sting-ray, some eighteen or twenty inches across, which after being weighed and measured was thrown to three live young, about one-third as broad as the old one. As soon as this fact was reported to me I hastened up the wharf intending to secure the family for the Smithsonian or U. S. Museum, but was unfortunately too late, as the young man and brother who caught them, in revenge for a slight sting from the old one, had mutilated every one so thoroughly that I doubted if they could be made of any use for scientific purposes. The young of the sting-ray are very lively and doped about as much as the old one, and as far as I could observe they were as completely developed. Upon

his point I would state further that while beamed just back from Long Boat Inlet several years ago, and as near as I can remember it must have been in August or September, I drove my lily-iron completely through a sting ray, which must have been at least four feet across the wings or back. The harpoon toggled on the under side, so there was no chance for it to draw, and the fish was so powerful that it drew my boat quite lively for several minutes, when, with the help of the throat balliards, I hoisted it on deck. Just before it was fairly balanced on the rail, three young ones, some six or eight inches across, escaped from the vent, fell into the water and fluttered away as lively as though they had been there before. I cut the large one open to secure the liver for oil, but did not discover any more young.

MAJOR SARASOTA.

DO FISH FEAR?—Mr. Editor: One day last summer I went snapper fishing, and while waiting for a bite watched the thousands of young menhaden playing around my boat. Suddenly there came the report of a gun, discharged in the woods, at least a mile distant. At once every fish disappeared. This occurred several times, and if the little "Jersey Sardines" did not hear the gun, what made them dive? While on this subject, I will add that having read in "Domesticated Trout" that the speckled gentlemen and ladies refused to eat during the spawning time, to test the matter I took spawn from a trout, placed her in the water, then threw some of her own eggs in front of her nose, and she at once swallowed them.

THOMAS CLAPHAM.

Roslyn, I., Sept. 1.

A THREE-LEGGED WOODCOCK.—Mr. Sutherland has called our attention to a three-legged woodcock which turned up among a lot of birds. Unfortunately the careless cock, who was not on the look out for *una natura*, had the plumes off of *phibolea*. The third leg was independent of the two natural appendages, had toes and claws, but was evidently more for ornament than for use. Now, if nature wants to play freaks of this character, why don't she construct a woodcock with two heads, or make a canvas back duck with a supplementary breast?

THE SPEARING ANCHOVY.—This little fish, so plentiful on our shores, and so often used for bait, Professor Goode and Dr. Tarleton Bean declare to be a species of anchovy, *Engraulis vitellatus*, and differs but slightly from the *E. encrasiolus*, the European variety. The very long name the little European fish has is a translation of gall-tinctured, because of some peculiar bitterness in a badly cleansed fish. Spearing have become somewhat notorious of late in our waters, as they have been sold for white bait, which latter fish they do not at all resemble.

AN ENGLISH RAVEN ON THE WAR PATH.—*Danville Junction, Me., Aug. 29.*—Mr. Editor: I brought a fine raven from Sheffield, England, four years ago, and he has just commenced to talk this summer, speaking the words *Rosie, Sophy, Warren*, names in my family, and saying, "How are ye?" quite plainly, and very loud and distinct, but he is a savage "brat," and don't turn out for anything, having killed a pair of ruffed grouse, a bittern, and a beaver for me.

M. W. C.

ARRIVALS AT THE CINCINNATI ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN UP TO SEPT. 1 1878.—One *Lama*, *Lama peruviana*, born in garden; one chimpanzee, *Trigloides* myr, deposited by Messrs. C. Kelch & Bro., one alligator, *A. mississippiensis*, presented by E. J. Higgins; one macaque monkey, *Macacus cynomolgus*, born in garden; three passenger pigeons, *Ectopistes migratorius*, hatched in garden; one canary, *Serinus canarius*, presented by Dr. Zipperling; two silver pheasants, *Bucconius nethermeris*, hatched in garden; four English pheasants, *Phasianus colchicus*, hatched in garden; two hog deer, *Cervus porcinus*; one Equine deer, *Odocoileus*; two spotted deer, *Odocoileus*; one spotted deer, by A. Eckenbrecher; two olive weavers, *Hyphantornis capensis*, hatched in garden; one great egret, *Ardea egretta*, purchased; two ditto, presented; two giraffes, *Camelopardalis girafa*; two jaguars, *Felis onca*; two weeper capuchins, *Cebus capucinus*; two brown capuchins, *Cebus fatiulus*; two white-throated capuchins, *Cebus hypoleucus*; one great kangaroo, *Macropus galeatus*; two Stanley cranes, *Tetrapterys paradisa*; one King vulture, *Gypsalus papa*; one blue and yellow macaw, *Arara aranna*, purchased. H. P. INGALLS, Sept.

ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, FAIRMOUNT PARK, FOR TWO WEEKS, AUGUST 27.—One pine snake, *Platygonus melanoleucus*, presented; one woodchuck, *A. monax*, presented; one Am. robin, *Turdus migratorius*, do.; one snake, *Coluber vulpina*, do.; one kangaroo rat, *Hypsiglynnus rufescens*, born in garden; one great horned owl, *Bubo virginianus*, presented.

The Kennel.

HOW POYNINGS SOLD HIS DOGS.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Will you allow me to tell an apparently simple yet complex story? I was the owner of a small kennel, some five pointers and setters, with a half dozen youngsters. With time and means at my disposal I had carefully selected my stock. All my dogs had been exhibited, and had secured a fair amount of prizes. I had taken great pride in my kennel, when questions of health required my seeking a milder climate. I beg to state this fact quite distinctly as the sole reason for my wanting to sell my dogs. I advertised my dogs in the *FOREST AND STREAM* AND *ROD AND GUN*. My stock must have had a fair reputation, or your paper must reach all over the country, for one week after the insertion of my advertisement letters came pouring on me like a deluge. My prices, which had been fully announced, I had determined not to abate a penny. First I may remark that many letters I received intimated that the figures I had fixed "were very well for an asking price, but what was the money I really did intend to take for them dogs?" Occasionally a letter would come in which I was soundly berated for asking such an insignificant sum for my

choicest dogs, the tone of these epistles indicating that I was a bear in the dog market, and vowing vengeance on me for my intention to break down the business. Need I remark that the general spelling and get up of the majority of the letters were of the worst kind? Sometimes my correspondents would abuse me. I was told that my dogs were not worth a cent, that the prizes I had won were due to favoritism. That on the occasion of such and such a show I must have remembered "that a dog, the second to the left from your (my) poor many brute, which was nothing but a scrub, was a handsome dog, and, as money and not brag was the thing, that he (A. B.) would bet his dog or dogs against mine, to take them in the field and try them, and if my (A. B.'s) wasn't the better, why (I) might take his dog. If I wanted to," this individual continued, "put up money, there was a crowd as would back him to the amount of \$1,000. I had only to send my dogs to him, and I might expect on their having a fair showing." One very impudent person intimated to me that there was a ring which would prevent my selling my dogs unless through his intermediation. "Just clap on \$100 on your price and give me \$50 for commission, and I can sell them. Send me \$5 at once for expenses I may be at." I might have sent a photographic establishment, and would not then have been compelled to keep up the demand for dog pictures. As to the offers to swap, they were of the most varied kind. One whole-souled gentleman offered me one-tenth share in an oyster smack sailing out of New York, another a whole arsenal of second-hand fowling pieces, with a revolver thrown in; a real estate owner offered a quarter section in Texas. The barter of my good dogs for worthless ones was apparently a determined point on the part of many of my correspondents. Pedigrees of dogs, which were issues of lies from beginning to end, were sent to me. Of course, as I did not want dogs, good or bad, for such letters I had a ready reply. I am shocked to state that more than one attempt was made by persons who called themselves gentlemen to induce the man who had charge of my dogs to allow my stud animals to serve without my consent or knowledge. I never could have imagined that so many annoyances could have arisen from the simple desire on my part to sell my dogs. Some persons who would offer me half of what I asked, and which I politely declined, left my presence in great anger and spread the rumor that I had failed and that I was forced to sell out all I had, even to my watch and chain. As impudent an offer as I had was from one individual, who, after writing me six scrawls and coming to see the dogs a dozen times, at last made me the following proposition: "Ten dollars each, ten dollars at the end of the week, and the rest in notes at three and six months." One constant offer was for a party to take my best dog and to pay me half of what he would win for the next two years in bench shows, and one puppy from every litter of his get. Long letters of eight and ten pages, with a single postage stamp on them, when two and three were requisite, would come in every day. I had some idea of securing a security of this kind on my part to sell my dogs. I came across my man. In ten minutes my price was accepted, the money was paid, and I really was so pleased that I had not come in contact with a dickerer, or a suspicious man, or a party that wanted to overreach me, and was so satisfied that my favorites would be in good hands, that, in the exuberance of my heart, I presented that gentleman with a choice puppy. With my young dog in his grasp he was about to leave. The money was quite four months old, but singularly healthy and likely puppies. Everybody seemed to want them in their peculiar way. "Would I take — dollars for them, and deliver them in six months or in eight months?" The price mentioned was below my figures, and I was to guarantee that the dogs would be alive in some months to come. Attempts to overreach me, if possible, were made. Ten dollars each, ten dollars to be paid by unknown persons, to send at once to some depot out-of-the-way station in New Jersey a brace of my pups, the worst likely, and by return mail a post office order would reach me. One most annoying character was a woman—possibly the dog sisterhood—who offered me for my pup a parrot and ten free tickets to the leading theatres in New York for her coming season, the opera included. I think if a man had not received the worst of my dogs, I would have taken away one of the little dogs under her shawl. At last Baltimore, Philadelphia and Albany took my puppies at exactly my figures, and after one month of really hard work, over which I have had many a laugh, my dog mart is closed. I do not wish, however, to have such another experience.

New York, July 30, 1878.

POYNINGS.

DOGS AND THE CUSTOMS.—One would suppose by this time that the Custom house people understood their business, and that the question of duties on animals imported for breeding had been definitely settled. Last week Mr. William Astor had sent over a couple of blood hounds by the steamer *St. Laurent*, which took two whole days before they could be cleared. After the not very comfortable durance dogs get to on a steamer, owners are often very anxious to get their dogs on land. Such delays are then very stupid and uncalled for. In fact our American method of collecting duties is of the most unsatisfactory character. Bound up and twisted in red tape, difficult to understand, it is mostly out of the power for a person unacquainted with the routine of the office to clear his goods. All U. S. Customs House ordinance are impossible and onerous, when it becomes absolutely necessary that a new party, a Custom House broker, must be employed to carry out the simplest business with the office.

"SPICE."—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your paper of September 5 I read with pleasure, mixed with sorrow, a letter from "Podgers" who was berated for his prices for the "with me and I am with him in his sorrow at the death of poor little Prince. I lost, many years ago, before war, a black and tan terrier bitch that I had raised from a puppy. She was digging after rats one night, and a heavy sill which she had undermined fell on her. We found her early in the morning under the sill, and took her out. There was no bone broken that we could find, but she pined away and died in a few weeks. "Podgers" has a story about Little Prince, that he took to the times when I would put and talk to Spies and the poor thing would wag her stump of a tail and thank me for my sympathy. She did not seem to suffer much and could walk a little, but nothing could be done to save her life. When I shall be at home again I know that my friends, Don and Punch, will be quite happy, which they are not now; for my servant, who has charge of them, writes that "don't look happy at all. With a hearty shake of the head for friend "Podgers." I am yours, etc., G. L. A.

Newport, R. I., Sept. 9, 1878.

ST. PAUL BARN SHOW.—An unaccountable delay in the mail has obliged us to defer the account of this exhibition until next week.

DOG ITEMS IN AND AROUND DETROIT.—*Detroit, Sept. 7.*—Mrs. General Custer has presented to C. E. Mason, of this city, the brace of imported Scotch staghounds, Swift and Tuck, given to the late General Custer by a Scotch poleman. These dogs gave chase to a deer of Mr. Mason's at his country seat one day last week. Mr. Mason's setter bitch whelped 8 puppies a few weeks ago. They are by Jos. Cook's Prince Rob, who is out of N. Dodge's field trial setter bitch Rose, by Filikington's Rufus. Prince Rob being imported in *utero*. This dog was short lived, having escaped from his owner's premises and running wild was cornered in the basement of a church, and parties reporting the dog rabid, he was shot by a policeman. He is a great loss to Mr. Cook, being thoroughly broken and a dog of great promise. J. B. Price, of this city, has presented one each to A. J. Rogers and S. F. Whitman, of this city, very fine pointer bitches out of his imported pointer bitch Fannie, by E. H. Gillman's lemon and white pointer dog Dash. Chase & E. H. Gillman, of this city, has sold the black and tan beagle bitch whelp Juno to Wensell Jack, Watertown, Wis.

DURIN.

IMPORTED IRISH FOX HOUNDS.—*St. Dennis, Md., Sept. 6.*—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The three couples of Irish fox hounds sent as a present to the Elkridge Fox Hunting Club, from the kennel of Mr. Moore, Ireland, arrived here to-day, just having come from the steamer *Caspian*, of the Allan line. They were in fine condition, and are large, well built, muscular dogs, and scars go to show that some of them are not unacquainted with foxes. They were taken to the kennel of the club on the 5th. I annex their names and pedigrees: Barbara—Black and white bitch, by Lord Portsmouth's Bondeman out of his Frantic (ears rounded). Racer—White dog with brown and tan spots, by Mr. Watson's Sinner out of Lord Donerater's Rosary (ears rounded). Frailty—White bitch with brown spots, by Lord Watford's Parnon out of his Tablille (ears rounded). Prosper—Black and white dog, by Lord Watford's Nestor out of Blankney Primrose. Vigilant—Tan and white dog, by Blankney Vanquisher out of Lord Watford's Giddy. Relish—Tan bitch, by Lord Portsmouth's Ranger out of his Remedy. The ears of Prophet, Relish and Vigilant are not rounded.

NASHVILLE FIELD TRIALS.—Our Nashville, Tenn., correspondent writes us that Mr. Clark Pritchell, Secretary of the Tennessee Sportsmen's Association, has begun work on the necessary preparations for the field trials to take place there in December, and the association are determined to make them as much of a success as they have formerly been.

NOT A GOOD JOKE.—At a recent breakfast, given by the Irish Zoological Society, some one who had a collection of animals in charge related the following as a good joke: Being in straits for money, he had crossed a fine breed of Australian dingoes with Labrador water-dogs, and advertised splendid watch-dog pups for sale. He sold them off at two guineas a piece until his funds were again replenished. All went well while the dogs were pups, but when the brutes grew up the wild strain of the sheep-killing blood burst out, and accounts appeared in the newspapers of strange, wild-looking animals in Clare, Mayo and Roscommon slaughtering sheep. There was a gentleman in the room who knew a farmer, twelve of whose sheep had been killed by one of these valuable watch-dogs. He said that, from a moral point of view, he ought to resign the post of secretary of the society, and had consulted a clerical friend on the matter. The latter informed him that the case was a difficult one, not provided for in the books. He thought, if the doctor's health allowed it, he might keep the place some time longer, but advised him, as a friend, to retire from it some time before death, to give time for repentance.

DOGS AT A BARGAIN.—An opportunity to secure a canine prize and to rescue a deserving dog from ignoble death is now offered to those interested. In the dog pound, foot of East Sixteenth street, this city, are a number of good dogs of various breeds, which are for sale cheap. If not disposed of in a short time they will be drowned with the curs in the East River.

PENNYROYAL FOR FLEAS.—A correspondent suggests that dog owners should gather a supply of pennyroyal, *Hedeoma pulegioides*, before the frosts kill it. It is very useful as a remedy for fleas, and may be used as a bed in the kennel.

DEATH.—Mr. W. Moore, of Bloomfield, N. J., has lost his black white and tan dog pup Magregor by champion Rob Roy-Bess.

DASH.—Some errors having inadvertently been printed as to Mr. T. A. Fowler's Dash, we hasten to correct the same. Dash was winner of first prize in Boston and of second prize in class 12, champion pointers over 50 lbs., in New York show. The dog was bought, not for Mr. John Gibb, but for John Gill, of the firm of J. and G. H. Gill, of Orange.

NAMES CLAIMED.—L. F. Whitman, Esq., of Detroit, Sept. 8, claims the name of Dandy for his white and white pointer bitch pup, out of J. B. Price's imported bitch Fannie, by E. H. Gillman's Dash.

CENTY.—Mr. Geo. Miller, of Jersey City, claims the name of Clytie for his liver and white cocker spaniel gyp, whelped May 13, 1878, out of F. N. Hall's Lou by Geo. Watson's Shit, winner of first at N. Y. 1878.

—Mr. E. D. Moss claims the name of Dandy for his cocker spaniel puppy, bred by Mr. McKoon, of Franklin, N. Y. Puppy out of Dasy by Sam.

GOLD MEDALS IN PARIS.—To Louis McMurtry & Co., of Baltimore, Md., canned provisions. Burnham & Morrill, Portland, Maine, for canned provisions.

Dachling and Boating.

HIGH WATER FOR THE WEEK.

Date.	Boston.	New York.	Charleston.
Sept. 6.	H. M. 0 22	H. M. 0 19	H. M. 0 23
Sept. 7.	0 55	0 53	0 53
Sept. 8.	1 10	1 09	1 09
Sept. 9.	2 05	2 10	2 06
Sept. 10.	2 45	2 44	2 44
Sept. 11.	3 40	3 39	3 39
Sept. 12.	4 11	0 04	0 10

NOVA SCOTIA YACHT SQUADRON.

TWO very good races were sailed by the yachts of the squadron on Saturday, August 24, at Halifax, a nice S. W. breeze springing up shortly after 1 o'clock. There were two entries for this race, the *Seafarm*, 26 tons, Captain Lacom, R. A., and the *Albatross*, 17 tons, Mr. D. Cronan. Both yachts carried main-gaff-topsails, but the *Seafarm*'s did not stand, and she had to head it, trusting to her mainmast stay instead. The second gun gave the signal to start, when *Albatross* stood by the line, crossing it at 11.14m. *Seafarm* made a broad inshore on the port tack—a very judicious move—and, tacking, crossed at 11.16m. 30s. *Seafarm* laid right out, fetching within a cable's length to leeward of the Automatic Buoy, when she tacked and rounded it, setting her topsail again, and increasing her already commanding lead of the *Albatross*. The latter could not weather Meagher's Beach Light, and went round on the port tack just inside of Horse Shoe Shoal buoy, standing on toward the western shore till she was in the *Seafarm*'s wake, when she stayed to starboard, but not laying up as close as *Seafarm*, had to make a longer board to round the Automatic Buoy. The two yachts now ran for Commissioner's Point Buoy. *Albatross* set a squar sail to port, but could not diminish the distance between herself and the leader, and had not rounded Commissioner's Buoy when *Seafarm* passed the Lumber Yard wharves at 4h. 13m. 85s.

In the sloops and yawls race *Hebe* and *Kestrel* simply ran away from the fleet, making a match of it for the handsome first and second prizes. Mr. Yorston did not get round from Pictou in time with his yacht, the *Ship*, 10 tons, and much regret was felt at this by his fellow-members, but *Pionia*, the new yacht from Shelburne, made her first appearance in the racing lists and *Albatross* sailed a plucky race, but was entirely overmatched, and had no chance as soon as Point Pleasant was passed. Till then, however, she held her own with the *Psyche*, *Mystery* and *Fiona*. The line was crossed in the following order:

<i>Hebe</i> , slip, 7 tons, J. Butler.	H. M. 8.
<i>Edith</i> , slip, 6 tons, W. Atkinson.	1 27 55
<i>Kestrel</i> , slip, 15 tons, Vice-Com. White.	1 38 26
<i>Mystery</i> , slip, 4 tons, J. Fraser.	1 42 21
<i>Psyche</i> , slip, 1 tons, Lt. Capt. Cure, 20th.	1 59 21
<i>Pionia</i> , slip, 7 tons, J. Fraser.	1 59 25

Gaff-topsails and balloon jibs were set on every craft for the reach up to Commissioner's Point Buoy, *Hebe* and *Kestrel* at once singing each other out and rushing to the front in grand style. *Psyche* sailed *Mystery*, and *Fiona* closed, with narrowly shaving Cape Island; the *Hebe* sailed a plucky race, but was entirely overmatched, and had no chance as soon as Point Pleasant was passed. Till then, however, she held her own with the *Psyche*, *Mystery* and *Fiona*. The line was crossed in the following order:

Hebe, therefore, sailed the course in 24 seconds less than *Kestrel*, and having to receive an allowance of 7m. 2s. for difference of tonnage, took the first prize by 7m. 25s., the *Kestrel* taking second.

Mr. Yorston arrived from Pictou on the following Monday, August 26, having encountered headwinds all the way. His yacht, the *Ship*, is a sloop of ten tons, carrying a large and handsome mainsail. She is very broad and very shallow, admirably adapted, in fact, for sailing in smooth water, but not the sort of craft to go cruising outside in. A race was gotten up for her benefit, the champion *Hebe*, sloop, 8 tons, Mr. J. E. Butler, and the *Psyche*, sloop, 7 tons, carrying the sails against her.

It was blowing a good breeze from S. when the three yachts were sent off at 1h. 52m. 10s. the *Ship* leading across the line. *Hebe* went into first place, however, before they broke their tack under the island, and from that time steadily left the Pictou yacht, holding a better wind when closehauled and running faster when going free. *Psyche* was early out of the race, which was unfortunately not finished, the wind falling fast and leading to the boats being becalmed a few yards from the finishing line, *Ship* a very long way behind. It was 7.10 p. m. when *Ship* gave up, followed by *Hebe*.

The race for five-tonners, on Saturday, August 31, proved quite a success and resulted in an easy victory for *Muta*, built by Mr. J. Butler. The yachts had not gone far before the breeze came from the W. and freshened up so much as to send the spinning over the course in very quick time. *Muta*, although late in her start, caught up and passed *Edith*, between whom and *Lily* there was subsequently a keen contest for second place. Running and reaching *Edith* held her own with both other yachts, but close hauled they gained on her, *Muta* especially, screwing out to windward in fine style. The yachts crossed as follows: *Edith*, sloop, 6 tons, W. Atkinson 1h. 41m. 34s.; *Muta*, sloop, 6 tons, Lt. Hussey, R. E., 1h. 46m. 54s.; *Lily*, sloop, 5 tons, W. D. Wood, M. D., 1h. 45m. 25s. All carried mainbooms to port and spinnakers to starboard,

with gaff-topsails aloft, but they were barely across when the breeze failed and they had a turn at pickaxe drill on the long swell. The wind hauled to W., and *Muta*, first noticing this, jibed her mainboom to starboard and at once crept away from *Edith* and up to *Lily*, who waited till the last put her into the new breeze, jibed then, before they realized the situation. *Muta* showed her spinnaker as far forward as she could, but it did her little good; she should have set it as a balloon-jib, when it would have done great service. *Edith* shifted hers for a small flying-jib, and lifted along in capital fashion as the squalls increased. *Muta* and *Lily* then stowed spinnaker, the latter attempting to re-set her gaff-topsail, while she lay handed, but failing to do so satisfactorily until after she had rounded Ferry Buoy. *Muta* was now down to the rail and close after the leader, which jibed round Commissioner's buoy, as also did *Lily*—a mistake, for they were running by the lee, the wind having here hauled a trifle more northerly. *Muta* kept her mainboom to starboard and collared *Edith* about half way across to Dartmouth. The time round Commissioner's Buoy was: *Edith*, 2h. 9m. 23s.; *Muta*, 2h. 9m. 30s.; *Lily*, 2h. 11m. 58s.

Muta now was bound to lead, and did so round Ferry buoy, jibing at 2h. 13m. 15s., while *Edith* hauled her wind round it 11s. later, and *Lily* at 2h. 16m. 23s. The three were now close hauled for Point Pleasant, heading up all they could, Butler's little clipper steadily leaving the others and settling out to windward of them. *Muta*'s crew now committed one of the most remarkable blunders possible. They jibed her gaff-topsail, which was set as a balloon-jib, and then up all they could, screwing her into the wind, pointing her toward Asylum flagboat. This was "nuts" for *Edith* and *Lily* as they kept right on for the proper mark, but yells of warning from the squadron steamer soon apprised the three gamblers on board *Muta* of their mistake, and the way in which that mainsheet was hauled aft was a caution! The blunder lost the leader a good half minute, but spite of it she was not to be beaten. *Edith* and *Lily* had to make a short hitch across the shoal to fetch clear. It should have been "up spinnaker" at once on board *Muta*, but there was something wrong with the gear, and Ives was passed before the sail went up to the mast head, when, crack! down it came by the run, halliards carried away. By this time *Edith* had jibed round Pleasant and was fouling along her to diminish *Muta*'s lead. Commissioner's *Muta* only could be timed at 3h. 30m. 10s., and from here, close hauled, she lengthened out her lead of *Edith*, while *Lily* greatly diminished the gap between that yacht and herself. The time at the finish was: *Muta*, 3h. 46m. 37s.; *Edith*, 3h. 55m.; *Lily*, 3h. 59m. 34s. Allowing for difference of time at start, *Muta* beat *Edith* by 11m. 54s., and *Lily* by 12m. 37s. *Edith* beat *Lily* by 48s. only. *Muta* took the prize.

The system of allowing for difference of time at start might well be reconsidered by the squadron, for its abolition would tend to promote the interest of a flying start and to bring out the seamanship of the racing crews, as each would be anxious to secure the weather berth. The yachts, instead of crossing at long intervals, would be dispatched in a bunch, and as the time for tonnage is known it would be easy for any one to tell whether she was or was not the winner. The most brilliant of the squadron took part in the racing season, the most brilliant in Halifax waters, on Saturday, September 7, with a race open to all rigs and classes. They have already sailed seven races this summer and have had good entries every time, so that they deserve to be congratulated on the way in which they have kept up the mainly sport of yachting in Nova Scotia waters.

The *Yozya*, s. sl., 100 tons, J. T. Holson, Esq., Royal Mersey Yacht Club, arrived here on the 3d of September, from Montreal via Quebec and Labrador. She returns to Montreal about the 10th, her owner residing there. Mr. Fraser has changed the name of his new yacht from *Lochnagar* to *Fiona*. She is not as swift as Fife's clipper of that name.

YACHTING NEWS.

EMPIRE YACHT CLUB.—The regatta of the Empire Club of Hudson, N. Y., which had been postponed from June last, was sailed Thursday, Sept. 4, in a stiff southeast wind. Course from foot 104th st., Harlem, through the Gate, pass between North and South Brother Islands, to and around the Gangway Buoy and return; distance twenty-three miles. Start from an anchor, catamarans fly. While making for the starting line *Emma* D. captured the fourth-class prize, losing one of the most formidable competitors. The *Mary* D. likewise captured before the start. The yachts got away as under:

Names.	Owners.	Length.	Start.
<i>Cora</i> D.	Daniel Quinn.	11 16	12 23 00
<i>Ping</i> U'g'v.	Do.	11 11	12 23 00

Names.	Owners.	Length.	Start.
<i>E. K. Collins</i> .	F. T. Davis.	19 08	12 20 00
<i>Peter O'Brien</i> .	T. W. Davis.	19 04	12 20 00

Names.	Owners.	Length.	Start.
<i>Mary Gibson</i> .	N. Lockwood.	21 10 1/2	12 23 00
<i>Sophia Blinn</i> .	J. Varian.	21 09	12 23 00
<i>Katie</i> .	A. Conley.	22 01	12 25 00

Names.	Owners.	Length.	Start.
<i>Inspector</i> .	J. H. Mann.	23 11 1/2	12 40 00
<i>Maria M.</i> .	Do.	24 05	12 40 00
<i>Mary</i> .	Rear-Com. Buif.	23 11 1/2	12 40 00

Names.	Owners.	Length.	Start.
<i>Chester A. Arthur</i> .	Measure D. Quinn.	25 03	12 45 00
<i>Isabella Bean</i> .	Do.	26 02 1/2	12 45 00
<i>Julia</i> .	Ex-Com. Davis.	25 09	12 45 00
<i>Carrie K.</i> .	P. Krumreich.	24 03	12 45 00
<i>James Tregarten</i> .	Chap. E. Lynch.	30 00	12 45 00

Names.	Owners.	Length.	Start.
<i>Taratella</i> .	F. Hughes.	21 06	12 55 25
<i>John Gilpin</i> .	Do.	21 06	12 55 25
<i>Wanda</i> .	George Roahr.	20 00	12 55 25

Nearly all had a reef down. Among the catamarans *Taratella* had it all her own way. She made a fortunate start and was well ahead when the *Gilpin* carried away her iron bobstay and had to run for home. The tide was on the last of the flood, and it was a bent up to the mark. The *Colinda* got a knockdown, and *Ping* U'g'v. went to her assistance, both giving up the race, only *Cora* D. remaining in her class and taking the prize after a walk over. Around the gangway, *Taratella* led by nearly twenty minutes, *Martha* M. second, *Katie* third and the rest at short intervals, *Isabella Bean* bringing up the rear. Catamaran *Minnie* D. *Della* gave up. Why there should be such wide divergence between her and Mr. Hughes' craft is a matter on the same principles. On the run home, *Emma* was trimmed to starboard. Off Throg's Neck, *Katie*, while shaking out her reef, was struck by a smart puff and

turned turtle without further ado. The winners finished in the following time: *Taratella*, 2h. 37m. 35s.; *Martha* M., 3h. 50m.; *Chester A. Arthur*, 4h. 9m.; *Sophia Emma*, 4h. 32m.; *O'Brien*, 4h. 39m.; and *Cora* D., 5h. 19m. 16s. *Muta* was the victor in the prize for making the fastest time in the jib and mainsail class. The catamaran at times reached 15 miles on the run home with the wind abeam.

CHALLENGE TO STEAM YACHTS.—Mr. F. Hughes, owner of the catamaran *Taratella*, will match his craft against any steam yacht over a ten-mile course for \$1,000 a side, both vessels to be limed and given five chances over the course; the fastest time to take the money.

BOUND FOR FLORIDA.—The *Embassader*, schooner, Mr. Wm. B. Astor, is fitting out at City Island for her annual cruise South.

GOOD SEAMANSHIP.—The manner in which *Udo*'s canvas was managed on the recent cruise of the N. Y. Y. G. calls for decided commendation on our part. Her crew were fully dressed in uniform and ready for "inspection" at any time, while her canvas was handled quickly and with more show of good seamanship than aboard most the other yachts. She was sailed in a way creditable to her skipper and owner alike. We understand that *Udo* and *Peerless* are soon to sail a match race in metropolitan waters.

OCEANIC YACHT CLUB.—The Oceanic Yacht Club, of Jersey City, have elected new officers as follows:—Commodore, George Smith; Vice-Commodore, J. O. Cockrell; Secretary, John Facknor; Treasurer, Louis Heller; Measurer, John Demarest; President, James J. Reid.

PATONIA YACHT CLUB.—The sixteenth annual regatta of this club was sailed off Lafayette, N. J., Aug. 29. Course from Murphy's club house, through channel between Ellis and Bedloe's islands, thence to Robbins Reef buoy, thence to buoy No. 10 off Cooney Island Point and return. Third-class yachts went around Robbins Reef buoy only and return, sail Cooney over. Won by J. M. Koster in first-class, 3h. 37m. 25s., beating *Clara* B. *Annie Gisel*, *Fulton*, *Medusa*, and *Fron-Frou*. In second-class by *Addie Taylor* in 3h. 33m. 37s., beating the *Holmes*, O. K. and *Prospect*. In third-class by *The Brothers* in 2h. 54p. 34s., beating the *Edgar*, *Guskie*, *Robin*, *Nellie Shaw* and *Shoghran*.

NAHASSET YACHT CLUB.—Mr. Editor: This club will give one more regatta, in September, for a silk pennant and the championship of the club. Open to all cat-boats in the club, and to be sailed for will time allowance and mainsail only.

KEEL-BOATS IN BOSTON.—The discussion of the superiority of keel-boats at sea has assumed decided shape in the neighborhood of Boston. A gentleman has placed a forfeit in the hands of the Boston Herald, and offers to make a match with any keel-boat in that vicinity between 20ft. and 40ft. water line upon the following conditions: Race, ten miles to windward and return, in a breeze blowing twenty miles an hour or over, outside Boston Light. Stakes, \$50 a side; no shifting of keels or light sails allowed. The challenge should not pass unheeded among Boston yachtsmen, among whom the Corinthian spirit runs high.

DORCHESTER YACHT CLUB.—The Dorchester, Mass., Yacht Club will hold its next regatta off Commercial Point, Harrison Square, Boston, Tuesday, Sept. 17. First class centreboards, 25ft. and upward; second class centreboards, 20ft. to 25ft.; third class centreboards, under 20ft. All keels will be sailed in one class. Special class for boats under 14ft. Coe, J. J. Sunning, and *Julia* Thoma. Moderate breeze from S. E. *Sunning* led off, but *Elena* D. and *Ida* took the lead and maintained it throughout, both taking first prize in their respective classes, second prizes going to *Sadie* and *Guendolen*. The sharpie *Bertie* gave up the race, but went round the course with outrigger ballast and made good time. We note with gratification that the Monmouth Beach Yacht Club has given its adherence to the principles advocated by these clubs, and we understand that the ban of shifting ballast will be permanently abolished in the May. Others follow their example. *Lenora*, Mr. Lamphar, and *Lisette* R., Rathbone Bros., sailed a match the same day. Won by the latter on time.

THE VALUE OF ORGANIZATION.—The steamboat law, requiring a liberal supply of life preservers on board of every steamer, is a wise one, as was amply illustrated Wednesday, Sept. 4, when the launch, *Little Charlie*, collided with the police boat *Seneca*, on the Harlem. A shower of life-preservers were thrown to the passengers of the launch who were struggling in the water, as the boat sank under her load. They were all rescued without much trouble by the *Seneca*'s crew. For saving life in any emergency there is nothing like a good outfit of the required apparatus and thorough discipline. Had our steamboat laws been in force on the Thames, England, many lives would have been saved from the sinking *Princess Alice*, run down by a collier recently.

A BRITISH YACHTSMAN GRADUATE.—Crawling in at the hawse-hole and coming out at the cabin windows is quite a common method in England by which their leading yachtsmen have come into prominence, and in many instances developed into full-blown sailors and pilots. Commencing with a small craft, in which they and a boy or two did the hauling and tugging, splicing and patching, and painting and navigating, they gradually grew up in larger and more pretentious yachts until they finally blossomed out in a big schooner or steamer in which the world may be circumnavigated. This is how Mr. Thomas Brassey learned his trade as a yachtsman, and won fame in later years as a seaman and pilot of skill second to none who make sea and the profession of a life-time. After going through the usual period of probation in whittling models and sailing toy crafts on ponds and puddles, he found himself sole owner and cook of an eight-on cutter. Having mastered fore-and-aft seamanship, and acquired the rudiments of navigation by dead reckoning, he stepped aboard a twenty-three, and then hoisted his burgee at the mast-head of a fine ship of 100 tons. In her he cruised three years in the British Isles and the North Sea, and then next became owner of the *Albatross*, iron schooner, 118 tons and sailed in her to the Mediterranean. After his marriage he took to auxiliary steam, for Mr. Brassey holds that steam is an ex-

GREENWOOD LAKE.—On the 9th a party of gentlemen had fun sport at Greenwood Lake, with black bass, blue fish, etc. Blackford, with a six-ounce split bamboo rod, caught the finest fish, weighing five pounds. Between 7 A. M. and noon a number of large fish were captured. While fishing the party were startled by a succession of flutterings and splashings in the water, and it was found that a covey of quail, in attempting to fly over the lake, about a mile wide, had fallen in the water. The unfortunate birds were dropping like stones, and on the boat to rescue the quail. Fifteen fine birds were caught, only one having been drowned. The birds were secured and

have been caged. Sam Garrison, who is thoroughly posted about the fish lake and the birds on the shores, had the party in charge. The best fishing for black bass is found off the Brandon House Dock.

VIRGINIA—Lexington, Sept. 7.—Bass fishing in the James River, at Varner's Falls, is good. A party of three caught sixty there the other day in six hours fishing. They averaged two pounds each.

SALMON AND BONITO.—The following letter has been received by Professor Baird from a gentleman thoroughly conversant with the fish and fisheries of Narragansett Bay:

NEWPORT, Sept. 2, 1878.
PROFESSOR BAIRD.—Dear Sir: Thinking it may be of some interest to you, I take this occasion to communicate two facts that came to my knowledge concerning fishes in these waters. First: Mr. Edward Lawton caught in a heart seine, at Brimston's Cove, last month, a salmon weighing 1½ pounds. Second: Captain Albert Gray saw last Friday, eastward of Block Island, an immense school of bonito—he thinks not less than 3,000 barrels—more, he says, than he ever saw of horse mackerel (bluefish). Yours truly,
J. M. K. SOUTHWICK.

A FISHING HOG.—This intelligent pachyderm hails from Aurora, Ind. He goes into the stream and catches his fish, plunging beneath the water, and, coming up with a big fellow in his mouth, comes to shore to devour him. Now, we all know that a pig is death on crabs. In the South, it is delightful to see a porker after fiddler crabs. The fishing animals seem to increase every day. We have heard of a fishing cat, dog and pig, and very shortly a horse and a cow will be found to be piscatorially inclined. Might we state, parenthetically, that we have known many fishing animals that deserved the porcine appellation; yet appetite never could be satisfied.

"PISCATOR'S" HERRING.—*Albany, Sept. 7.*—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In hopes that I may cast a little of light on the question, I send you the following in regard to "Piscator's" herring: In July, '77, between the 8th and 20th, these fish ran up the Black River as far as the village of Dexter, where their progress was arrested by the dam. We were constantly annoyed in the evening by their taking our flies when we were c. sting. The fish were so thick that one day a party were rowing through a school of them and were injured in the boat. In appearance these herrings were like our North River herring—dark on the back, silver underneath, and the same peculiar square-shaped mouth. Their stomachs compared to their backs was the edge of a razor to the back of it. Being possessed of a wonderful power for wiggling and squirming, they are not the most pleasant fish to handle. During their fishing was very poor, but soon as they left there were some fine strings of bass, pike, and large yellow perch caught out on the bar in Black River Bay. DEXTER.

"THEM WAS THE DAYS."—From the Battery to Hell Gate, in the East River, and to and beyond Carmanville in the North River, the New York docks are thronged on Sundays by striped bass anglers of every persuasion and color, every tribe and kindred under heaven and there are anglers who never catch anything, and urchins without rods at their feet catch all the fish, men who lug enormous creels, and carry them home empty, and small boys who run home with their pockets full, swells who scare the fish away with huge blazing diamond pins on glaring shirt fronts, and less pretentious cosmopolites, innocent of diamonds and shirt. Amid this motley throng the author, one made, and a mingled gratification to graybeard. Like his antiquated rod and weather-stained tackle he is seasoned with the years, and mottled with the storms and sunshine of a half century. Where once from the rocks he cast his slender and squid, drawing up a generous creel, now amid the cargoes of Atlantic steamships, he sits all day long

Like Patience on a—
spile "spillin" for a nibble. After the fingerling has been bravely headed, and safely dropped into the cavernous basket, his comeliness is overspread with a mingled gratification and disgust, and his garrulous tongue dilates to the reverential youngster upon the glorious catches of the years and years ago, when he was a boy. Yes, and here's bad luck to the commerce that has destroyed the old patriarch's sport.

A MAN AND A BASS.—All this happened at Norwich. Men were hauling seine at Niantic; big bass broke away from the meshes, and scuttled off for the sea; shallow water prevented his swimming. The *Norwich Bulletin* says something to this effect:

The men dashed excitedly after him, and vainly sought to stop him with desperate kicks from their heavy fishing-boots, and blows from such implements as they could pick up on the beach. No one dared to grasp the monster, as a bass of large size, armed with its sharp fins and razor-like teeth and gills, is one of the fiercest and most dangerous of sea-fish. At last Mr. Winship went for him, and at last Mr. Winship and the 46½ pound bass were hauled ashore.

WHIPPING A BASS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Not fully comprehending the meaning of "E. A. K.'s" answer of the 5th inst., I referred the same to some of our leading sportsmen, such as Messrs. Jones, Atkinson and others, none of whom were able to understand what was meant by "whipping a bass," "whipping" being an expression for throwing the fly with light rod and fly-line. My opinion was induced by these gentlemen that to drag the bass, when hooked, through the water, by swinging the pole right and left, is clumsy and unsportsmanlike, and frightens the remainder of the school. Why not lift the fish out at once with which might not prove quite so successful with the V. M. Pond anglers when playing a six-pounder. However, before condemning, Hartford sportsmen are anxiously looking forward to an explanation of "E. A. K.'s" method of "whipping a bass," and to the expounding of the new theories of the Wolcottville school. The gentlemen also endorse my opinion as to the correctness of our mode of fishing, which "E. A. K.'s" observation was so unpropitious to fishing. It is caused by decaying vegetation (rot rocks), and is therefore more frequent in artificially raised waters than in others. West Hill Pond was originally, some fifteen to twenty years ago, an exceedingly small and clear pond; it is now some fifteen feet above its former level and covers a

great deal of decaying vegetation. Its active springs are thought to be subsidiary in the frequent raising of its scum. Shuttle Meadow Lake covers a large quantity of brush and the like, and is, on account of its great quantity of scum, entirely unfit for fishing except in the fall. In the season, Twin Lakes are in their natural condition, and consequently free from scum. Black bass are said to shun this decaying matter, so far from feeding on it. "E. A. K.'s" vigorous appliance of the whip brings to mind the four Frenchmen in a heavy wagon drawn by one dilapidated and exhausted beast. When inquiring for some place, fifteen miles away, and being informed that they could not reach there at that night, they excitedly exclaimed like our author, "V. M. Pond, V. M. Pond, V. M. Pond!" May the ridiculous aspect of these foreign gentlemen serve as a serious warning to your "interesting and observant" correspondent, lest in his scientific and microscopic researches, he apply his whip too freely to his theories of rocky sediment and "whipping a bass." P. X.

A HOME-MADE BLACK BASS RODS.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

As the autumn fishing for black bass will soon begin in Kentucky, Tennessee, Northern Alabama and Georgia, and as the anglers in the several States are extremely partial to a natural cane or bamboo rod, I desire to tell them how to make a good one of this material at little cost, and which, though not a "thing of beauty," will prove itself a "joy forever," in comparison with the cane rod as generally used. After using such a rod as I am about to describe for one season, the angler will be ready to advance another step and adopt a good cane and lancewood rod, which contingency, I am free to admit, is the principal motive for this communication.

A natural bamboo cane, as it is procured at the tackle stores, is from fifteen to twenty feet in length, and it is the custom in the localities named to use from ten to twelve feet of the smaller end of such a cane for a black bass rod, after attaching a standing guide and a reel fastener. While such a rod is strong and light, with a moderate degree of pliancy and elasticity, it entirely lacks the great desideratum, balance, being decidedly too-heavy, and is too small at the butt to allow of a firm grasp of the hand, generally necessitating the use of both hands to hold it. Now to obtain the greatest amount of good and pleasure from a rod of this character, proceed as follows: Select a cane of medium length, which may be known by its dark, mottled markings, looking as though it had been burnt about the leaf-ridges, or knots. Select one that is hard and elastic, with a good taper, and quite small at the tip; those known as "male" canes are the best, having larger bulges, or leaf-ridges, and being much tougher than the "female" canes. Having chosen a good one, cut off six and a half feet of the smaller end for the rod, the remaining larger portion of the cane will make a good handle for a landing-net. Now make a wooden butt of white ash or black walnut, from eighteen to twenty inches long, of the following diameters: At the extreme butt end, seven-eighths of an inch; now increase the diameter by a gradual taper to an inch and one-eighth at a distance of five inches from the extreme butt; then decrease the taper to an inch at a distance of seven inches from the extreme butt. To make a good handle, make a reel seat, and an inch in diameter throughout its length; now decrease the diameter by a rapid, concave taper for two inches to three-fourths of an inch, and then a gradual taper to the smaller end of the butt, which must exceed the diameter of the large end of the cane about one-sixteenth of an inch; the diameter of the large end of the cane-joint when cut in two will be from half an inch to five-eighths of an inch. Having a pair of callipers, and the instructions just given, we have a cane joint six feet and six inches long, and a wooden butt, say twenty inches long, with the grip of one and one-eighth of an inch in diameter, and the reel seat of one inch diameter. Now procure a set of reel bands one inch inside diameter; a pair of ferrules for the joint—the inside diameter of the smaller ferrule being of the same diameter as the large end of the cane piece, which will readily be ascertained. Having a pair of callipers, five standing guides, graduated sizes, and a solid metal tip. These mountings should be brass or German silver. The guides should be attached at equal distances between the reel seat to the tip, and, having properly fitted the ferrules and reel bands, give the rod two coats of shellac, or coach varnish. When dry, the rod is ready for use, and will be about eight feet in length, and strong enough to handle any fish of moderate size, and will not break to any rod made for the purpose; it will be well balanced and strong, and will lack the pliancy, elasticity and perfect working of a good ash and lancewood rod, yet it will be such a great improvement on the cane rod as generally used, that it has only to be tried to be appreciated.

Cynthiana, Ky., Sept. 5, 1878. J. A. HENSHALL.

TROUT STREAMS IN COLORADO.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Most if not all the streams I shall mention afford better fishing during July and August, and even in the early part of September, than they do in June. During June the snows on the mountains melting keep the streams too full, and the water is too low. By all odds the best day's fishing that I had last year was on the 11th of August. The St. Vrain River, almost everywhere among the foot hills, or even when it has reached the valley, i. e., plains, gives fine fishing. Trout weighing three pounds are frequently caught in it. The best fishing, however, in this stream is to be found in the canyon of the river. This is about sixteen miles from Longmont to the canyon. And R. H. Fair road leads from Longmont to the canyon. Any one who wishes to fish the St. Vrain at this point must camp out. A wagon containing the outfit cannot be driven up the canyon, it is therefore necessary to "pack" your traps on a mule or horse. Doing this, the narrow trail which leads up the canyon may be easily gone over. It is only necessary to go from six to ten miles in this way, and I can safely promise any one who wishes to do so that the small trouble I have mentioned that he will be fully rewarded, both by the enjoyment of the trip and scenery, and the pleasure he will have in the fishing. The impossibility of going up the canyon in a wagon has prevented the stream from being fished much at this point, and so the sport remains excellent and will do so for years to come.

The "Big Thompson," which takes its rise near the foot of Long's Peak always runs at angles. The readiest way of reaching it from Denver is via the Colorado Central R. R. to Longmont, and a stage journey of thirty-six miles from that point through the Rocky Mountains to one of the loveliest spots in the mountains, or indeed, for the matter of that, in the

whole country, namely, Estes Park. Here, if you wish to live as comfortably as you do at home, you may stay at the Estes Park Hotel, a new house built last summer, thoroughly well furnished and kept in the best manner. If you stay here you will have the privilege of fishing in the "Meadows," a lovely tract of about a bushel of fishing with line or fly, without charge, which is kept for the use of the guests of the house. By camp out, say I; make the Park your headquarters from which to take excursions in various directions. Ten to fifteen miles down the Thompson, where you must be content to go with such things as you can carry yourself, you will find fish that will repay you for all your pains. I believe there is some sort of cabin about ten miles down the stream down the Park, which was erected expressly for the benefit of fishermen. The North Fork of the Thompson is reached by a pack trail, and is 10 miles from the hotel. Here is a good cabin which will hold several persons, and which can be used free of charge by all who choose to do so. Take your cooking utensils, which should be few and simple, and some canned fruits and vegetables, and you may spend ten days most pleasantly fishing. It is said that blue grouse are to be found there. I never saw any, though others say they have.

The upper canyon of the Thompson in Willow Park will repay a visit to it. It is six miles from Estes Park, and is reached by a wagon road. Take your tent with you, or, if you prefer, stay at Sprague's ranch. Do not attempt to fish in Willow Park; you will be devoured by buffalo flies. Go about ten miles down the stream down the Park, which was erected expressly for the benefit of fishermen. The North Fork of the Thompson is reached by a pack trail, and is 10 miles from the hotel. Here is a good cabin which will hold several persons, and which can be used free of charge by all who choose to do so. Take your cooking utensils, which should be few and simple, and some canned fruits and vegetables, and you may spend ten days most pleasantly fishing. It is said that blue grouse are to be found there. I never saw any, though others say they have.

Through Middle Park in the northern part of the State flow the Blue River and Williams Fork. This latter I have never fished, but I am informed by those who have that the fishing is good. The river now when a four-pounder is taken. Williams Fork is reached from Denver by rail to Boulder, and thence to Hot Springs and the Park by stage. At Hot Springs there is a hotel, and from this excursions may be made to the Fork on horseback.

The Blue River may be reached in this way, also, though the best way would be to go to Colorado Springs and thence up the Ute Pass on horseback, or, still better, with a wagon. It is but a few miles from Colorado Springs to the mouth of the great quantities of large fish. It is one of the best trout streams in the State and will amply repay a visit. The scenery, too, cannot but afford high pleasure to every admirer of nature. The trip up the Ute Pass and through the various intervening small parks is worth all the trouble even were there no other object in view at the end of the journey.

And now, if you are not already tired, let me ask you to take the train to the Rio Grande and go to the southern end of the State. Stop at Garland and fish in any of the mountain tributaries of the Rio Grande. The Trinchero or Trinchera, as it is indifferently called, is six miles from Garland. It is full of fine fish. Last summer Gen. L. of Pennsylvania, came out to fish; he was the guest of Gov. Hunt. The Governor took the General, who was accustomed to small fish of the Rio Grande, to the mountains. By and by he (Governor) heard a great noise and saw a large fish lying through the air. The General, in his excitement, regardless of tactics, had jerked it out and thrown it over his shoulder. "What is the matter?" exclaimed Hunt. "Oh, I have a slug of mutton on my hook," was the reply. It was a three-pound trout. Alamosa, thirty miles further south, will soon be reached by rail. The streams here are equally good. The trip over the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, passing, as it does, over the Sangre de Christo range, and through the Veta Pass at an altitude of 9,393 feet above the level of the sea, affords a view of some of the grandest scenery in the world. The Mule Shoe of the railroad causes the celebrated Horse Shoe of the Pennsylvania to divide into insignificance.

I have only mentioned a few streams as a personal acquaintance or have been reported to me by friends, upon whom I can rely. There are, however, many others. Nearly all the mountain streams contain trout. In conclusion let me say a word as to the pleasures of camping here. I know of no place where it yields more pleasure and profit. The glorious, exhilarating air, the bright sunshine and the almost cloudless sky combine to make camping enjoyable and health-giving to an unusual extent. C. B.

COLUMBIA RESERVOIR AND FISHING.

Columbia is the extreme southern town of Tolland County in Connecticut, and the Columbia Reservoir is situated in the northern part of the town about equidistant and three miles from Andover and Hop River stations of the U. P. and N. H. R. This reservoir was raised by the Williamstown Lumber Co. as a reserve force for their thread manufactory in the year 1866 and covers nearly three hundred acres when at its full head, and required a good part of the year to fill it with water. Soon after it was filled the citizens of the town, by their own individual efforts, secured some pickerel and black bass, and purchased the waters for the purpose of stocking it. The two secured the passage of an act of incorporation, which by its terms became operative on the first day of January, 1870. As at that time the reservoir was covered with ice, and for weeks the piscatorial sports was indiscriminate; hundreds of people visited the reservoir, and it was estimated at the time that on some days as much as (one of fish was taken, all of pickerel. The result was a subsequent dearth of fishing, which necessitated the enactment of other laws regulating fishing through the ice. From that time onward but few pickerel and scarcely any bass were caught, and all was attributed to the belief that they were destructive to other fish and too sportive to be caught by the average fisherman. This belief has been somewhat discredited by more recent results, which we believe are worthy of mention and are contained in the following record, viz.:

August 6.—William A. Babcock, of South Coventry, and William H. Yeamans, of Columbia, made a catch of fourteen bass of very uniform size which would have averaged less than two pounds each, but were not weighed.

August 7.—Babcock and an eight-year old son of Yeaman's caught three bass, but in attempting to put them over the side of the boat to lose in the water he lost two. The eleven remaining weighed twenty-eight pounds.

August 15.—Babcock and Yeamans caught twenty-two fishes which weighed forty pounds.

August 30.—Babcock, Yeamans and J. V. H. Prince, of Brooklyn, N. H., eleven, all of good size, but not weighed.

August 26.—Babcock, Yeaman, Prince and Lucien Hicks, of South Coventry, caught fifty-one, which were variable in size, weighing about seventy pounds.

August 29.—Babcock, Yeaman and Prince took fifty pounds in weight, the heaviest weighing three and one half pounds.

August 30.—Yeaman went out less than an hour and took seven and three-fourth pounds. In each case considerable numbers of other kinds of fish were caught, but not picked.

September 2.—Babcock and Prince caught twelve of good size.

September 4.—Yeaman and S. H. Moran, of Hartford, took sixteen, twelve of which weighed twenty-five pounds. Other parties have fished here with good success, but we have not the record.

Columbia, Conn., Sept. 5, 1875.

RESERVOIR.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME IN SEASON FOR SEPTEMBER.

Moose. *Alces melampus.* Black-bellied plover, ox-eye, *Squataria helvetica.*
Elk or wapiti, Cervus canadensis. King plover, *Agelaius pensilvanicus.*
 Red or Va. deer, *C. virginianus.* Killdeer, *Spizella monticola.*
 Quail, red, black and gray. Stilt, or long-shanks, *Himantopus nigricollis.*
 Hares, brown and gray. Woodcock, *Philohela minor.*
 Teed or rice bird, *Doctolophus oryzivorus.* Red-breasted snipe, or dowitcher, *Macrophalarus griseus.*
 Wild turkey, *Meleagris gallopavo.* Red-jacketed sandpiper, or ox-bird, *Tringa americana.*
 Pinnated grouse or prairie chicken, *Cupido americana.* Great marshy gull, or marlin, *Limosa fedoa.*
 Ruffed grouse or plover, *Bonasa umbellus.* Willet, *Totanus semipalmatus.*
 Quail or partridge, *Ortyx virginiana.* Yellow-shanks, *Totanus flavipes.*

"Bay birds" generally, including various species of plover, sand piper, snipe, curlew, oystercatcher, surf birds, phalaropes, avocets, etc., coming under the group *Limacola* or Shore Birds.

GAME IN MARKET—RETAIL PRICES. Poultry and Game—Pinnated grouse (prairie chickens), \$1.00 per pair; partridge (ruffed grouse), \$1.50 per pair; teal, 50 cents per pair; Wilson snipe, \$3 per doz.; plover, \$4.50 per doz.; bay birds, large, \$3 per doz.; do small, 50 cents per doz.; rails, 75 cents per doz.; reed birds, 40 to 75 cents per doz.; Philadelphia squabs, \$2 per doz.

Poultry—Philadelphia and Bucks County dry picked chickens, 18 to 22 cents per pound; do, fowls, 18 to 13 cents; do, turkeys, 18 to 20 cents; do, ducks, 18 cents; do, geese, 18 cents; State and Western chickens, 16 cents; do, turkeys, 16 cents; do, fowls, 16 cents; do, ducks, 16 cents.

CANADA—Montreal, Sept. 3.—The shooting season has fairly commenced here. Yesterday everybody that owned or could borrow a gun was out. Some fair bags of woodcock were made, but other kinds of game are scarce. STANSTEAD.

MAINE—Princeton, Sept. 2.—Deer are very plenty.

W. P. P.

MASSACHUSETTS—Nantucket, Sept. 9.—Plover quite plenty; no doubt the thick fogs have caused them to stop. Saturday I saw a great many birds. Black ducks are plenty on Dry Shoal. JACK CUDDELL.

CONNECTICUT—Noroton, Sept. 1.—There are a great many quail here this fall. Yesterday I flushed two flocks in a potato lot not 200 yards from my house.

SCORE TWO FOR SETS.—"Moose," a Germanstown sportsman, has been on an Adirondack expedition, and while in mad pursuit of his prey managed to shoot a bull (not a moose), for which he compromised with the farmer by the payment of \$150. All of which is truthfully related in the Germanstown Telegraph, with this bit about the veteran New York fish-culturist:

We saw many curious things while in these glorious mountains—for glorious they truly are. No wonder Seth Green is about building a tower to be called Troutville. Seth is also a good shot. We met him there three weeks ago, and saw him from one side of a stream shoot two deer on the other side at one shot. Of course they were standing side by side, or he could not have done it. At the very time, too, he had hold of a supposed ten pound trout, which, on dropping his pole on drawing a bead on the deer, floated off with it, and that was the last seen of that pole. Seth was a good shot, disappointed at losing his pole, line and ten pound trout, but he is a man of a very patient and forgiving nature, made use of no improper language, and was thankful for the two deer at one shot, as that feat had never been performed in the Adirondacks before.

PENNSYLVANIA—Mercer, Sept. 3.—The Solid Comfort Club just came home from their camp on Sugar Lake yesterday. The woodcock shooting has been good here, and the prospect is good for all kinds of small game this fall. M. B. McK.

DELAWARE—Port Penn—Delaware Bay, Sept. 5.—Rail and reed bird shooting now good; birds abundant along the Bay, and will be all this month. This is a good point. Take the steamboat, Thomas Clyde, any morning from Philadelphia, fare about fifty cents. Stop at the Pier House on the beach, kept by Mr. Lloyd. \$1.50 per day, or \$8 per week. Game close at hand. H. W. MERRILL.

RAIL AND REED BIRDS—Pier House, Port Penn, Sept. 8.—Following the directions of the Sportsman's Gazetteer, I secured a week's shooting on the pier, and the shooting of bay birds. As you state, the rail and reed bird shooting is most excellent here. I doubt if a better point can be selected along the whole Bay. The birds are always here during Sept. and the rail till about Oct. 15, when both kinds disappear with coming frosts. The sporting is near the hotel, and very convenient. I send you a sample of a day's sport, from which you will see we have plenty of delicacies for the table. Rail Sept. 6: S. Lord, 37; J. W. Gibbs, 32; P. Wain, 38; G. Tate, 36; W. H. Lull, 35. C. Tate and son, 73 white perch, and 40 crabs. The above was on one tide and occupied about four hours only. As for reed or rice birds, they are being killed daily and everywhere along the shore. Every morning and evening as they fly across the lawn in front of our hotel a general fusillade is opened on them, and enough secured to supply all our wants. The Sporter's Club, kept by T. Lord, is plain and comfortable. He is a sportsman, and keeps two good dogs for his guests to use at pleasure, also boats etc. The steamboat, Thomas Clyde, from Philadelphia, touches here at 11 A. M., daily, fare 50 cents, and on returning, at 4 P. M. Only railroad to Delaware City four miles above this place. Hotel fare \$1.50 per day, or \$8 per week; boatpushers \$3. Next month the snipe shooting will be good, with ducks, etc. M. H. W. MERRILL.

YOUNG AMERICA CLUB.—The Young America Sporting Club, of West Phila., was organized Aug. 7, 1878, with the following officers: Harry G. Cochran, Captain, 4229 Ludlow st.; Ben S. Marshall, Treasurer, 221 N. 41st st.; W. J. S. Blundin, Secretary, 2951 Story st.

TENNESSEE—Nashville, Sept. 4.—Mr. Clark Pritchett, Secretary of the Tennessee Sportsman's Club, has had some good dove shooting the last two weeks. Taking it very leisurely, and hunting only in the cool of the afternoon, he bagged from five to eighteen birds each day. Our game laws allow shooting to begin on the 15th of this month, but the fields and covers will be full of hunters to-morrow, so that by the time the law abiding sportsman begins his shooting season the birds will have become very wild. There are some quantities, however, that there will be enough for all. J. D. H.

A DAY AMONG THE CHICKENS.—A Texas correspondent writes us from Houston, Aug. 26, of the amenities of the sportsman in that vicinity. We commend the paragraph to the consideration of those who may be skeptical as to the abundance and variety of Texan game:

"I had intended ere this to give you a sketch of a day among the prairie chicken, which are very abundant here, and are now in fine condition for shooting, but the weather has been so bad that it has been impossible for us to get out. The rainfall has been unusually large for this season of the year. The ground is covered with water; the sun so oppressively hot that our dogs are unable to work more than a few minutes at a time, frequently returning to the wagon, or else seeking the shade of some bush or tree, from which they refuse to move. Add to this the swarms of green-headed flies, which cover our horses, rendering them almost frantic, the anemic and mosquitoes, which almost obstruct our sight, and then draw on your imagination for the pleasure so easily to be derived from 'A Day Among the Chickens' at this time. J. W. D.

HOW TO LOAD DITTMER POWDER.—Editor Forest and Stream: For the benefit of any who have failed to get uniform results in the use of Dittmer powder, allow me to give the following directions for loading; if carefully observed no complaints will ever be found with its performance. Dip the measure heaping full, tap it a few times until it settles even, empty into the shell, striking that a few times so it settles even in the shell. This is important. Use one Delaware fibre and one Eley's pink edge, or two pink edge, which fit tight in the shell, requiring a little pressure to drive them down, striking the rammer once or twice with the hand; then put in shot and one black edge wad and crimp the shell well. Shells loaded in this way will equal the execution of those loaded with best black powder, without the noise, dirt and smoke which is so objectionable. Haines, agent for Mr. Carver, informed me that out of the thousands used by the Doctor, and loaded in this way, never had one failed in any respect. H. C. S.

DECAYS.—Mr. H. A. Stevens, of Woodsport, Cayuga Co., N. Y., has sent us samples of various decays of his manufacture, which are excellent. The Stevens decays are made of cedar, are unusually natural, and the heads being moveable, can be packed in very small compass. But one grade of decays are made. The list includes canvas-backs, mallard, black, teal, scaup, golden-eye ducks, with teal, etc. As Mr. Stevens has generally as his order to fill, he can fill, it would be well for duckers to get their supplies early.

RABBIT.—In some parts of New York and New Jersey orchard men this year, first and last, have had a great many all night, mowers cut them to pieces in the dry fields, and bring them into the house by the wholesale, the small boy pursues them with ferrets, and between them all an unfortunate vagabond is the tramp who cannot strike a good square rabbit stew for his noonday repast.

The Montgomery Shooting Club have contributed to the amount of \$150 to the yellow fever sufferers in Memphis and New Orleans.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

LEAVES FROM A RAY OF WESTERN TRAVEL.

(CONCLUDED.)

RAWLINS, Wyoming Terr.
 Aug. 8th.—After breakfast Jack and Frank with the rifle, and I with the shot-gun, went out hunting. I bagged four blue mountain grouse, and in the afternoon Frank killed three and Jack one. These birds, which some call blue grouse, are here in great numbers, and are of fine flavor. Two of them weighed two pounds and fourteen ounces each.

9th.—Started from camp 7.30 A. M. to go to Battle Lake. But it was no go! After eight hours horrible tramp through thick bushes, fallen timber, over rocks, in a hard rain-storm, we all felt tired, and concluded to give it up for that day and go to camp. Before we got down to the creek Tip killed a deer, and we shot at an elk pretty far off without doing him any harm. Our camp outfit was, although it was covered, a pretty camp, and the first thing when we stopped was to make a big fire and get warm and dry. The rest was to cook dinner, which we were anxiously waiting for, as our appetite was grand. My friend, Frank, ate half as much in meat as the weight of his body, not to speak of the flapjacks. In half an hour we were quite different men, and smoked another pipe of peace. This time 8.700 A. M. high, in the narrow valley of the main branch of Battle Creek we were surrounded by high wooded mountains. We did not feel very comfortable here, but still had to stay another day in order to send the guides out to look for the lake. We passed an unpleasant night, as all our camp outfit, as quilts, blankets, etc., was damp. The next morning, on the 10th Aug., Jack and Tip started to hunt for Battle Lake, while Frank and I went out fishing. The trout were not very hungry, and did not take fly well, because there was so much foam, and did take the trout for them by the freshest, still I caught enough for our table. At noon the guides came back, bringing us good news. They found the lake about two miles off. We could have gone there the same day, but we thought better to wait till our bedding was dry again. To speak of the trout I caught here, I never saw *Salmo trutta* like them before.

11th.—Early in the morning we started for the lake. There we arrived after a half-hour's riding over rocky hills and thickly fallen timber. What a wonderful panorama we had after we had ascended the last hill. I am not able to describe it. A fine, but rather small, sheet of water before us, about 500 or 600 yards long, and 300 yards wide; was surrounded on one side by a steep, bare rock, 1,000 feet high; on the other sides by high wooded hills. The water of the lake was

as smooth as a mirror, and we saw hundreds, even thousands, of small trout playing or rising to the surface for insects. Toward the high rock the water seems to be very deep, but on other parts pretty shallow. Frank and myself being so tired, we had not to wait very long for our train, and then we rode slowly along the lake to the place where, several years ago, Prospector (gold digger) had built a log-house. This we used for camp, being large and dry. That it did not take very long for me to get ready for the trout you will imagine. The pool was so hungry that they came to us on shore where we were standing, waiting for our artificial flies, and even bare hooks. I fished all around the lake, and caught several hundred, but put them back again, as I left it to Frank to furnish our table. He only fished a while, and caught his basket nearly full. Never in all my fishing have I found a pond or lake so well stocked with trout as this Battle Lake, but we did not catch a larger fish than one pound six ounces. I think there was too little food for the great number of fish.

On the second day, Aug. 12, I cleaned fifteen fish, and found worms in five of them. Of course I threw them away, and we did not eat any more fish out of the lake. Frank took the anemic and climbed up the high rock near the lake, where he found that he had ascended 1,000 feet; the top was 10,150 feet. The same day, all of us, Tip with Frank and Jack, went to the high rock, the water was so lucky as to kill a doe elk and spikebuck elk, and could have shot many more; we could have killed some, too, but, having enough of meat, did not like to slaughter them. We found elk by the hundreds, but no large bucks, and could get close up to them. We ascended mountain after mountain, very heavily wooded on the lower parts of them, while on the tops only bare rocks and snow, and at last we got up the principal peak of this range, and found that we had ascended 10,000 feet. We were on the great divide between the Pacific and Atlantic, and on the line between Wyoming and Colorado. The view from here was grand. We saw nearly all the high peaks of the northern part of Colorado, as well north of us as the Elk mountains and some other high ranges. The wind was blowing very fresh, so we did not stay long, and rode down again to our camp. I tried the trout once more to hook bigger fish, but without success. The trout were so fat that they threw in, and would have taken "a red-hot stove," as my friend, F. Endicott, likes to say.

Although the elevation we were traveling on now was from 9,000 to 11,000 feet, the vegetation was luxuriant, while we found on the lower plateaus, 6,000 to 8,000 feet, scarcely a shrub. We saw here timber of enormous size—pine and poplar—not very high, but of great diameter, and of dense growth. There was high and good grass everywhere, and a great variety of flowers; a splendid country for botanists to make studies and collections.

13th.—We left this lovely little spot, and, going westward, we followed this dividing range of mountains through forests, crossing brooks and canyons, till after a ride of about twenty-four hours, we came to an old camp of ours on the Savory, where we stopped on the 5th and 6th. Having had a very early breakfast, we felt awful hungry at 4 o'clock, when we came in camp, and we proved that a pound of juicy steak took was not too much. My pipe was lighted then, and I took my rod and brought a nice mess of trout home.

14th.—Our stomachs having been well filled with elk tongue, breaded elk steaks, trout, flapjacks and coffee, we packed up. On the road we fired at great distances at buck-antelope, but did not get any but one. At 2.30 P. M., after about thirty miles ride, we got in camp, took dinner and then went shooting. Frank and Tip killed a black-tailed buck each. Frank's buck was a young one and furnished us very tender meat. I was not lucky enough to get a shot at or even to see a deer, but started in a thicket a grizzly, who, grunting, ran away without letting me have a sight of him, which was, perhaps, the best hunter for me.

15th.—Breakfast 6.30. Bill of fare, kidneys and heart of deer stewed; brain of deer fried; deer liver sauté; breaded elk steaks, flapjacks, coffee. Having gone through this we went for the game again. Tip and I saw several black-tailed bucks, but could not get a shot at them, out going home I killed by mistake a young antelope, which I thought to be a buck. The same evening Jack killed one.

16th.—8 A. M. broke up camp and took a quick and long ride of about twenty miles to Beckman's hay ranch, this place being only fifteen miles from Rawlins. Frank and I, after an hour's rest, concluded to ride the same day to town. We left Beckman's at 4.30 and made these fifteen miles in two hours. We put our horses into the stable, got our letters, and then went to Fred Wolfe's saloon, who refreshed us with delicious, cool Cheyenne lager. After that we directed our steps to the hotel, took our supper and slept the sleep of the just.

17th.—At noon Jack and Tip came in with the train. On next Tuesday, 20th, we start for the second trip north to the Sweetwater and Bighorn Mountains. Very likely we will not have much fishing on this trip. They all say that every stream that runs into North Platte has no trout, while all the streams that run west contain trout in great number. My opinion is that the water of these streams, containing great quantities of lime and alkali (carbonate of soda), are not natural for trout; so I found some streams running into Green River, as one branch of Savory and others, had no trout or any other kind of fish, caused by containing too much lime. Anyhow, I will take my rods with me and try every stream. If parties should like to come out here they can be supplied with all the outfit at Mr. James Fred Wolfe's saloon with horse and wagon, and a good bait. For guides I should advise or direct them to Fred Wolfe, who gave us very valuable information, and knows all the guides around here. It is not necessary at all to engage guides before-hand. Had we known this before, we would have saved several hundred dollars.

Fred Wolfe, as mentioned above, keeps a house of entertainment, where you can be made comfortable for the most part of this time. We will soon have some notes on our next trip.

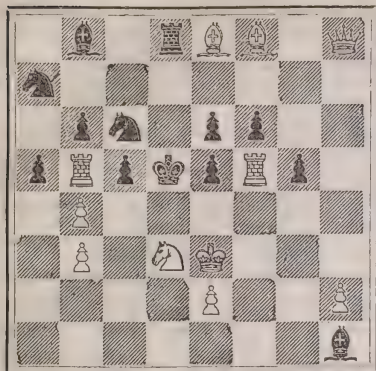
SOHMANN.

LIGHT GUNS AND LIGHT CHARGES.—Editor Forest and Stream: My experience in loading guns tends to confirm the belief of your correspondent "Canvas-Buck," whose letter appears in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 22, that lighter charges than are commonly used are sufficient. At the annual spring shoot of the Monroe County Club this spring the men were handicapped, and as for the lake, we had no better nor had much practice at the trap, I was put at twenty yards, the farthest distance being twenty-four yards. Most of the participants in the match used 10-gauge guns, mine was 12-gauge, weight, 6½ pounds. I charged it with two drachms and a half of common powder and one ounce of No. 10 shot. Four or five us killed our first ten birds "straight," but in shooting-off at five birds all but one of the 10-gauge gun, twenty-four

The Game of Chess.

Problem No. 26.

Tourney set, No. 29. Motto: Tarrytown.



White to play and give mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS—NO. 22.

(White King on G B6.)

1—B-K5 1—Kt or P moves 1—Any
2—Q mates 2—Q mates

Game No. 75.—BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

Played in the International Correspondence Match between Mr. H. Brewer, of Bournemouth, Eng., and Mr. E. Delmar, of New York:

White	Black	White	Black
Brewer	Delmar	Brewer	Delmar
1—P-K4	1—P-K4	14—Kt-Q3 (c)	14—P-K B6 (h)
2—P-K B4	2—P-K B4	15—Kt-K3	15—P-K B4 (h)
3—B-K4	3—P-Q4 (a)	16—Kt-K3	16—Kt-K3 (h)
4—B-K P (b)	4—Q-C7	17—Kt-K3	17—Q-K3 (g)
5—K-K4	5—P-K K4	18—Kt-K3	18—B-K3 (g)
6—Kt-Q B3	6—B-K3	19—Kt-K3	19—Q-K3
7—Kt-Q3	7—Kt-K3	20—Kt-K3	20—Kt-K3
8—Kt-K3	8—Q-K4	21—B-K3	21—P-K B4
9—P-K4	9—P-K4	22—Kt-K3	22—Kt-K3
10—P-K4	10—P-K4	23—Kt-K3	23—Kt-K3
11—B-K4	11—P-K K5 (c)	24—Kt-K3	24—Kt-K3
12—Kt-K3	12—Kt-K3	25—Kt-K3	25—Kt-K3
13—Kt-K3	13—Kt-K3	26—Kt-K3	26—Kt-K3

NOTES BY MR. HAMEL.

- (a) This followed by Q-K5 is now considered the best defence.
- (b) Best: P-K5 is superior.
- (c) All this is according to the books, but the quality of the last move is considered very questionable.
- (d) According to Cook, Black's best play here is Q-K1-B3, followed by B-K5 and Castles.
- (e) A move that looks correct, but which involves the breaking up of Black's P's on the Q side, always an experiment attended with the risk of giving the first player the advantage.
- (f) This looks very much like lost time, which in gambits is always risky, but especially in correspondence. The student should examine the variations arising from Black's P-K4, followed, if B retreats to K3 by B-K3; and if Kt then ch, by K-K2.
- (g) Black apparently cannot save the P, and gets into a precarious position. We consider the success attained by White well deserved, and are pleased with it on account of his boldness in offering the B Gambit. We take this opportunity of observing that gambits in correspondence, though a little risky, turn out mostly, if not always, to the advantage of the better player. The positions requiring do away with the regular plodding for safety, and admit more originality, brilliancy and ingenuity. This is the first gambit in this match—let us hope that some more will follow.
- (h) Black, in trying to save the P, loses a piece. We would have played here B-K3, and we recommend this variation to the study of our readers. By this move it appears to us Black would have got out of his difficulties, and might have turned the tables on his antagonist.
- (i) Too late; all chance of retrieving the game is gone.
- (j) White's finishing moves are in good style.
- (k) Black is compelled to give up his Q to prevent mate in three moves.—*Ayr Argus.*

CURIOUS JOTTINGS.

—The *Harford Times* states that Mrs. Gilbert has a "certain win" in one game, and an advantage in two others in the International Tourney. Mr. Gossp is her opponent. If this be true, and the games were played with that skill which Mr. Gossp is reputed to be the possessor of, then this lady is a much stronger player than has been asserted. Although we have hitherto expressed no opinion on the correspondence play of this lady amateur, we have never the less considered her play of a high order, and should not be surprised should she win the title of "Champion Correspondence Player of America." But few will deny that the claims of correspondence players have not been sufficiently recognized by the chess public, and it occurs to us that now is a proper time to urge them. We therefore call upon all lovers of chess to contribute towards a fund for a grand national correspondence tournament, in which the chief prize is to be a Championship Cup. We appoint John G. Belden, of the *Harford Times*, Treasurer *pro tem.*, and also clothe him with full power and authority to appoint a committee to establish the fund, to govern the tournament, challenges to the winner, the length of time the Championship Cup is to be held before it rests, etc. Should the chess public harden its heart against this suggestion, we doubt not but what some one will donate a Championship Cup. Let us give the ladies an equal chance to secure substantial chess honors.

—The score in the International Tourney now stands: England, 3; America, 7; drawn, 2. Bring up that coach, Belden, at a "right smart" trot, and cross 'em in. We will stroll along in advance, and, if not lost, will meet you at the station.

—Mr. McKim, the communications Secretary of the Am. Chess and Problem Assoc., at last announces that the names of the non-prize winners in the recent tourney of the Association will be published in the *Forest* (this we infer is the only organ of the Association!) "just as soon as space will permit." The broadside recently published in a weekly journal seems to have awakened this derelict official to a sense of his duty. The official discourtesy displayed by Mr. McKim is reprehensible, and he should be called upon to resign his position by the proper authorities.

conduct of the Secretary of the American Chess and Problem Association, the weekly referred to has reached us, and as its Chess Editor reiterates his suspicions, which Mr. McKim alone can authoritatively deny by performing the duties appertaining to the office which he holds, and silence rumors, as well by affording another officer or member of the Association with information, upon a proper and reasonable request, as in this case, we do not now propose to take part in this controversy. We had our say upon the award made in the Centennial Tourney, and it is extremely gratifying to now notice that others also refer to that contest, and intimate that it should also be investigated, "and the real facts brought to light." In order that our readers may fully determine whether we misrepresent our contemporary's intentions in calling public attention to these tourneys, we give the concluding paragraph in the number before us: "The Secretary will have to answer some very tricky questions before he can establish that there were not irregularities in the conduct of the late Tourney, which, when known, will bring a blush of shame to the cheek of every honest American chess player. Let him begin to put his house in order."

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Communications.

FOR A number of anonymous correspondents will understand why their queries are not answered, when they read the lines at the head of this column.

C. O. B., Titusville, Pa.—Yes, we will be glad to publish scores.

W. P. P., Princeton, Me.—E. G. Blackford, Fulton Market, N. Y., is the address you wish.

M. D., Batavia.—We cannot compare one gun with another, and must respectfully decline answering.

W. D. P., Howardsville, Albemarle Co., Va.—Grayling would not thrive in your region of country.

HIGHLANDS.—Your story of "The Fishing Pole, or the Bamboo Man Bamboozled," is respectfully declined.

G. B. W.—Can you give me the address of a few hunters on the Mississippi River who hunt for a living? We cannot.

D. J. L., South Boston, Mass.—Write to W. F. White, St. F. R. R., Topeka, Kan. for a copy of the "Rocky Mountain Tourist."

J. T. T., Hillsboro, Can.—The best thing on fly tying is the chapter devoted to that subject in Hallock's "Sportsman's Gazetteer."

ONE HUNDRED YARDS, Fishkill Landing.—The fastest time ever made for the 100 yds. dash was done by Stewart in England, whose record was 9½ s.

LOUISVILLE.—H and T traps are so called from the custom of flipping up a coin to determine which trap shall be sprung. H and T mean Heads and Tails. See?

MYSTICORA, Cleveland.—How old are female dogs generally, when they cease breeding? Ans. Time varies, generally after 12 years of age the female does not breed.

ALANTUNGS.—If you will apply to Mr. Albert Koebel, 419 W. 91st St., New York, you probably will get some eggs from him. He has collected cocoons of the silk-worm.

A. T. G., Cincinnati.—For a "rowing machine" of the best pattern address J. M. Laidin & Co., 106 Broadway, N. Y., and mention our name. Price of machine \$10; sent on receipt of money.

E. A., Green Point.—A fine jet-black setter bitch will soon come in heat. No dog of her color here. What would be the most suitable color to cross her with? Ans. Black and tan, black and white, or red.

C. A. P., Columbus.—How would it affect patents and penetration to create paper shells between powder and shot? Ans. It would not do any good, possibly harm. One thing it would give a first-class record.

H. A. A., Brooklyn.—For complete North Woods camping outfit see "Wallace's Guide to the Adirondacks," pages 263 to 269. The directions there given are very comprehensive. We can send you the book for \$2.

L. W. H.—A squid is an octopus or deep-sea—the long-armed creature which abounds in the seas. It is found of all sizes, from an inch or two long to 40 and 50 ft. It is the favorite food of the cod and of all other fish. Found all along our coast.

F. R. S., Boston.—A tent 63 feet will accommodate two campers. The larger it is the more comfortable, however. To cook by your camp you can form a rest by placing two or three large stones together, or two forked sticks into the ground and suspend your kettle from a cross piece.

W. F. R., Cincinnati.—English setter, five months old, has sores all over his head and eyes; hair coming out of the affected parts; slight cough; discharging at the eyes; coat rough, and smells bad; no appetite. My greyhound died this morning of the same disease. Ans. Has mange, and exhibits early symptoms of distemper.

S. E., New Orleans.—My setter is frequently taken with tremendous colic, and whenever I take him out hunting falls in fits. He staggers as if afraid of something, and is then seized with spasms. Ans. He may be suffering from an obstinate constipation. Give him small doses of sulphur three or four times a week, and a dose of castor oil on the alternate days.

H. L., Versailles, Mo.—Please give name of some good duck shooting resort, accessible from St. Louis by boat? Ans. You will find in the neighborhood of La Grange, Mo., and Lima, Ill., many lakes, ponds, sloughs, etc., where there are great quantities of all kinds of wild fowl and various other game, and good fishing too. You will have no difficulty in finding good board at the farm-houses, although we are unable to give you any names.

RIFLE, Springfield, Ill.—Tell me the price of Oriental Falcon Ducking Powder? 2. Also the price of Creedmoor brand of Orange Powder? 3. What is your opinion of inclosed style of target, to be used at long range? 4. Will the American Team for 1894 shoot at Creedmoor in September? Ans. 1. \$1 per pound. 2. 75 cents. 3. A good idea, but has been sufficiently suggested. 4. Not yet decided.

C. H., Peoria, Ill.—Is the Winchester rifle—model of 1873, 21in. long—a suitable arm for target practice at short range, say not above 400 yds. or would the model of 1875, 21in. long, or any other make of rifle be more adapted for that purpose? 2. Where can I buy iron targets of different descriptions? Ans. 1. Both would do, but would prefer the latter. 2. Address James A. Dimond, 211 W. 32d St., City.

A. G. K., New York.—For an Adirondack tour you will find very satisfactory information in "Wallace's Guide to the Adirondacks" and in Hallock's "Sportsman's Gazetteer." Guides charge \$2.50 and \$3 per day. There are several different routes of entry to the Woods, and since we know which one you propose to take, we cannot give you definite information. If you have no plan, go to A. H. Fuller's, Mescham Lake.

T. E. L. B., Ames, Iowa.—My setter dog, eight months old, when running suddenly stops and listens, turns his head to one side, then to the other, as if he heard some sound close to him; then giving his head a shake, he runs on, to repeat the same pantomime a few rods further. I have examined his ears, and washed them, but could detect nothing wrong with them, when a number of small running scores appeared on the outside of the base of the ear. Otherwise his health is perfect. Ans. Perhaps has canker of the ear.

A. M. G., Plainfield, N. J.—Taxidermy: "Brown's Manual," \$1 "Taxidermy Manual," \$1.50. "Tide shooting: "Wiggin's Manual," \$1. "Tide shooting: "Terry's Manual on Bird Shooting," \$1. "Tide shooting: "Hildersleeve on the Rifle," \$1. "Best work on boat building is Nelson's "Boat Building for Amateurs," for small yachts, "Empire Manual." Can procure either for you. First cost \$1.50, later about \$10. For canoees see "Canoe and Plying Boat," published by the Harpers and "Canoeing in Kananuckia," same publishers.

B. M. E., Hancock.—The question of ribs on a gun, and how high they should rise above barrels at the breech, is a very much mooted point. Old guns do not show it. About twenty years ago it commenced to be in favor. We do not see any good reason for having a high ridge between the barrels. Do not think it would affect shooting much in any way. A glass ball should be thrown some 30 ft. For a 12 bore, at 50 yds., 2-3 of the counted pellets is a maximum target. As to putting a sand in more together, so as to make them equal, we think it is not good. No bad shock shown, but you can't get it when you jumble up two broods of dogs. 2. If judges declare the boat race a dead heat and referee concurs, as we understand he did from your letter, the result must be declared a draw and all bets are off, each party having his money returned in full, neither party winning.

SUNSHINE, Norfolk, I.—I have a pup three and a half months old, the mother a thoroughbred pointer, the father a pure English setter, all points perfect except tail which is inclined to curl. Does that defect denote any bad stock? I raised the mother and know she has never bred from any but pure breeds. Would you advise me to dock his tail? He pointed his first quail last Sunday. 2. In boat racing when judges decide a dead heat and the referee says he could not tell which boat crossed the score first, how should the race be decided and bet thereon? Ans. Can give no advice about such mixed blood. You have a drop of setter. Don't cut his tail. We would say it would do no good. No bad shock shown, but you can't get it when you jumble up two broods of dogs. 2. If judges declare the boat race a dead heat and referee concurs, as we understand he did from your letter, the result must be declared a draw and all bets are off, each party having his money returned in full, neither party winning.

M. J. D., Bay Ridge.—We have record of three Mystics. One is a steam-yacht built by Malory, and the property of Mr. R. S. Chapin; she is 72ft. on water line. The second is a small sloop belonging to the International Yacht Club of Detroit, and the third is the schooner you refer to. She was built by Lennox, of Brooklyn, in either 1857 or 1861, and slooped in 1860 and 1873. Owned some time ago by Mr. W. G. Creamer, and at present by Vice-Commodore Hall, of the Brooklyn Yacht Club. During her alterations she was considerably lengthened, and from this probably arises your supposition that there is a large and small schooner in these waters by that name. At least, we know of only Mr. Hall's schooner Mystic. If there is a small schooner by that name also, she certainly does not belong to any recognized yacht club, and has made very little noise in the world, or we should know about her. Conn. Hall's Mystic is 61ft. 3in. on water line, and 80 tons N. M.

G. D. K., Carlisle.—About three years ago our stream here was stocked with 400 black bass which averaged about a pound in weight; no fishing was allowed until this summer. We are now taking five baskets, some of the fish weighing as high as two and a half pounds. Are these large ones some of the original stock? What size would a bass a year old be? Is it true that black fish are never absent from the spawning bed at the same time? Do they raise 30 per cent. more of their young than any other fish? Ans. The black bass you are catching are undoubtedly the fish you have preserved. The growth of two and a half pounds in three years is by no means extraordinary. We have heard of a four pound fish raised in four years. But very possibly your original fish were older than a year. It is true that the parent fish do not abandon their nest and so a larger proportion of fish can be raised than from most other species. For particular streams the *micropterus* is among the best of fish; not only game, but excellent food.

H. B. K., Lake Mendota.—The *cinchona rubra* cure for drunkenness as some time since given by Dr. D'Unger in the Chicago *Tribune*, is vouched for by that physician. We have never seen any trial of it. Dr. D'Unger says: "The commercial crown bark (Socra) comes in cones, and in each of these is mixed bark. Have the small quills picked out. They are ten to fifteen inches long, sometimes spirally-shaped. Any of the importing houses who get bark from England or France (where the most of this particular variety is first shipped) can procure it, but will charge from \$2 to \$5 per pound for it. The manner in which I concoct the cinchona that I use in my practice is to make a pint out of one pound. I get the bark in the "quill" form moist, and pulverize it just before the displacing operation is begun. I cook the bark with water, and keep it over night, or for two or three hours, saturated, afterward using dilute alcohol, filtering slowly until a pint is obtained. If the tincture does not look a very dark reddish-brown, I re-distill it over the fire. The dose I administer is usually a teaspoonful three or four times a day, or as often as the patient craves a drink. In some cases, when the party is strong and vigorous, and with the nervous system has not been too much shattered, I increase the dose to two, and sometimes three, teaspoonfuls, and very rarely do I use anything else, except it may be where there is great restlessness and insomnia, then I administer four doses (ten to twenty grains) of the bromide of potassium."

CARTRIDGE, Red Cloud Agency, D. T.—I have a .45 cal. Sharps sporting rifle, weighs 10½ lbs., 30in. barrel; using Government cartridge, .45 cal., 55 and 70 yds. powder—weight of bullet, 405 grs. Which cartridge is the most effective on game up to 350 yds.? Will not the 70-grain cartridge have a flatter trajectory than the 55-grain, thereby increasing the chance of striking the object? But in case of either one striking, which has the most power to disable? I find, in shooting at a common pine box, that the 70-grain cartridge has a flatter trajectory, and nearly as good a shot. The 55-grain makes a clean hole on entrance, but a jagged, and from two to three times as large on leaving (going out) as the 70. (Understand the box to be 3 ft. square, made of 1in. pine, with 3in. space between, giving the penetration at 2in., the second being the one in which the bullet leaves the ragged hole.) What is the cause? Ans. The heavier loaded cartridge would, theoretically, have the flatter trajectory, but at 250 yds. the difference would be immaterial. Your second question involves a long train of reasons to make an answer plain. Heavy charges of powder, as in the Express rifle, will hit bullets, give the greatest impact, and produce the most terrific effect on game. Proportionate charges—that is, of ball to powder—giving big velocities, when the ball enters an animal, it passes through but little changed in form. Decrease the powder and keep the weight of the ball the same, and a large, tearing wound is made. In the Express bullet it is not only the heavy charge of powder and the light ball which makes a projectile spread, but the construction of the ball—its hollow core—also the change in the form. If we were to load with cartridges you load with, we believe that the lighter load would be better to drop game than the bigger one. Now as to the reason: You can shoot a ball through a pane of glass and not jar the glass, while a strong wind would jar it.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INDOCTRINATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1878.

To Correspondents.

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CHARLES HALLOCK, Editor.

T. C. HANKS,
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Western Manager.

DOCTORS IN THE FIELD.—A busy, hard-working class of men are our physicians. But no one knows better than they do the hygienic value of a respite from the routine of duties and from the cares and anxieties which are the most wearying part of the profession. They fully appreciate the good that comes from a tramp after the birds and the fishes, or a simple jaunt to the pure air of the mountains and prairies. Many of our most charming sketches of sporting travel and adventure are contributed by the doctors. They know how to bag a good amount of game, to return with pleasing evidences of angling skill, and not infrequently their names appear at the head of the rifle and shot-gun scores. If more men and women followed their example, instead of drawing the cork of the medicine bottles, the doctors would have more time to play.

TO AN EDITOR TURNED SHOWMAN.—Dear Sir: In your issue of Sunday, September 8, you have a "Menagerie" column, in which the antics of sundry strange and curious beasts make up a great moral show, which you claim is harmless to the gazing multitude. You will pardon us for intimating that several of the most wonderful creatures were once our own. We claim the credit of having introduced them to the public. This credit you deny us. Put the tags on the cages, Mr. Showman; the people want to know where the specimens are from.

U. S. SHIP SARATOGA.—We had the pleasure of a visit from Capt. W. D. Evans, commanding U. S. ship *Saratoga*, which arrived at this port on Thursday last. Captain Evans was anxious to learn about the fate of the Carolina rail, which had been caught by him some 350 miles at sea, and which our readers may remember had been confided to our care. We were happy to inform Captain Evans that the bird was doing quite well. This officer is anxious that the navy should stand in line with the army and the citizen soldiers at the coming International Military Match to be held this fall. We trust to be able to arrange this business, and are hopeful that "the boys in blue" will soon make their first appearance at Creedmoor.

FOR THE FEVER STRICKEN CITIES OF THE SOUTH.

OUR appeal for funds has been so far most generously replied to. On Sept. 6th we turned over to Mayor Ely \$172, and on September 7th, \$143. This last contribution was made up as follows:

R. B. Roosevelt.....	\$100	Kimball, Gaultier & Co.....	\$5
Amateur Rifle Club.....	25	J. B. Crook.....	3
Centennial Rifle Club.....	10	H. C. W.....	5

This with the former amount made a total of \$315. We have to-day sent to His Honor, Mayor Ely, the following amounts:

A Lady (through Messrs. Abbey & Imbrie).....	\$5	J. R. Broadway.....	\$5
Conroy, Bisset & Malton.....	\$10	T. Williamson, Leesburg, Va.....	1
Basil, Bound Brook, N. J.....	5		

Total amount sent by sportsmen's contribution is, to-day, \$347.

The generous heart of the country has responded so far nobly, but alas! the demands made are still very great. Much more money is wanted. It must be borne in mind that when the heads of families are stricken by death it is the survivors who suffer. The misery and privation in the South is indescribable. Will not all our friends contribute? We do not care how or where they send their money, so that it is devoted to the cause of suffering humanity.

INTERNATIONAL MATCH OF 1878.

SOME of the members of the old team are of opinion that the riflemen of this country are "spoiling for a match," when it is proposed to carry out the programme laid down and shoot over the ranges for the "Palma," even in the absence of any competing team. One of our contemporaries thinks that no thoughtful American, with the welfare of rifle shooting and of true sportsmanship at heart, would countenance the idea of a team claiming the International trophy without obtaining it in a manly way in an honorable contest. Very true all that is, but when it is pointed out that a "walk-over" or contest without the presence of a competing team is such a claim we take issue on behalf of the National Rifle Association and the real interests of rifle practice. It may be, first of all, admitted that the winning of the match by a team of 1878 will put the team of 1877 out of the way and take from it any actual control, and it may be this half-dozen honored experts are referred to by our esteemed contemporary when it says that it "echoes the sentiments of that body of marksmen who have labored and contributed in and out of season and have secured a supremacy as men and marksmen that may well be emulated." Their supremacy as men we leave to the general public to decide; but as marksmen there are many who emulate their supremacy, and, judging from the competition scores recently published in our pages, it certainly looks as though their present supremacy was to be swept away very effectively. It is both ungenerous and unjust to throw down a sweeping slur against the competitors for places because no official scorers were provided, and to speak of the record as of no value. It is often bandied about at Creedmoor that So-and-Sos big record was doubtful, because he kept his own score; but in an experience of five years on the National Rifle Association range we can say that no direct attempt to mislead by false entries has ever been detected among the long-range men. If every man is to be judged a rogue until he proves to be honest, such an accusation might have a general ground, but the very motive the long-range men have for participating in their sport, and the foolishness of attempting to get a reputation as a shot on false scores, would effectually sweep away any such notion, even were the personal characters of the men visiting Creedmoor a sufficient guarantee of the scores turned in. Certain it is that those who will by hint and nod try to discredit another's score never come forward and make their charges openly, where effective punishment would follow their proof. But enough of that. There is no evidence, not even the shadow of a doubt, against the scores credited to the team of 1878, and for the high average shown, those gentlemen deserve only praise and commendation. If they take no further step, they have shown that America is ready to answer with a long-range team at any time.

It now remains to consider the policy of having a match, or rather a shoot, when no competitor appears. It is nonsense to apply the maxim that, "You cannot win where you cannot lose." To bet on a sure thing is dishonest; but the principle of walk-overs to establish claims is as old as the hills, and no one should know this better than a born and bred horse man.

The fact of a walk-over match in 1878 in nowise affects future contests; or, if it has any effect, it helps by establishing a precedent, as our chances for keeping the "Palma" on this side the ocean is much stronger if we can put a team through the paces on the old years, when foreign teams find it either impolitic or inexpedient to appear on our ranges; and then to the body of riflemen here the International score record is a guide to what is doing in the best long-range shooting circles.

If these men are willing to give their time and effort to fill the gap of an empty year, and to give an impetus to home practice by their example, it is an ill-natured critic indeed who would say them nay, and it is as far as can be from the

truth, besides presumptuous to a high degree to say that "the cordially, fairness, manliness and dignity which have characterized all previous International rifle contests will not be sustained in the estimation of foreign competitors, or by our own more thoughtful countrymen, by any such imaginary walk-over match and claim of victory."

Suppose that the Elcio Shield contest should for any reason be left to a single country, would not the team of that section go over the course and claim the record and the trophy for the year? There is something to lose by a neglect to contest for the "Palma." There is the ownership of the trophy, there is the record, and there is as well the succession. If the team men of 1877 were desirous of keeping themselves in the posts as custodians of the trophy and possible controllers of the next match, the competitions for places were open, and they could have perpetuated themselves as the champion riflemen by earning and holding the title, and, losing it, nothing befits them in their "supremacy as men and marksmen" than a quiet retirement.

None will deny that for comparative uses with the figures of other years the scores made by a team shooting without any rivalry on adjoining targets is as good as could be. To be sure there is a loss of the notoriety, the crowds and general confusion which attends the spectacle of two or more teams fighting side by side for the supremacy. But boats go over courses to beat time. Courses are walked over. Horses compete, and why not riflemen exert themselves to distance anything ever before put down on the cards. Such is the feat which the team of 1878 have set before themselves. It is to show the world that, do as they may, foreign riflemen will always find in America a squad able to go a little better. If this be "jockeying," then have Messrs. Jackson, Rathbone and their fellows set themselves to a wicked piece of business; but as there is no petty trifle of money to be picked up as last year, and but little newspaper notoriety, it becomes, if there ever was such a match, one for pure glory and honor. The men are amateurs in the sense which no American team has yet been. In shooting over the ranges without the accompaniment of a visiting team the men will be doing nothing out of the common, nothing that it is not perfectly proper should be done, and if they make (as everything leads us to suppose they will) a rattling high score, they will have legitimately earned the right to inscribe "America" on the wreath of 1878.

THE RIGHT IN FISH PONDS.

THE case of Edward H. Seaman against Luther B. Lee and Geo. W. Lee is one of particular interest, and which came to our notice some years ago. We may say, at that time, in 1873-74, when the matter was brought before us by Mr. Seaman for advice, trout culture was commencing to take a definite form, though the laws protecting fish ponds were not yet well determined. The plaintiff, Mr. E. H. Seaman, had built in 1873, at considerable expense, trout ponds, situated near the town of Hempstead, in Queens County, New York, for the purpose of raising fish. These ponds were fed by a brook and natural spring, the latter being in the ponds themselves. In 1874 Luther B. Lee and Geo. W. Lee dug a ditch from their house, on their lands adjoining the lands of Mr. Seaman, flowing through some ground owned by William S. Hicks, so that it entered upon the land of the plaintiff. This ditch, so the complaint stated, "carried the water and drainage of the Lee house and other deleterious, noxious, wholesome and pernicious substances and fluids, with refuse matter, resulting from the washing of oil barrels and from the manufacture of varnishes, into the fish ponds owned by Mr. Seaman, from whence arose the destruction of his trout. The suit was brought on the 13th of July, 1874; the trial commenced in September, 1875, H. W. Onderdonk, Esq., being attorney for the plaintiff, Messrs. Morris and Pearsall for the defendants, the referee being R. Ingraham, Esq. The suit was concluded in July, 1876, in favor of the plaintiff. From this decision an appeal was taken to the General Term of the second department, when the judgment of the referee was unanimously confirmed. From this decision, owing to lapse of time, no appeal can now be taken.

Some very interesting points were brought up as evidence by the plaintiff. The appearance of a greasy scum on the surface of the pond seems to have had almost an immediate effect upon the fish. The growth of coniferia seemed checked, and it disappeared. In fact, it becomes quite apparent by reading the testimony, that no sooner had the drain been run into the ponds by the Messrs. Lee than the fish commenced to suffer. Mr. Seaman having secured the services of Mr. James Hyatt, a practical chemist, samples of the water from the pond were taken, and with proper tests the presence of impurities in abnormal quantity was found in the ponds. Some experiments were made by Mr. Hyatt, to determine the quantity of soap in water which would kill fish. The evidence given by Mr. W. H. Furman, the well known fish culturist, is quite noticeable, in regard to impurities in fish ponds. In his deposition Mr. Furman states: "Impurities affect fish, but it depends on the kind. They will live in impure water, but can't grow. Could not tell what an oily scum in the water would do, unless I knew what it was. Soap will kill fish. If the surface was covered with oil or grease from soap it would kill the fish. I think any kind of soap will kill fish; soda and oil would either of them kill trout. Am acquainted with the plant coniferia; it resembles cotton, only it is green. It is what is called frog spittle, that

grows from the bottom and bears seed. I have known it to grow in the purest spring water. I think, if it indicates anything, it would indicate pure water; grows very rapidly if the water is clear and pure. This is beneficial as furnishing shade for the fish."

The efforts of the lawyers for the defence made very little attempt to evade the fact that their clients did run their drain into the plaintiff's ponds. What they tried to show was that Mr. Seaman's fish died because his ponds were not sufficiently shaded, or that if impurities arose in the plaintiff's ponds, it was caused by cattle. Mr. Seaman had a very strong case, though, as it may be seen by a careful reading of the law paper—some 100 pages—that a good deal of testimony on both sides was necessary in order to prove some very self-evident facts.

We must congratulate Mr. Seaman on having won his case, which was undoubtedly one of principle and in defence of the rights of fish culture. In fact, Seaman vs. Lee is a test case, and may be considered as establishing the proper precedent in such matters.

RENTING GROUNDS FOR SHOOTING.

IN a late London *Spectator*, an article on the Scotch moors is found, which, as it gives an *aperçu* of the methods employed there, may be novel to many of us. Sixty years ago Scotland, though not a *terra incognita*, seems to have been discovered for English sportsmen by Sir Walter Scott. If the *Spectator* is to be credited, it was the Wizard of the North who almost invented grouse shooting. It was the Lady of the Lake which made Scotland fashionable. Before that time the stretches of purple heather and their wealth of moor-fowl were unknown to the Sassenach. Then came the demand for peat-flavored whisky and Highland tartans, and money was made by moor-letting. Nowadays extensive moors can be hired for about fifteen pence per acre. Their rental is, of course, but a portion of the outlay. Expenses of travel have to be added, and the many comforts and conveniences the sportsman requires increases the cost. It is not unusual to rent for a couple of months as much as eight or ten thousand acres of land at a cost of £500. An idea has gone apparently abroad in England, since the sportsmen sell their game, that "a good thing" is made out of the poulticers' account. Some such sales from Leadenhall Market are given, which show that from a particular moor, where 438 birds were turned in, the gross receipts were £47 17s. 11d., or 2s. 1d. per bird. Estimating then a rental and expenses at £630, it would require the marketing of 4,000 brace of grouse in order to make up the disbursements. In the case where the person renting a moor would assume the character of the pot-hunter, the keen desire to make both ends meet might result in the utter killing of every bird on the land. In order to prevent this, canny "grouse lairds" sometimes only rent on the condition of furnishing a keeper, who may check the greed of the lessee. In old times, when driving was not in use, such havoc among the birds was impossible. Beating over the grounds, then, with the muzzle-loader, with good dogs, making some twenty miles a day, for four days in the week, the sportsman's bag would average about a brace of birds per mile gone over.

It is the sensible and economic idea embodied in this article which strikes us. What possible degradation can there be in disposing of the birds which a man cannot eat or give away? The other day passing through Fulton Market, we noticed some of the finest striped bass we had ever seen. On inquiring about them, we were told the fish came every now and then from some well-known fishing clubs to the eastward, and, from the excellence of the fish, they always commanded a high price. The time will come when gentlemen sportsmen, desirous of chicken-shooting, will be glad to hire some thousands of acres of good ground from the Western farmers. In fact we know now that this is the case. That sportsmen may sell such game as they do not use, has this English precedent. Of course the debit and credit account no one is so mercenary as to wish to have exactly balanced. The grand surplus of profit is in the pleasure and health such sport gives. If well-regulated leases were made by sportsmen and farmers, covering the time, say of 100 days, with proper restrictions as to the numbers of guns, dogs and close days in the week, we see that there would accrue to all parties a great deal of solid gain and comfort. One thing which is quite positive is that regulations of the character we had described, suggested by the *Spectator*, would tend very much to make our game laws more particularly observed. The farmers would be the parties most interested.

SHIFTING BALLAST.

THE abominable nuisance of shifting ballast is still in vogue. The racing season about to draw to a close has evinced no amelioration among that large class of yachtsmen given to match sailing in jib-and-mainsail boats. This fact is to be deplored. As long as sandbags decide the day, just so long will we perpetuate the folly of building smooth-water racing machines, instead of able little craft that can serve as cruisers as well as racers, that can give enjoyment and instruction equally as much as lead to success in rivalry on only one of the salient points of the sport. But two clubs in the neighborhood of New York have this season taken steps in the right direction for the advancement of legitimate yacht racing. The members of the Central Hudson Yacht Club sailed several matches with "fixed ballast," and the success-

ful issue of these should have been quite enough to have led to the abolishing of the sandbag infliction, imposed upon the subsequent open regatta of Newburgh; but not the slightest attempt was made by those in authority to do away with a crying evil, which bears so heavily on all followers of the sport, upon amateur sailors or machine jockeys alike. What applies to the Newburgh regatta holds good for a dozen others sailed in metropolitan waters. A small, flat, skimming dish, huge spars, bowsprit as long as the yacht itself, boom still longer, and canvas enough to drive a gas tank through the water; then pile up your sand bags a dozen deep, and climb out to windward; win, or inconspicuously capsize—that is the yacht racing of the present day! When may we hope to see a change for the better; when will there be a prospect of substituting *bona fide* yachts of small dimensions for the veriest sailing machines that man ever devised? All praise to the efforts of the Central Hudson and Monmouth Beach yacht clubs to at last break through the baneful habit of shifting ballast, and sailing matches with the floor down over all weight, and limiting crews to rational numbers—the only two that have in this vicinity ventured upon an innovation vital to the future design of our small yachts, and to the development of real seamanship. All praise to the Eastern clubs—the Dorchester, Nahasset and Beverly most conspicuous among them—which have long ago done away with the pernicious custom of a store-full of dry goods dragging a mountain of rubbish through the water in a big saucepan.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

A CORRESPONDENT finds fault with many readers for the questions they ask us. He is apparently amazed at the simplicity of the queries. "Reebuck" forgets that the *FOREST AND STREAM* and *ROD AND GUN* is read by young and old—by those to whom life is just beginning, and by those older and more experienced. If we have replied for the thousandth time that a 10-bore is adapted to this kind of shooting and a 12-bore to another kind, we are quite willing to keep on answering the same question. We expect to print the exact load for a gun as long as anybody is in ignorance or a gun is shot. Why should we lose patience? Among the numerous easy questions and answers which "Reebuck" smiles at, there comes occasionally one which puts us to our mettle. The questions sent us are often very suggestive, and have been the cause of making us study up many a doubtful point. We have one now on hand which, in its development, will possibly give quite novel points in rifle shooting. It speaks well, we think, of the intelligence of the audience we cater to, that so many leading questions are asked of us. If we wished to extend the limits of our column by introducing into it the settlement of wagers on games of cards, "Reebuck" might find fault with us. Our readers seem to appreciate our efforts to satisfy a natural thirst for information, and few weeks pass that we are not thanked for curing dogs, or settling doubtful points as to the make of guns or the best ways of rendering them effective. We believe that fishermen throughout the country have had the advantage of most valuable information derived from our column of Questions and Answers. Of course, we wince at times—when sixteen questions, for instance, are sent to us in one string, or when a man in Boston wants to know who lives next door to him. But it is our business to take trouble, and to fulfill as well as we can the task we have accepted. If, then, as our correspondent amusingly asks, some one were to propose to us the following questions: "1. What is the proper charge for my gun to kill cats on my back fence by moonlight? 2. Which makes the best gun barrel, Jersey elder or Florida cane?" we would refer the first to Mr. Borgh and the second to "Reebuck" himself. As it is, send in your questions and you shall be answered to the best of our abilities.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

THE LOVELY VALE OF RAPIDAN.

RAPIDAN, Va., Aug. 13, 1878.

I WRITE to you from the hospitable residence of Mr. P. B. Jones, Jr., a lover of horses and an ardent sportsman. Unfortunately this valley, one of the loveliest and most fertile in all Virginia, has been so denuded by the ravages of war as to break up the haunts of the game with which it once abounded. Just at this time plover may be found in considerable numbers just across the river in Culpeper. An invitation to a morning's sport for this delicious bird, given last Saturday to my host, had to be declined in consequence of the extremely hot weather.

Partridges, squirrel, hares and such small fry abound in season, and upon Clark's Mountain, a mile or two off, catamount have been killed within the last three years. In the Rapidan River, which flows around this magnificent farm, but few fish worth catching are found; but higher up, on one of the tributaries of the Rapidan—the Robison River—trout are plentiful. A troutling party will leave this place to-morrow or the day after. They go to a new mineral water resort, which has become recently so famous as to fill the barns of the neighbors with visitors, there being as yet no hotel to accommodate them.

Upon the fine estates hereabouts blooded horses and cattle may be found, but not in numbers as of yore, and of scarcely importance enough, except in a few instances, to be mentioned by name. Land is high-priced, that in the immediate vicinity of Rapidan Station bringing \$100 the single acre, while the

adjacent farms command from \$30 to \$60 the acre. Crop this year are exceptionally good, the yield of wheat rising almost to the maximum of ante-bellum times, while the corn promises to overflow all the bins and houses that the farmers possess. Much of it will have to be left in the field.

Gentlemen of wealth from Baltimore and New Orleans have purchased large farms here and erected handsome residences on them. A few Northern men have also settled here, and others will follow when the times improve. Population, already thick, will become denser, and in after years the Rapidan Valley, famous for its beauty, its fertility, and its historic interest, will rival New Jersey or Massachusetts in wealth and comfort and all the delights of rural life.

I have not said a word about the magnificent scenery around Rapidan, simply because it utterly transcends my powers of description.

G. W. B.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.]

ROCKY MOUNTAIN WANDERINGS. No. 3.

IN my last letter I detailed to you very briefly some of the incidents of my stay at Jones' Rancho on the Medicine Bow River and my short hunt near the base of Elk Mountain. Since my return from that country it has been the scene of a most shocking tragedy in which two good and brave men were foully murdered by a gang of train robbers.

On the afternoon of August 17 a diabolical plot to wreck and rob the western-bound passenger train on the U. P. R. R. near Medicine Bow, was frustrated by the vigilance of the section foreman, and attempts were at once made to follow and capture the perpetrators of the outrage. The robbers had removed the straps and spikes from a rail just east of a short bridge which spans a dry gulch between Coues and Medicine Bow, and had attached to each end of the rail pieces of stout wire. The rail was left in position so that the engineer of the approaching train could not see that anything was wrong, and the purpose of the desperadoes was evidently to draw the rail from its position just as the engine reached it and thus hurl the train, with its living freight, into the gulch, inevitably destroying two-thirds of the passengers. In the confusion which would naturally ensue it would have been an easy matter to slaughter, if necessary, the remaining passengers, and in any event the express and mail cars could have been robbed, and the valuables of the dead and wounded secured. For ingenuity and utterly reckless disregard of human life this outrage could scarcely have been excelled. Little wonder that demons who could develop such a plan would not stick at the murder of two men whom they had in their power.

On the morning of August 18 some citizens of Medicine Bow went to the scene of the attempted robbery, found the tracks of eight horses and followed the trail for a short distance. It led in the direction of Elk Mountain and the citizens, not feeling themselves strong enough to cope with the outlaws, returned to the town and sent out two men, Robert Widdowfield, a deputy sheriff, and Tip Vincent, who were to follow the trail carefully and, after seeing in what direction it led, to return to Medicine Bow and report. The two men started out on Monday morning, and that afternoon a party of surveyors, at work on the foothills of the mountains, saw them enter Rattlesnake canyon which lies between Elk Mountain and Code's Mountain. Shortly after the two men disappeared into the gorge, the surveyors heard brisk firing for a few moments and, as they were ignorant of what had taken place at the railroad, they supposed that the travelers had found some game. Shortly afterwards seven mounted men, one of them leading an extra horse, were seen to emerge from the canyon and ride off. From that time until three days ago nothing was heard of Widdowfield and Vincent; then a party of twenty mounted men who came down from Rawlins found their bodies in the canyon riddled with bullets and covered with boughs, in lieu of burial. Vincent was about one hundred and fifty yards further up the canyon than his companion and was shot twice through the head, twice through the heart and twice in the abdomen; Widdowfield was shot in four places. It seems altogether probable that the two men, not suspecting that the outlaws had stopped in the canyon, had been following up the old trail and, having been seen by the scout posted by the gang, were ambushed and slaughtered without the opportunity of firing a shot having been given. Their bodies were brought into Carbon for burial.

It is hardly necessary to say that this dreadful act has awakened the greatest indignation throughout this whole country, and should the robbers be taken their shrift would probably be a short one. Both Widdowfield and Vincent were highly esteemed by all who knew them; the former was a quiet, gentlemanly person of undoubted courage and great popularity. He had assisted last May in capturing a gang of train robbers. Vincent was a frontiersman of the better stamp, brave, a good fellow and ready to take part in anything that turned up. Perhaps it was just as well that we left Elk Mountain when we did.

It was with feelings of genuine regret that we left Mr. Jones' hospitable rancho, and once more turned our faces toward Medicine Bow, from which place we propose at once to start for the Freeze Out Mountains. Our party is here augmented by one, Mr. Phillips, the courteous and efficient agent of the U. P. road at Medicine Bow, to whose kindness we are indebted for many favors. Here we engaged a driver, wagon and team of mules to transport ourselves and our camp outfit to our destination and the hills.

On Tuesday mor we pulled out from the Bow. Ou

journey for the first twenty miles was slow and monotonous for the road runs through a desolate sage brush prairie which offers nothing to interest one, save when, occasionally, a flock of sage grouse would rise from the roadside, or a frightened jackass rabbit, startled by the rattle of the wagon, would spring from his form beneath the sage and skurry away over the prairie. Then, too, our mules were young and only half broken, and often in trying to surmount some steep rise in the prairie they would stop and let the wagon back down the hill to the level. On such occasions all hands would spring from their seats and, putting their shoulders to the wheel, would assist the wretched mules to drag the load to the top of the hill. Six or eight miles beyond the Twelve Mile crossing of the Medicine Bow River we turned sharply to the right and proceeded up a canyon, on either side of which rose high walls; those on the right were of bare brick-red Triassic clay, while to the left the yellow Cretaceous sandstones, dotted here and there with dark green junipers, attained an altitude of six or eight hundred feet and were almost vertical. The contrast was fine.

A few miles brought us to a high prairie, encircled on all sides by mountains, and over this we continued our way in a north-westerly direction, and about four o'clock in the afternoon reached a little brook rising from some beautiful springs, near which we determined to camp. The location was a charming one. The almost omnipresent sage had here given place to a rich growth of grass in which our mules relished; the mountains were on all sides and, though without snow, were rugged and very grand. Some of them were thickly clothed with living pine, spruce and fir, while others had been burned over and fairly bristled with dead timber. Just before reaching camp we came upon a little valley scarcely three hundred yards across, in which several antelope were lying down. As we are without fresh meat it is important that one of them should be killed, but the noise of the wagon startles them, and before we can leap to the ground they are off like the wind. Half a dozen shots, fired at long range, fail to stop them, and in a moment they are out of sight.

On reaching our camping ground the tent is pitched and supper prepared, and then we set off to explore the country for "sign." About the little spring from which flows the clear, cold water which forms our brook are numerous tracks of deer, elk and antelope, some of them fresh, but the greater number old. It is evident that there has been plenty of game here, but whether it still remains in the country is doubtful. We separate and take different paths into the mountains, first agreeing, for fear that we should frighten the game, not to shoot at anything but bull elk, or bighorn. On meeting again after dark Reed reports having seen two mule-deer fawns and a cow elk with calves; Mr. Phillips saw a cow elk, while my only discovery was an old buck antelope. Some game there is in the neighborhood, but we determine to push on still further into the hills where it is more abundant. Still we must have some meat and so next morning we all start out on foot again, leaving Tom, our teamster, with orders to be ready to move at ten o'clock. Sunrise finds Mr. Phillips and myself, glasses in hand, seated on a lofty peak of the hills scrutinizing with the utmost care the surrounding country, especially the creek valleys and timber ravines, and we have not been watching long before we are rewarded by seeing three deer emerge from a ravine about a mile distant and commence to feed among the underbrush in the valley below. After observing them for some time and feeling sure from their actions that they would not move from that spot we made a wide circuit, passing over the mountain, and reaching the head of the valley in which the deer were feeding. Here we found a precipice from which we could obtain a view of the whole brook. The face of the bluff was vertical, or overhanging, and from two little horseshoe bends in it fell cascades of the purest cold water. The rivulets which supplied these falls arose only a few feet from the edge of the bluffs and the springs flowing fresh and clear from the Triassic rock were beautified by great masses of dark green moss and overhung by luxuriant willows. The narrow valleys into which these streams fell united almost at once and their commingled currents flowed through a deep canyon bounded on the west by a vertical wall of deep red rock, and on the east by a steep bluff gray with sage brush. The valley itself was of the softest green and the grass stood waist high. Every few yards there were little copes of willows which would afford admirable cover for deer and elk.

After a short rest and a draught of these living waters we proceeded to look for a place to descend to the bed of the stream. Just beyond the springs we walked up to a fine brood of sage grouse, and on passing over the little ridge from which the springs rose, we came upon three small coyotes, about two-thirds grown, trotting unconcernedly along in the sun, their tongues lolling out of their mouths, and looking for all the world like so many our puppies. A sharp whistle caused them to spring wildly into the air; glance hurriedly from side to side, and then start off toward the hills, anxiously looking back over their shoulders every two or three jumps. Their mingled surprise, terror and curiosity were very comical. Having found a place where the bluffs could be descended, we proceeded down the valley until we reached the spot where we had left the deer feeding. I was ahead, and was walking carefully along, when I saw the head of a large buck through a matted mass of undergrowth, by which the bottom was here choked. I could not shoot through this with any hope of hitting my game, and feeling sure that the deer would run to the bluffs, I sprang up on to the prairie on the other side of the stream. As I reached a point whence I could see the sur-

rounding level, I caught sight of the game about 150 yards distant, running toward the hills, and saw that it was a mule-deer. Now, a mule-deer, buck or doe, will almost always stop on hearing an imitation of the cry of a fawn; so I bleated loudly, and in a moment the buck stopped, and turned round so as to face me. At the first shot I must have drawn my sight too coarsely, for I saw the ball strike the rocks behind and above him; the second was better aimed, and, striking the point of the left shoulder, pierced the heart. He bounded high in the air, and fell dead. Like all bucks at this season he was very fat, and the labor of packing his hams into camp was no light one. It was finally accomplished, however, and finding the wagon ready to pull out, we took our seats, and were soon traveling further into the mountains. After proceeding but a few miles, we picked up Mr. Reed, who had been exploring the mountains to the westward. He had seen no game except antelope, but to my astonishment had found these animals not only high up on the bare mountains, but actually feeding amid the undergrowth in the dead timber. My experience—and it has been an extended one—has led me to believe that antelope always avoided the timber, but my observations in these mountains have upset all my preconceived ideas on the subject.

We traveled for several hours in a northwesterly direction, and entered at length a valley, perhaps thirty miles in diameter, well supplied with grass and water, and abounding with antelope. A good hunter could have loaded a wagon with these animals in a day, but, as we were well supplied with meat, we contented ourselves with admiring their beauty and grace, and the swiftness with which they made off on our too near approach.

A camp was at length selected at the very foot of the mountains which towered 1,500 or 2,000 feet above us, and near a murmuring stream, which, flowing from the granite rocks of old Freeze Out, affords an abundant supply of cold and delicious water. Feeding unconcernedly on the bluffs within 500 yards of camp are numerous bands of antelope, and on the sides of the mountains we can see more than one well-defined game trail. The country certainly promises well and it shall receive a searching investigation before we leave it.

In Camp Among the Freezes Out Mts., Wyoming. Yo.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.] FISHING IN FINLAND.

ST. PETERSBURG, AUG. 6, 1878.

You may remember that in my letter last autumn from Finland I spoke of an immense trout, "as large as a donkey," that had snapped innumerable lices, broken innumerable rods and devoured innumerable artificial minnows, and I told you that I was "going for that fish next summer." Well, I went for him, and if I did not get him I got his younger brother, evidently a chip of the same block. He weighed twenty pounds. What do you think of that for a brook trout?

The happy event took place at midnight on the 27th ultimo, I had been fishing on and off all day with indifferent success. We tried it again at 9 p. m., with no great luck. At 11 we returned to the club-house to see some friends off who meant to post all night to catch the morning train at Wiborg for Petersburg. As soon as they had gone we went upon the lake again. I had hardly got my totness fairly into the water when it was struck by a fish. He made so little fuss that I thought it must be a small one, and announced to my Finnish boatman that he was "mola," which is choice Russian for "small." After a while, however, he began to show more life, and soon he made my reel hum. It was not till I had him alongside of the boat, however, that I realized what a whale he was. When my boatman gaffed him he had to sit down in the boat and seize the gaff with both hands to hoist him in.

But truth compels me to say, that as far as my experience goes, these big fish do not give the play of smaller ones. I caught several ten-pounders. They were much more gamey than my "donkey." One litte fellow, it seemed to me, was as much out of the water as I in it. He made at least a dozen leaps, and continued them until he was gaffed. Every time he leaped I lowered the point of my rod. This proceeding did not meet with the approval of my Finnish boatman, who signified his disapproval by a number of guttural sounds, of which the principal was "niet," "niet," which is Russian for "no," but I replied with an equally emphatic "da," "da," which is good Russian for "yes," for I had read in that very practically useful book of yours, the "Sportsman's Gazetteer," that if a fish has the spirit to leap you should show your respect for his pluck by lowering the point of your rod to him. This is sound advice, and based upon good sense. His aim is evidently by the suddenness of the blow to tear the hook from his mouth. Slack up everything and there is no tension, and your gentleman's well-designed plan is defeated.

My big fish was thought worthy of immortality, so he was laid upon the back piazza, which is the museum of the club, and his portrait outlined upon the floor in the honored company of the other hero fishes of the club—only two of which, by the way, were heavier—a 21 and a 22-pounder. Then I took a red lead pencil and gave him mouth and eyes and fins of a beautiful carmine. My work evidently excited the admiration of the natives, for they crowded round in numbers to see the progress of the picture, and their remarks as translated to me were complimentary to my artistic skill. The fish I brought to town, and General Grant and a party of distinguished judges and lawyers from New York eat him and pronounced him to be delicious. His monument stands upon

the lonely shores of Lake Saima, carved in imperishable wood, *Perennium aere*, a proud witness to the skill of Yankee fishermen.

There has been remarkable fishing at Narakka this summer, showing that the prohibition of net fishing, and the close season from September 15 to January 1, have already done much to increase the number of fish, although the law is but two years old. The gentlemen who were at the club from July 1 to 15 caught so many and such large ones that they stopped from mere satiety. In the early part of July there is no night in these high latitudes—61 deg.—and when I was there was not more than an hour or two of darkness, from 11½ to 14. I fished one night till two o'clock, and at that hour the East was quite bright with the coming dawn. The night is the best time for fishing, as long as the fish feed, but I do not think they feed much after midnight; then they rest, to begin feeding again very early in the morning. At night the bait deceives them more readily, and they probably do not see the boat and rod very distinctly.

I spent a Sunday at Narakka. The Fins are a church-going people—all Protestants. The people who live on the shores of the lake have several immense church-going barges. It is a very pretty sight to see them returning, men and women rowing, the women in their best dresses, the men with their coats off; and the white sleeves of the shirts and the high colors of the dresses contrast very beautifully with the wild wooded shore and dark water of the lake. They frequently break into song, and sing their church hymns, which are very plaintive. It seems to me that all Northern music is plaintive, perhaps from the hard lives the poor people lead. But, plaintive as it is, the effect is pleasing and interesting.

Education is compulsory in Finland, but is confined, as far as compulsion goes, to the simplest elements. It is in the hands of the clergy, and the power is not abused, for here they have no political objects in view. The clergy appear to me to be the most suitable teachers, provided you can be sure of their not interfering in politics. In France the priests unfortunately cannot be trusted with the education of the young, for any priest would have instructions from his ecclesiastical superiors to teach the doctrine of divine right, passive obedience, and hatred of the Republic, and would have to obey. General Grant tells me that he was delighted with the Fins. He had formed the same idea of them that most of us have had—of an honest and hospitable, but uneducated and ignorant people; very much as we think of the Laps. He found them intelligent, educated, accomplished, hospitable and enthusiastic. They gave him a very warm reception at Helsingfors, though impromptu, and wanted him to stay several days with them and go to their great falls of Anutra. He would like to have stayed, but had made his appointments to be at St. Petersburg on the 30th July, and could not spare the time.

Finland is now in its beauty. The crops are green, the country is covered with the loveliest wild-flowers, and with the strawberries in profusion by the roadside. The roads are excellent. But the great drawback seems to be the want of public conveyances. To go from places to place you must post. Though this is not expensive—only three cents a mile for cart, horse and driver—it is a slow mode of traveling, for the horses are generally at work in the fields, or grazing in the woods, and have to be sent for and harnessed. All this takes time. They travel well—from eight to ten miles an hour—but the delay at the stations makes your journey, after all, very slow.

The total result of my five days' fishing was as follows: One fish of 80lbs.; one 13lbs.; three 10lbs.; one 8lbs.; one 3½lbs.; one 3lbs., and a multitude of a quarter and half-pound trout, of which we take no note in Finland, but call it "fishing for the pot." W. H.

[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT]

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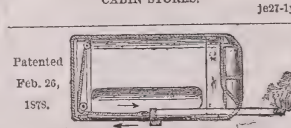
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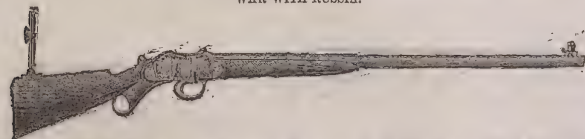
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Aug 31

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By our imported Dash, winner of first prize New York, 1878; out of Flora (imported), winner of first prize New York, 1878. For particulars address LINCOLN & HALL, Warren, Mass. Aug 31

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English and Irish Dogs and Puppies of the purest breeding. Superior in color and form. Apply to ARNOLD BURGESS, Hillsdale, Michigan. Aug 29-31

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BLOODIED watch dog pup wanted; large breed Address THAMPS, N. Y. Herald office July 31

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Boarding and breaking a specialty. Going south coming fall with kennel. For particulars, address HARRY HOWARD, Union Kennels, Glen Cove, L. I. Sept 12

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Sportsmen in want of first-class cocker spaniels write at once to CHAS. S. HITCHCOCK, Secretary Outpost Kennel Club, Franklin, Delaware County, N. Y. Stock and delivery guaranteed. Price \$15 each for dog or bitch pups. Sept 12

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FOR SALE—One Evans' Rifle in perfect order, with cover and accessories, \$50, price \$30. One Jan. steel, No. 12, top-snap breech-loader in good order; price \$35. Two London-made stub-twist muzzle-loaders; fine specimens of the old-style London gun; price \$20 each. W. HOLBERTON & CO., 117 Fulton street, N. Y. P. O. Box 5,109. sept12

BREECH-LOADER—SPLENDID BARGAIN!—I offer for sale my fine 1. V. Wootley & Son breech-loader, 5½ lbs. weight, 30-inch Damascus barrels, one full, the other modified choke; nearly 3 in. drop top lever, rebounding locks, pistol grip extension rib, with all the latest improvements. This gun is an extraordinary good shooter, both pattern and penetration, has scored 12 straight birds at 30 yards rise sweepstakes, and 16 out of 17 at 21 yards; has been used but little, is as good as new, and is fully warranted; cost \$150, Price \$100. Address W. H. PIERCE, Peekskill, N. Y. sept12

18 ELEGANT New Style Chromo Cards, with name, loc., postpaid. GEO. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y. aug

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Nos. 1 (fine) to 5 (coarse). Unsurpassed in point of strength and cleanliness. Packed in square canisters 1 lb. only.

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Nos. 1 (fine) to 5 (coarse). In 1 lb. canisters and 6½ lb. kegs. A fine grain, quick and clean, for upland prairie shooting. Well adapted to shot-guns.

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Nos. 1 (fine) to 5 (coarse). In 1 and 6 lb. canisters and 6½ and 12½ lb. kegs. Burns slowly and very clean, shooting remarkably close and with great penetration. For field, forest or water shooting, it ranks any other brand, and it is equally serviceable for muzzle or breech-loaders.

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FFFG, FFG, and "Sea Shooting" FG, in kegs of 25, 12½ and 6½ lbs. and cans of 5 lbs. of FFG is also packed in 1 and ½ lb. canisters. Burns strong and moist. The FFG and FFG are favorite brands for ordinary sporting, and the "Sea Shooting" FG is the standard Rifle powder of the country.

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GOVERNMENT CANNON & MUSKET POWDER; ALSO, SPECIAL GRADES FOR EXPORT OF ANY REQUIRED GRAIN OR PROOF, MANUFACTURED TO ORDER.

The above can be had of dealers, or of the Company's Agents in every principal city, or by mail at our office.

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Laffin & Rand Powder Co.

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Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers of

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No. 1 to 7, strongest and cleanest made, in sealed 1 lb. canisters. Higher numbers specially are recommended for breech-loading guns.

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For water-fowl, strong and clean. No. 1 to 5 2½ metal kegs, 6½ lbs. each, and canisters of 1 and 6 lbs. each.

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The best for rifles and all ordinary purposes. Sizes, FG, FFG and FFGG, the last being the finest. Packed in wood and metal kegs of 25 lbs., 12½ lbs. and 6½ lbs., and in canisters of 1 lb. and ½ lb. All of the above give high velocities and less residue than any other brands made, and are recommended and used by Capt. A. H. HOGARDUS the "Champion Wing Shot of the World."

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Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8. Superior Rifle, and 6
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SHELTON'S Auxiliary Rifle Barrel for Breech-Loading Shot-Guns.



This barrel can be placed in a gun ready for use in a second of time with the same ease as a cartridge, and can be removed just as expeditiously. There is no wear on the rifle barrel, nor on the shot-gun, and it cannot get out of order. With this Auxiliary Barrel, which weighs about one pound, almost instantly a breech-loading shot gun can be converted into an accurate rifle. THE AUXILIARY BARREL will fit any standard make of gun of 10 or 12-calibre—calibre of rifle 32, 38, or 44 as desired. Length of barrel, twenty inches. The shells used with the best advantage are the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.'s cartridges, No. 32 and 38, extra long, and No. 44, model 1872. Send for a Circular and Price List.

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NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Sharps Rifles Against the World.

Record of Sharps Rifles at Spring Meeting N. R. A., Creedmoor 1878:

MAY 23--LEECH CUP, for the Championship of America, won by Mr. Frank Hyde with SHARPS LONG-RANGE RIFLE, MODEL 1878.

MAY 24--Sharps Military Long-Range Match; Forty-eight Regiment team, using Sharps (Model 1875) Military Rifle; record, 800, 900 and 1,000 yards. Best record of any other Rifle, 270 170

In five-sixths of the matches in which the Sharps Rifles were allowed to be used, and were used, at the Spring Meeting of the N. R. A., May 23, 24 and 25, at Creedmoor, they won First Prizes.

OLD RELIABLE.

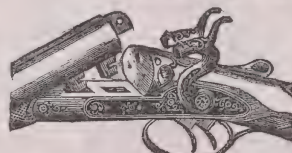
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Send for Circular. Ware room, 177 Broadway, New York

Sharps Rifle Co., Bridgeport, Conn., U. S. A.

W. W. Greener's Champion Treble Wedge Fast, Breech-Loader.

THE WINNING GUN.



At the International pigeon shooting, Monaco, Feb. 1878, the Grand Prix de Casino, an *objet d'art* valued at 218, and a money prize of £105, the greatest prize ever shot for at Monaco, was competed for by sixty-six of the best shots of all nations, and won by Mr. Cholmondeley Kennell, with a full-choke bore Wedge-Fast Gun by W. W. Greener, killing 11 birds out of 12 at 38 yards and 1 foot and 2½ yards. He also won the second event, killing 8 birds in succession at 33 yards, making a total of 19 birds out of 20. This is acknowledged to be the best shooting on record. The winning gun at Monaco, was competed for by 17 guns by the best London makers, and winning the silver cup, valued at 50 guineas, presented by Mr. J. Purley, the gunmaker.

The winning gun also at Philadelphia, 1876, in the pigeon shooting match between Capt. Bogardus and Mr. South for \$500 a side, South killing 86 birds out of 100, using one barrel only.

The winning gun also at the great London Gun Trial, 1876, beating 100 guns by all the best makers of Great Britain and Ireland. THE PATENT TREBLE WEDGE FAST BREECH-LOADER is the strongest and most durable ever invented, and the most successful gun of the period. Patented in the United States, Oct. 6, 1875; No. 163,933. BEWARE OF IMPRIMENTS OR IMITATIONS.

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H. C. SQUIRES, Agent, No. 1 Cortlandt Street, New York City.

ESTABLISHED, 1811.

EDW. H. TRYON, Jr. & CO.

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Importers and Dealers in all Makes and Qualities of

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IMPROVED CHILLED SHOT.

American Standard Diameters.

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Our chilled shot will be found free from shrinkage, more spherical, more uniform in size, harder, heavier and of brighter and cleaner finish than any other. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

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Also, manufacturers of PATENT FINISH, AMERICAN STANDARD DROP SHOT, and COMPRESSED BUCK SHOT, more uniform than the ordinary moulded shot.

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WATERS' MIRROR TOP SOUVENIR ORGANS.



These beautiful organs are remarkable alike for purity of tone and perfect mechanism. Their cases are all richly finished in Solid Black Walnut. We sell a better instrument at a lower price than any other house in the United States.

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OVER **58,000** NOW IN USE.
Two New Styles Just Out.
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Medicinal.

STOP AND READ.

All forms of Kidney diseases, Pains in the Back, Sides and Loins, are positively cured by

GRANT'S REMEDY.

Its effects are truly marvelous in Dropsy Gravel and Bright's disease. No matter of how long standing; the case may be, positive relief is had in from one to three days. Do not despair; hesitate or doubt, for it is really a specific and never fails. It is purely a vegetable preparation. By its timely use thousands of cases that have been considered incurable by the most eminent physicians have been permanently cured. It is also indorsed by the regular physicians and medical societies throughout the country. Sold in bottles at two dollars each, or three bottles, which is enough to cure the most aggravated case, sent to any address on receipt of five dollars. Small trial bottles, one dollar each. All orders to be addressed to

Grant's Remedy Manufacturing Co.,

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Safes.



Prices Lower than before the War.

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THE AQUARIUM, BROADWAY AND 37TH ST.
Thousands of living curiosities: DEVIL FISHES, TROPICAL ANEMONES, CHIMPANZEE, etc. Performances twice daily of the Troupe of DOGS, MONKEYS and GOATS.
Admission 50 cents. Children half price.
THE MARVELLOUS ST. BENOIT TWINS.
Admission 25 cents extra. Children 15 cents.

FOREST AND STREAM

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

Terms, Four Dollars a Year,
Ten Cents a Copy.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1878.

[Volume 11—No. 7.
No. 111 Fulton St., N. Y.]

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

Bog River Blessings.

WE were four: Feeder, a tried manufacturer from the region of the once pure and unadulterated Fall River; Kinayk, a tall, slender Yankee "business fellow" from New Hampshire; Burkill, one of the best of shots and of artists and of fellows in New Hampshire; and Sohnyl, a dignified doctor and editor and Pennsylvania Dutcheman from Philadelphia. Four men less alike—except in their taste for venison—could hardly be gotten together, and therefore they were just the kind to camp out together. The Doctor started the ball rolling and picked up his chums on the way, so that when Montpelier, Vt., had been reached we were all together, happy and jolly, and about to enter the "good time" which had been planned by correspondence months before. All night at Burlington, and next morning we rode in the little steamer across Lake Champlain to Port Kent, where our conveyance, previously arranged for by Feeder, awaited us, to take us fifty-three miles into the wilderness. The stage-driver was a model "baggage agent." He made no attempt to smash our trunks, we noticed, but wherever they needed handling he invited some one to assist. "Blessings on the man," as Sancho Panza would say, who invented rifles and guns which you can pack in your trunk. Now all day through that wildly beautiful valley of the Saranac, whence New York gives up her iron wealth to the unrelenting miner, and where the iron yields its original sinfulness up to the persuasive alchemy of charcoal—onward and upward, until just at the hour of dusk we reached Martin's, on the Lower Saranac Lake.

Here we found other four awaiting our arrival—our guides, with their slender boats, to carry us to an objective point, sixty miles away. I must say a word about these faithful men, for all the pleasure of a month like ours depends so much upon the guides you have.

Edson Flagg is well known to many of your readers, for he has guided through the woods and waters in this region almost a quarter of a century. His principal recommendation, aside from his experience and amiability, lies in his length, which enables him to reach up a tree higher with an ax for the purpose of obtaining bark for the roof and side construction of a *sanctum sanctorum* in the wilderness, and to get his arms around a wounded deer, with his jack-knife at his throat, a shade sooner than any of his sect—advantages which the experienced will understand. He was appropriated by Captain Peckers.

Robert W. Nicholls has also had long experience, and few can excel him in manœvering a boat in such manner as will prevent the coveted game from "winding" you; and he is just as talented in camp as on the water, especially about an hour before meal times. He is the sole inventor and owner of a secret process for producing "Biscuit à la Bog River," which cannot be eaten in any other latitude and which would cause certain death to any one who ate them, or even smelled them, without the usual accompaniment of venison and maple syrup. When Rob was away from camp everybody was hungry. Kinayk was just "business fellow" enough to secure such a guide.

Hosea Colbath is another old trapper and woodsman, skillful and careful and faithful, with a knowledge truly astonishing as to just where you can get a shot or strike a trout. When he says "taint no use to try thar," why, then, *taint*, and you may as well as not surrender. Our good friend Burkill monopolized Hosea, and from the time the two met Hosea neither wore a nightcap nor said his prayers before going to bed, for the reason that he never went to bed, because Burkill never sleeps nor rests while he is in the woods, and therefore his guide needs neither nightcap nor prayers, for he is doomed until they two separate.

Alembert Corey belongs to a race of guides, and the race has improved in size and strength, for "Lem" is the largest of his tribe. He is the youngest of our four, but he began early in life, and is equal in skill to any. He can paddle his boat so suddenly and so closely to a deer that nothing but an attack of "buck fever" can prevent that deer from lying dead across your boat within a very short space of time. He is always on the alert, as quiet as the woods themselves, hears everything—even to the crackling of the smallest twig—sees everything. He knows every twist and turn of the Adirondack region, and is a most careful and skillful guide. He was awarded by the captain to Sohnyl, as a slight reward for virtue and good behavior, especially at meal time. "Lem" also cooked the venison.

The address of all these guides is Saranac Lake, Franklin

Co., N. Y. We bought our stores at Martin's, and, being all ready, started side by side down the lake on a bright Saturday morning. Our journey was southwesterly through the Saranac and Konka lakes, Roundtop, Tupper lakes, Stony Creek and Bog River to the Chain Ponds, passing on the way, of course, Bartlett's, Corey's and Cronk's. Before we reached Bartlett's we saw our first deer, head above the alders, calmly surveying us. It was a doe, and there were plenty of bucks ahead, so we all passed.

We arrived at the first pond on Bog River and there located, by taking possession of a little knoll on the north shore, where we cut and carved us a camp. In two days we had a splendid back house, cook-shed, dining-hall and all the conveniences, together with an icy cold spring near by, which was a real blessing. The first two nights we bunked in a tent. Scarcely had we fallen asleep on the first night when a loud splash in the water awakened us, and Feeder cried out: "Boys, did you hear that? did you hear him splash?" It was a fine fellow who fed near us. The next night about two o'clock, Sohnyl, awakened by some noise, went out to the door to see about it. Being somewhat of a mimic he barked like a cur and yelled "Git out!" at the imaginary canine. No sooner done than a great buck started within ten feet of him, and the repeated cracklings of the underbrush and the gradual fainter whoosh! whoosh! of the gentleman told how rapidly he was making his departure back to Hornet Lake. Kinayk said, "Boys, there are plenty of deer hereabouts, and we must get some to-morrow," and we all fell asleep again with murderous intent in our hearts.

But do not for a moment think that we were without meat all these two days. When we had passed the rapids on Bog River, Feeder pushed ahead of the rest of us to find something to eat. Hardly fifteen minutes had elapsed ere we heard the dreadful utterance of his gun. Our guides, having left oars behind, now paddled up, and before we came within twenty rods of Feeder he turned in his seat and cried out, "I've got him," and sure enough there was a fine young buck lying across the boat, whose sweet and juicy flesh contributed to our first meal ashore. Camp being in order by the third night, Feeder and Burkill went with their jacks, and each came back before midnight with a deer. And thus the sport, fairly started, went on for three red-letter weeks, and venison at every meal. Long Pond, Bog River and Mud Lake all contributed to our sustenance. We went to live and only killed what we wanted to eat, avoiding the does so much as we could. Kinayk and Rob, however, seemed determined one night to break this latter rule; for, not content with giving an old doe one Maynard ball, just enough to enable her to tell her next season's fawns how it felt, they had to scramble ashore after her with their jacks, and chase her around among the alders until her body held two more balls, and then they helped her into the boat and brought her to camp.

The old buck whom Sohnyl scared the second night craved us to the end. We all saw him, hunted him, fired at him, missed him, and there is a chance to get him yet. Any of our four guides will ensure you a shot at him at any time. If I were to attempt to tell you of all the events which transpired or the history in detail of each success, I would tire you and tax your space too much. We never shot but one deer on a trip, though we often saw four, five or six others, and heard as many more, never two under the same circumstances or looking at all alike. This endless variety of game is one of the great charms of this wild region. Neither did we spend our whole time hunting deer. Trout made a pleasant addition to our diet, and we never wanted for them. Both lake trout and "them speckled fellows" appeared often on the bill of fare, and, though not just in season, we had all the sport we wanted with the troll and with the fly until the time came when we reluctantly broke camp and bade good-bye to his delightful associations. Feeder will remember it because of his success, both as a murderer and as a feeder at the table. Kinayk will remember it because of his pleasant dreams there, and because he never turned over to get up without first having snored ten hours. Burkill will not remember it, because he was never there, it being his constant anxiety to get that old buck. Sohnyl will remember it because of his failure to eat all of the trout he caught, especially the "largest one caught on a fly," which rewarded his patience and persistence. The guides will never forget the four gourmands they had to cook for, and we left a notice up in camp that all who follow us are welcome to occupy it, provided they keep it clean and in order, and leave it so as we did.

Good-bye, now, *y basso profondo frogglegioni* of Mud Lake; adieu, sweet Phoebe bird, with your lazy, lingering Phoe-be-e-e-o-o! A *revor*, old hoot-owl, who cares for you? Good-bye, boys. Remember our promises for next year.

When Byron was in Venice he wrote:

" * * * * * this is breath!"

I have been in Venice, also, and although there are no wheeled vehicles there, nor horses, nor cattle, and it is still and lonely, yet the Venice of New York is so still that the touch of the rifle upon the boat side sounds and resounds for miles; and as to the air there, it

"is breath!"

Go try it, ye overworked ones: it will be a feast and a carnival to you, and yet not such a carnival as they have in Venice, which, being interpreted, implies farwell to flesh, for flesh and fish are plenty and allowable.

EDWARD LIVINGSTON SOHNYL.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

CARIBOU HUNTING.

IT was in the month of March not long ago when I had my first adventure with caribou, for it is considered that in that month it is easier to kill the Canadian deer, as they are unable to run upon the crust which forms on the snow at that time of the year, but break through it and are thus impeded in their course and become an easy prey to the hunter. It was in true *Chasseur* style that we started from the city of Quebec in our search of the caribou. It was not a numerous party, but consisted of myself and friend, whose name for all purposes in these presents shall be Edward Wilks. Like myself, he had never before experienced the adventure of a caribou hunt, although we had often been together on a fishing expedition in the winter, and had hunted and tented alongside many a lake and stream, and set our night lines and caught numberless trout and lunges of fabulous weight. Often had we sat together in the evening in our temporary habitations, fatigued and drowsy after our day's amusement, talking over the chances of success, and calculating the best localities for the morrow. Many a mile had we trudged together along desolate roads, dragging our laden *traineaux*, sometimes weary but always with joy and happiness at our heart, for in the country, be it summer or winter, there is always in the air an exhilaration which excludes the possibility of that *ennui* which in the crowded city often oppresses one. We started from Quebec on foot, each having an Indian *traineau* packed with our rifles, ammunition, provisions and blankets. Our provisions consisted of tea, sugar, flour, biscuit, salt pork, salt and a few other articles, for in the bush one's difficulty is not appetite except in the way of quantity, and that is often a matter of surprise. The unusual exercise, the bracing atmosphere, both combine to render one voracious.

Our road lay to the westward, to lakes in the rear of Valcartier, about thirty miles distant from Quebec. Our start was made in the early morning, and we tramped steadily onward at the rate of three miles an hour, and did not make a stoppage till about twelve o'clock, when we halted at a hotel to partake of our *mit tag nash*, and have an hour's rest. Again we started with renewed vigor, and reached the turn-off part of Valcartier in the afternoon, and found two Indians, whom we had engaged in town to perform the hard work of camp life. They lived in miserable little shanties about twelve feet square, possessing in front a window and a door, and another window on one side. These buildings were within a short distance of each other, and were situated at the foot of a mountain. The Indians were both married men, but we saw neither square nor paragon, as we did not enter the abodes, for the atmosphere of such dwellings is generally far from pleasant or wholesome. They did not take long in making their preparations, in fact they seemed to me not to take more than a blanket a piece, and some tobacco, and, of course, their rifles and ammunition, which they placed on the *traineaux*. The latter they immediately took charge of, and we were not at all sorry to deliver them up, for our long tramp had rendered their weight rather a sore trial of endurance.

Our Indians were good specimens of the race, belonging to the Huron tribe, which occupies the Indian village of Lorette. Sioui, the elder one, was a noted *chasseur*, about fifty years of age, of a dark copper color, thin and slightly bent, caused, I presume, by the habit of carrying provisions on his back. His eyes were dark and quick, and he had no whiskers or any hairy ornament about his face. The other man, Gros Louis, was about forty, nearly as dark as the other, and of stouter build. Their chief occupation was either hunting for themselves or acting as guides to others. They sometimes also acted as assistants to surveying parties, in which work they are of great utility. As we trudged along they spoke of the many hunting expeditions they had joined, of the countless moose and caribou that had fallen victims to their unerring rifles, but they invariably wound up by saying that the deer were year by year getting more scarce, that in a few years there would be none to kill, and that the Indians would have to move further north. Sioui and Gros Louis were the most inveterate smokers I ever met. From the time we left their huts to the time we reached the camping ground their pipes were ever lit. It was near the edge of the lake, whose flat snow covered surface stretched outward for the distance of about eight miles and was nearly the same level. Its borders were fringed with tross of fir, birch and aspen, the latter two now bare and stripped of their leaves. High mountains completely surrounded the lake and were clothed to their summit with forest trees.

Our camp was a hut which had been built by former hunters, a log hut of about twelve feet square, and fortunately contained a stove, and the floor was strewn with dried fir branches and the remnants of utensils left by its former occupants. Our *chasseurs* were very busy, first to get some fresh fir branches and cut more firewood. Rapidly and scientifically did these Indians do their work. They unloaded our *traineaux*, placed the rifles and ammunition in safe positions, piled away the provisions, laid out our blankets, arranged the cooking utensils, procured water, and soon had a

kettle of boiling water, when we quickly had a bowl of good whisky punch—a reward for our long tramp. We had, however, to keep a good look-out after our cellular supply, for both our guides were well known as famous liquor consumers, Siou and Gros Louis, and had a couple of lines in the lake, and by the time we were well prepared, had caught a fine trout of over three pounds weight, which, with the pork and other adjuncts, formed a most hunger satisfying meal; after which a quiet smoke and a voyage of discovery concluded the day's experience, and, like quaint old Samuel Pepps, "so to bed."

It was about daybreak when I felt myself pushed by the shoulder, and Siou, my special assistant, whispered in my ear the magical word "Caribou." In his hand he had my rifle. I quickly rose and followed him out of the hut, taking my rifle from him, bringing his own. Gros Louis and Edward were still asleep. Siou stepped rapidly onward toward the lake, and when we reached a large birch tree, pointed out to the lake. At the distance of about forty feet were two caribou. In a twinkling I had my rifle to my shoulder, sighted my victim, and fired. With a bound in the air he fell on the ice. Siou immediately handed me his rifle and I fired at the oblique angle, which on the fall of the first, had started off to the opposite shore at a rapid pace. He stumbled, but immediately arose and continued his course. I was about to follow, but Siou said it was useless, that it would be impossible to overtake him, that he was wounded, and we would track him after breakfast. The report of the rifles had awakened Edward and Gros Louis, who came running toward us to find out what was the cause. Of course, there was a little disappointment and recrimination, but this was soon forgotten in the excitement of going for the dead caribou. He was a splendid buck, with heavy antlers. Very artistically was he skinned and cut up and brought to the camping ground and hung up, and very delicious was his cooked flesh at breakfast, with the addition of some fresh trout, taken by our night lines. We began to feel the fascination of forest life, an unaccustomed elasticity of spirits, an unaccountable vigor in our nerves and muscles.

It was a new life, and our breakfast had awe astonished the denizens of the city. There seemed to be no end of the quantity which was required to satisfy our hunger, and yet there was no sensation of surfeit. After finishing breakfast, and leaving Gros Louis to look after the camp, Edward and I, with our guide, Siou, started off on snow-shoes after the wounded caribou. We very quickly found his track, which was marked with blood, and followed the assertion of Siou, that I had wounded him. We crossed the lake and reached the other shore, but had not proceeded far when we found the poor animal lying exhausted on the snow. Siou gave him the *coup de grace*, and afterward skinned and quartered him. We then returned to the camp, and Siou recrossed the lake with a *traineau* and brought back our game. By the time it was properly hung dinner time had arrived, and we had so congratulated ourselves on our success that we decided not to seek for further slaughter that day, but rather to reserve our strength for the following. After dinner and a lazy smoke as a concomitant, Wilks and myself, leaving the two Indians idly enjoying their pipes in the camp, strolled off with fowling-pieces, for we had been told that ptarmigan might be found. Our but was erected in the midst of a wood containing birch, beech, maple and other trees, and there were clumps of those trees on different places.

We had not proceeded far when we came across a covey of ptarmigan, and on our discharging our four barrels among them we found fifteen birds to be bagged. There was no disputing that so far we were lucky in our hunt, and even our return to camp was not without its trophy, for we shot five hares, whose white bodies almost escaped our notice till we were within almost striking distance. Try as we might, we could not get the rarer of ptarmigan, with all the *de coeteris*, including real Lord Lieutenant's whisky with white sugar and lemon, and all these served up by the wild Indian, mid the primeval forests of Canada and on the shores of a lake whose beauties in summer are unrivaled. Horace, even in the Palace of Miceenas, delicately nibbling peacock pie and sipping the choicest Chian or Falernian wine could not have more enjoyed himself than did we on the shore of the nameless lake in the parish of Valcartier.

It might have been that success had intoxicated us, or it might have been that the unusual exercise had overtaxed us, or that the famous Lord Lieutenant's liquid had induced prolonged somnolency; but *n'importe*, we found next morning that early rising was a mistaken idea, and that bed even of fir branches was a luxury. Our Indian friends were, however, on the *qui vive*, and breakfast was ready ere we were awake.

We felt like pashas when the representatives of the forest, the descendants of Donnacona, the great chief of Stadacona, brought us fish, flesh and fowl—trout, caribou and ptarmigan—taken from their hunting-grounds, and cooked in *chasseur* style, and waited on us with more respect than they would have shown to their illustrious predecessor.

But breakfast cannot last forever, and, putting everything in order, we started off on snow-shoes, accompanied by Siou and Gros Louis, to try our luck across the lake to the other side, and struck up the mountain-side, not then coming upon a small clearing; but it was dreadful work climbing up the mountain steep, clambering over fallen trees, avoiding hanging branches, stepping over mountain rivulets, and passing over deep gorges and ravines. Steadily onward and upward we proceeded, surmounting difficulties to encounter fresh ones, but without any reward for our toil. We gained the summit of the mountain, and descended on the other side, and the descent seemed as difficult as the ascent, and sometimes even more dangerous, for a slip might give one an impetus which might hurl him to destruction. No tracks were found on the mountain, so we proceeded further on till we reached the base of a second, and walked round it without meeting with success.

The caribou had retired, leaving behind them no trace or track; the death of their fellows had baffled the hunt in the country and they retreated before us. So the Indians had decided; and as it was well on in the day, and we were many miles from camp, we made up our minds to abandon the chase to avoid being caught in the woods without food and shelter. So, somewhat disappointed, we commenced our return, but by no means up the sides of the almost inaccessible mountain. The longest way round was in this case, without

doubt, the shortest way home, and even that shortest way was filled with difficulties. Huge fallen trees continually barred our way, immense drifts of snow buried us in their depths, and low branches and thick bushes impeded our path. But we had no mountain to climb, and that was something to be thankful for, as, laden with our rifles and ammunition, it was extremely difficult on snow-shoes to overcome a declivity far steeper than forty-five degrees; in fact sometimes so much so that we were obliged to haul ourselves up by the bushes and branches. On reaching camp we gladly threw ourselves on the grateful couch of fir branches, and lazily watched our Hurons preparing supper. It was a repetition of the breakfast, and was done full justice to. On the morrow we started early before breakfast, which we procured at a farmer's house in Valcartier, where we settled with Siou and Gros Louis, and relieved them of the laden *traineau*, laden with a sufficiently satisfactory spoil—two caribou, eight and a half brace of ptarmigan, six dozen of trout and seven hares—the Indians having increased our bag of ptarmigan.

From the farmer, in whose house we breakfasted, we learned that two bears had been shot in the vicinity on the previous day, and had been taken into town for sale. We engaged a man with his *berlin*, an open wooden box on runners, to take us to town. Into this *berlin* we stowed our game and packed our firearms and ammunition and what was left of our stock, and on the top of all placed ourselves, well wrapped up in buffalo robes. Our driver was a young lad who seemed to be of no conventional turn, for his sole utterances were, "Get up, Bess," and certainly Bess did her best to "get," for we arrived in Quebec in an incredible short space of time, and surprised our friends and disappointed our enemies by our success. It was the first time we had been out caribou hunting, but it shall not be the last.

T. J. O.
Quebec, September 10, 1878.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

A POEM BY FRANK FORESTER.

AS the years pass away over the dead grave at the Cedars, the love for Frank Forester and the admiration of the sporting world for his genius seems to increase, and his writings are more and more sought for, treasured up and quoted as the very highest authority in all matters of the rod and gun. As he wrote only in prose it is not generally known that he had any claims to be considered a poet, and indeed we have never met with any poem from his pen, with the single exception of the very pretty poem that we now send you. We have lately received it from our relative, Mrs. Col. H., who was cousin to Miss Sarah Barker, the first and dearly loved wife of Herbert. The lines were written by him at Portland, Me., in one of his shooting excursions, and where he first made the acquaintance of Miss Barker. Our friend informs us that at that time—in the fall of 1839—a little party of young ladies and gentlemen made an excursion to Cape Cottage at Cape Elizabeth, near Portland, where the hours were pleasantly passed in sport and dance. It was then that Herbert became deeply fascinated by Miss B., who was a young lady of great personal attractions, and on the return of the party to Portland he wrote and presented to her these verses. He soon afterward made her an offer of marriage, which was not then accepted. On her return to Bangor, of which city her father, a wealthy merchant, was mayor, he followed her and renewed his suit, which was favorably entertained, and the couple were united and proceeded to his home in New York, where, and subsequently in Philadelphia, they passed several happy years. In due time a son was born to them, who was sent to his friends in England to be educated. On their return to Philadelphia a little girl was born, but did not long survive.

Our lady relative, from whom we have received these verses, renewed to New York her intimacy with her cousin Sarah and Herbert, and was in constant intercourse with them, and she thinks that their married life was most happy. Soon after the birth of the girl Sarah became dangerously ill with hemorrhage of the lungs, and did not long survive the attack. After her death Herbert sent everything to her mother save a curl of her hair and a pair of slippers, and this lock of hair was found upon Herbert's heart after his death. Herbert's family kindly inquired into the matter, and our friend has seen affectionate letters from his mother to Sarah and also old family jewels sent to her. Herbert was proud of his beautiful American wife, and loved her sincerely for her many good qualities. Though Herbert wrote not in verse, his fascinating pages bloom with the sweetest flowers of poetry, and his spirit takes us kindly by the hand to lead us onward into the fair precincts of the natural world. We remember his poetic descriptions of the woods, the shades of the principal forest, over the rustling grass of wind-swept prairie, deep in the heart of embowered dells and copses, along breezy hill-sides, by borders of the tumbling brook, or the hoarse resounding ocean. The light of his pen falls upon all places beautiful or majestic and illuminates them with fresh glory. He was the most brilliant and copious of all writers on sporting topics, sketching in faithful prose, yet with all the enchanting power of the poet, the varied scenery with all forest game have their haunt. Thinking that these pretty verses, the only poetic tribute we have from his pen, would be valued by his admirers, we venture to offer them.

Sheller Island, Sept. 12, 1878. ISAAC McLELLAN.

A minstrel stood upon a foreign strand,
Forced by tyrannic power abroad to roam,
Nor viat more his old ancestral home.
Till, from the malices of that stranger land,
A wreath were cast of glory, and his cheer
Of long or later grazed the country sphere.
Zar, far, he roamed; doubt, peril and dismay
Lowered dark and dismal o'er his toilsome way.
When hope was fled, when naught remained behind
But aspirations high and fearless mind,
He reached this city, where Old Ocean smiles,
In dazzling splendor, round three hundred isles.
He saw the glories of that gorgeous scene—
Ere an emerald glaze was o'er his vision thrown.
He saw and gazed. Where skies so brightly shine;
Where all of earth, air, water, is divine,
Most lovely there, of all created things,
Most woman be! He tuned his humble strings,
And forth he tripped, a bright, celestial throng,
To the poor magic of a stranger's song:
"Thine done," he cried; "thine done; the toil is o'er;
The prize is won, here on this eastern shore;
For who can mark the blent expressions rise,

Fall fraught with soul in Minnie's glorious eyes?
Who look upon the clear and sparkling grace
That crowns the young Francesca's fairy face?
Who catch the gems that fall, so careless cast,
From Anna's lips, so dainty and so fast,
So free and fearless; she for whom one breath,
Is the far forest of the boundless West,
Beats worthily? Who see, so young and fair,
Sarah beside her sweet and kindred pair?
Fit sisterhood, who marvel at the staid
Or queenly Julia, merrily sedate,
Serenely courteous and superbly bright?
Who look upon the quick and flashing light
That leaps from Georgiana's every feature
Most artless, innocent, bewitching creature?
Who gaze on Susan, now-extinct grace,
All woman misanthropic and woman proud,
Her self-erected looks and eyes of azure hue,
Mocks the most lovely heaven's most lovely blue?
Who can behold and dream that seven like these
Bloom on the softer shores of southern seas?
'Tis done! 'Tis done! The high empires gained;
The minstrel's task is o'er, his end attained.
Francesca, Minnie, Sarah, Julia, Ann,
Georgiana, Sarah! Match them if you can!

Portland, Sept. 17, 1839.

HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

Fish Culture.

ALL ABOUT EELS.

A letter published in the *Augstberger Abend Zeitung* having made the statement that eels had been found in eels containing live young ones, Mr. A. F. Clapp, of the *Sanbury American*, wrote in regard to this to Professor Baird, and received from him the following reply:

U. S. COM. FISH AND FISHERIES,

Gloucester, Mass., Aug. 27, 1878.

Dear Sir: I am much obliged to you for the continued transmission of your journal, which I always receive and read with much pleasure.

I notice in the number of the 23d of August an article upon the propagation of eels, in which you reproduce from a German journal an account of an eel, which, on being opened, was found to contain living young. It may be of interest to know that this was no eel at all, but a marine fish known as *Zoetes viviparus*, not in any way related to the eel, but which has been known to lay its eggs inside its own body and discharging them alive.

Eels, when opened, are frequently found to contain small, thread-like bodies, generally supposed to be their young. These, however, are in all cases intestinal worms, and are found in the stomach and intestines, and not in the ovary. At the present time there is not the slightest uncertainty in regard to the character of the eel. It is well known to be bisexual, males and females like other fish, and reproduces its kind from very minute eggs, which are discharged in the water.

You will find in my last report, of which I have the pleasure of sending you a copy, a full account with illustrations of this eel, as prepared by Dr. Sýrský, of Austria. I myself, received from the coast of Massachusetts, last autumn, a supply of eels in full spawn, of which preparations were made, and are now exhibited at the National Museum, Washington.

Yours truly,

A. F. CLAPP, Esq.

SPENCER F. BAIRD,
Commissioner.

Some month or more ago Robert B. Roosevelt, Esq., to whom this German statement was referred, wrote to us that the living forms in these eels were nothing but intestinal worms. We are just in receipt of the following letter from a correspondent:

SALEM, MASS., Sept. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reference to spawn in eels, I would state that on the 3d of June last I accepted the invitation of Mr. E. B. Damon, of Rowley, to fish Parker River for striped bass, and being short of bait I fished for and caught an eel. The same being too large and life too short to try for another, we concluded to trim down the one we had, and in so doing it we found it quite full of spawn. Mr. D. remarked at the time that it was the first time he had ever noticed the like, and was quite excited over the circumstance. As for myself, not taking much stock in eels, I did not care whether they spawned or folded their young; but such is the fact, as Mr. Damon and his son, who was also in the boat, can testify. O. T. J.

Further and to us conclusive testimony is furnished in the following:

U. S. COM. FISH AND FISHERIES,

Buckport, Maine, September 14, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM.

I have read with much interest the discussion going on in your columns in relation to the natural history of the eel, and I think it is now time for me to contribute my mite. While engaged in taking schoolish salmon at Grand Lake Stream last autumn thirty-two eels ran into our inclosures and were captured and eighteen of them examined. They were running down stream in the current, and that is because our inclosures were so constructed as to take the fish that were descending the stream and no others. These eels were nearly all of large size. My note book shows four of them to have been 29, 33, 35, and 36 inches long, and to have weighed 44, 52, 63 and 64 ounces respectively. They were all very plump and fat, and their abdomens somewhat distended. On dissecting them I found their stomachs empty, but their abdomens were filled with what first appeared to be two masses of glistening white fat. More careful examination revealed the fact that the supposed masses of fat were constructed in folds as are the ovaries of fishes generally, and after catching this idea it was not difficult to perceive with the naked eye that the whole mass had the appearance of being composed of very small globular bodies, embedded in or connected by tissues. I placed a very thin piece of glass over a microscope and could then see plainly that it consisted mainly of globular bodies of various sizes, the largest being about 1-125 inch in diameter. My previous and subsequent studies on the ovaries of other fishes leave me no chance to doubt that the globular bodies were the eggs, and the entire masses were the ovaries of a female eel. I sent specimens of these eels to U. S. Commissioner Baird, and he reported that there seemed to be no question that the ovaries were filled with eggs. My opinion as to the character of the organs I examined is further supported by the previous researches of Dr. Sýrský, of Trieste, who made pretty exten-

Natural History.

THE POMPAÑO.

live researches in 1873. His paper on the subject, with illustrations showing the reproductive organs of the eel, was reprinted in the appendix to the third report of the U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries. I made a rough estimate of the number of eggs contained in the ovaries I examined, and obtained the immense number of two millions in one eel and four millions in another, of full sized eggs, while there was also an immense number of eggs of smaller size in the same ovaries. All the eels examined at Grand Lake Stream (Oct. 23 to Nov. 14, 1877) were females. European investigators have found that the male eels are always small. Dr. Syrski says that of 258 eels examined by him the males and females were in about even proportion; the greatest length of the males was about 430 millimeters (17 inches), and the females were all at least up to 1,050 millimeters (41 inches). The eels that we examined at Grand Lake Stream had empty stomachs without exception. There was an abundance of young fish and other food in the stream and inclosures, and it is therefore evident that they were descending the stream, not for food, but on some other errand. It is also a fact beyond question that in all of our rivers in Maine there is an immense migration of eels toward the sea in the fall. This migration is the basis of quite an extensive fishery for eels, conducted by means of traps so placed as to take those descending the rivers, but not ascending. There is also a migration of very small eels (2 to 6 inches long) up the rivers in early summer. No one who has watched their behavior at dams and other obstructions near idle water, as I have done, could question the fact of their ascending at that time. At very difficult falls they will leave the body of water and wriggle their way over moist surfaces with their bodies exposed to the air. In this way, I have no doubt, they can pass falls twenty feet or more in height, for I have repeatedly seen them higher than I could reach, wriggling up the perpendicular face of a plank bulkhead, where there was the very slightest possible trickle of water. Take these two facts together—the descent of gravid females in the fall and the ascent of very small young in the spring time and early summer—and they lead to the irresistible conclusion that eels go down to the sea to lay their eggs, and the young or a portion of them, ascend the rivers to feed and grow. Of course there may be exceptions to this rule. I think it highly probable that there are. Eels are reported to be found in some fresh water lakes, where the difficulties in the way of ascent from the sea appear too great to be overcome even by young eels. I hope the interest in this question will not subside without leading to many new and careful observations.

CHARLES B. ATKINS,
Assistant U. S. Commissioner Fish and Fisheries.

FISH CULTURE IN HOLLAND.

We are indebted to the Superintendent of the Netherland Fisheries for the following most interesting matter:

BERGEN-OP-ZOOM, Sept. 2, 1878.

Oyster culture is a perfect success this year, and the tiles were covered with spat. Last year the drop of spat was very irregular, and on an average but middling. Still the loss after taking the spat from the tiles, until they were sowed out on the banks, was considerably less than formerly, and I expect the heavy losses of before are overcome. There is on lease now an area as large as half Newark Bay for about \$100,000. The system of leasing works is admirable. Very few years ago there was no oyster culture in the country. The oysters were imported from England and Scotland, but this belongs to the past. The banks were almost killed out by the free fishing. If you are not careful in America things may come to the same end. Production is already increasing. Very large capital is invested, and in the employ of the lessees the fishermen make more money than formerly. As soon as I can get work I will write a paper for you on oyster culture in Holland and the Netherlands. Still, if we don't get ice enough to close the fishing next winter, I do not expect to have time to write before another year has elapsed.

I hope to obtain some eggs of *S. quinque* from Prof. Baird to make a trial with. If I am successful a great many points will be settled at once. It will have its greatest effect on fishermen, who, as we know, still believe in fish culture. In our salmon fishing it is only a few seasons ago that we were again November 15 for winter salmon, which are seemingly yearly increasing, and have been very abundant this year. In former years the price was from \$3 to \$1.25 per pound. This season they fell as low as \$1, 40 cents and even 35 cents. But the fishermen did not suffer, because the quantity covered by far the deficiency in price.

It is a proven fact that when the catch of grise is poor in one year, the catch of summer salmon the next year is poor too. The fishermen hold it so, and our statistics seem to prove it. The report of the fisheries under my control will shortly be printed. Whenever I receive a copy it will be forwarded to you.

Yours very truly,
C. J. BOTTENMAYER, Superintendent of Fisheries.

MUD TURTLES IN FISH PONDS.—San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 5.—The common mud-turtle does the same mischief that his brother, the snapping turtle, is accused of. I know from experience that both are very destructive to small fry of an inch or two in length. Two years ago I put four or five thousand small fry in one of my ponds, which had a bottom at one end, and I noticed for about a week that the water became very muddy once or twice a day, and almost every morning when I visited the pond, that my fish were growing less in number very fast. Finding the water clear one day I examined the bottom very closely and could discover nothing. An hour after I had passed the pond I found it muddy. Taking a garden rake I raked the bottom, and placed them in a wooden can, one fourth full of water, under the shelter of some shady trees. In time they dropped their tails, and put forth their tiny legs, and assumed the shape of a lizard, finally becoming upright little frogs. While in the lizard state I was surprised one morning to find one or two of them almost entirely consumed, the skins lying at the bottom of the can. As I kept nothing else but "lizards" in the can, and the latter covered with a cloth, I am at a loss to explain this discovery.

B. B. P.

RAISING TADPOLES.—Port Richmond, S. I., Sept. 12.—Editor Forest and Stream: As my efforts have met with better success than Mr. Roosevelt's, I beg to state a few interesting facts. I have taken the little creatures when scarcely larger than a pin's head, and placed them in a wooden can, one fourth full of water, under the shelter of some shady trees. In time they dropped their tails, and put forth their tiny legs, and assumed the shape of a lizard, finally becoming upright little frogs. While in the lizard state I was surprised one morning to find one or two of them almost entirely consumed, the skins lying at the bottom of the can. As I kept nothing else but "lizards" in the can, and the latter covered with a cloth, I am at a loss to explain this discovery.

J. F. K.

Perhaps one tad eat another tad.

A LATE number of the Boston Transcript mentions "that a pompano was caught off Wood's Holl, and that it is the first of this kind caught in these waters, being strictly a Southern fish." Our excellent Eastern contemporary is partly right and partly wrong, as we have two species on our coast, the *Trachynotus carolinensis* and *T. ovatus*, all members of the genus *Gasterosteus*, from the resemblance of the spinous dorsal to that of a stickleback. Both these species were taken at Wood's Holl in 1874, by the U. S. Fish Commissioners, and frequently since that time. Both these species have been caught abundantly, more especially the young specimens at various points on the north shore of Martha's Vineyard, at Wood's Holl and Watch Hill, R. I. Professor Baird found innumerable five-inch specimens at Little Egg Harbor as early as 1854. No fishermen had caught them before this time, as their nets were not adapted for the purpose. There is no doubt but that they are abundant south of Cape Cod, though they do not seem to come within range of the weirs. Very possibly our Northern fishermen do not know how to catch them. The pompano feed on crustaceans and small mollusks. We would refer our readers to more complete details published by us in Vol. IV., pages 5, 85, 117. We have recorded the catch of good sized pompano in the Sound not far from New York. At present pompano are fairly abundant on the New York markets, coming from Norfolk. As a table fish it is decidedly the best that swims, and far better than the English turbot.

SAPPHIRINA.

CAPTAIN MORTIMER, who every time he crosses the broad expanse of the sea in his good ship the *Hamilton Fish* makes some addition to our stock of knowledge, has succeeded in bringing alive to New York some of those curious little creatures called *Sapphirina*. These minute crustaceans are found in the Atlantic Ocean in incalculable quantities. They measure about three-sixteenths of an inch long, are one-thirty-second of an inch wide, and but a few lines in thickness. Their great peculiarity is that they gleam like emeralds, rubies, amethysts and opals in the salt water. Motes dancing in the sun have at times brilliancy of color, so in the medium of the ocean as the light strikes these sapphirins they too shine and flash. We have but the merest inkling of all the wonderful things the sea holds in her bosom, or how many dainty and delicate forms she treasures. Not it struck Captain Mortimer, who, when having anything to do with nature's secrets, is shrewdness itself, and, though he may greatly indulge in guessing, court-martials all the facts, vigorously holding an inquisition on all his speculations, that this opalescence in the sapphirina was not caused by what is called phosphorescence. How could these tiny creatures show their many colors when the sun was shining in the water? Catching them, the Captain placed some sapphirina in a glass tube. Now they were invisible, but on turning them at a certain angle, when the rays of light struck them, out flashed the colors. Evidently these gleams must be caused by the decomposition of the ray of light on the surface of the sapphirina. Fishing, then, in a basin for specimens, our nautical naturalist succeeded in picking out one by one, by their flash alone, these tiny animated jewels. But how to keep them was the question? Alcoholic preparations, and, in fact, all other preserving fluids, are well enough in their way to keep form and some semblance of shape, but alas! all the delicate colorings fade away. The Captain bethought him for future observations, of putting his sapphirina in a sirup, and in this way has succeeded in keeping some, which still show faint colors. This, of course, proved that the gleams were not due to animal movement. Others of the sapphirina, the Captain having simply put them in water, he was fortunate enough to bring into New York. But they were short lived, and all died in a day or so. How this color comes and goes, is, of course, due to the light, but what peculiar construction of scale the sapphirina has remains yet to be studied. Do the brilliant colors of fish, as shown in the mackerel, arise from minute series of lines on the skin which split up the ray of light into all the tints of the rainbow are disclosed, or can there be a series of discs, like on the feathers of birds, which give out metallic tints? We are pretty sure that this problem will sooner or later engage Captain Mortimer's attention, and that some day, when sailing over a summer's sea, with a gleam of the sun illumining his cabin, with his microscope on his table, the mystery of the beautiful lights in the sapphirina will be made clear.

Whether the ship is tied to the dock in New York or Liverpool, or thrashing through the waves between two continents, that Captain of the *Hamilton Fish* has not only his eyes on his vessel, but is ever revolving in his brain how to solve and fathom the many beautiful secrets of the deep.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.
DRUMMING OF RUFFED AND CANADA GROUSE.

I HAVE read with close attention recent articles in your paper on the above subject, but am not sure that I fully understand just how much is claimed by the writers. If they simply mean that the grouse can drum on the ground or on a

rock, or indeed in any place in which he happens to be, I am ready to admit it; but if they intend to assert that the same effects will be produced as when standing on a hollow log, then I not only wholly dissent, but respectfully submit that such a thing cannot occur, unless the grouse has the power of suspending the laws of nature; for I believe it is a universally admitted fact that the power of all vibrations is increased by contact with a sonorous body, and one might as well say that the sounding-board of a piano was useless, or that a music-box would play as loudly when held in the hand as when placed on a sheet of plate glass, as to claim that the bird can drum as loudly on the ground as when more favorably situated. Nor do I depend upon theory alone, having proved by actual experience, time and again, that the distance at which the drumming can be heard is wholly dependent on the character of the object on which the grouse is standing, be it rock, root or log. Of the maneuvers of which "Monon" speaks I know nothing, as no such conditions exist in the New England States. The birds all single out before the approach of the breeding season, the males selecting their drumming places, which they use only during the absence of the female, and I never saw two of the latter together during such seasons.

In regard to approaching the bird while drumming I used to be in an easy manner, all things must be judged by comparison, and the difficulty of stalking within eighty paces of an old buck, feeding, head toward you, in an open meadow, without the slightest cover within a quarter of a mile, is so much greater that the former is not to be mentioned in comparison with it; yet this latter feat has to be accomplished when one is armed with a shot gun only, or one must lose caste as a first-class still hunter. For the benefit of those who wish to see the ruffed grouse while drumming, I will describe the method by which I have frequently secured twenty feet of them, unobserved, when I could watch them at leisure. In order to do this successfully it is necessary to sight the bird without being seen, to find out which way it is facing and then approach it from behind (when it begins to drum it seems to be oblivious to all other sounds), then make a short run, dropping before it ends, and remain perfectly motionless till it begins again, when the same thing is to be repeated, till one is near enough to the bird to see its maneuvers with ease, of course selecting some cover at the end of the last advance to screen one from observation between the intervals of drumming. The bird, before commencing, seems to go into a sort of ecstasy, spreading its tail, erecting its ruff and ruffling its feathers. Then it stands perfectly upright, smooths itself, brings its wings well forward in a vertical position, and strikes them horizontally toward each other. The wings do not strike each other, or the body of the bird; but simply beat the air in front of it. It will be readily seen that in this position the action of one wing counteracts that of the other, and has no more effect to move the body of the bird than would the action of two rowers to move a boat when seated in it and pulling with equal force in opposite directions. It is not strictly correct to say that the ruffed grouse begins slowly and increases its strokes in quickness to the end of the "beat" made at the end of the drum as follows: He delivers three strokes deliberately, and then, after an interval between each; then a pause about as long again as that between the strokes, then three more in exactly the same time as the first, then the fourth a little quicker, increasing the rapidity of his strokes till he sounds a continuous roll which is prolonged for a short time, ending in a sort of flutter as the bird recovers his normal position. Now if, as "Monon" claims, the bird produces the noise of a drum, then the first of the inflated pouch, he must time the operation very nicely down performance of the slow strokes, as it would long ago have been detected; it also seems as if the noise made must sound louder, if his theory is true, while standing close to the bird than at a distance, but the reverse of this is the fact. The rumbling sound like distant thunder is not apparent at such times, the "roll, wish, wish" of the bird's wings being plainly heard and not much else. The first of the inflated pouch family whose drumming I wish to notice. This is the grouse, or "spruce partridge," as the hunters call it. The male of this species is undoubtedly the handsomest game bird in New England, but they are held in little esteem from the fact that their flesh is so strongly impregnated with the odor of the spruce and fir boughs on which they feed as to be unpalatable when sent to market in the ordinary manner, but if drawn and not much else. The first of the inflated pouch family whose drumming I wish to notice. This is the grouse, or "spruce partridge," as the hunters call it. The male of this species is undoubtedly the handsomest game bird in New England, but they are held in little esteem from the fact that their flesh is so strongly impregnated with the odor of the spruce and fir boughs on which they feed as to be unpalatable when sent to market in the ordinary manner, but if drawn and not much else.

This bird selects a horizontal branch after a few feet from the ground, and drums in the air while descending from the limb to the ground. This species of grouse are so utterly indifferent to the presence of man as to continue their drumming with a person standing in full view, often alighting within a few feet of the observer, and some of the older males are even belligerent, bristling up angrily at the intruder, and, if he feigns alarm and slowly retreats, will chase him for some little distance. It is interesting to watch them while in the act of drumming, their wings moving with sufficient rapidity to carry them through the air with the velocity of an arrow; but their body all the time slowly settling toward the earth, alighting each time on almost exactly the same spot. The drumming is always performed while descending, the bird flying close to the limb in the ordinary manner. When standing close to the bird the noise sounds much louder than that of the ruffed grouse under the same conditions, although it cannot be heard one-tenth as far, and for this reason I have always believed in the hollow log theory. In regard to finding the latter bird in unusual situations in the autumn, as mentioned by "Awabsoo," the fact that they are so found is well established, but the villages in Maine being visited by them each succeeding autumn, and I have frequently flushed them in orchards at such seasons, in the early morning, when the nearest cover would be a mile away. The hunter's explanation will not hold, as a mid-summer shower or a howling snow storm makes a great deal more noise than the softly falling autumn leaves; but I think I can offer a consistent and reasonable explanation. Every one who has had an opportunity to observe the habits of the ruffed grouse will have noticed the persistency with which it clings to its chosen location, a flock, unless frequently hunted, scarcely moving over tree acres or a hundred in a whole season. Now if this characteristic was always retained, places, which from overhunting or any other cause had become stripped of their grouse, would forever remain depleted; therefore, by a wise provision of nature, the instinct of partial migration is implanted in the breasts of a portion of the flock, and by this means barren districts are continually restocked. The same instinct can be found in our most abundant forest denizens, from squirrels to deer. I see that my innocent article on the "King Partridge" has occasioned a good deal of comment, in one instance prefaced by piscatory allu-

Scottish deerhound, the only one in its class, was well deserving of the prohibitory price attached to his kennel. The collies were a very fine exhibit; the Newfoundland too large and badly crossed. There was a pretty English coach dog, and two very fine bulldogs and terriers, one of each white in color.

To specify the merits of the deserving would require more space than our crowded columns would warrant, and I therefore forbear. The show was peculiarly successful, and the large attendance proves unusual interest in kennel exhibitions. I send an official list of awards and entries, kindly furnished by Supt. Chas. Lincoln, by whose most satisfactory management the show was made so popular and creditable:

LIST OF ENTRIES.

Class 1—Champion Imported English Setter Dogs—W S Timberlake, St Paul, Grand Duke; J H Whitman, Chicago, Clipper; E H Gilman, Detroit, Boppo; J E Shipman, St Paul, Joe; Meesonger's Rock—Bruce's June; H Shipman, St Paul, Joe.

Class 2—Champion Imported English Setter Bitches—W S Timberlake, Lady Cyprus; J H Whitman, Maggie May; Herbert Preston, Chicago, Naomi.

Class 3—Imported English Setter Dogs—John Davidson, Monroe, Mich. Afton, Laddie; W S Timberlake, Grand Duke; J H Whitman, Clipper; E H Gilman, Boppo.

Class 4—Imported English Setter Bitches—John Davidson, Monroe, Mich. Afton, Laddie; W S Timberlake, Grand Duke; J H Whitman, Clipper; E H Gilman, Boppo.

Class 5—Imported English Setters, Puppies Under 12 Months, dog or bitch—R B Morgan, Quaker City Kennel, Richmond, Ind. F. C. C. Norbeck, La Crosse, Wis. Victory; George Waddington, Geneva, Ia. Lily White.

Class 6—Champion Native Setters—Dogs of Any Strain—H E Barron, Farnham, Minn. Don Pedro; E O Waller's Jack; E H Gilman, Boppo.

Class 7—Champion Setters Bitches of Any Strain—J H Whitman, Maggie May; W S Timberlake, Lady Cyprus.

Class 8—Native English Setter Dogs—T L Cory, Winona, Black Duck; O C Humphrey, Minneapolis, Sport; E H Waller, St Paul, Duke; G H Lane, Jr., St Paul, Duke; H L Lane, Hunkies, Minn. Zach; H Salzgard, St Paul, Sport; W B Baldwin, St Paul, Don; E O Waller, Chicago, Jiff; W S Timberlake, Grand Duke; J H Whitman, Clipper; E H Gilman, Boppo.

Class 9—Native English Setter Bitches—George Waddington, Geneva, Ia. Lily White; W S Timberlake, Lady Cyprus; J H Whitman, Maggie May.

Class 10—Native English Setter Puppies Under 12 Months—Don Pedro, H E Barron, La Crosse, Wis. Victory; George Waddington, Geneva, Ia. Lily White; E H Barron, Don Pedro; E O Waller's Jack; E H Gilman, Boppo.

Class 11—Champion Irish Setter Dogs, Free for all—St Louis Kennel Club, St Louis, Mo. Duke; E F Stoddard, Dayton, O. Friend; E C Waller, Chicago, Fanny Fern; E F Stoddard, Dayton, O. Ruby.

Class 12—Champion Irish Setter Bitches—R B Morgan, Quaker City Kennel, Richmond, Ind. Red Rival; St Louis Kennel Club, St Louis, Mo. Duke; E F Stoddard, Dayton, O. Friend; E C Waller, Chicago, Fanny Fern; E F Stoddard, Dayton, O. Ruby.

Class 13—Imported Irish Setter Dogs—R B Morgan, Quaker City Kennel Club, Richmond, Ind. Bob; St Louis Kennel Club, St Louis, Mo. Duke.

Class 14—Imported Irish Setter Bitches—John Pfister, St Paul, Minn. Paddy; J W Stiles, Decorah, Ia. Nellie; E F Stoddard, Dayton, O. Friend; R B Morgan's Red Rival; E O Waller's Fanny Fern; E F Stoddard's Ruby.

Class 15—Imported Irish Setter Puppies, Dog or Bitch, Under 12 Months—J W Stiles, Dash; J White Sprong, Albany, N. Y. Sauglier.

Class 16—Native Irish Setter Dogs—Capt S Leo Davis, St Paul, Joe; O M Garfield, Minneapolis, Minn. Don; Geo R Finch, St Paul, Joe.

Class 17—Native Irish Setter Bitches—R B Morgan, Quaker City Kennel Club, Rose II; R B Morgan's Red Rival.

Class 18—Native Irish Setter Puppies, Dog or Bitch, Under 12 Months—R B Morgan, Quaker City Kennel Club, Rose II; R B Morgan's Red Rival.

Class 19—Champion Gordon Setter Dogs, Free for all—A A Mellier, Jr., St Louis, Mo. Knight; H E Barron, Don Pedro; H E Barron, Don Pedro; H E Barron, Don Pedro.

Class 20—Champion Gordon Setter Bitches, Free for all—A A Mellier, Jr., St Louis, Mo. Knight; H E Barron, Don Pedro; H E Barron, Don Pedro; H E Barron, Don Pedro.

Class 21—Champion Gordon Setter Dogs, Open Class—Channing Seabury, St Paul, Minn. Duke; E F Stoddard, Dayton, O. Friend; E C Waller, Chicago, Fanny Fern; E F Stoddard, Dayton, O. Ruby.

Class 22—Champion Gordon Setter Bitches, Open Class—Channing Seabury, St Paul, Minn. Duke; E F Stoddard, Dayton, O. Friend; E C Waller, Chicago, Fanny Fern; E F Stoddard, Dayton, O. Ruby.

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Class 91—Champion Gordon Setter Dogs, Free for all—A A Mellier, Jr., St Louis, Mo. Knight; H E Barron, Don Pedro; H E Barron, Don Pedro; H E Barron, Don Pedro.

Class 92—Champion Gordon Setter Bitches, Free for all—A A Mellier, Jr., St Louis, Mo. Knight; H E Barron, Don Pedro; H E Barron, Don Pedro; H E Barron, Don Pedro.

Class 93—Champion Gordon Setter Dogs, Free for all—A A Mellier, Jr., St Louis, Mo. Knight; H E Barron, Don Pedro; H E Barron, Don Pedro; H E Barron, Don Pedro.

Class 94—Champion Gordon Setter Bitches, Free for all—A A Mellier, Jr., St Louis, Mo. Knight; H E Barron, Don Pedro; H E Barron, Don Pedro; H E Barron, Don Pedro.

Class 95—Champion Gordon Setter Dogs, Free for all—A A Mellier, Jr., St Louis, Mo. Knight; H E Barron, Don Pedro; H E Barron, Don Pedro; H E Barron, Don Pedro.

Class 96—Champion Gordon Setter Bitches, Free for all—A A Mellier, Jr., St Louis, Mo. Knight; H E Barron, Don Pedro; H E Barron, Don Pedro; H E Barron, Don Pedro.

Class 97—Champion Gordon Setter Dogs, Free for all—A A Mellier, Jr., St Louis, Mo. Knight; H E Barron, Don Pedro; H E Barron, Don Pedro; H E Barron, Don Pedro.

Class 98—Champion Gordon Setter Bitches, Free for all—A A Mellier, Jr., St Louis, Mo. Knight; H E Barron, Don Pedro; H E Barron, Don Pedro; H E Barron, Don Pedro.

Class 99—Champion Gordon Setter Dogs, Free for all—A A Mellier, Jr., St Louis, Mo. Knight; H E Barron, Don Pedro; H E Barron, Don Pedro; H E Barron, Don Pedro.

Class 100—Champion Gordon Setter Bitches, Free for all—A A Mellier, Jr., St Louis, Mo. Knight; H E Barron, Don Pedro; H E Barron, Don Pedro; H E Barron, Don Pedro.

Class F—E F Warner, Mab.
Class G—S B Dilley, Ranger.
Class H—S B Dilley, Fleet.
Class I—J H Whitman, Paddy.
Class J—Arthur Lyon, Pedro, Warrior, Ajax, Brutus, Scandal, Whimsical.
Class K—J G Paschke, Beauty.
Class L—J H Whitman, Doctor.
Class M—Best Braces English Setters—W S Timberlake, Grand Duke and Lady Cyprus.
Class N—S B Dilley, Countess Royal and Royal Fan.
Class O—S B Dilley.

MINNESOTA FIELD TRIALS.

First Day—Tuesday, Sept. 10.—Weather, 6 A. M., cloudy, very cold and blustering, wind southwest; 12 M., clouds broken, wind still very brisk and temperature low; 3 P. M., wind veered to northwest, weather clearing and moderating. All hands in buffalo robes and heaviest coats; 6 o'clock, clear and calm.

FIRST TRIAL.

Nursery Stakes for Setters and Pointers Under 12 Months.

First prize, \$20; second, \$10.

Entries as Drawn.	Owner.	Residence.
1..... Fairlie Belle.	Mr. B. W. Grant.	Richmond, Ind.
2..... Nellie.	B. Baupre.	St. Paul, Minn.
3..... Tempest.	G. Wadlin, Jr.	Geneva, Iowa.
4..... Strathroy.	D. C. Sauer.	East Aurora, Mich.
5..... Lily White.	G. Wadlin, Jr.	Richmond, Ind.
6..... Duke.	H. C. Sauer.	East Aurora, Mich.
7..... Judge.	H. C. Sauer.	East Aurora, Mich.
8..... Judge.	H. C. Sauer.	East Aurora, Mich.
9..... Judge.	H. C. Sauer.	East Aurora, Mich.
10..... Judge.	H. C. Sauer.	East Aurora, Mich.

The ground over which this trial was run was a beautiful rolling country, much diversified by lakes, sloughs, timber, open prairie, stubble, grass, meadows, plowed fields and standing sorghum or sugar cane, with scattering dwelling-houses and barns, grain stalks, threshed straw, and shucks too poor in quality to pay for threshing. Both the pinnated grouse or true prairie chicken and the sharp-tailed grouse, (called also pin-tailed, sprig-tailed, or white-breasted grouse,) are found here in considerable abundance. The last named are considered the strongest flyers and the best game bird of the two. At 9:45 in the morning, after considerable delay, the two beautiful setters, Prairie Belle and Nellie, were put down on a broken prairie and cast loose. Prairie Belle is a chestnut and white bitch out of Prairie Ranger, hatched by Bergen-thal's Lake. Nellie is a native red Irish setter puppy, nine months old, and previously tried and proven a good ranger from wagon. They had hardly touched field before both came to point, the white and liver showing some excellent rounding. Red led up and backed, and the points proved true ones. This was a good beginning; but as the wind was very high and the birds wild, and the dogs could not work down wind without a certainty of flushing, the trial proceeded slowly thenceforward. It was fortunate for puppy work, however, that the birds were young. After awhile came a flush for Nellie down wind, and then a point for each against wind. Next a chase for Belle, and a refusal to back by Nellie, and so on, until finally Nellie was taken up at 11 o'clock, having completed her trial in the tolerably short time of 1 hour and 15 minutes, considering the circumstances.

Then Tempest was called. Presently Prairie Belle finished her role, and Strathroy also came to the fore. Tempest is an orange and white native English puppy, seven months old, by Charm-Gypsy; Strathroy, a beautiful black, white and tan, out of the famous Leicester stock of J. H. Smith, of Canada. Tempest found in a swale almost immediately after being put down, dropping in fine style at the rise of the bird. He continued in luck throughout, although a flush soon followed his bit of good fortune while working across a stubble. Strathroy showed excellent qualities throughout in staunchness, quartering, ranging, pace, etc., but he evidently lost his nose somewhere that day, for he flushed more birds, it is claimed by Mr. Sanborn, than in all his life before. He backed Tempest once when there was no bird; he made a false point; he pointed and dropped to wing when off duty, etc. Nevertheless, he wound up his score at the end and retired with two false points and three flushes for demerit. Jennie then came to the fore in place of Lily White, as she and Tempest, being owned by the same person (Mr. Sanborn, of Michigan) could not be run together. Tempest continued to do himself credit, as he had done before dinner, showing fine style, good nose and more good luck, and retired at 5:20, with three points and two flushes.

From the moment the beautiful little Jennie took to her feet she astonished every one by her marvellous speed. She is a regular rattler, and her little white figure, nervous tail, and flying ears, whisk and rattle through the grass in a wonderful manner. She is here, there and everywhere all the time, and can do a fifty-acre field in a jiffy. She is so quick that she is apt to flush while whisking down the wind; but no matter! She quarters like an apple-slicer, drops at sight, and is up and off again in a jiffy. Once, while going at a tremendous pace in stubble, she came to an instant point, and up rose ten good birds in a covey. It was a very long point, and it was delightful to see Tempest back her. (Tempest was running with her at that time). She was everywhere a favorite from start to finish, and when she was taken up about six o'clock, with three flushes and two points, all wondered that she had endured so long.

Lily White was put down about six o'clock, only a few minutes before Jennie retired. Her first exploit was to back her comrade. However, a long point and some very careful drawing redeemed this delinquency, and she was working fairly when the waning daylight required her to desist. She was then taken up with two points to her score and the privilege of being put down after and if any chance to win offered. She drops to shut well, and showed a want of nose in flushing three times. The following is the official scale of points as

tempest was called. Presently Prairie Belle finished her role, and Strathroy also came to the fore. Tempest is an orange and white native English puppy, seven months old, by Charm-Gypsy; Strathroy, a beautiful black, white and tan, out of the famous Leicester stock of J. H. Smith, of Canada. Tempest found in a swale almost immediately after being put down, dropping in fine style at the rise of the bird. He continued in luck throughout, although a flush soon followed his bit of good fortune while working across a stubble. Strathroy showed excellent qualities throughout in staunchness, quartering, ranging, pace, etc., but he evidently lost his nose somewhere that day, for he flushed more birds, it is claimed by Mr. Sanborn, than in all his life before. He backed Tempest once when there was no bird; he made a false point; he pointed and dropped to wing when off duty, etc. Nevertheless, he wound up his score at the end and retired with two false points and three flushes for demerit. Jennie then came to the fore in place of Lily White, as she and Tempest, being owned by the same person (Mr. Sanborn, of Michigan) could not be run together. Tempest continued to do himself credit, as he had done before dinner, showing fine style, good nose and more good luck, and retired at 5:20, with three points and two flushes.

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given by the judges, Prairie Belle winning first prize and Tempest second:

NAME.	SCALE OF POINTS.										Total.
	Each Point in 5.	Back 10 to 100.	Style 1 to 10.	Quartermaster 1 to 10.	St. 1 to 10.	St. 1 to 10.	St. 1 to 10.	St. 1 to 10.	St. 1 to 10.	St. 1 to 10.	
Prairie Belle.....	20-4	20-4	20-4	20-4	20-4	20-4	20-4	20-4	20-4	20-4	45 1/2
Nellie.....	15-3	15-3	15-3	15-3	15-3	15-3	15-3	15-3	15-3	15-3	36 1/2
Tempest.....	10-2	10-2	10-2	10-2	10-2	10-2	10-2	10-2	10-2	10-2	30 1/2
Stratroy.....	10-2	10-2	10-2	10-2	10-2	10-2	10-2	10-2	10-2	10-2	30 1/2
Lucy White.....	10-2	10-2	10-2	10-2	10-2	10-2	10-2	10-2	10-2	10-2	30 1/2
Jennie.....	10-2	10-2	10-2	10-2	10-2	10-2	10-2	10-2	10-2	10-2	30 1/2

All things considered, the exhibit was most satisfactory, and the spectators were home convinced that they had seen some excellent work for puppies of that age. Sufficient credit, we think, is not given to the infants of the nursery class, for one is apt to forget the youthfulness of the performer, and to judge his performance by the work of old and experienced dogs. The beautiful creatures which it was our privilege to see showed the quality of their breeding, and the advocates of cross breeds will be pleased that both prizes were won by natives crossed by blue blood. We regretted that all the entries were Western, and that none came from east of Michigan.

Among the gentlemen present were Mr. Beaupre, President, and Messrs. Mulliken, Cantwell, Pendergast, Dilley, Davis and Ulme, members of the Kennel Club; Rowe, of Chicago Field; Swainson, of St. Paul; Rea, of St. Paul Pioneer; Rogers, artist for Harper's Weekly; Glidden, of Boston; J. Kellogg, Fish Commissioner of Michigan; Osgood Nichols, of Battle Creek, Michigan; Sanborn, of Michigan; Nelson, of Minnesota; Le Sasser, of New Orleans; Col. Cockrell, of Little Rock, Arkansas; Jones, of Iowa; Stoddard, of Iowa; Whitman, of Chicago; Hopkins Smith, of Maine; Chas. Hallock (FOREST AND STREAM), New York; Dr. Kinney, of Philadelphia; L. B. McFarland, of Tennessee, and in all some fifty representatives from fifteen different States.

Most of the persons named were lodged and admirably fed in some sixteen tents, which had been furnished by mine host, Chas. Benson, of St. Cloud, and most pleasantly located on the bank of Westport Lake, a pellucid body of clear water inhabited by black bass, and bordered by burr-oak groves and a pebbly shore. Two sloughs, connected with the lake, and the ducks flying to and from one body of water to the other, afforded excellent sport in the early morning and evening hours.

By the kind consideration of W. S. Alexander, Esq., freight and ticket agent of the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad, the sportsmen were furnished with round trip tickets from St. Paul to Sauk Centre and return, for \$5 each, and a box car free for dogs, implements, and impedimenta. Westport Lake, where the camp is located, is a fourteen-mile drive from the railroad station at Sauk Centre, over alternate prairie and timber land, and was a treat to those Eastern men who had never gazed on the lands of the Ojibwa and Dacotah before.

Mr. Beaupre, President of the Minnesota Kennel Club, as well as the Directors of the same, were unremitting in their attentions to guests, and the members of the sporting press especially, and all who came will wish to come again, no doubt.

SECOND DAY—Wednesday, September 11.—Weather cool, but sun warm and bright sky from sunrise to sunset. Wind west; a slight frost in the morning.

SECOND TRIAL.

Minnesota Kennel Club Stake for Puppies or Setters Under 15 Months. First prize, \$50; second, \$30; third, \$20. Entrance, \$5.

Entries as Drawn.	Owner.	Residence.
1..... Stratroy.	D. C. Sanborn.	Baltimore, Mich.
2..... Maggie May.	J. H. Whitman.	Chicago.
3..... Queen of the West.	S. J. Jones.	Marshalltown, Iowa.
4..... Jennie.	D. C. Sanborn.	Baltimore, Mich.
5..... Clipper.	J. H. Whitman.	Chicago.
6..... Daggrass.	S. P. French.	Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
7..... Lou.	D. C. Sanborn.	Baltimore, Mich.

Dan to Run a Bye—Judges, Messrs. Davidson, Mulliken and Whitford, as above.

NOTE.—Bluegrass is by Dennith's Dash out of C. F. Stevens' Di. Di: Queen of the West by Barnhard's Flash out of Blackburn's Diamond. Queen of the West was handled by C. F. Stevens, of Nevada, Iowa; Bluegrass was withdrawn, as appears in the report, on account of sore foot and distemper.

Wednesday was all that could be desired, the crowd having been considerably increased by prominent residents of the county (Polk) in which the trials are run, who were in carriages with their families. Scarcely a breath of air stirred. At 8 o'clock the dogs Stratroy and Maggie May were put down in a stubble field a mile from the camp and cast off, with the bright gleaming over the stems of the golden straw where the harvest had ripened.

Stratroy and Maggie May (entries 1 and 2), were put down in stubble at 7:30 a. m. Two covers rose wild and Mag was penalized for a flush. Thence into grass, where Stratroy scored 2 true and 1 false point; thence into the rag weeds (a species of tall weed which springs up on fallow land) where Stratroy scored another point; from thence into the main field of several hundred acres of stubble. Here Stratroy finished, and was taken up at 11:15. Mag meanwhile scored two flushes and two points, retiring at 10:20. Queen of the West then went in (10:20), and between the time when she was put down and taken up for dinner earned 3 true and 1 false point. Queen of the West belonged to Whitman, of Chicago, and was bred by George Waddington, of Iowa. Clipper entered at 11:40, and at dinner time (12:30), had penalized to a false point. Clipper had a pottering gait with ordinary style. Stratroy showed excellent quality throughout and good

style, pointing his birds staunchly, and deservedly earning the first prize which was awarded him. The Queen shows well with Stratroy, and both are dogs which a sportsman would like to own.

Jennie was put down at 11:15, showing wonderful exhibits of speed, style, and all that sort of thing, quartering beautifully, and was taken up at 11:40, having beat a 100 acre field and scored four good flushes in just 25 minutes.

The after-dinner run was not satisfactory, the birds very wild, and the opportunities to score few and far between. Dogs, judges, and spectators returned at a late hour, nearly the whole day having been occupied with the six puppies. Snap and Daisy went on at 6 o'clock, Snap taking a false point, and Daisy a point. Taken up at dark. The following score of points earned will indicate their relative merits as indicated by the trial:

NAME.	SCALE OF POINTS.										Total.
	Each Point in 5.	Back 10 to 100.	Style 1 to 10.	Quartermaster 1 to 10.	St. 1 to 10.	St. 1 to 10.	St. 1 to 10.	St. 1 to 10.	St. 1 to 10.	St. 1 to 10.	
Stratroy—1st prize.....	25	3	5	8	4	5	4	4	4	4	46
Maggie May—2d prize.....	20	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	37 1/2
Queen of West.....	20	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	37 1/2
Jennie (none run out).....	15	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	35 1/2
Clipper.....	15	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	35 1/2
Blue grass (drawn).....	10	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	33
Dan—3d prize.....	10	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	33

THIRD DAY—Thursday, September 12—C. A. M.—Bright and clear; light wind from southeast; cold, ice forming in pools one-fourth of an inch thick; 9 o'clock, wind south and light 12 m., clear and warm, wind light from south; 5 p. m., clear and windy.

THIRD TRIAL.

Entries for Puppies and Setters of All Ages.

First prize, \$50; second, \$30; third, \$20.	Owner.	Residence.
1..... Soap.	C. N. Nelson.	Sulawesi, Minn.
2..... Daisy.	G. Waddington.	Geneva, Iowa.
3..... Clipper.	C. H. Whitman.	Chicago.
4..... Jennie.	J. H. Sanborn.	Baltimore, Mich.
5..... Friend.	E. F. Stoddard.	Dayton, Ohio.
6..... Queen of the West.	S. S. Jones.	Marshalltown, Iowa.
7..... Ranger.	S. B. Diley.	Lake City, Minn.
8..... Jet.	J. S. Jones.	Marshalltown, Iowa.
9..... Nellie.	C. H. Sanborn.	Baltimore, Mich.
10..... Countess May.	C. H. Whitman.	Chicago.
11..... Countess Loyal.	S. B. Diley.	Lake City, Minn.
12..... Stratroy.	C. H. Sanborn.	Baltimore, Mich.
13..... Jack.	J. H. Hotchkiss.	Hastings, Mich.

Snap and Daisy put down in stubble at 8:20. Snap taken up at 9:25, having concluded her score from Wednesday night with 1 flush and 4 points to her credit, and Jet put down in place of Clipper. Daisy made a point in stubble, and a point and a flush in grass. Jet put in a point in grass. Daisy scores a fine point, and in five minutes afterward another which took her up at 10 a. m. Clipper down at 10:10. Jet scores a second point and then a third, showing fine style and roading. Here Queen of the West was led up to take her privilege on backing to decide second place on puppy stakes, and for a third time refused to back, which refusal gave second prize to Dan, Sanborn's puppy. Clipper now scores a point, and retrieves his bird in fine style. A false point in stubble for Jet. Jet is a fine steady worker, but rather slow, raised in Pennsylvania and Iowa on quail. Again a false point for Jet. No business done for an hour. Then a false point for Jet (12:15), and directly afterward a fine point for a finish, and take up. At 12:20 Jennie put down. At 12:25 a bird up and a penalty for a flush for Jennie, and a chase for Clipper. A little later a false point for Jennie. At 1:50 adjourned for dinner.

The Minnesota boys, the old hunters, rough-riders and big luns of the "water and smoke country" seem somewhat disappointed with the Field Trials. They supposed that the dogs were to be run in the same style as they are ordinarily run on a chicken hunt; that is, they were to "skin out" over the rolling prairie, find and point, while the sportsmen remained in their hunting wagons, following the dogs until it was time to light and get down on the covey with their guns. On the field trials, as imported from the East, they "allow" that the breakers and handlers work and find for the dogs, which is decidedly *vice versa*. The handlers of the dogs on trial lead the dogs in leash out upon what appears to be good chicken ground, and then cast off, and the dogs begin to work. The three judges, flag-bearer, and reporters follow closely on foot, or in wagon, if long distances occur between the proper localities for hunting, and the retinue of spectators follow after in wagons and on foot, "at least 75 yards from the judges," as the regulation requires. Then the propensities of the dog on trial are closely scanned, and if his tail stiffens perceptibly it is a "sign." Should a bird get up, a point is scored; if not, a demerit is scored, and the dog is penalized for a defective nose. Generally the birds are in coveys or in packs (a pack is a large gang), and if not wild, get up singly, and in twos or threes, at considerable intervals of time, so that a dog has sometimes an opportunity to score his five points very soon. If the birds are wild, often a whole day is required. There are besides these points, points of merit and demerit, and it depends upon how a dog quarters, roads, or trails, winds, drops, or whether he runs wild, chases a bird, flushes, etc., whether he is adjudged to be a good dog—in the opinion of the judges. Of course the owners and handlers *always* differ, if a dog fails to make his score, because he always works better on real business. He is not surrounded by a posse of wagons and men, and distracted by his master slowing him up to a funk bird by the tail, even if he be a puppy (puppies are not entered on field trials wholly green). He usually hears a gun shot when a bird rises, if not he considers his labor wasted and takes to heel, or puts out for home. He does not understand why he hears no gun go off,

sees no birds drop, and is never called upon to seek down and fetch. Like the new convert he may think well of the efficacy of silent prayer, but he has better belief in the loud amen. For these and many other reasons best understood by experienced hunters, and mentioned here only for benefit of the uninitiated, the old hunters of Minnesota, as we have remarked, are rather inclined to look upon these field trials as popinjay affairs, which may do very well for the East, but are of no account on these "perairies," and so, after the first day satisfied their curiosity, they began to branch off in all directions with their "outfits" (and some of them are certainly most completely "heeled," and bring back wagon loads of ducks and chickens, with an occasional hawk or owl plucked at long range from the wagon on a jump. By the way, hawks are very often killed because they kill so many chickens. It is surprising what big bags these rough-riders do bring! There is old Cal. Ulme, the brave Colquhoun of the 2d Minnesota, Col. Pendergast, with his prairie schooner, Col. S. L. Davis, Big John Neilson, and all that crown. M. Beaupre, the President of the Club, bestows some considerable attention to the trials by virtue of his office and proper courtesy to the managers of the field trials, but he frequently drops out with Sol, or some other one of the crowd, and goes off to the "slews" and ridges, and brings home a box load of trophies.

With the Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan men, the field trials are more appreciated; and perhaps one of these days we shall have rules and trials adapted not only to America's requirements but to the different wide sections of America. As at present formed, the rules are too limited for our Minnesota scope of country; and so, perhaps, we shall continue to hear many expressions of dissatisfaction from various quarters until the result of wisdom manifests itself. And this is about all the comment I can make upon the Minnesota Field Trials. It was my first intention to describe the maneuvers (work) of the dogs in dog vernacular, from the moment they were put down and cast off adieu until taken up at the end of the run—that is, to use only the flash terms of the kennel glossary, but I shall rest here, and leave this duty to others to whom they are more familiar.

IN THE NEW YORK DOG POUND.

IN our issue of last week there appeared a short paragraph in regard to the dog pound in New York. These few lines attracted the attention of a correspondent in Boston, who in a most pleasant letter threw himself on our sympathies, requesting us to go to the pound and select a dog for him. The margin of choice was ample, "a young dog, Scotch or Skye terrier, spaiel or pointer—such a dog was to be saved from an ignoble death, and would be provided with a good home and good treatment—the children were to play with him."

The letter touched us from the kindly feeling it displayed, and yesterday we made a pilgrimage to the dog Golgotha. The New York dog pound is situated at the foot of Sixteenth street and the East River. You approach it through the extensive works of a gas company, huge piles of coal towering upon both sides of the street give the no-thoroughfare a possibly sinister appearance, great big iron cars rush automatically overhead through the air, suspended in ropes, and dump their black contents in a wet way, with a noise like thunder. As we went our way along the street we can see, however, that sympathies for the poor brutes are quite evident. Here come a couple of German women, their broad faces beaming with smiles. Not less gleeful is a third personage, quite a fair black and tan terrier, who, attached by a chain, is an important factor in the group. That dog has been saved. He seems to appreciate the situation. He does not tug on the chain, but walks along happily but not boisterously. Occasionally he turns around and gives his mistress a thankful look with his hazel eyes. His coat is filthy, he has been thrown in with all the mean, low-down curs that the city vomits into the pound. When he gets home he will, we trust, be washed and cleansed, and will be kept from straying. It has cost these poor Germans, for they are working people, three dollars to save their dog from a watery grave. Another party follows, Germans again, for it is a neighborhood of Teutons. This time their pet has not been found. They gesticulate. The man looks in an agony of grief, and the women are crying. We came at last to a low building on which there jutted out into the street a wooden sign, with the ominous words painted on it "Dog Pound." Before us trips a comely girl of seventeen. She has a basket on her arm. We enter with her. "Oh, sir," she says to a guardian, "such a pretty dog, mother can't come. The loss of our poor Minna has made her sick. Can't I go in and look for Minna? She is small—and so pretty—and is black, with gray hair—and she has no hair on the top of her head (we repress the irreverent inclination to add "in the place where the hair ought to grow," and she has been lost since this morning." The poor girl showed her love for the little doggy in her face.

"Come in the pound and you can see," replies the dog-pound master unmoved, and on this we both enter. The place is not a savory one. It is disgusting, as to odors, enough to make one sick. The smallest quantity of some disinfecting fluid might be used to the greatest advantage, and we can see no reason why the city authorities do not provide it. The kennel was, however, fairly clean. Where there are many dogs there is much yelping, for dogs like yelping in dog shows or in dog pounds. But this

yelping had a different sound. It was a piteous cry, one of canine grief and agony. The room is divided into kennels of convenient size. On the left side of the building is a long alley, where miscellaneous dogs are luddled together. Such a wretched, miserable assemblage of dogs, with one single exception, we never saw. Off crosses from spitz dogs predominated: some few were fat and gross, but the majority were lean and miserable; innumerable poor brutes were mangy. As we mounted on a kennel overlooking the motley assemblage, contemptible as were the dogs as to breed, a feeling of pity was uppermost in our mind. As we gazed on them, many a poor wistful pair of eyes were turned on us. Inquisitive, far, deep seeking eyes were they, which seemed to say, "For pity's sake, keep us from death! Are you my master? No, you are not; but for goodness sake find my owner, and tell him what a sorry plight I am in; and bid him come—quick, quick—and save me." There is a joyful cry from the young girl along side of us, who has climbed on the top of a kennel. "There is Mina—our Mina! There, there—get her quick! Poor old thing." We see a miserable cur on which the pretty girl's affections are centered, and a little trembling brute is fished out by an attendant, who delivers it to the girl, who puts the dazed Mina into her basket. The dog is mangy, not worth three cents, but the pretty girl would not take a thousand dollars for it. Since the dog is then saved, we volunteer to the comely lass some advice as to how Mina's mange is to be cured, and, with a winning smile, the girl trips away to the clerk's office, where she pays her three dollars (may be the money she had saved to buy her a new dress) and then she goes on her way rejoicing. With a really saddened heart we look again at the dogs. There is but one animal worth anything, and that is a spotted coach dog. But he shows age, and is possibly eight or ten years old. There are fully 300 dogs in the house. We ask how many are redeemed, and are told but a very small percentage. Dogs remain in durance forty-eight hours, then if not reclaimed are drowned. We look at the instrument of death—an iron cage hung from a crane, which can be swung into the river and then lowered, and we thought it a merciful way of concluding the sad business. The cage fits exactly into one of the long alleys, and one side being opened, the dogs are swept into it, and thus go to their long home. Of course the man with the flintiest heart must have some sympathy for these poor brutes. Still ninety-nine one-hundredths of them are perfectly worthless creatures and encumber the earth. We found no dog which we could save from death, and our errand of mercy, we regret to say, came to naught.

MORE CURRENT JOTTINGS BY A STRAY DOG.

IT'S a poor dog that cannot wash his own tail....Every well ordered kennel should have a bay window and a Skye-parlor....There is a dog, "out West," who keeps his master's household supplied with fish. Thrifty pickering in one day is a fair average catch for him. He came originally from Terra del Fuego, where the people live almost exclusively upon what they can fish up out of the sea. The dogs are taught to bark and flounder about in the bays and creeks, thus driving the fish into shallow water to be caught by the fair Fuzgen maidens....Scotch dogs are very moral canines. No Newfoundland dog trainer "need apply whose ability and character will not bear the strictest inquiry"...."Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home." Byron never had his pants mutilated as he was climbing over the back fence or he would not have written that....Correct information wanted concerning Bismarck dog Sultan. There are two stories current at present:

Last year, when Bismarck's favorite dog, Sultan, was dying, he watched beside the poor animal with such manifestly deep sorrow that Count Herbert, the Prince's eldest son, at last endeavored to get his father away. The Prince took a few steps toward the dog, but on looking back, his eyes met those of his old friend. "No, leave me alone," he said, and he returned to poor Sultan. When the dog was dead, Bismarck turned to a friend who was standing near, and said: "Those old German forefathers of ours had a kind religion. They believed that, after death, they would meet again in the celestial hunting grounds all the good dogs that had been their faithful companions in life. I wish I could believe that." Bismarck's love for his dogs can be traced back to his earliest youth, and a little boy does not in the least resemble the commonplace liking most people are able to feel for some pet animal. It is a real affection, deeply rooted in his large heart. Very fine. The other story goes:

Bismarck, at last accounts, intended parting with his big dog Sultan. The animal, while devouring his ration of meat, was troubled by a bone in his throat, which seemed to give him pain. The Princess Bismarck immediately began slapping the dog's neck in order to facilitate the passage of the bone, but Sultan, being very much out of humor, and not understanding the demonstration, rushed at his mistress and knocked her down. The bone disabled him from biting, or she might have been much hurt. So long as Sultan bit the servants or strangers Bismarck had no fault to find, but an attack upon a member of his own family necessitated the banishment of his trusty companion and protector.

This Sultan has or had, it will be remembered, very strong religious and political prejudices. Here is another dog who has antipathies:

Monsieur Capel, whose portrait is drawn in "Lothian" under the title of Monsieur Catesby, was a Catholic dog, to whom Charles Warren Stoddard was recently introduced at Cedar Villa, the former home of Mr. Stoddard. When the San Francisco traveler was formally presented Beppo put out a paw and saluted the visitor with a short, low bark. "Beppo,"

said Monsieur, "here is a mouthful with the compliments of Bismarck." A huge bit of cake was placed under the nose of the dog, who refused even to look at it. Being urged to eat it, he turned away and retreated in the deepest disgust. "The Pope sends it," cried Beppo's master, and the words were scarcely uttered when the cake disappeared in a flash. "These cheers for the Pope," cried the host. Beppo sprang to a table under a fine portrait of the Pope, put his forepaws upon it and barked thrice with enthusiasm. Nor would the dog, who bore upon his collar this legend, "Beppo, Friend and Protector," quit the room, although ordered to do so, until Monsieur had passed out before him.

The fine large Newfoundland dog of the well-known grocer of Mamaronock, being stung by the wasps, sought him out the abutment of a railroad bridge, whence he plunged in, shoved his nose under the water and died. So perished the "valuable and intelligent" Newfoundland of the well-known grocer of Mamaronock....The meanest dog that ever walked on four legs knows the difference between a dog and a rabbit. That's more than some men know:

In England, the other day, a lecturer on natural history was called upon to pay for a live rabbit which he had in a basket in a railway carriage, and which the ticket collector said would be charged the same as a dog. The lecturer vainly explained that he was going to use the rabbit in illustration of a lecture he was about to give in a provincial town, and, indignantly taking a small live tortoise from his pocket, said, "You'll be telling me next that this is a dog, and that I must pay for it also." The ticket-taker went for superior orders, and on his return delivered this lecture on natural history: "Cats is dogs, rabbits is dogs, but a tortois is a hinsect." The professor had to pay dog fare for the rabbit.

WHAT A DOG IS WORTH.—*Huntingdon, Tenn., Sept. 9.*—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A dog case was tried in the Circuit Court at Huntingdon on the 6th inst., which developed the following facts: On the 21st of December, 1877, a brass band wagon had been perambulating the streets of the town. Manuel Hampton, a colored man, was driving. He was the owner of a yellow cur dog which was playfully running around after the band. As the band was returning to Court Square, Hampton got out and passed through the courtyard. As he passed in at the south gate his dog likewise passed in, and the gate closed behind them. Hampton moved in, and passed out at the north gate, the gate closing behind him, leaving the dog on the inner side. He paid no further attention to his dog until he discovered him in the agonies of death. The proof disclosed that between the gate post and the fence there was a crack, narrow at the bottom and inclining to the top. One of the witnesses discovered the dog hanging in the crack in a precarious condition, and called to E. Strange, a saloon-keeper, to go and "get his dog." It was, perhaps, five minutes before Strange went to his relief. He states "that he was hanging by the neck, and that he raised him up, and let him fall on the inner side of the fence." The dog for a time appeared lifeless, but soon commenced to kick and foam at the mouth, and to bite at the ground. A witness had never seen a mad dog, but supposed he acted like a mad dog. Several parties came up, and the cry of "mad dog" was raised, and the Town Marshal was called for. He soon came, and, upon the advice of the by-standers, shot the dog. A man then handed him a billet of wood, with which he finished him. This man testified that he had seen several dogs with rabies, and that the dog in question appeared to be affected as they were. He said that he had seen him attack a mad dog, such dogs would be worth about one dollar and a half." On cross-examination he testified that he had neither bought nor sold a car-load of dogs, and did not know how many it would take to make a car-load, and could not state if a car-load would be worth \$1.50, what one dog would be worth. G. C. Giles first saw the dog in the dilemma, and was the man that called Strange to relieve him, though he thought the dog was fastened just back of the thresholds. His testimony hardly materially differ from Strange's statement as to the action of the dog after he had been loosened. The other witnesses testified that they saw the dog, and thought that he was mad. Licurgus McCracken testified that he lived near Hampton's house, and knew the dog. He was accustomed to go with and take care of Hampton's children. He would bark at people passing by, but he had never seen him attack people in the alley near the house, but had never known him to bite any one. He was worth ten dollars. Hampton testified that his dog was valuable; there was nothing the matter with him that evening; his peculiar action was only caused by reason of his being choked down. The dog was worth twenty-five dollars, though he would not have had him killed for any amount of money. The counsel for the prosecution introduced as a witness Attorney-General R. A. Pierce, who testified that he was somewhat of a dog man and knew something of the worth of dogs. He placed the value of good dogs as ranging from fifty dollars to one thousand dollars. The dog in controversy was not of his kind of dog, though he was brought up on a farm and knew our dogs to be very valuable to a farmer. If this dog had been taught to mind the children of Hampton, and did so, he was a very valuable dog and would be worth a considerable sum of money to the owner. The evidence of the value of the dog was voluminous and variable. His Honor Judge Ayres charged the jury: "That a right of property in dogs was settled question in Tennessee. That if the proof established that Christenberry had killed Hampton's dog, and should then stop, Hampton would be entitled to recover in damages the worth of the dog, whatever the proof might show that to be. But the plea of justification was admissible, and if it appeared from the proof that the dog had been, or that he was, vicious or dangerous, and in the habit of biting people on the street, then the defendant was justified in killing him, and the plaintiff could not recover damages." The jury retired, and, after deliberation, returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for ten dollars. This verdict carried with it the cost of suit, which will probably reach fifty dollars. A motion for a new trial was ably argued by counsel for the defendant, which was by the court overruled. His Honor stated that the issue had been submitted to a jury in a charge of which the defendant could not complain, and that under the circumstances he did not feel justified in disturbing their verdict.

H.

WARTS ON POPPIES.—A correspondent, "S. H.," writes us as follows: Somebody has asked you how to cure warts on a puppy's lips. My puppy, at the age of nine months, had about half a dozen, that was two months ago, and they have now come

off entirely, although I did nothing to them. I advise him not to trouble himself about them.

We have known warts to disappear of their own accord in time, but this is not always the case, and sometimes caustic is necessary.

NAMES CLAIMED.—Mr. C. J. Stoddard, of Washington, D. C., claims the name of Grand Duddess for his Gordon bitch out of Malcomb's Malcomb and Bothchelder's Bella. Whelped May 10.

"ROZE."—The name claimed for Mr. O. L. Whitman, of Detroit, for his liver and white bitch mentioned in our last issue, should have been Roze, and not Rose.

—Mr. H. P. Doitch, of Goldsboro, N. C., claims the following names for the pups whelped by his red Irish bitch, Gussie, out of Tate & Hobart's Gie, July 28, 1878: Sam Royall, property of J. F. Doitch, Goldsboro, N. C.; Dan No., property of Capt. Sam Hodges Portsmouth, Va.; Shot No., property of Arnold Borden, Goldsboro, N. C.; Doitch, property of T. D. Gillespie, Columbia, S. C.; Pansy (bitch), property of H. P. Doitch, Goldsboro.

VISITS.—Will, first prize pup at the N. Y. Bench Show, 1878, the property of E. F. Mercilliot, 186 Broome street, N. Y., served the celebrated bitch, Julia, the property of E. E. Hale, both red and white native English.

—Pet, E. F. Mercilliot's native English setter bitch, visited Theo Morford's Don, at Newton, N. J., Aug. 23, 1878.

Dachting and Boating.

HIGH WATER FOR THE WEEK.

Date.	Boston.	New York.	Charleston.
Sept 10.....	5 09	1 46	2 19
Sept 21.....	6 10	2 47	3 20
Sept 22.....	1 23	3 59	4 31
Sept 23.....	5 17	5 05	6 28
Sept 24.....	9 05	6 09	6 18
Sept 25.....	9 51	7 09	7 29
Sept 26.....	10 46	7 33	7 41

THE EASTERN YACHT CLUB.

BOSTON, Sept. 13, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

The fall regatta of the Eastern Yacht Club came off on the 11th, after being postponed from the 4th, on account of an easterly storm. The morning was hazy, with a light air from the E. N. E., which strengthened as the day went on, and it blew hard in the afternoon. There was a good show of yachts at the start. The *Halcyon* did not put in appearance as expected, much to the disappointment of the *Foam* and *America*, especially the latter, as her sailing master says the owner of the *Halcyon* has made statements concerning the sailing of his boat and the *America* which are not correct, and he was there ready to sail with him and prove them so. Considerable curiosity was aroused on the judges' boat before the start by an ensign displayed in the main rigging of the *Brenda*. It was found, however, as she drew up across the line that she had no member on board, the rules of the club requiring that a competing yacht should have such a one on board. After a short deliberation she was sent on her way, but could not have taken any prize had she won it. The start was as follows:

FIRST-CLASS SCHOONERS.

Names.	Owners.	Length.	n. m. s.
Magie.....	J. Spaulding.....	51 03	11 07 50
Foam.....	T. B. Peckham.....	51 00	11 08 36
Rebecca.....	C. H. Joy.....	60 75	11 10 20
Brenda.....	J. L. Little.....	61 02	11 10 00

SECOND-CLASS SCHOONERS.

Fearless.....	E. B. Phillips.....	54 15	11 13 57
Latona.....	D. P. Pickett.....	55 00	11 14 04
Anna.....	David Piquette.....	47 00	11 13 42
Dream.....	G. S. Curtis.....	43 00	11 10 00

SMALL-CLASS SCHOONERS.

Shadow.....	John Hyman.....	33 50	11 14 45
White Cap.....	J. M. Forbes.....	35 00	11 15 50

The *Magie* was the first to cross the line, and was closely followed by the *Foam*. The race really in the first-class centered in these two, and they hung on to each other all through the day, there only being five minutes difference between them at the end of the race, by actual time, making a gain of three minutes for the *Magie*. The thrash down to Half Rock was done in the same order as above, but in the long run across to Harding's Ledge, before the wind, there was a slight change. The *Fearless*, which had gained on the big schooners in the beat down, held her own. The *Rebecca*, *Latona*, *White Cap* and *Brenda* closed up the gap considerably. The latter schooner made fine sailing here and passed *White Cap* and *Latona*, and closed on *Rebecca*. The latter, however, started two staysails, one above the other, which, according to the rules of the club, would rule her out of the race had any one protested. In rounding Harding *Magie*, *Foam* and *Fearless* were close together, but on the thrash back *Magie* proved too much for *Foam* and came in leading boat. *Rebecca* and *Brenda* rounded neck and neck, but the former gained on the latter on the way home, as the wind was heavier for the smaller schooner. They were followed by *Latona*, *Shadow*, *White Cap* and *Dream*, the latter giving up here as she had not rounded Halfway Rock, and had been virtually out of the race for some time. The actual and corrected times are given as follows:

Yacht.	Act. time.	Cor. time.
Magie.....	4 48 30	4 37 35
Foam.....	4 53 18	4 42 16
Brenda.....	5 08 53	4 58 23
Rebecca.....	5 05 15	4 48 37
Latona.....	4 55 15	4 44 16
Dream.....	Gave up.	
Anna.....	5 15 37	5 09 17
Shadow.....	5 29 46	5 20 31
White Cap.....	5 20 21	5 20 21

Mangle takes first money for first-class schooners, *Fearless* for second-class schooners, and *Shadow* for second-class sloops. *Foam* and *Leisea* had a private flag up between them, *Foam* giving her rival twenty minutes allowance. *Rebecca* takes the prize if the owner of *Foam* makes no objection to her having carried two stayalls. The steamer *Governor Andrew* was on hand, but the day was not one for ladies, and there were but few people on board. The *Feder B. Bradley* was used for the judges, who were as follows: Messrs. W. M. Whitney, John Jeffries, R. H. Stevenson and George A. Giddard. As neither *Wayward* nor *Enterprise* put in an appearance there was no race for first-class sloops.

CRUIZERS.

YACHTING NEWS.

SAN FRANCISCO YACHT CLUB.—The life lately infused into this organization seems to be of a lasting character, and the amateurs of the Golden Gate have exhibited good staying qualities. Squadron cruises follow each other in rapid succession, and the amount of actual sailing put in by the members will compare favorably with anything we do in the East. *Clara*, a New York model, and *Emerald*, built at San Francisco, are likely to be matched. Our friends out there claim—and we think justly so—that the skimming dish craft of Eastern waters are no match for the more powerful model in vogue among builders of the Pacific coast—at least, not in the still breezes and lumpy water they have out there. So far, we believe, *Clara* has not shown herself equal to the large displacement yachts native to California waters.

CHICAGO YACHT CLUB.—This club called its annual regatta on Lake Michigan, September 6 and 7. Course for first class, around the "crib" and return. Won by *Cora* in 4h. 29m. 16s., beating *Greyhound*. In second class, *Ina* had a walk-over. In third class, *Peri* won in 4h. 16m. 45s., beating *Goodenough*, *Karus*, *Southwind*, *Zephyr*, *No-name*, and *Sym-latski*. In fourth class, course twelve miles to windward and return. *Harus* won, beating *No-name*, *Plebeian*, *Fanchon*, *Leila*, *Zephyr*, *Mischief* and *Undine*. A skill race followed won by *American Girl* in 1h. 36m. 55s., over a five-mile course.

OAR AND PADDLE.

THE RASIN RIVER NAVY.

The Rasin River Navy held its fourth annual regatta on this historic stream on the 5th, and it proved a pleasant and enjoyable affair. The navy is composed of the Floral City, Amateur and Shoe-wax-cette boat clubs, who own about twelve boats, four and six-oars, single and double-sculls, and one eight-oared barge. Boating on the Rasin has not been extensively indulged in as a pastime previous to five years ago. Not until four years ago have any of the clubs attained any prominence as racing organizations. The first victory was by Shoe-wax-cettes in 1884, at Toledo, in a regatta of the N. A. R. A., when they not only attracted attention by this victory, but by their extraordinary style of rowing, which soon became the butt of all sporting editors and correspondents. They have since, as all the world knows, compelled, by their wonderful progress in style and speed, universal admiration wherever rowing is followed.

The success of this crew, no doubt, had much to do with the increased interest and enthusiasm in other members of the navy, and practice among them all was lively, and many subsequent successes, not least that of Bowlsby at Newark, on the Passaic, has entitled Monroe to a claim of being one of the prominent boating centres of the country. The last regatta, that of yesterday, was not intended to be projected as an affair of general importance, though invitations to few clubs were issued to join them in a social and friendly meeting here at their home. The Centennials of Detroit; Wyandotte, of Wyandottill, and Undines, of Toledo, responded with some of their best oarsmen, and full turnouts by Monroe clubs made a most respectable showing.

This river is wide enough at the point where the regatta took place to allow of big crews to row safely, but the water is always smooth, and the course a good one, with the exception of one rather sharp bend, which, a half mile down stream, shuts off the view from the grand stand. The attendance yesterday was very large, fully 2,000 people witnessing the races, who represented the very best of Monroe's excellent people, with some liberal sprinkling from Detroit, Toledo, Adrian, Saginaw, and smaller nearby towns.

The first race for four-oared shells. Entries: Floral City of Monroe—Crew: Fred G. Bulkley, G. S. Willets, Jas. F. Grant, J. C. Sterling. Undines, of Toledo—Crew: J. G. Kane, J. W. Hickman, J. T. Marrow, E. J. Standard. Centennials, of Detroit—Crew: J. C. Possilius, J. Schafer, A. Stegmeyer, P. Keeler. Amateurs, of Monroe—Crew: J. Durell, A. V. Diefenbaugh, A. O'Reilly, G. W. Bowlsby. Course one mile and return and six-oared shells, and one-oared mile and return. The first trial heat was between the Florals and Undines. This was a closely contested race, and though not very fast time was made, owing to a mistake in getting out of the course by the Undines it was an interesting contest; and won by the Florals in 14m. 44s.; time of the Undines, 16m. The next heat was between the Centennials and Amateurs.

This race bid fair to be exceedingly interesting, the start being even and the first half mile well contested and exciting. At the "canal" the Centennials led and were out in the stream to clear the return, forcing off the amateurs who damaged their steering apparatus and gave up the race. They claimed no foul, the Centennials being in their own water. The Centennials rounded the stake and kept on at their usual speed, reaching the winning line in 14:47.

Although two other races intervened before the final heat was rowed, the result of that contest between the Centennials and Floral City is given here. Their start was very fair, but on the way down the Florals showed bad steering. The Centennials reached their stake first, and were almost around before the others came up. At that moment the Floral City held with their port oars, the Centennials did likewise, but the radius of the circle described by the respective boats overlapped and the Centennials ran the bow of their boat over upon the quarter of the Floral City's shell, sliding up and over-riding it. They hung together; one backed water, the other pulled ahead, and after a minute or two the boats were cleared. Judges Soper and Calloun, who were close by on the steam yacht *Perkins*, agreed that there was technically no foul, each boat being within its own proper course. The Centennials then started a wide and hard, but to work for it, rowing at times forty-six strokes to the minute, while their competitors pulled forty-four. The Centennials came in first in 14:10, winning the heat and the prize. The Floral City crew capsized just as they came opposite the grand stand.

The race for single sculls, one-half mile and return, was

between G. W. Bowlsby, of Monroe, the young rower who won such laurels on the Passaic recently, and Mr. Van Nie man, of Toledo, who, simply to make a race, undertook to pull as a substitute for H. B. Taylor. Bowlsby made the mile in 9:36 without the least pretense of exerting himself. He is a fine oarsman, and all present would have been glad had he worked for a good time record.

The double scull race, one-half mile and return, was between S. J. Lawrence and H. W. Stone, of the Wyandotte crew, and H. B. Taylor and J. G. Kane, of the Undines. Nothing particularly distinguished it, except the poor steering and worse turn of the Undines, who, when at the lower stake, lost considerable starting time, and finally abandoned the contest. The race was awarded to the Wyandotte crew in 7:00. The six-oared crew, with Bowlsby substituted for Joseph Nadeau, presented a fine appearance, and show a much more finished style of rowing than formerly characterized them. The mile was made in 6:30.

The six-oared shell race, one mile and return, was between the Undine crew, of Toledo, Taylor, Hepburn, Standard, Merrill, Acklin and Kane, and the Floral City crew, Bulkley, Willits, A. Grant, Wing, J. F. Grant and Sterling. The race was a perfectly level one, the Floral City crew, characterized by good steering and more equality between the crews. The Floral City crew won in 13:33.

The day's sports concluded with a working boat race of one mile, in which Lazette and Vinier were the winners in eleven minutes, and a tub-race between two lads, won by Frederick Rochester.

In the evening a reception was held at the hotel, the speakers were the Mayor, a purse of about \$400 was presented to the Sho-wax-cette crew. The prizes were also presented to the winning crews for all: Centennials, four-oared shells, silver ice pitcher; Wyandottes' pair, silver goblet; Floral City, silver water service. The following are the officers having charge of the regatta: Commodore, W. P. Sterling; Vice-Commodore, Moses Nadeau; Signal Officer, W. C. Sterling; Judges, H. J. Soper, Detroit; W. B. Calloun, East Saginaw; Starter, Joseph Nadeau; Timekeeper, E. H. Conant; M. A. Noble, Monroe; Referee, E. D. Price, Detroit.

Monroe, Mich., Sept. 6.

THE "EXILES" OF FAIRMOUNT.—St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 10.—One of the most interesting events which occurred here during the Fair week was the entertainment given to the "Exile" boat crew by the Minnesota Boat Club, of St. Paul, consisting of a series of aquatic contests and a dinner. The Exiles are a set of exiles, whose fate is the saddest, most of whom have been settled at Fairmount for the past four years. They are enthusiastic sportsmen, and contributed greatly to the various attractions of the Fair by their hurdle races, fox-chases, jack rabbit coursing and other field sports more common in England than America, appearing on the field en *grande tenue*, in full panoply of boots, spurs, breeches, etc. One of the most prominent of these gentlemen is S. Colquhoun, of Dunbartonshire, Scotland, whose father is the Earl of Eglinton, and has many of the finest estates in Scotland. They are familiar works on field sports. The Minnesota Boat Club comprises some fifty members, selected from among the best citizens of St. Paul, many of whom are college graduates. They own, individually and collectively, some twenty barges and shells, and occupy a commodious and very charmingly located house on an island in the Mississippi River, upon which race boats of all kinds are housed in the club's shed, with West St. Paul. The view from the club house grounds is very romantic, while from the centre of the lofty bridge above it is far reaching, and commands the entire distance of the course run by competing boats. The leading aquatic event was a race between a select four of the Exiles and a picked four of the Minnesota Club. The latter won easily in 13m. 18s., and having no other contests to run, the English rowers were unfamiliar with the current. The names of Exiles were: G. Sharpe, stroke; C. Sharpe, A. Lyon, S. Colquhoun, bow. Of the Minnesotas, F. B. Jilson, C. P. Marvin, W. H. Hyndman, H. M. Butler. A race between two four-oared boats of the club followed. At 9 a. m. the Exiles and a number of strangers, including the writer, were most agreeably entertained at supper, with the usual toasts and excellent refreshments, which closed the day. The club was founded in 1871. May success attend it.

COURTNEY HANLAN.—The latest hitch in the attempt to bring these two oarsmen together has luckily been brought to a successful understanding. The race over the Lachine course, near Montreal, is to be for the championship of America after all, and on this condition the money for the event will be subscribed by the citizens of that place. Courtney does not much fancy the idea of pulling in a match in which the loser is to receive a cinder, but seems to have finally consented to the arrangement, as it was high time he accepted some sort of terms. The Lachine course is not very suitable for the event, as the water is liable to be rough, especially so in October; and the point made that Hanlan is more at home in a lop than Courtney is worthy of consideration to those proposing to invest upon the result. Sir Hugh Allen is chairman of the Citizens' Committee who are to manage the affair in Montreal. We are inclined to consider both men pretty well matched in the coming race, with the odds slightly in favor of Hanlan, owing to his familiarity with rough-water pulling, and Courtney's recent illness, which seems to be more or less chronic. Both oarsmen will use cedar boats, by Judge Elliott, of Greenpoint, L. I. Hanlan has had two ships built, one 30ft. 9in. long, 10½in. wide, and 6½in. deep, weight 80 lbs., the other 30ft. long, 11½in. wide, and 5½in. deep. He will fly both, and select the one he fancies best. Should the water be rough, he will pull in the shorter and wider of the two. Courtney's craft has been sent on to Auburn. It is 30ft. long, 11½in. wide, and 5½in. deep, weight 80 lbs. Rules of the N. A. A. O. will be observed. Coaching prohibited. Referee, James Harding, Esq., of St. John, N. B.

CRESCENT BOAT CLUB OF NEWARK.—This is the name of a new organization, brought to life through the recent regatta of the National Association being held on the Passaic. A pity the members could not have selected a name not quite so hacknosed, and one more appropriate. The club held its first annual regatta on the Passaic, Sept. 9. First heat, single sculls, won by H. Miller in 16m. 20s., beating R. A. Learned. Second heat, won by D. Demarest in 16m, beating E. C. Nichols. Final heat won by Miller. Double scull race, first heat, won by H. Miller and A. Learned in 10m. 55s., beating J. Butterfield and E. Nichols. Second heat, won by E. C. Nichols and E. Clarence. Third heat, D. Demarest and W. Breath. Final heat, won by Miller and Learned in 10m. 50s. W. B. Russell, judge; T. D. Palmer, referee, and R. K. Clark, timekeeper.

"I."—In a private letter to a friend, President White, of Cornell University, speaking of American successes at the Paris Exposition, says: "In regard to several exhibits, they the presidents of the class juries presented their reports, they

went into exclamations of surprise over the recent revelations of American energy and industry. One of them especially declared that if America went on as she at present is going, in regard to the paper manufacture, she would soon have control of the European markets, instancing more particularly the new applications of this industry in the United States. I only wish we could have had one of those paper boats present, such as that in which our Cornell boys beat Harvard the other day. That would have completed the tableau." Exactly, if Americans only knew enough to push their wares in foreign climes, including paper boats, dull times would soon cease altogether. There is a vast field for paper boats abroad, and if Messrs. Waters & Sons, the sole owners of the patents under which such boats are manufactured, are themselves so busy with American orders that they must turn away customers from their doors, why not make arrangements with pure and simple Americans to take the process of manufacture too much wrapped up in ourselves altogether. We hide our light under a bushel. Paper boats, which have come into such general use in this country, are as yet hardly known to exist abroad, and it was only recently that some of our English cousins went into raptures over the old-dug out of the Shoes at Henley. What would they say to one of Waters' latest ships?

LAKE HOPATONG ROWING.—In the double scull race for the championship of Lake Hopatong, N. J., rowed September 7, J. M. Moore and N. Murphy, of Newark, 4½h., beating J. M. Gileudy and Z. Lozier and E. Barnes and H. C. Speddy.

RACING ON THE PASSAIC.—James McClintchy, of Newark, defeated Michael Feely, of Jersey City, over a three mile and a half course, on the Passaic River, Sept. 7. Time, 23m.

RELIEF FOR THE SOUTH.—The Mystic Boat Club, of Newark, has sent the sum of \$50 to the relief fund for the South, an example which might well be followed by all other organizations.

TERRIBLE DEARTH OF NAMES.—Another Columbia Boat Club has sprung up, this time in Sacramento. When people are using over and over again such well worn and dried names as Arlies, Excelsiors, Columbias, Undines, etc? It is expensuring to see so little taste or sense displayed in the selection of club titles.

CONOR RACE AT CHICAGO.—We have to record the first canoe race of the season. It was held at Chicago in connection with the yacht club regatta, Sept. 6 and 7, was paddled in open canoes, mostly brick bark, with single-bladed paddles. Course, one-quarter of a mile and return. Won by Mr. Heissler.

ROWING RIPPLES.

American Boat Club held a race for double-sculls Sept. 8, foot of Fifty-seventh Street, East River. Course, two miles. Entries: T. Heney, bow, J. Powers, stroke; J. Gallagher, bow, A. Keck, stroke. Won by former in 16m. 2½s. A ten-oared barge race took place at Detroit, Sept. 7, in consequence of a challenge issued subsequent to the Detroit River Navy's Regatta. Entries: Walworth Boat Club, of Philadelphia, hold a regatta, open to all Schuylkill clubs, Sept. 23. Race between Ward Brothers and Faulkner-Regan crew is off, Gill Ward being skipper. The Nonpareils, composed of printers, held their regatta on the Harlem, Sept. 11. Single-sculls won by J. B. Couch in 7m. 55s.; Junior pair-oared gigs, won by Martin Green in 7m. 83s.; Senior pair-oared gigs, won by Masters' Crew in 7m. 3s. Walworth Boat Club followed. Davis and Regan, of Boston, will pull a four-mile race at Silver Lake, Oct. 8. Dauntless Boat Club regatta is on the 15th prox. Chicago Yacht Club gave a series of boat races Sept. 6 and 7. Single sculls, won by C. S. Downs, in 4m. 7½s. course, three-quarters of a mile. Four-oared shells, Darlington and Riverdales fouled, former came in first. Canoe race, one-quarter of a mile and return, won by Heissler. Subsequent races followed. The Shavant Boat Club of Boston, rowed their annual regatta over the South Bay course, Boston, Sept. 5. S. Gookin won in the single-scull professional, and J. B. Reilly in the amateur race.

HEAVY-WEATHER YACHTS.

Roslyn, L. I., Sept. 9, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

I have waited patiently for some reader pen to speak a good word for my pet—the centreboard sloop, but I have waited in vain, so will now tell you and your readers of the "Corinthian" brotherhood what I know to be facts. I suppose the writer of your interesting articles on the cutter yachts has practically tested his theory, and knows just what he is talking about; all the same, I am willing to risk the prediction that the cutter will never take the place of that essentially American craft—the centreboard sloop—in American waters.

Often have I watched the cutter at home in her own English choppy seas, as well as the efforts of her faulty imitations here, and do not hesitate to say that in all the points of speed, seaworthiness, beauty, quickness in stays, and lastly, in comfort, she is inferior to a properly constructed and modelled sloop. For fifteen years I have sailed my own boat, assisted by my friends, with never the aid of a professional. During eleven years of that time our sailing has been done in a sloop (Herreshoff's second) 45ft. over all, 16ft. beam; with 8ft. draught—just what your cutter man would call a skimming dish. Ah, but I'd really enjoy seeing him (not his man) go forward on his cutter and reef, turl, or "bob" his jib in an old-fashioned "greyback" off Block Island. If he did try it, he'd best know how to swim—he'd have to dive anyway. Why, one night at Newport, I boarded a well-known iron cutter, and talking to the fore-mast man—he knew—asked how she sailed, and what kind of a sea boat she was. "Oh," replied one, "she's safe enough, but a beast for sailing under water instead of over it;" and it takes seven men to get her club-top sail aloft, and nearly breaks their backs at that.

Well, our cruising ground in the skimming dish has been any where between New York and Nahant, east of Boston; our sailing season all the year round, when Joe permitted. We never turned tail but once to bad weather from necessity. That was off Brenton's Reef in a November sou'-wester, when my crew, all told, was one smart boy of fifteen. So you will see that kid gloves were at a discount about the Qu' Fite. We have sailed in many regattas, almost always pitted against professionals; have won

many prizes; have lain off Cape Cod and Block Island for weeks at a time, long before such a thing as a harbor was known at the latter place, and come the weather how it might, our little sloop never failed to sail.

If I were going to China, and meant to stay there, I should sail in a keel-boat, simply because less skill is required in steering her, and other things being equal, she can be built stronger; but she should have neither the center rig nor model, for both are clumsy, while the latter is better suited for sub-marine work than for riding the seas. To cut the matter short, I will say that a deep keel-boat is entirely unsuited to the ordinary yachting of our waters, for the good reason that her needless depth prevents her entering many of our most pleasant harbors and bays with any degree of safety, while some of them she could not get into at all.

A few years ago, we were one day running through Flsher's Island Sound, when a yacht five times our size, attempted passing us to windward. This we never permitted, so we luffed out, and left her nicely by crossing a reef with about six feet of water over it. She saw the point—but not the rocks—followed us, and of course remained in that spot all day to give her owner time to reflect on the folly of carrying a keel which he could not lift.

I would suggest to those who desire a steady boat in all weathers a compromise between the two extremes of depth and shallowness—say a slightly hollow decked, rocker keel of about 1 ft. in depth, with a centreboard one-half the usual size, a little less beam, and a long slide to sail on.

T. C.

Our correspondent has done the admirers of the centre-board sloop a real service in thus placing before the public his practical experience in a yacht of the usual American type, and if we cannot go to the same length in our enthusiasm over the dish-model, his efforts to establish her reputation as a sea boat are in the right direction. But we submit that his experience has been almost one-sided, for it is hardly enough ground to condemn the cutter on, when he cites the opinion of some hands before the mast. Nor does he touch upon the most important points in favor of the cutter, her absolute safety in all weathers and seas, her small area of canvas and its consequent superior handiness. That a sloop may occasionally ride out a gale is true enough, but when the centre-board has all it can do to hold her own and keep from capsizing, or drifting on a lee shore the heavier cutter would be making easy weather and good time of it. The smaller the craft the more do these remarks apply, for in them the proportionate increase in displacement and weight is greater than in larger yachts. However, it is not at all to be disputed but that the centre-board sloop is good enough, in fact, just the thing for Sound sailing, with an occasional run at sea in fair weather; and since a large share of yachting in America will always continue to be done under these circumstances we never look for, nor do we advocate, the entire extinction of the sloop yacht, but on the contrary consider her a most effective type of vessel for short home cruising. But when it comes to knocking about the coast as a matter of business all through the season, anywhere and in any kind of weather, a more powerful yacht is needed, as experience teaches. To be so, calls for greater displacement or weight. This, in connection with speed, can only be obtained by a deep and narrow body, for a deep and wide craft will make a lighter, very uneasy at sea, and not a yacht. Glance at any craft, especially fitted for sea work, altogether apart from yachts as a class, and note their natural tendency to the cutter form. Our pilot boats are deep keel craft with more ballast than a yacht. Nova Scotia fisherman, who know not what a yacht is, use long deep open boats, and drier, better sea boats cannot be found. The smacks along the Scottish, Norwegian and French coasts are all very deep. These and similar craft are the result of experience and experiment lasting over many years. But we need only to look nearer home. In a six or seven-knot breeze, which has been blowing some time and raised a sea, such yachts as *Vision* and others like her are utterly helpless and could no more beat to windward than fly. For such work we need abler boats and for such work the cutter is eminently fitted. We need not go to the extremes that have lately come into vogue in England owing to the pinching tendencies of the measurement rules of the Y. R. A., but from four to four and a half beams for length will produce fine, powerful and easy seaboats that can cruise on any ground. As for shallow harbors, we have not yet seen the port worth making but what you could carry all the way from 6 to 10 ft., with room to work ship in. That there is a tendency among cruisers to adopt the cutter, and that in seeking a new model they were not satisfied with the sloop, is evident from the number of deep craft among us increasing from year to year and the testimony we are receiving in their favor. In so far as we are concerned our only object is the furtherance of a spirit of genuine seamanship and yachtmanship, things of which most of our amateurs have as yet very slight conception. If the healthy and instructive sport of sailing and not mere jockeying in a race is to be promoted as well in the sloop as in the sea-going cutter we are ready to countenance one type quite as much as another. Our object is the advancement of the spirit of nautical adventure with its concurrent attainments in seamanship and navigation, and our thanks are due to our correspondent for placing the possibilities of their acquisition in the centre-board sloop in a strong light before his more languid brethren who handle the tiller.

THE FOSTER YACHT MODEL.

BOSTON, MASS., Sept. 10, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Having made two trips to East Gloucester to see the new yacht of a curious model, I feel confident as to my ability to give your readers a description of her. At my first visit she was still on the

stocks, and presented a most strange appearance, as she was unlike anything I had ever seen. Homely beyond anything I had ever seen, as she is devoid of the graceful lines and proportions which have always been accepted as the standard of beauty in naval architecture. It is impossible to describe her model without a diagram, as she is so unlike anything I have ever seen as to be beyond description by mere words, as will be seen by the following figures:

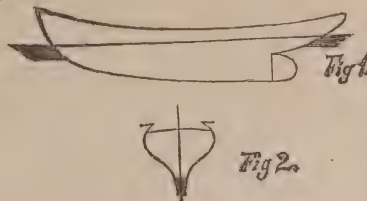


Fig. 1 represents her as she appeared to me broadside, when on the stocks; and Fig. 2 a cross-section amidships. There is not a straight line about her, although she is a craft of 23 tons burthen. Her timbers are all crooked, as may be seen by a reference to Fig. 2, making a narrow deck and bottom, and widening out between like the bulge of a barrel.

She has no keel, her timbers coming together below the space being filled with iron as ballast, thus making a solid mass of timber and iron to a depth of something like three feet, in place of the usual keel. This, as may readily be seen, gives her great holding qualities, a point which, with her other peculiarities in her model, makes it evident that she cannot be easily capsized, as her inventor, owner and builder, Mr. John C. Foster, claims that she may be heeled over to her scuppers without displacing more water than if she were upright.

The overhanging stern shown in the diagram, extends back 18 ft. from her stern-post, and as she now lies in the harbor, it cannot be distinguished from other portions of her hull having greater draught. Mr. Foster claims that her carrying capacity is fully double that of any other model of the same tonnage, owing to her bulging sides. She is the result of many years of study and experiment, his object having been to devise a model that would enter and leave the water with the least resistance.

She is 67 ft. over all, 11 ft. beam, with 6 ft. depth of hold. She is schooner rigged, with a jibboom from the foremast to the knight-heads, and if more canvas be desired, a jibboom can be rigged out instead of a bowsprit.

To secure himself he has filed a caveat, and will very soon take out a patent to protect him from infringements. Last spring Mr. Foster completed the model from which his yacht is built, and though only 8 ft. 6 in. long, she sailed 450 feet in 1 m. by actual measurement. This made him very sanguine of success, and now since the yacht is complete, nautical men look forward to her trial with considerable interest; for, although the weather has been such as to preclude anything like a fair test, yachtsmen and builders think she will develop some remarkable sailing qualities.

In talking with those about Gloucester, I found quite a diversity of opinion, as is usual in such cases, one old sailor expressing himself to the effect that he should not like to trust himself far out in a heavy sea, as the water would pound her stern all to pieces. This, indeed, seems to be a general impression among yachtsmen, and in reality seems to be founded on obvious reasons. However, her trial trip will be made in a few days under the direction of several prominent yachtsmen, when her powers will be fully tested.

D. L.

The new yacht which our correspondent has described above is creating a good deal of speculation among our Eastern friends. As far as we are enabled to judge from the accounts of her to hand she embodies certain principles which we have all along strenuously advocated. The particular shape of the lines of this new craft have little to do with the underlying elements of design, for the latter might be embodied in a great variety of form. The Gloucester yacht combines a long easy form with a low centre of gravity and may therefore be accepted as a fine sea boat without further question. As to her overhanging counter whether it will "hammer" in a sea way depends upon the form given it. In this respect she resembles the famous English yawl *Julianar*. By keeping the sternpost well forward and the forefoot rounded off she will be remarkably handy and if too much dead wood has not been sacrificed to obtain this point she should also be weathery in smooth water or in a tumble outside. So far as the "tumble home" of her topsides is concerned we cannot give to this measure our approval. It will serve to keep her easy in a seaway by preserving a low meta-centric height at moderate inclinations, but it is a question whether her designer has not gone a little too far in this respect and sacrificed more statical stability than was necessary in view of her low centre of gravity and easy form, which would of themselves have secured ease of motion among waves. In rig she seems to approach the cutter, for what our correspondent terms a jibboom is nothing else than a running bowsprit. With some of the statements made to him by her builder we cannot coincide, as for example, where Mr. Foster implies that she will not displace more when heeled than when upright. This no yacht does anyway, for if the lee shoulder be greater than the wedge lifted out to windward every yacht will rise bodily until her displacement when heeled will equal it when in the vertical, for the simple reason that displacement is dependent upon weight and not upon form. Nor is Mr. Foster correct in saying that her capacity is larger than that of any other yacht of same tonnage, both being identical in meaning. On the whole we see no reason why the new craft should not be a success in every particular so far as we are able to judge from the information to hand. From this it does not follow that the principles embodied in his novel craft by Mr. Foster cannot equally as well be engrained upon a design which in

general outline will conform more to what we are accustomed to. In principle the Gloucester boat does not differ materially from the British cutter, however much she may do so in mere outline.

CANOEING IN HOME WATERS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 9, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Among your readers are doubtless some brethren of the paddle who have been unable this year to spare the fortnight or more of time requisite for a canoe cruise up the Sound or on the rivers, and to them, as well as to others, a short account of a four days' cruise, which I made last month entirely within the limits of our own bay, may, it strikes me, prove interesting. And if any reader should feel tempted to follow my example, he may rest assured that this fancied familiarity with the shores, though gained by months or years of gazing from a steamer's deck, will, when he is once in his canoe, most entirely and satisfactorily vanish from his mind.

A stiff southwest breeze was driving the white-caps up the bay as the *Rosalind* (Nautilus) poked her sharp nose around the breakwater at Gowanus in the early morning, and as I headed her at the sea, and noticed that a yacht, beating down to the Narrows, had double-reefed her mainsail, and taken the bonnet off her jib, I congratulated myself that masts, sails, and everything that could possibly catch the wind had been snugly stowed below. The spray slapped my face as the waves now and then broke over the bows, but the little boat topped most of them neatly, and after two hours' good, hard work with the paddle, we rounded the point of Staten Island, and glided into the smooth water of the Killarua little wet, but otherwise very comfortable.

Here, however, we met the obb tide running down from Newark Bay like a mill-race, and when at last we reached the float at the Shore House, on Bergen Point, I was decidedly tired and hungry. A series of violent rain squalls detained us here until after two o'clock, when, the rain ceasing, the boat was spunged out and our way resumed.

At Elizabethport the flood tide making its way into Newark Bay from the Sound, was met; but by keeping close in to the winding shore, I was enabled to take advantage of numberless eddies, which materially lessened the labor of paddling; and a few pleasant hours having passed, a dozen ready hands lifted the boat upon the dock at Rossville, and stowed her safely in the porch of the hotel, when I made my very simple toilet, and seated myself to a well-earned supper.

A long night's rest refreshed me immensely, but I was in no hurry to leave the pretty little village, and the day had well begun before the canoe was launched. A leisurely paddle of about an hour brought me abreast of Tottenville, where I ran ashore beneath the bluff, and proceeded to fill my canteen with fresh water, and to overhaul my running rigging. This done, I pushed off, and passing Perth Amboy, the mouth of the Baritan River, and South Amboy, laid a straight course for Keyport. The bay was smooth as a lake, and a slight mist hid the more distant objects from view; but I found plenty of amusement in overhauling the numerous fishing smacks which were drifting down with the tide, and which, being under paddle, I quickly caught and dropped, arriving finally, about half-past eleven, at the sleepy little town, with its wharf and myriad oyster shells baking under the August sun.

Here I disposed of a luncheon of oysters and bottled stout—latterly, by the way, the barbarians ice!—and then paddled out of the cove, exchanging greetings with the oystermen handling their long racks, and the fishermen hauling in their nets. To each of these I put the same question, a simple formula, which, during the past summer, has procured for me a vast deal of information and amusement, and which I can recommend to all would-be cruisers as the *open sesame* to the fisherman's heart. It conveys at once a delicate compliment to his supposed rank, and an appeal to his superior intelligence, and is invariably answered with alacrity and cordiality. It moreover involves no waste of breath upon the part of the canoeist. I said:

"Cap' how far is it to the Highlands?"

For so simple a question it drew answers strikingly varied.

Said Number One: "Twelve miles."

Then followed a digression upon the subject of canoes.

Number Two replied readily: "Fifteen mile or so," and followed with a few remarks concerning floating cottages.

Number Three put the distance at eighteen miles, and discoursed upon the double paddle.

Number Four promised me a paddle of twenty miles, as did Number Five; while Number Six fell back upon eighteen miles, and then fixed his attention upon my nine-foot mainmast, which I obligingly allowed him to watch as I paddled away.

And now for four long hours I struggled against a head tide and rising wind, hugging the shore where practicable, but frequently obliged to make long detours to avoid the lines of nets; and mentally anathematizing the estimable gentleman who first gave to the *Nautilus* canoe that *Frighful* sheer which makes her in a head wind the slowest boat afloat. At length, however, the low trees and sand of the Hook became visible over the port bow, and entering the Horse-shoe, we crept along under the wooded Highlands. Then I felt in my tired arms that the tide setting up the Shrewsbury had reached us, and we presently hurried at racing speed past hills and flats, cottages and restaurants, shot under the bridge, and ran up to the wharf.

After a quiet evening and night's rest at one of the hotels, and a climb up this hill to the lighthouse, from which point the view is superb, I breakfasted; then took the canoe from her hiding-place behind a shed, launched her, and paddled down the stream, amid considerable chaff from the boatmen, who evidently put not their faith in paddles.

The morning was beautiful, still and hazy, and through the clear water I could see the bottom of the river, and the marine plants and long grass reaching nearly to the surface. The work was easy, the boat moving rapidly, and as we slipped past the sandy beach of the Hook, I felt remarkably contented and happy. Near the steamboat dock I fired my formula at a lone fisherman in a small-boat, and learned that I was about two miles from the point of the hook; then I landed to seek a second breakfast (not having tasted food for all of three hours), and was informed that the dis-

tance was six miles, but as this information came from a land-lubber, I took it *cum grano salis*.

Food was found and eaten; then followed more paddling, and at last I ran ashore at the point, around which the tide doubled and ran out to sea with astonishing speed. From the beach I could faintly see through the haze the outlines of the hills at the Narrows, and as these landmarks were enough for my purposes, and a good sailing breeze was now coming in from the southeast, I pushed off, hoisted mainmast, and with sheet well slack off, headed due north, the boat riding easily and comfortably over the long swells coming in from the ocean. A ship in tow, some distant sails, and a few tumbling porpoises, were the only objects of interest besides the channel buoys, which the next half hour showed me; but at length I caught sight of the Coney Island observatory looking, from my lowly seat in the canoe, like a far-off buoy; so, trimming in a little, I steered for it, the steady freshening breeze increasing the boat's speed until it reached a point which was decidedly exhilarating.

Arriving at last off Cable's Hotel, I coasted along past Brighton and Manhattan Beaches to the outer end of the island, where I landed and dined, and then struck and stowed away my mast, preparatory to a passage through the creek, and under the many bridges which span it. The tide laid by this time turned, and was running flood, a fact which filled my breast with joy, for on a previous occasion I had been forced at low water to wade through this self-same creek for about two miles—in water, say three inches; black mud, one foot; clam shells, indefinite quantity, and my feet tangled at the remembrance; but now I passed quickly through the inlet into Sheephead Bay, then doubled and wisted and turned through the windings of that creek, ran under bridge after bridge, and presently the low, white house that was my goal peeped out from among the willows, and I landed.

No Brooklyn boating man, who hungry, has entered and lingered in Van Sledra's low-ceiled dining room, or, tired, has stretched himself on the sleep-provoking beds of that time-honored inn, will wonder that it was high noon next day before the *Roseland* was taken from the stable where she had passed the night, and lunched.

A gentle southerly breeze filled her mullin as she glided out of the creek into Gravesend Bay, homeward bound, and before it we ran past Fort Hamilton, then across to Staten Island; back again, and finally up along the Bay Ridge shore to Gowanus Bay and the boathouse, ending thus pleasantly our short but satisfactory cruise.

W. M. C.

We have taken the liberty of italicizing a portion of the letter, as fraught with interest to canoeists in selecting a canoe for special work.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN SEPTEMBER.

FRESH WATER.	SALT WATER.
Trout, <i>Salmo fontinalis</i> .	Sea Bass, <i>Silurus aotolanus</i> .
Salmon, <i>Salmo salar</i> .	Sheepshead, <i>Achoerichthys probatocephalus</i> .
Salmon Trout, <i>Salmo confinis</i> .	Striped Bass, <i>Morone saxatilis</i> .
Laini, locked salmon, <i>Salmo gairdneri</i> .	White Perch, <i>Morone americana</i> .
Grayling, <i>Thymallus</i> .	Weakfish, <i>Cynoscion regalis</i> .
Black Bass, <i>Micropterus salmoides</i> .	Blackfish, <i>Pomatomus saltatrix</i> .
A. nigricans.	Spauld Macrel, <i>Cyprinus maculatus</i> .
Minnow, <i>Leucis nubilus</i> .	Cero, <i>Cyprinus regalis</i> .
Pike or Pickerel, <i>Esox lucius</i> .	Bonito, <i>Sarda pilchardus</i> .
Yellow Perch, <i>Perca flavescens</i> .	Kingfish, <i>Menticirrhus nebulosus</i> .

FISH IN MARKET—RETAIL PRICES.—Bass, 20 cents; smelts, 25; bluefish, 10; salmon, 30; mackerel, 25; weak fish, 12½; Spanish mackerel, 50; green turtle, 12; terrapin, per doz., \$12; halibut, 15; haddock, 6; king fish, 25; codfish, 10; black fish, 15; flounders, 10; porgies, 10; sea bass, 18; eels, 18; lobsters, 10; sheepshead, 25; frogs, 35; scallops per gallon, \$1.50; white fish, 15; pompano, 75; hard crabs, per 100, \$2.50; soft crabs, per dozen, 85.

In quoting prices of fish, it must be remembered that they are retail prices and have nothing to do with wholesale prices.

A very fine pompano was caught on Monday at Rockaway Inlet. As we wrote in our last issue, this fish is by no means uncommon in our waters. Very possibly, if fishermen had proper nets, pompano could be captured in quantity along the Long Island and New Jersey coast.

ONTARIO—Kingston, Sept. 9.—Fishing this season has been exceedingly good. Surrounding us on all sides are hundreds of small lakes which team with black bass, Oswego bass, pike, pickerel, salmon and numerous smaller fry. Yours truly made a number of excursions on the different lakes, and always succeeded in acquiring himself creditably. Owing, no doubt, to the numerous rain and thunder storms, the fishing has not been so good of late, but as soon as the weather settles the lovers of the rod will find plenty of sport. A. I.

MASSACHUSETTS—Nantucket, Sept. 10.—The fishing season is just, and in a week or two most of the boat will be laid up. A large shark was captured by Mr. Barnes from the shore at the south side of the island. A number of skipjacks have been caught in nets at Great Point the past week.

JACK CURLEW.

New Bedford, September 14.—The past week a few pompano have been taken in the trap at the mouth of Slocum's River; also a bright-sided diamond-shaped fish, with long filaments extending from the dorsal and pectoral fins. Wind east, and few striped bass and bluefish caught.

CONCHA.

MOVEMENTS OF THE FISHING FLEET.—The fishing arrivals for the week include some good fares of codfish from Grand Banks, the total receipts being 760,000 lbs. Bank halibut have been in moderate receipt, the number of arrivals being 9, bringing 275,000 lbs. The number of Georgian arrivals has been smaller than usual, 25 vessels, bringing 850,000 lbs. codfish and but little halibut. The Baymen continue to arrive, bringing good fares, but the reports are not considered favorable for a good fall catch. The number of arrivals for the week has been 9; receipts from the fleet, 2,685 lbs. mackerel; by freighter, 650 lbs. The Shore fleet are doing nothing. Arrivals this week, 3; catch about 300 lbs. Whole number of fishing arrivals for the week, 49.—*Cape Ann Advertiser*, Sept. 18.

New York—Shelter Island, Sept. 12.—The bunker fishing in the waters of Peconic and Gardiner's bays and along the Long Island coast, outside, has been remarkably profitable this season. The fish have been brought in to the factories in millions, and of very good quality, averaging three pounds to the thousand. For the last week the waters have been alive with them, and more of them taken than could be used up by the factories. The surplus supplies are being sold to the farmers at the rate of seventy-five cents per thousand.

ISAAC McLELLAN.

Lake Port, Sept. 10.—Five hundred to six hundred pounds black bass taken here in Oneida Lake during the last week, the largest weighing about five pounds.

N. BASS FISHING AT NIAGARA FALLS.—The black bass fishing on Niagara River above the Falls has been better this year than ever. These waters are the natural home of the black bass, and it is one of the best, if not the best, black bass grounds in existence. About the same number of large fish as usual have been taken, but a far greater number of small and medium ones. "A great many small fish were taken with a fly from the shore in July. The season with us extends from July 1 to October 1, the best fishing being in August and forepart of September, when they are taken at the foot of bars in deep water, in eddies, etc. An unusual number of visitors have availed themselves of the beautiful scenery and splendid fishing on the river above the Falls this season, and it is for the information of those who are ignorant of one of the finest places around Niagara, and for those who would like to spend a few hours taking the noble black bass during their stay at this famous watering place, that I write these few lines. A new steam yacht has been placed on the river for the accommodation of fishing and pleasure parties. Small boats and boatmen in abundance and at reasonable rates. The fishing points are but a short distance from the town, and any one who sees fit to investigate the claims of this least known, but one of the best fishing resorts in the country will be amply repaid. By addressing P. Walker, boatman, boats, bait, guides, and all information may be obtained.

R. S. C.

NEW JERSEY—Barnegat Inlet, Kinsey's Ashley House, Sept. 13.—Easterly storms past week. No fishing of any account except sea bass, of which Col. Post has been taking 20 to 75 each water. Master Willie Kinsey found a large specimen of sea turtle on the beach near the Old Manor of Health. It measured fifteen feet long, nine feet wide, and estimated by competent judges to weigh from 1,500 to 2,000 lbs. Its throat was cut. Before parties provided with axes, knives, etc., for the purpose of securing the shell, could get back, the tide washed the monster away. I have since learned that five others, smaller in size, have washed ashore at different points on the beach.

B.

Barnegat House, Forked River, Sept. 17.—Owing to the recent storms on the coast, the fish have not been biting so well the past week. Two of our yachts, *Zane*, Capt. Frodmore, and the *Vapor*, with Capt. Jos. Holmes and Mr. Hopkins, of New York, came in to-day with a fine lot of sea bass. Very few sheepshead have been taken on the old ground, where a net was hauled some time ago in the night by parties from Waretown. It was then reported that some 600 fish were taken in one haul. The oysters are finer than usual this season, but not very plenty.

AKRURIN.

PENNSYLVANIA—Pike County.—Bass fishing in the Delaware has been unusually good and many fine ones have been caught between Egypt Mills and Bushkill. Mr. R. J. Henderson leads the "summer boarders," however, having caught the heaviest fish. Its weight was 4½ pounds, length 18.6 inches.

Greenville, Sept. 7.—Professor Roth still continues to haul out occasionally a nice pike. He intends visiting Slippery Rock, Butler County, soon, where black bass and pike are abundant.

B.

BETTER TIMES COMING.—*Lindon, Pa., Aug. 30.*—Western Pennsylvania stands second to none for good trout fishing. Some five or six years ago a man that had ambition enough to clamber over rocks and logs and brush, and every other sort of rubbish, in his nature has seen fit to adorn the trout streams with that flow between fishermen and mountaineers of McKean County, Pa., could fill his glass in very short time with trout weighing 4½ to 1½ lb. But, alas, what a change! Sportsmen from every part of Western Pennsylvania and York State flocked in here (I think I may safely say) by hundreds every season, until in course of time there were more anglers than trout, and for the past two seasons we catch here in very small, so small indeed that the return from the mountains to try the fishing was with grief, disappointment and hunger stamped on every feature, is no very common sight. I met one of those unfortunate mortals some time ago, and on being asked "What luck?" he replied, in a very faint whisper, "Oh, pretty good—I had what I wanted to eat," and almost in the same breath inquired if I could tell him where he could get some dinner immediately. But there are better times coming. The Ludlow Trout Company have been able, through the good management of their superintendent, to re-stock some of the neighboring streams above Ludlow, Pa. Last year they planted 100,000 brook trout fry at their own expense, and we have every reason to believe that within a reasonable time—say two years—our sporting friends with the rod and fly will say: "Better times have come."

SPECTATOR.

INDIAN TERRITORY—Fort Sill, Sept. 9.—The bass fishing has developed this year in the streams upon which this fort is situated. Capt. Anderson, who used to correspond with you, thought in '73 and '74 that if he caught a dozen bass during the season a half pound weight he was doing well. It has not been uncommon to draw out dozens daily of two and a half to three pounds weight this season. Y. W. D.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

ANGLING IN THE SOUTH.

DO not, brother of the rod, think that I am to give you miraculous stories of immense trout, "monarchs of the flood," which I have inveigled from their native element. The elegant equipment, the long, pliable rod, the burnished reel, the casting line, are here, all out of place. In their stead we have a long, light cane (the longer and lighter the better), a light silk line and a small salmon trout hook. Thus equipped, we go forth, like all you gentlemen anglers of the North, to varying fortune. I will venture to say that there is

not a single stream in the South in which the reel can be used to any advantage. Imagine a deep, dark, gently dawning stream, whose banks are covered with a dense growth of vines, trees and weeds, whose bottoms are filled with logs, brush and stumps. Here and there open places can be found in which you can fish all day without fouling your line, but these places are not such good fishing as the "haughty" ground. Thus you have the picture of nine out of ten Southern streams. What would a genuine disciple of old Izak do in such waters? Assuredly, he would lose his fish, his line, and clog his rod.

Our main reliance must be, then, upon skill in keeping our fish from the logs and brush after we have hooked them. And they always hunt for them; hunt for them with a persistence and vigor that puts a speckled trout to shame. We have three fish in the South upon which we depend for our angling. The bream, the red perch and the speckled perch. Of course, *M. salmoides* jack fish, raw mouth perch, and, in some streams, true perch, help to while away the rainy hours. The true perch are only found in Little Pede, Great Pede, and a few other Southern streams. They are called "red fin trout" in most localities. They attain to a large size, for I have caught them weighing fully four pounds.

First, as to the red perch. This very splendid game fish is found in the North in the New River, in Onslow county, North Carolina. It is found there in the south. In all the streams that empty into the Atlantic. Strange to say, it is not found in any southern streams that empty into the Gulf of Mexico except in the Chattahoochee, the Flint and their tributaries, weighing, under favorable circumstances, as much as two pounds. Muscular, active and intrepid, he gives one all the fight there can be in a fish of his size. Cautious as a deer in the water, he is, except the bream, the most difficult of all fish to capture.

During the spawning season he loses much of that caution which is his safety at other seasons, and will bite ravenously at any kind of worm, even if it be accompanied by a line large enough and strong enough to catch a twenty-pound blue cat. The gravid fish, called yellow perch, are not near so large as the males, yet they too afford fine sport. They are found in the North in the New River, in Onslow county, North Carolina. I am sure you will find them, by the way, in his "Fish and Fishing," states that the sunfish are large weights over half a pound. I have caught them weighing over three times that much. In all the Western lakes they grow even larger. The red perch thrives, contrary to the general opinion, in mill ponds. The finest that I ever caught in a mill pond was taken in a large mill pond in Lumpkin Co., Georgia. Their favorite feeding ground was near a large swamp, and that had fallen into the pond. The pond was very clear, but by using a rod twenty feet long, a very fine silk line, and no sinker, you could capture in a day's fishing, say twenty-five of the scarlet gentlemen; and a fine string it was, for none of them weighed under a pound and a half, and some over that weight. Of course, it was lazy fishing compared to wading for trout, and I enjoyed it more than I ever did fly-fishing, in this may sound heretical, but it is true.

Our next fish for consideration is the bream. The habitat of this noble fish on the Atlantic side is from the Neuse River, in North Carolina, to the St. John's River, in Florida. He is found in all the streams emptying into the Gulf of Mexico, and as far North and West as the Green River in Kentucky, and in some tributaries of the Mississippi on the North. Having a very geographical distribution, he necessarily differs, as do all fish, in size, markings and color. The bream, for example, of the Ohio River lakes are no more like the bream of South Carolina than a sunfish is like a perch. But he is a bream, nevertheless. Those of the lakes mentioned rarely exceed in weight three-quarters of a pound; they are dark, short and thick. But it is of the bream of the Carolinas and of Georgia that I now propose to write. Bream so large, so game, and so toothsome, were not known in Carolina, in one of his letters written home during the Revolutionary War, said that South Carolina was worth conquering for her bream alone.

Red perch are very shy and wary; but there is no comparison between them and the bream, for the bream is to fresh water fish what the sheepshead is to salt water fish. There is no fish so capacious and such a delicate feeder. The bait that you employ is a worm, a minnow, or a tadpole, and is not rejected. They feed on worms of every kind, but chiefly upon the caterpillar of the catalpa tree, generally called "catalpa" in the South.

It is October. No frosts have as yet fallen in our latitude, but many delicate trees have shed their leaves, and the intolerable glare of the sun at midday is softened by a great, heavy haze that hangs over all, seeming to touch the very earth. The sun, and the geographical position, and the broad, flat, like sky, like grim skeletons forever at their paces, and the mass of vines and creepers, once so green, now look like piles of flame heaped against the dark waters. All is solemn and still save the angry bark of the gray squirrel or the sullen splash of some predatory jack as he chases the minnows for his morning meal. This is the season for bream, the time when you catch them. You know how, to your heart's content, go with me on this beautiful day in your Southern stream. Do you see that green bush which bends over the water, and whose boughs are kept in constant motion by the gentle current. Now drop your line very gently above the bush, stick your rod in the bank and sit down, and keep down. And here, Mr. Roosevelt, I will propound a fish conundrum for your special benefit. Why is it that suckers, bream, perch, and minnows, when they are in the water, do not bite as well when you hold the rod in your hand as when you stick it in the bank? With all due humility I would suggest one reason: the magnetic influence of the body extending down the rod and line. You may laugh, but there must be some truth in it.

But to our bream. At first you see a tremulous motion of the line, then a tug, then a rush far down the stream, then a convulsive leap in the air, if you have hooked him, and you commence a battle with a "bald bream." No! No! No! Angling this, but angling which requires all that you know of the gentle art; for your tackle is so very fine and light, the fish so heavy and active, that to capture the largest bream, with your surroundings of logs and brush, is equal, *ceteris paribus*, to the capture of a ten-pound salmon. If any one doubts this, let him reflect that in fishing for salmon you have to use a heavy rod, a large reel, and a large line, perhaps two hundred yards in length, a good reel and a No. 10 hook. In fishing for bream I use a single strand of black silk, a No. 6 salmon trout hook, and a red delicate enough for fly-fishing. My word for it, if any enthusiastic salmon fisherman were to use the tackle I have named above, the very first "bald bream" that he hooked would bring the blood to his face in a rushing tide, and he would feel that old familiar thrill run

down his arm, which ever comes to a twenty-pound insect, as it is. Bread is gone to the very last, often, indeed, seeming to reserve their final artistic plunges to the time when you think you have them safe. Often have I had to mourn the loss of a monster beam that seemed to have all the fight taken out of him. Delusive thought! Deluded angler! That beam had only sat around to rest himself! With energies fully restored, with an Arnold Winklered determination to make a last fight for liberty, he would snap my fly line, and being his head a final twinkle in the air, would disappear from my sight forever.

The term "bald beam" may, perhaps, need some explanation to Northern readers. The male beam has, when full grown, a burnished, copper-colored head. Standing in front of the fish, there is a fanciful, funny resemblance to a bald head. Hence the term. If any Northern angler doubts that the beam is a game fish, and that I have drawn upon my imagination, let him come down to Georgia and try them himself. He will be convinced.

The speckled perch next demands our attention as a true game fish—more especially, as in the estimation of some people, no fish can be considered game that does not feed on flies or minnows. How about suckers, which feed on neither? Yet, I venture to say that no fish can pull harder or make more desperate efforts to free himself from the hook.

While, in the White River, Arkansas, it is no very uncommon thing to catch them eighteen inches long and weighing from three to five pounds. They are bold biters, and afford, with a very light tackle, fine sport. If you fish for them with a cord as large as a broom straw, a cork as big as your fist, and three or four large buckshot, a pole as long and as heavy as the lance of a Cossack trooper, they do not pull much, being engaged in drawing the load you have imposed on them. They will bite and chide on minnows, but they bite in the fall of the year very freely at red worms.

There is a curious circumstance connected with this fish. They were never seen in the waters of North Kentucky until about the time that Alexander Campbell organized his church, the communicants of which church were called "New Lights." Hence the fish were called "New Lights," which name, I presume, they retain to the present day. And yet, as I know what I have written, a feeling of sadness comes over me as I think that I shall never more, perhaps, hear the sweet whirr of the red as a ten-pounder dashes madly down the stream. I fight for my style of fishing now, but deep down in my soul, I suspect, there lingers a regret for old times and a traitorous longing for the red and reel.

Fraternally yours, ST. CLAIR.
Lafayette, Ky., August, 1878.

THE "CITY OF WORCESTER."

MINNEAPOLIS, Sept. 9, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

The "City of Worcester" left Worcester Sept. 2, at 7:30 P. M., with a party of twelve sportsmen and sportsmen, the former in large majority. If they are not all familiar with the shot-gun they have shown themselves experts with the hook and line, of which you will hear more as we proceed.

There has been the centre of attraction and visited by many ladies and gentlemen. The general expression was of approval and surprise at the conveniences found in so small a space, and I feel could avail themselves of this "novel" mode of traveling, as they express it, the regular trains would have but few occupants.

Arrived at St. Paul a little behind time, on the morning of the sixth, on account of the State Agricultural Fair, the visit of the President and bench show for dogs, all going on at the same time. By the courtesy of Mr. W. H. Fisher, Sup't. St. Paul and Pacific railway, our car was run out to the fair grounds, about four miles, giving the party opportunity to see all the attractions. The President's train who left last evening for Bemis, we visited the dog show on the grounds. Later we were taken by the regular evening train to Weymouth station on the St. Paul and Pacific R. R. near Lake Minnetonka for a day's fishing on Saturday. By the courtesy of Mr. W. H. Shney, of Minneapolis, all the arrangements for a day's fishing on the lake were made in advance. Mr. S. and his friend Wm. Corlies, of St. Paul, joining our party, making fourteen in all and just filling our beds.

Friday evening we had a very early breakfast and an early start for the fishing grounds on account of the early start of the worms brought by the early fish—wasn't that rather discouraging on the early start—but as you know all well-laid plans of mice and men do fail, sometimes, so old our early start came to naught on account of a very rainy rain which commenced some time in the night and did not cease until about 8 o'clock P. M. Soon as it was settled that a fair day was coming five small dories were very quickly filled with ladies and gentlemen, two lines to a boat, all eager for the first fish. Just before starting it was proposed to make up a purse of 25 cents subscription, the amount to be paid to the one taking the first fish, but failed because the proposer could not raise the said quarter, which of course led the rest of the party to "smell a mouse." Let strangers might suspect innocent persons, I would say it was neither of the original party, nor the St. Paul members; that's as far as I care to go.

Being a fish story is must be confined to fish for the present. The little arrangement, so afterwards learned, was a black bass anchored out in the lake, and not far out, just where a certain boat was expected to pass; but as the purse was not made it fell to Mr. John Babcock to fish the first fish. He succeeded in catching nearly three pounds. Then followed in quick succession black bass and pickerel to every boat, about equally divided between the ladies and gentlemen. At noon we found ourselves in flames Bay, six miles away, with our appetites getting beyond control. We soon had a fire all ablaze and the fry pan full of black bass and pickerel, nothing less than two pounds allowed in the pan. The number of two and three pounders disposed of at that dinner can never be told and if it could would find few believers. As I propose to write of nothing but facts I leave the rest of the dinner to future correspondents to tell the incredible tales to every boat, about thirty good fish attended all the boats. At the landing we counted up 104 fish, weighing 250 pounds, none over twelve nor under one pound each.

The largest were not hauled into the boat but drawn up, so they were known to weigh from fifteen to twenty pounds and then lost; very unfortunate to lose so large fish, but could not be helped. All agreed that a pleasure-trip could not have been made on that lake, or any other pond ten feet ready and our party ready to do justice, and if you had looked in again you would have seen what we had done for a week. It's only 10 P. M. our car was taken by a train and landed at Minneapolis, where we found the train waiting for the Presidential party. Attorney-General Devens visited our car, but there being no politicians present no speech was made.

AFTER MISKALONGUE.—Mr. S. A. Kilbourne, the artist, who has been making sketches of fish for the forthcoming work to be published by the Messrs. Scribner, to be called the "Game Fish of America," has gone to Canada in order to make a study of a muskallongue. At Mr. Blackford's in Fulton Market Mr. Kilbourne has his atelier, and on the easel and the walls of Mr. Blackford's private room may be seen many truthful sketches of fish. We are pleased to state that the work of preparation for this important book is progressing rapidly, and that one of our leading ichthyologists is preparing the text.

BRECKON-LOADING GUNS AT AUCTION.—The firm of Barker & Co., New York, have made themselves popular with the sporting fraternity by their auction sales of sporting guns. They opened the present season by a very successful sale on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, and announce the second sale of the season on the 27th and 28th inst. We are acquainted with the above firm and believe that any statement made by them can be relied upon. The next sale will comprise a special consignment of new guns from nearly all of the celebrated makers of the world. The sale will be conducted by the good-natured and obliging young auctioneer, Mr. George J. Banks. [See Advt.]

—Attention is called to the advertisement in another column of the New England Life Insurance Company, which is in every way reliable and trustworthy.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Communications.

A. M. V. Nyzek, N. Y.—Deer hunting is prohibited in Pennsylvania this year.

J. W. B. Boston.—We can send you a copy of Caton's "The Antelope and Deer." Costs \$3.75.

SCHUYLKILL, Phila.—Want to make a bass fly-rod. Instruct me. Ans. See last number F. & S.

J. W. Philadelphia.—The address desired is Dr. C. J. Kenworthy, Jacksonville, Fla. Tell him what you want.

SUBSCRIBER, Stamford, Conn.—The gun is first-class. You will find good shooting in October about Waterbury, Conn.

R. W. A., Allen Station.—Your dog has probably a rupture. A surgeon ought to determine this upon examination.

A. M. Burlington.—The mangle will not thus be transmitted. You should describe the form of mangle which the dog has.

A. F., Fort Riley, Kan.—You can procure goose callers from any of the sporting goods dealers who advertise in our column.

Dr. L.—We have written so much about choke-bore that we cannot give it again in detail. See former numbers of the paper.

H. G. P., Providence, R. I.—The ryle you mention is just coming into use. Think it would do very well for hunting purposes. We never compare one ryle with another.

ENGLISH SPARROW.—The contributor to the English Sparrow question in issue of Sept. 5, was Dr. R. Sterling, of Cleveland, O., instead of the name erroneously printed for the same.

J. V. Warren.—Are white squirrels a rarity? A friend of mine caught one a few days ago. He has it in a cage. It is about the size of our common gray and black ones. Ans. Quite rare. It is an albino.

H. S. F., Marlboro, Mass.—We cannot understand the case as stated, and so we are unable to give any opinion. The fact that the about in question is the final one of the season should not alter the rules followed in other cases.

M., Boston.—What is the scientific name of the loon, or North American diver? Ans. *Columbus torquatus*, the great northern diver; *Columbus arcticus*, the black-throated diver; *Columbus septentrionalis*, the red-throated diver.

J. H. B., Washington, D. C.—Can any physical harm come from allowing a clean, unaltered dog to sleep with you? I have a beautiful little black and tan fond of nestling by me in bed. Frequently let it stay by me all night. Ans. No harm if dog is clean and healthy.

H. W.—Have a Whitney rifle 30 inch barrel, 41 cal. How light a bullet can I use with 70 grs. of powder for successful hunting and perhaps larger practice up to 200 yards? I use 350 gr. bullet for target, is it right weight for 70 grs. powder? Ans. You have the right weight of powder and ball.

TERRELL, New York.—A small terrier one year old has fits, with foaming at the mouth. Drops down exhausted. What is to be done? Ans. There is no specific cure. Do not overfeed the dog; give plenty of exercise and occasionally a little sulphur. Time generally brings about a cure.

ROTOR CROIX, Halifax.—For photographs of *Sappho* and other yachts address Holmes, photographer, 235 Broadway, N. Y., and mention our name. Price of large sized photos 50 cents apiece. For very correct paintings of yachts in oil address Butterworth, artist, care Thos. Hooper, 114 Nassau st., N. Y.

G. H. P., Portsmouth, Mich.—Possibly the worst way in the world to load a rifle is exactly what you do—to put a ball in the palm of the hand and pour powder over it. The load then depends entirely on chance. Use a small measure, and once having secured that you will no longer waste powder on your hand, or on any man.

R. W. B., Pittsburgh.—How can an man in a long-range match at 870, 900 and 1,000 yards make a score of 270, as claimed by the Sharps Rifle Co. in their advertising columns? Ans. That 270 is the score made in military match, by a team of four men, shooting military guns, seven shots per man at each range—800, 900 and 1,000.

WISCONSIN, New York.—See note under game table. The New Jersey law prohibiting shooting by non-residents without a license we think constitutional. The West Jersey Game Society has jurisdiction over certain counties in the eastern part of the State to hunt in which you must have a certificate from them. Their headquarters are at Camden.

W. B. Rochester.—Express bullets are smooth, not grooved. They are patched with paper in some of the English cartridges, but not always; a lubricating wax is used. Dittmar powder has not yet been used, at least publicly, in Creedmoor rifles. We understand that the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. are loading some cartridges with Dittmar.

F. W. S., Buffalo, N. Y.—You will find excellent shooting in Cass, Crawford, Gasconade, Lewis and Pettis counties, Mo., and also in many other parts of the State. Good courses are Harrisonville, on the Mo., Kan. and Tex. R. R.; Arlington, on the At. and Pacific R. R.; and La Grange, on the St. L., Peoria and Northwestern R. R. You will find plenty of sport for rod and gun there this fall.

A. P. G., Cleveland.—In mixing Dittmar use equal bulks of both. See last page for more thorough method of loading Dittmar. Mixing wax and oil together, for rubbing bows, the proportion of oil to wax is small. Beeswax and sperm oil, fourteen parts of the first to a part of the oil; or simply put a drop or so of oil on a woolen rag and rub wax on the bow and rub and polish down the wool.

E. G., Brooklyn.—Could not advise you as to best rifle for a powder is excellent for general use. You cannot load a rifle with the machine you mention. Do not know the standing of the party, excellent shooting on the Mississippi south of New Orleans. The rifle you mention is excellent for all purposes. Wingate's manual and Perry's Score Book. The best costs \$1.25, the second \$1.00.

S. D. W., Jefferson.—My setter dog, 4½ years old, has h. or four months a coughing cough. He pants after the least exertion. Appetite irregular. Will I pass my hand over his chest he seems in pain. Hal dry and hard; no snot. Ans. The dog probably has bronchitis, or pneumonia. Keep him warm and dry, feed him on beef tea, and probably at this stage of the disease 2 grs. of quinine three times a day will be of service.

J. W. J., Opelousas.—1. What is the address of Arnold guns? 2. Which are the best sizes of Ladin & Rand's Orange Ducking powder, and of their Orange Rifle powder, for breech-loading shot-guns? 3. Is the cross between the red Irish and Gordon setters considered a good one? Ans. 1. Hillsdale, Mich. 2. In L. & R. Ducking, No. 6; in Orange Rifle powder, Fg. 3. Does no harm, but is not advisable. Keep such breed to itself.

J. C. D., Portland.—My pointer, six months old, was bitten on the ankle of one of his hind feet some months ago. Was lame, but has improved. Last Sunday he was exercised, when on coming home his hind legs began to tremble. I worked him after that, but he got worse. Now he is completely paralyzed. What is to be done? Ans. The dog has probably received some spinal injury. It is impossible to prescribe for him satisfactorily without seeing him. As he is so young rest and quiet may restore him.

E. C., Brooklyn.—1. Is a — as good as a — for general use? 2. Can you use Remington's cartridge loader (Webb's patent) for loading 1 rifle cartridges, or is it only named for loading shot shells? 3. Is the firm of — reliable? 4. Is — good for general sporting use? 5. Which is best, to make your own bullets for the No. 45 (30 grs.) central-rifle cartridge, or to buy them? What is the price for a bullet mould of that size? 6. What kind of powder is the best for loading rifle cartridges? 7. Is there any good hunting around the Mississippi River below N. O.? Ans. 1. One as good as the other. 2. No. The Webb's patent is for shot-guns. 3. Don't know anything about it. 4. Yes. 5. Buy your bullets. Mould would cost \$3. 6. Fg. 7. Yes, you will find excellent sport there.

W. D. T., Chicago.—Dixon Kemp's "Manual of Yacht and Boat Building" will cost about \$10 in this country, as there is a heavy duty upon books. Can send you a copy as soon as shipment from England is received. The book contains a full and complete set of instructions, telling of the difference in the conditions under which yachting is pursued in America and England, you would have to do at some what for differing circumstances. For boat building procure Nelson's "Practical Boat Building," price \$1.25. Can obtain it as soon as second shipment comes to hand, the first having been exhausted. See also back files of FOREST AND STREAM. In a future issue we will give directions for laying out courses; no book containing directions for same.

C. E. C., Albany.—I have a setter puppy six months old. Generally playful and hearty, but on four occasions, when exercising him, he has had fits. He stops, staggers and falls. Eyes roll and look like starting from their sockets. Fits sometimes followed by a short illness. Eyes sometimes vacant and staring. Will the puppy outgrow these attacks? Recommend a course of treatment. Ans. He has what physicians call "fits per excellence." The disease affects young dogs only, and is often difficult to account for, though often due to the presence of worms in the intestinal canal, in which case special remedies for their removal are indicated. An occasional course of sulphur, with a few doses of castor oil, will often do good, and times generally effects a permanent cure. Avoid over-feeding. The immediate cause of the fits is disturbance in the circulation of the brain.

D. S. L.—Please help a stuck sportsman out of a regular fix. I wish to put a new extractor in the bolt of a Henry rifle (old pattern), but I myself unable to take out the bolt. I know it must be in two pieces and supposed, as there was a small hole through the casting, that there was a rivet to punch out, but I have tried with a steel punch all along the case which the bolt goes through and am unable to find one. If I knew there was one, and just what part of the case it was, I could drill it out; but I am not sure that is the way it comes apart, and I can find no one who knows, and the nearest gunsmith 100 miles away! Ans. There is a pin which holds the extractor in place. Take out the hammer and draw breach pin-basis clear back. The rivet as you call it will then come in line with hole in frame and can be punched out. See page 80 of Winchester Repeating Arms Co. catalogue; this will give you a good idea of the mechanism.

S. C., Worcester.—1. Does the National Rifle Association allow entries to be made under assumed names in competitions for prizes? 2. If a person in any competition shoots his rifle and the cartridge proves to have half a charge of powder, if said person calls another's rifle allowed him?—3. The case in point is on a shot report in your last issue under "Shrewsbury" where E. Weston leads the score by 180. Some of us claim and entered protest that his score should be only 125. At 400 yards Mr. Weston fired a shot which was signaled 0. On returning to his place he claimed another shot on account of leaving half a charge in his cartridge box. We all knew the shot was poor so soon as the discharge took place, but another shot was allowed him and he made a bull's eye which was scored him. Ans. 1. Not now. 2. No. 3. All wrong. If the ball left the gun it was a shot. Sir H. Harford fired without a bullet in the Centennial match and was scored for a miss.

H. Concord.—An average of 2½ pellets of No. 9 shot, in a 30 in. circle, at 75 yds, a good pattern for a 75 lb. breech-loader, 12 gauge, vs. in. barrell, W. & C. Scott & Son's modified choke? Which is the strongest action—a single bolt and extension rifle, or a double bolt with the extension rifle? Is there anything to prevent the bore of a gun stock from rising on becoming wet? I have a nice gun with a very smooth and hard stock that got wet the other day, and is now quite rough. Do you know of any good dog breaker within 50 miles of here? Is there any good horse shooting in the middle of October, what birds principally, and where is the best place within 30 or 40 miles of Boston? What is the best preventive against rust from the salt atmosphere? What is the best charge for a 7½ lb., 12 gauge, 28 in. breech-loader? What is the best oil for a gun? Ans. 1. A very good target. 2. Never will be decided. 3. It can be done by means of warm iron, and then gluing down the raised fibres. When wool has this tendency give it a good rubbing with uncoloured linseed oil. 4. No. 5. Go down to Cape Cod and the adjacent coasts. 6. Use the Hutton's Treat. Preventive. 7. Use only the best sperm oil for the working parts of the gun.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INDOLENT IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1878.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guaranty of good faith and be addressed to the FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous communications will be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for dereliction of the mail service if money remitted to us is lost. NO PERSON WHATSOEVER is authorized to collect money for us unless he can show authentic credentials from one of the undersigned. We have no Philadelphia agent.

Trade supplied by American News Company.

CHARLES HALLOCK, Editor.

T. C. BANKS, Business Manager. S. H. TURRILL, Chicago, Western Manager.

THE YELLOW FEVER FUND.—More money has been received to be added to "The Sportsmen's Contribution" to the fever sufferers of the Southern cities. Aid from all parts of the country has been most generously extended through the different agencies. We have to-day given to Mayor Ely \$39, making a total of \$336.

The detail of subscriptions were:

Franklin Ride Club, Hartford.....	Unity Club, Brooklyn.....	\$3
Conant.....	M. P. McKoon, Franklin, N. Y. 5	\$25
H. D. Bydenburgh.....	Farrow Bros.....	1
Total.....		\$39
Before acknowledged.....		\$317

A NOBLE DEATH.—It is our sad duty to record the death of the Rev. Louis S. Schuyler, assistant clergyman of the Episcopal Church of Hoboken. This gallant young man, who was but twenty-six years of age, impelled by a sense of duty, left for Memphis on the 6th of this month, arriving there on the 8th. The Orphanage in Memphis having been ravaged by the fever, all the sisters of Mercy but one having been stricken down, Mr. Schuyler bravely walked into the jaws of death. In nursing the sick children the young clergyman caught the fever on Friday last, and, as a true Christian hero, on the 17th of September, passed away to another and better world.

NATURALISTS' CLUBS.—We are glad to note from time to time the formation of naturalists' clubs and societies for the study of natural science. Especially are we gratified to see young people, the boys and girls, turning their attention to the investigation of physical phenomena. Nature, in her manifestations of design and adaptation to the thousands of forms of means and ends, offers an abundant field for investigation and richly-rewarded research. We may not all have the honor of giving our Latinized name to a bird or a bug, but every student of natural history may enjoy in some degree the satisfaction which always follows personal investigation and discovery.

THE CREEDMOOR FALL MEETING.

AS we go to press the ringing of the rifles at Creedmoor tell of the lively fall meeting in progress there. In our next issue the story of the several contests will be told in full and at present we can only bring the story up to time call of the first match. The Committee have made all preparations for a successful meeting, and with weather to match there is every prospect that good scores and a successful time will result. At short and long range matches of various sort may be entered into and the military marksmen cannot complain that they have been overlooked in the make up of the matches.

Looking at it from a sensational or popular standpoint the meeting is a quiet one. There are no foreign teams to dazzle the eyes of those who know next to nothing of the matter of rifle shooting. There will be no Dudley Selph coming heralded with the richest of rifle records. Yet Creedmoor will be crowded. There will be plenty of shooting and good shooting too, done by men who have learned to love their rifles by visits to the ranges. Of teams there are a plenty. The militia of the State are coming out in very good force, while from other States year after year shows a growing inclination to display their prowess on the great Creedmoor range by visiting military shooters. From Boston to the East and Washington in the South the teams have come to enter in this or the other match. The result of the contest between the regulars and the militia will be looked to with interest. Whoever may win, this is the opening match of a series which should be kept up and extended in generous rivalry until the two branches of the defensive service shall polish each other into bright ability with the rifle. Next week in addition to a careful critique of each day and its work the match records will be summarized into convenient form for future reference by our readers.

A LESSON TO BE TAUGHT.

THE inculcation of this lesson lies at the root of all things. It checks waste, loss, and riot. It tends to curb lawlessness, and teaches children the first ideas of self-restraint. It kills and curbs the natural avarice in us. No doubt but that man instinctively was a murderous, greedy creature. Like the dog which worries the sheep, he may have been inclined just to kill wantonly right and left, simply for the killing sake. This is an old instinct which unfortunately remains, though held in abeyance by education. With this preamble, every word of it true, though we may have repeated it a thousand times, we will still endeavor to teach the idea of restraint.

The season for game is just opening. Many of our young readers may be going into the field for the first time. If in certain localities game be plenty, attempt no battles. Such everlasting slaughters belong to a past age. The ethics of the sportsman ought to be ever on the advance. If with your gun or your rod you have killed birds or caught fish in fair sufficiency, stop. Why will you wantonly destroy God's creatures when you really have no use for them? We would a hundred times rather cite in our columns that ten brace of quail or grouse had fallen to the share of a good sportsman in a day's honest walk, than that he had killed a hundred birds. With an over-quantity of the game killed, there always comes across our mind something disparaging as to the quality of the man who shoots the gun. We love to copy in our pages something of this character (our readers will find it in "Schmand's" correspondence), how, having killed his elk, it was wanted for food; he sees more elk, and lets it pass unscathed. Such a man is an honest sportsman, and has the right kind of a heart. We hold it, then, to be wicked, even villainous, to go into the field, like the destroying angel, bent on letting no living thing escape. This is the text, then, to instruct your children: the lesson of self-restraint. Give a boy a gun, and if there be plenty of game say to him, "Kill honestly, in sportsmanlike style, just so many birds and no more. I would rather you came home with an empty game-bag than with more than you could carry. Never waste life uselessly. Self-restraint in your pleasures or amusements is quite as useful as when directed toward the graver occupations of life." Such, then, is our sermon, and we pray it may be heeded.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.]
ROCKY MOUNTAIN WANDERINGS.
No. 4.

WHEN I last wrote you some few days ago, we had just reached our camping ground among the Freeze Out Mountains, and so favorably did all indications appear for game that the whole party were eager to investigate at once the country in which we had stopped. Behind us the mountains rose almost vertically to a height of some 2,000 feet, and at intervals of about half a mile were seamed by deep gorges in which the quaking aspen brush grows in the greatest profusion. On the rocky slopes of these ravines the mule deer, so universally misnamed black-tail, delights to feed, and among the dead timber, further from their mouths, the grizzly bear, always avoided by old hunters, should have his lair. On the undulating table-lands, reached after the mountains had been climbed, we shall be likely to find the stately elk; and the high peaks of granite or the volcanic dikes, which at intervals intersect the beds of older rocks, will perhaps be frequented by that great object of each western hunter's ambition—the big horn, or Rocky Mountain sheep. Naturally, then, we are

anxious to explore localities of such promise, and the evening of our arrival, there being still two hours of daylight after we had finished supper, we made a reconnaissance of the mountain. The almost vertical slope of the ascent was rather appalling to one who is so little accustomed to mountain climbing on foot as myself, but, by selecting a game trail which zigzags to and fro on the hillside, I thought the climb might be made without too much exertion. Mr. Phillips and I then took this trail, while Mr. Reed ascended by a route which, although more precipitous, was somewhat shorter. Hardly had Mr. P. and I reached the trail when we stopped in great excitement to examine it. The path was worn down nearly a foot into the dirt of the hillside, and was perfectly covered with elk and deer signs, most of it not more than a day old. It looked as if hundreds of heads of game were in the habit of traversing the path each day. So we advanced cautiously up the mountain side, almost forgetting, in our anxiety and excitement, to feel tired or out of breath. The ascent fairly accomplished, we proceeded slowly over the rolling upland, and as we entered the dead timber by which most of the plateau was covered, came suddenly on a fine buck antelope which was feeding among the trees. He bounded off without any notice from us; we were after larger game. The mountain upon which we were separated by a deep but narrow canyon from the one which Mr. Reed had climbed, and before we had proceeded very far on our way we heard half a dozen shots in quick succession, showing that our companion had found game. We were following fresh elk tracks through the thick, dead timber, when something moving off to the left caught my eye, and before I could distinguish what it was, Mr. Phillips dropped to the earth, and seemed to try to make himself as small as possible. I imitated his example at once, and from my prone position made out the forms of a number of stately elk moving with slow and majestic steps through the forest. They were all bulls, and some of them had magnificent horns. Evidently they had not seen us, but the shooting on the other side of the canyon had made them uneasy, and they were slowly traveling away from the noise. Their horns, although full grown and nearly hard, still bore the velvet, and it was interesting to see how slowly and carefully they moved among the trees, turning their heads with the greatest care to avoid striking their horns against the branches. As they passed along we counted eight of them, all with fine horns, the two leading animals especially bearing heads that would be hard to equal. A moment more and they have disappeared behind some high rocks, and we are hard after them. A few moments later we round a point of rocks, and see the herd standing among the timber about two hundred yards off, while the leading bull has mounted a little knoll, and stands with eyes, ears and nose intent to catch any sign of danger. He is almost concealed by the trees, but there is a little space, about twelve inches wide, through which I can see his shoulders. Phillips whispers, "Now, Professor," and with the greatest care I shoot for the shoulders. The bull does not move. I have missed him, and, bewildered by the echo, he does not know whence the report comes. Another shot is followed by a mighty crash, and the splendid animal, with pierced lungs and broken shoulders is struggling among the fallen trees. The remainder of the band flee at once, without giving an opportunity for a shot at them by Mr. Phillips, and we advance to our game. What a superb creature! How he compels our respects, even now when his life is so nearly spent. The blood flows from his nostrils in a thick stream, showing that he has been shot through the lungs, and only an occasional movement tells us that he still lives. We administer the fatal coup, and the brave stag ceases to breathe.

When the work of butchering the quarry is over, the sun is near the western horizon, and we hasten to our camp, pausing at the point where we commence to descend to admire the wondrously beautiful scene spread out on all sides. The peaks of the mountains are gilded everywhere by the declining sun, while the brown valley below lies in the shadow. Yet this is not without its bits of light, for it is dotted here and there with little lakes, which still seem to gleam and sparkle, although the sun's rays no longer strike them. At different points, high up on the hill-sides, the light still falls upon the deep red strata of the Triassic beds, which alternately flash and pale like the glowing coals in a furnace; then, as the bright rays cease to reach them, fade and grow cold again. Throughout the plain, which lies at our feet, the courses of a dozen streams may be traced by the winding lines of dark-green foliage, aspen and willow, nourished and kept fresh by the cool waters which pour down from the granite hills. But the surpassing feature of the whole picture, so extended and widely varied, was the sky. Over the western hills the sun, in all his splendour, was slowly disappearing, while above and around him, yet in no way dimming his brightness, were banks of clouds, gorgeous beyond description, and reaching, though with gradually decreasing brilliancy, almost to the zenith. Here the clear sky was still of the palest blue, while toward the east the color dimmed till it became a dusky purple, and above the summit of the eastern hills hung a single point of silver light—the evening star.

As the last gleam faded from the mountain top, we turned and silently took our way down the slope. While still only half way from the summit, we heard a sharply-echoing shot, and then another, and, looking toward the foot-hills, we saw a splendid buck springing down one side of a canyon, and then up on the other, while several hundred yards distant stood Reed, gazing regretfully after the escaping animal. Proudly the buck dashed on, making for the trail by which

Two hundred yards.			
W E Guerrier.....	44	John Grady.....	4
H H D Cushing.....	42	J H Kames.....	40
H H D Cushing (re-entry).....	42	John Grady (re-entry).....	40
H S Harris.....	41	Rufus Sawyer.....	0
H K Richardson.....	41		

rifle-makers do not turn out such an arm. We want a rifle .45 or .50 cal., that can be thrown to the shoulder without adjusting sights, and throw its ball level up to 200 yards. We have sportsmen who can drop a buck with such a gun as much certainly as a snipe at 35 yards with their choke-bore. I have made hollow balls and tried them in different rifles, but there is not a shell made that will hold enough powder to drive them straight up to 100 yards. They lose penetration rapidly after 200 yards, but 200 yards is a long way to kill a deer. I have heard men talk of killing deer at 100 yards with a shotgun. My experience is, if I get a shot at deer at 50 yards, I am lucky to get it after running it with hounds 10 miles. My gun is full choke, and at 60 yards I can put two or three buck into my old hat every time. It takes a big shock and a bigger charge of good powder to stop deer in their tracks. Such is my experience for the last six years in Texas. San Antonio, Texas, Sept. B. R. B.

COMMON SENSE CHAIR.—There is made by F. A. Sinclair, Motville, N. Y., the Common Sense Chair. Among the numerous improved sources of comfort offered almost every day to public desirous of sitting restfully, particularly during warm weather, this chair is by no means the least. Without any pretensions to the luxurious cushions of the usual lounging chair, it affords a degree of comfort and rest which cannot be added in the former. We do not propose to explain this minutely, but cordially suggest that you try the Common Sense Chair, and secure the utter rest we enjoy in its ample and so conveniently disposed proportions. In it there is no rest for one part of the body to the discomfort of any other. Happily, all there is of you is induced to rest thoroughly. For the man of business, who seeks relief from the burdensome application to correspondence at the usual style of desk, the reading and writing table adjustable to this rest will greatly facilitate his work, as the body may be at all times in restful position, and books and papers approach one's person at any convenient angle. The chair, with table, is a veritable benediction, while "the chair, my pipe and I" are the very picture of felicitous rest.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME IN SEASON FOR SEPTEMBER.

Moose, *Alces maculata*. Black-bellied plover, ox-eye, *Squatarola helvetica*. Ring plover, *Agallitis semipalmata*. Elk or wapiti, *Cervus canadensis*. Stilt, or long-slanks, *Himantopus nigricollis*. Woodcock, *Philohela minor*. Red-breasted snipe, or dowitcher, *Macrorhamphus griseus*. Ruffed grouse or partridge, *Bonasa umbellus*. Wild turkey, *Meleagris gallopavo*. Red-backed sandpiper, or ox-bird, *Tringa americana*. Quail or partridge, *Ortyx virginiana*. Pheasant, grouse or prairie chicken, *Cupidonia cygus*. Ruffed grouse or pheasant, *Bonasa umbellus*. Quail or partridge, *Ortyx virginiana*. Yellow-throat, *Tolanius semipalmatus*. Tattler, *Tolanius melanoleucus*. Yellow-shank, *Tolanius flavipes*.

"Bay birds" generally, including various species of plover, snipe, and phalarope, and also, *Actitis macularia*, *Actitis hypoleucos*, *Actitis macularia*, *Actitis hypoleucos*, *Actitis macularia*, *Actitis hypoleucos*, etc., coming under the group *Limicola* or Shore Birds.

This table does not apply to all the States. It is meant to represent the game which is generally in season at this time. State regulations may prohibit the killing of some species of game here mentioned.

GAME IN MARKET—RETAIL PRICES, POULTRY AND GAME.—Philadelphia fowls, 17 to 20 cents; do, chickens, 18 to 25; do, ducks, 18 to 20; do, geese, 17 to 18; do, turkeys, 17 to 20. State and Western fowls, 14 to 17 cents; do, chickens, 15 to 18; do, ducks, 15 to 18; do, geese, 12 to 15; do, turkeys, 15 to 18. Poultry, \$1.50 per pair; grouse, \$1.25; red birds, 75 cents per doz.; squabs, \$2.00; rail, \$1.25; woodcock, \$1.25 per pair; large snipe, \$3 per doz.; small do, 75 cents.

ONTARIO—Kingston, Sept. 9.—I see by the weekly reports from all parts of the Union that the prospects of plenty of game, and consequently good sport this season, is more than the average. Unusually fair prospects also await the lovers of the rod and gun in this fair province of ours. I notice an almost entire absence of sporting news from this side of the lines, only an occasional communication finding its way in sports columns, notwithstanding the large number of ardent sportsmen who would make most excellent correspondents. We have a tolerably good game protection law, and game of all kinds, in consequence, is plenty, especially are the prospects good for the approaching season. From all parts back of the city reports daily arrive that deer, duck, partridge, woodcock and plover are very plenty.

THE CONNECTICUT LAKES.—The rod and gun have abundant use in the region of the Connecticut Lakes. That wilderness has been delightfully free from the regular round of tourists who have not yet discovered the good things in the dense forests there. The recent notice which we have taken of the locality will doubtless send scores of people there, so all are hereby warned, as in the city entertainments, to "come before the crowd."

Ten thousand acres of land there, in the northern part of New Hampshire and including a part of the First and all of the Second and Third Connecticut Lakes, are owned by two gentlemen of this city. In response to our inquiries they reply:

We have not the slightest objection to any lawful fishing or hunting on the land, or of the proper use of wood for camping purposes. Net fishing, fishing or hunting out of season—or the peeling back for camps (as has been done in former times) we do object to, and will prosecute offenders where we can get information. We have made application to the N. H. State Fish Commission to get land-locked salmon to put in the lakes. Messrs. Norton and Chester at Second Lake act as guides. Mr. Chester has a good cabin, but tents are necessary generally.

MASSACHUSETTS—Framingham, September 18.—The game season opens rather dull hereabouts. Woodcock are reported scarce; ducks don't seem to arrive much as yet. There are some snipe on the overgrown meadows, but hard to get at, and harder still to get near. They fly high and wide. Ruffed grouse have, I think, hatched well, but they won't suffer much till the leaves fall. No reports yet on quail, but few wild pigeons. F. C. B.

Nantucket, Sept. 10.—There have been heretofore very large flights of plover the past week. Every one was out, and some gunners bagged sixty each. JACK CRABEW.

MONOMONAC CLUB.—The Monomonee Sporting Club, of the south village of Gardner, Mass., returned home from their annual excursion Sept. 11, having enjoyed their trip notwithstanding the unfavorable weather. A large number of fine pickered were caught, the largest, which weighed two and one-half pounds, being drawn in by Mr. C. F. Reed, of the South Village. The captivo was photographed and prepared for the market, without delay. This innocent amusement of the club were indulged in very extensively, and a very interesting illustration of the wonders of the prairie, made up an evening's entertainment. Mr. G. R. Pratt, assisted by Mr. J. Walker, presided over the culinary department to the entire satisfaction of all, their tables being graced with substantial viands, including ducks, partridges, wild turkey, prairie chickens, squirrels and other game, which were brought in by the hunters. A large number of visitors were received, including friends from Gardner, Winchendon, Rindge, Fitchburg, Boston, Greenfield and New York city.

LONG ISLAND—Shelter Island, Sept. 12.—The sea fowl are just beginning to collect in the bays, and very soon the coot will be here in myriads, furnishing capital sport for the gunner, either by sailing on the water or killing them in battues. The loons—always the first to come—are beginning to pass over bay and beach, and the black ducks are numerous. I tried for them a few evenings since, but got no shot, killing only a long-winged crane. In Montauk the birds have been, so far, very scarce; nor are they plenty on Gardiner's Island. A party of four tried for them there last week, but got only seventeen birds. A few years since the green plover and blackbreasts were there in innumerable flocks.

ISAAC MCLILLAN.

NEW YORK.—Lakeport, Sept. 10.—Yellow legged plover are quite plenty on the shores of the lake. Large bags of woodcock and partridge are made about the woods and cornfields every few days, with quite a number of wild pigeon.

A HUNTING PARTY.—Nyack, N. Y., Sept. 18.—Editor Forest and Stream: A friend and myself would like to join a party of four or five gentlemen to spend about two or three weeks, late in October and November, shooting quail and partridge and deer, if possible. We would prefer to go not more than 36 or 48 hours' ride from the city.

A. M. VOORHIS.

PENNSYLVANIA—Greenville, September 13.—Squirrel shooting has commenced in earnest. Messrs. Brooks, Beatty and Grim shot 59 in one day. Pheasant shooting will be good in this locality, owing to the strict observation of the law, although there are a few pot-hunters who of course don't observe it.

Pike County Notes.—The indications here are that the pheasant will be plentiful the coming season than any time during the past ten years. Already "the woods are full of them." Mr. Harry Nyce, of Egypt Mills, a few days ago shot a gray eagle measuring six feet eight inches from tip to tip.

Middlebury, Pa., Sept. 12.—Some of our sportsmen have been on the warpath for coons and glory. S. S. Schoch, M. Z. Staininger and J. M. Vanzandt recently captured eight of the beasts alive.

COON.

BLOOMING GROVE PARK ASSOCIATION.—On September 28 the executive committee announce that a meeting of the Ladies' Archery Club will take place, when the cup Prize Pot and other prizes will be shot for. Shooting deer is interdicted in the State of Pennsylvania until 1881, the exceptions being on the grounds of the B. G. P. Ruffed grouse and ducks, with rabbit shooting may be had. At present the law and picket fishing is quite good. Apply for permits to Dr. Bradley, Hoffman House. These permits to visit the park embrace all the privileges to intending members, after the usual introduction, which can be had of the executive committee. Time from Jersey City four hours by rail, and one hour and fifteen minutes by stage. Excursion tickets all around, \$5, to be obtained at the E. R. R. office, Broadway and Twenty-third street.

KENTUCKY—Stanford, September 13.—Reports come in from every direction that the season has been unusually favorable for nesting, and that the crop of quail is larger than ever before known. The birds are generally well grown, and shooting will begin at light the day after close season. Pigeons, in small numbers, put in an appearance this week. Recent rains and the material fall of temperature will inaugurate fall fishing.

KENTUCKIAN.

TENNESSEE—Savannah, September 9.—The prospect for good shooting has probably never been better than at present. Quail are numerous and unusually forward; many are already fully grown. This is in decided contrast to the state of things last season, when, even so late as November 1, I found several coveys too small to shoot. Squirrels are now "cutting" hickory nuts, and are quite plenty. A party in the river bottom lands, several miles above this place, brought in one day last week, as the proceeds of one day's hunt, eighty squirrels.

WILL.

A FLORIDA CAMPING GROUND.—Editor Forest and Stream: On the east side of the lower road from Homosassa to Bay Point, about ten miles from each place, there is a valley about a mile wide by four long, and a large number of small water ponds. Around one of them are natural raperies covering acres. Bushels of the most delicious grapes I ever tasted were rotting on the bushes and ground. There is not a dwelling within six miles. Wild turkey, bear and deer were plenty, and large flocks of parakeets were feeding on these luxuries. It seemed too bad to see game and fruit so abundant and no sportsmen near. Some four years ago two men with their families located here, fenced in and improved some ten acres and built a good house and out buildings; but the deer and turkey ate up their garden, and the bears and panthers killed and devoured all their hogs and cattle. As there were no neighbors near they grew tired of such loneliness and abandoned their property and moved to Texas. I visited this place last winter, and I should think it one of the best places in all Florida for a party to stay to hunt, say for a month or so. It lies between the great Gulf Swamp and the Natikla Hammock, a kind of crossing place for game. W. Putnam, Conn., September, 1878.

TEXAS—Houston, Sept. 4.—I consider it sufficiently worthy of remark to make note of the unusually early appearance of migratory gargo birds in this latitude. Mr. Wyse,

who lives about six miles from Houston, at what is known as Pierce's Junction, on the San Antonio R. R., reports having seen and killed several jackrabbits (of the *Lepus arizonae*) on the 10th day of August, and that Tom Robinson also reports having seen several birds a few days subsequent to this date. This, I am confident, is an unusually early arrival of this species of snipe in our latitude. On referring to my own record of early birds, my notes give the 19th day of September, 1878, as a very early date, and it was so considered by the majority of sportsmen with whom I spoke in regard to it. The next night, the same Mr. Wyse mentioned above wrote me, that there were several individuals, who, unable to take the long journey to their northern breeding grounds, had remained with us during the summer; but a careful and thorough examination failed to discover any marks of former wounds. Many seem to think that their early arrival here is indicative of a long and severe winter. Several flocks of wild geese going South at this time, and the predictions of weather prophets, seem to lend some color to this opinion. I myself can imagine no cause for their appearance here at this time. We can attribute it to unusually cold weather in their northern summer residence, and of this I have seen no account. Our summer has been uncommonly wet, raining almost continuously, with short intervals, for the past two months. September sets in cold and cloudy, with the wind from the North, accompanied with rain. Should it continue this way for any length of time snipe will be abundant with us in a few days. J. W. D.

"CITY OF WORCESTER."—Editor Forest and Stream: Arrived at this place yesterday afternoon, going out of the direct line to visit the Centre, where we had been expected to find them in any quantity. On the same train we met Mr. Hallock, John Davidson, I. W. Whitman and others, all bound for the Field Trial, which is to come off about fourteen miles south-west of Sauk Centre. Deer are said to be very plenty all about here for miles in any direction one may go. Coming from Sauk Centre our party saw three deer near the track, Duck and geese are abundant in every plenty. Leave a Brierfield, N. Y., for the city of London, where we expect to find the sharp-tail grouse and ducks and geese.

Brainerd, Minn., September 12.

DAKOTA.

DOVE SHOOTING EXTRAORDINARY.—Mariboro, N. J., Sept. 7.—Mr. Taylor, of Colts River, N. J., has been repairing immediately to this place, as the prospect for some fine sport was very encouraging that afternoon. I soon dove the distance of five miles, and was upon the grounds promptly and in good season—half-past twelve o'clock p. m. There were, however, ahead of me several other sportsmen, and their shooting-stands were already all arranged with proper blinds, admirably located, and I was told several hundred birds were off the trees when the first party approached. The birds were feeding upon lately sown rye, not sufficiently covered with soil to quickly germinate. Only a few had returned by one o'clock, and as yet not more than two or three killed. I consulted with my friends as to the best remaining position for me to occupy. The field commanded a fine view of the surrounding country, and gave one an excellent opportunity to see the approaching game in all directions. Now this was the first of doves that I had ever seen in a field in an adjoining corn-field. The corn was very tall in places and small in others in this field, containing about forty acres. The doves were also feeding upon rye in this field. You could get in good range of them in the tall corn, but frequently could not see them long enough to get a good shot. Where the corn was small they could see you approach, and it was almost impossible to get in range. After waiting some time in the field while, and killing a few, I returned to the others, and found their numbers so largely augmented, and every available position taken, I concluded to stick to the corn-field. At this time there were fifteen shooters upon these fields, and one or two had discovered my retreat. I had all the company it was safe for me to have. About two o'clock the birds began to fly thick and fast. Sometimes in flocks of twenty and thirty, but often in single file. The flight of doves is very rapid, and five o'clock it was one constant fusillade. It was not far from the village, and I am sure the inhabitants must have been alarmed. The falling shot frequently fell all around you, and in a corn-field, where you could not see distinctly more than forty yards, it was not the most comfortable place to be in. So much firing at the birds in and out of range caused them to fly very wild and high, and of course no one made an extraordinary shot. The birds, however, are somewhat different, and requires no small degree of skill and practice to kill them successfully. After the flight was over, and the extraordinary sport at an end, we all got together to talk the affair over, and count out. As near as I can remember, I will give you the individual scores, viz.: Hoyer, 14; Conover, 14; Wm. Buck, 10; John Buck, 8; Campbell, 6; Taylor, 6; Emmons, 8; McLain, 4; Drummond, 4; Reeves, 4; Snyder, 9; Vandever, 3; Magee, 6; others I cannot recall.

WHERE SQUIRRELS ARE A NUISANCE.—Mr. Editor: A recent number of FOREST AND STREAM told us where jack rabbits are a nuisance, and the manner of destroying them. In the southern part of California there exists in countless numbers gray ground squirrels which very closely resembles in size, color and general appearance the gray squirrel of the Eastern States. Their habits, however, are somewhat different. So far as I have seen, they never make their nests or homes in trees, but always take up their quarters in a hole which they burrow in the earth, or else a crack in a rock, which latter device saves them the labor of making themselves a home. They have little or no fear of man. You may approach them to within a few feet before they will run away. They are never eaten here except by the "Grassers," though I suspect they would be considered good food if they were less abundant. They are a great pest to the farmers, being exceedingly destructive of all sorts of grain. Until lately the farmers have waged an unceasing but unavailing war upon them. Shotguns, traps, poison, dogs and what-not have proved ineffectual to diminish their numbers to any perceptible degree. Recently, however, some genius has invented a poison, in which they soak grain, which, however, so deadly that many ranches have been quite rid of these pests. The happy inventor has pocketed a nice sum of money, and receives the hearty thanks of ranchmen generally. An organized and systematic effort at destruction by the use of this poison is about to be put into execution in Santa Barbara Co. M. Santa Barbara, Cal.

WIK A NEWSPAPER MAN WANTED TO BE KILLED.—One of the editors of the staff on a New York daily paper is rusticating in the wilds of Pike County, Penn. In his strolls through the forest he carries his gun along, ostensibly to shoot

squirrels, although we have no authentic information that he ever shot a squirrel or anything else. Being a New Yorker, he ought to know a "yaller dog" when he sees it; but evidently everything is transformed and changed when seen by him in the unaccustomed light of the forests. The dog adventure is confidentially told to a friend in this office, as follows:

This morning before daylight I went out after gray squirrels. After a little while I found myself in a magnificent piece of overhauling woods, with a narrow wagon track stretching away ahead for one hundred yards. Game was the very last thing in my mind, for I was revolving over the contents of a bag of bird shot, and was in the city. When I was casually glancing up along the wagon track I noticed a yellow dog about fifty yards distant, trotting leisurely along toward me. I paid no attention to him, and in a moment was oblivious again. When I raised my eyes a second time the yellow dog was within twenty-five or thirty yards of me. I raised my gun quickly, but the beast had seen me this time, and a bushy tail disappeared in the underbrush like a flash of lightning. That yellow dog was the biggest kind of a red fox, and when I realized the fact that I let him go, I went home and begged the farmer's sons to tie me to the barn door and kick me.

MESSRS. WILLIAM READ & SONS.—This is the name of one of the oldest firms engaged in the gun business in the United States. Through many long years Messrs. Read & Sons have kept up the reputation of their house by the reliability of their goods. Fine arms being above all things something, where the word of a dealer has to be taken as a guarantee, Messrs. Read & Sons have been enabled by their honest dealings to secure the confidence of their numerous patrons. A specialty of theirs is the sale of the well-known guns made by W. and G. Scott & Sons. These breech-loaders have a wide and reputation for strong shooting powers, fine finish, light fitting in the action and locking parts, and for their perfection of proportion. Captain Bogardus had a Scott & Son gun in constant use, and in performing his feat of breaking 5,000 balls his Scott & Son gun had been previously shot over 80,000 times. This same gun has been up to date, shot 65,000 times, being precisely the same gun which Captain Bogardus beat Pennell, Shelly and Coventry, this year in England. With the fullest list of these guns, all sizes and grades can be had, 4, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16 and 20's. Every gun is warranted. In addition to high-priced guns Messrs. Read & Sons have a new grade of \$50 gun, with top-snap action, allowing the sportsman to own an arm of real worth, which costs but little. Knowing as we do the worth of this house and the high position they occupy, we have given our endorsement to their claims on the attention of the sporting public. See their very full advertisement in this week's paper, where all particulars are given.

DR. CARVER ON THE PRAIRIES.—Just before the State Fair at St. Paul and Minneapolis about the first September, our excellent friend, S. B. Dilley, Esq., of Lake City, who recently made our editor-in-chief his guest, took Dr. W. F. Carver, the celebrated rifle shot, out on the prairie near town and let him shoot over his famous dogs Ranger, Royal, Fan, and Queen. They hunted over three townships, and brought him some fine game, but he was not satisfied with the results. They have been curious to learn whether Dr. Carver is a good field sportsman will be pleased to learn that he killed 83 chickens straight, never missing a point.

WILD RICE.—Attention is called to the advertisement of Wild Rice. This much sought for article may now be procured in limited supply. Remember that the early bird catches the worm. Mr. Richard Valentine, of Janesville, Wis., also has a supply of Wild Rice seed.

DOES CHILLED SHOT AFFECT GROKE BORES?—Mr. Ira A. Paine assures us that a few days ago he had his Parker Bro's breech-loader tested to see what effect chilled shot might have had on his piece. During the last two years Mr. Paine has used this same gun at all exhibitions, having fired it certainly over 25,000 times. On examining the barrels, which proved to be full choke, Mr. Paine, of Lewiston, Maine, having critically examined the barrels, they were perfectly intact. This speaks well for both the gun and the chilled shot. As numerous questions have been put to Mr. Paine and to ourselves on this question, we should think that this matter of chilled shot not affecting barrels would be now forever settled.

RUST.—We are glad to know that sportsmen everywhere, East, West and South, are appreciating the merits of "Eaton's Rust Preventer." Like all the other productions of our friend Jacobstahl, it proves the experience of a thoroughly practical sportsman. We congratulate him on his success with that, as well as his recent election as President of the N. J. State Sportsmen's Association. A good man in the right place.

MOVEMENTS OF SPORTSMEN.—Jerome Marble, Esq., of Worcester, has just started for the Northern Pacific R. R., for the shooting season. He will go by the St. Paul and Pacific R. R. to Sauk Falls.

LIGHT CHARGES.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I agree with "E. R." in regard to his charges for field shooting, for snipe, quail, woodcock, etc., my charge would be only 3 drachms powder and 1 oz. shot. I have shot alongside of gentlemen who used from 44 to 6 drachms powder and 1½ oz. shot at these birds; but I could see no use in such large charges, considering as it does the curving of the one that will throw more weight of ammunition, besides tiring birds to shreds if shot near by, and, if in making a snap shot one's gun gets on his arm instead of his shoulder, and he is not heavily clothed, he feels "in his bones" he has too big a load. But for pigeon shooting I should by all means use a 10-gauge gun and 1½ oz. shot. The light gun—small charges used by "E. R." in this paper—could—savored better shooting done by him, as his charge probably covered a smaller circle than that of any of the others. My article referred principally to the use of heavy guns for wild fowl shooting in late October and November, when canvas-backs and red-heads are wild, strong and heavily feathered, requiring a hard knock to bring them down. And when 1½ oz. shot, No. 2 or 3, seems a small charge when thrown at a swift flyer 50 or 60 yards away, then one must use the best charge of powder, the one that will throw his charge of shot the closest, most regular and strongest. And I contend that 4 oz. 2 gr. is the best charge. "Fusi" hits my "theory," as he calls it, a dig when he advises me to put 6, or even 6½, drachms of powder in my gun and shoot it, and see if I don't feel that it burns inside of the barrels. I confess that for some time I could see no good reason why 6 drachms of powder should exert so much more force against

my shoulder and not increase the force of shot against a target; yet this is the case. I have shot 6 drachms of powder and could not make penetration than with 4, but could get some 400 or 600 per cent. (I had no accurate method of comparison) more recoil. My "theory" is that the extra amount of powder, the amount that I think will not burn inside of the barrel, acts as so much sand might, causing friction, packing, and retarding the force of the shot and increasing the force the other way. Of course a portion of this extra powder will burn outside of the barrels, and until it gets outside must cause recoil. "Fusi" takes the trouble to carefully watch, and has the opportunity of doing it, two men shooting about dusk, one using 5½ or 6 drachms powder and the other 4, I think he will be convinced that the one using 6 drachms is burning much more powder outside of his gun than the other, and in all probability, being equally good shots, is not doing as good execution. If "Fusi" will load half a dozen shells with 4 drachms of powder and 1½ oz. of No. 2 or 3 shot, and another half-dozen shells with 6 drachms powder and same shot, and get at least 40 yards away from a standard pattern and penetration tester and keep an accurate memorandum of the results of each shot fired, he will find his 4 drachm charges give much better pattern, as great, if not greater, penetration, the targets will be more alike, will be more regular in every way than with the 6 drachms, and his gun will be less inclined to be much lessened. At least this has been my experience, and I have wasted much ammunition and have seen others do the same before I came to this decision. I hold to my former assertion, that 4 drachms No. 2 grain powder will give better satisfaction than any larger charge of any grain in a 10-gauge 32-bbl. gun of 10 pounds or less. The recoil is slight and will hurt no one, and the shot will come from a good gun will kill a duck 100 yards away if it hits him in the head or neck or under the wing, or will break a wing if it hits it with 4 drachms of powder. A person who has not tried this will be astonished at the force of a No. 2 or 3 shot at long distances.

Minut Point Shooting Club, Sept. 14. CANVAS BACK.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun. SEPTEMBER SHOOTING.

TO the sportsman resident of New York State, the 1st of September is seemingly the real opening of the shooting season. True, during the preceding month, the season has been open for woodcock; but few birds have been found, and those bagged scarcely equal in number an October good day's sport. Infinitely preferable would it be—for reasons which are obvious—if the close time for *Philohela minor* was extended until the 1st of September, thus saving hundreds of young ruffed grouse that are annually slaughtered under the pretext of August woodcocking.

What becomes of the woodcock during August has never been definitely ascertained. As much mystery now shrouds their disappearance in moulting time as twenty years ago, when "Forester," in his "Field Sports," arrived at either of two conclusions—viz., that of a brief northward migration, or an exodus to the tops of the highest adjacent mountains, there to stay until disturbed by the frosty nights of glorious October. The few woodcock found in August are generally discovered in dry swamps adjacent to some spring drain. If, in September, with its cool breezes, proclaims the coming of autumn, the sportsman is enabled to find his brace or two of ruffed grouse, knocking over perhaps a couple or so of woodcock during the day, then indeed, and not till then, can the shooting season be said to have opened.

The difficulty of killing ruffed grouse has been much overrated, together with the so-called inaccessibility of his haunts. Admitting that he is often found in the thickest brake or the most swampy, impenetrable woods, the interlacing boughs of pine trees and the sinuous rhododendron, he is often flushed in the comparative open of the swampy woodland—the open patches bordering the woods, where grow the raspberry and whortleberry bushes, and, later in the season, upon the edges of the buckwheat fields; while again amid rhododendrons and second growth white birches, he lies well to the setter or pointer, generally being the first shot to the gun. There is a peculiarity about this magnificent creature, in that he ends in his destruction—namely, that the oftener one is flushed the longer and closer will he lie to the dog, and the shorter will be each succeeding flight. At first approach he may flush wild, giving one but the glimpse of his glossy back, and leaving his loud hurrying ringing in the ears. The second flight, should he not lie well, will probably allow a much better glimpse of his plumage; and, if this second time, if the bird be not bagged, you may not regret his wildness, but the hypothesis of an inexplicable something "which no fellow can understand."

As the grouse invariably flies in a straight line, but a slight glimpse will enable one to perceive the direction taken, then making a short sweep to the right or left he alights. Occasionally a bird will rise, and if it be in a tall pine or fir, and especially in a thickly wooded section, it may be one thing to do; if you perceive him as you may, nesting with regal splendor in the shadowy embraces of the pine, then shoot him sitting, if you would have him at all, for a whirr when he flushes is all that will solace you—you will see naught.

Let us suppose a cool, breezy morn in early September, and following a little babbling stream, the drain of some clear mountain spring as it meanders down the hill side, over and between the mossy stones, spreading over the damp ground and watering the luxuriant growth of ferns and mosses, whilst the cool September breeze is sighing among the tall pines, wafting their aroma over the hill side. In a place where the shadows play with the golden sunbeams which come stealing through overhanging foliage which as yet but by a rare and beautifully colored leaf of red or gold betokens that glorious autumn has begun, and our sportsman, as he approaches, pointing—now carefully and stealthily he advances, now becoming rigid under the entrancing ecstasy of the hot scent. Then we advance a step, whilst the ready forefinger is hovering twist guard and trigger; and as the heart in its quickened talior forces the blood surging through the veins, the brain harbors no thought save of the present glorious moment. Whirlwind gusts of gun chain loosened, as the ground begins to quiver, the open air. As we raise the gun we see, as looping yonder clump of rhododendrons, the pointed pinions, fan-like the and the extended ruff whose jetty blackness gleams in the sunlight, the typical emblem of American feathered game. But a report has broken the stillness of the hill side, and "Dead bird, fetch," proclaims that the shot has been true.

Nearing the base of the hill, we overlook a blue limpid pond

nestling among huge boulders, in whose shadowy recesses luxuriant fern growths are blooming, vieing in their picturesque fantastic outline, the virgin beauty of the lilies along the shore. Here in an adjacent clump of alders the dog is pointing, but not with that sneaking, crouching attitude he employed when working on the grouse, but firm, upright, rigid, with head but slightly lowered and turned, and advancing we are not surprised to hear the tremulous whistle of the woodcock as we see but a glimpse of his shadowy form darting through the interlacing covert, but even that glimpse has been enough to send him with broken neck and pinion whirling offward. Thus, reader, many a day may be healthily and richly spent whilst waiting for later autumn, the most brilliant time of all.

FRANK WARWICK.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AT MILLER'S BAYOU.

BY November the ducks come South, and, enticed by the fine food and *quasi* secluded bayous in Louisiana, any quantities flock hither. But by no means are they safer here than in the ponds of Minnesota or in the marshes of Long Island Sound; indeed, quite the contrary, as the vast and apparently impenetrable prairies are intersected by narrow but navigable passes, which afford the hunter a chance to steal quietly in upon them and create sad havoc among a flock before and as they rise. Sunday is the day for sport, and the hunting grounds most accessible for a day's shooting are situated on the Mobile Railroad. Parties of gentlemen form and go over Saturday evening, returning Sunday night. As we were not to be left out in all this sport, a party met at the train and bought tickets for Lake Catherine. We jumped into a smoking car where our brother sportsmen were chatting in anticipation of a "fine hunt to-morrow," little knowing how miserably the sport would end! So pleasantly did time while itself away in conversation that the howling of dogs suffering tortures at the hands, or feet rather, of a brutal master, did not distract us until the brakeman cried out "Lake Catherine!" where we jumped out and left the hounds and man to proceed en route for deer hunting further north. Though I wish no man evil, I do hope that that fellow, who, to quiet his dogs, stamped his heels on them, failed to bring a buck to bay.

We were hustled into a large skiff which served as a ferry boat between Lake Catherine Station and Millers—a distance of say a mile. Scarcely were we in and seated when someone spied an astronomical and lunar phenomenon commonly known as the "Crescent and the Star." The moon was a crescent, nearly directly over us, and inside of its crescent was as bright a star as we ever witnessed. The night was magnificently clear, the reflections of the moon were bright and silvery and tipped by the twinkling star, we saw, wait, pause, it may never be seen again to again behold. Edward and I, to stalwart darkies, rowed us, and soon we turned into a bayou marked by a signboard as "Miller's Bayou." True, the posts sustaining this guide mark were a trifle off the perpendicular, but save to a geometrical critical eye such an acute angle would not be observed.

In but a very few moments now we came in sight of some neat brick and plastered houses and a hearing of mingled Dutch and Congo "Hold, Alac!" "Pull, Edward," and slowly our starboard touched the little wharf.

"Good evening," said a little dried up old woman whom we immediately took to be the widow Miller—widow I say, for one year previous on that day her husband had been standing just where she was when his gun hammers struck the wharf and both charges were lodged in his lungs, death ensuing. We bade her good evening and went ashore by the combined lights of her lantern and the moon. We walked a few feet and entered her house, a very clean cabin, with a dining room and adjoining two other rooms, each full of bunks for the accommodation of hunters.

She, that is, Mrs. Miller, prepared a supper for us, consisting of trout and wild ducks, the product of the day's pot fishing and trapping. Poles were lodged in the lungs, death ensuing. We bade her good evening and went ashore by the combined lights of her lantern and the moon. We walked a few feet and entered her house, a very clean cabin, with a dining room and adjoining two other rooms, each full of bunks for the accommodation of hunters. She, that is, Mrs. Miller, prepared a supper for us, consisting of trout and wild ducks, the product of the day's pot fishing and trapping. Poles were lodged in the lungs, death ensuing. We bade her good evening and went ashore by the combined lights of her lantern and the moon. We walked a few feet and entered her house, a very clean cabin, with a dining room and adjoining two other rooms, each full of bunks for the accommodation of hunters.

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THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS.—The record of the Australian Cricketers in England has been a very brilliant one. Their success has been unprecedented. Meeting the best players in England—and that means the best players in the world, Australia excepted—in thirty matches they have lost only six. Of their matches with English eleven they won five games, lost four and had two drawn games. In contests against odds of eleven or eighteen and twenty-two, they won six games, lost one and drew eight. The one they lost was with an eighteen, in which W. G. Grace played against them. After the defeat at Nottingham—which was to have been expected after the fatigue of a twenty-five thousand miles journey—the victory over the Marylebone and Yorkshires, the games in detail were as follows:

The fourth game was played at the Oval on June 3, against the Surrey County Club, and resulted in another victory. Australia made 110 and 78 for five wickets, Surrey, 107 and 80. Spofforth took eight wickets in the first innings.

The fifth match was played at Eiland, June 6, and was the first match against odds, the home team numbering eighteen. The Australians made 90 and 88 against the eighteen's 29 and 60.

At Longsight the Australians were defeated by two wickets. They scored 67 in each inning to their opponents' 63 and 74. G. F. Grace of the Longsights, scored 33 and 42.

The seventh match was what might be termed the "champion match," as it was against the Gentlemen of England, at Prince's ground. The Gentlemen had perhaps their strongest possible team—viz., W. G. Grace, Gilbert, Horley, Lucas, G. E. Grace, E. M. Gray, E. Lyttelton, A. Lyttelton, Steel, Stace and Bush. The visitors suffered a defeat, making 75 and 63 to the Gentlemen's 189.

On the St. John's Wood grounds the eighth match was played, the Australians beating the Middlesex team by 93 runs. The Australians made 165 and 246 to the Middlesex 122 and 133.

The ninth match was against twenty-two of Birmingham and district, the colonials making 106 and 116 for six wickets against the home team 123 for one inning. The match was a draw.

On June 27 the Australians played at Leeds against a team of Hunslet and district. This match also ended in a draw, but really in favor of the visitors.

On the Monday following they met the County Eleven at Sheffield, and scored 88 and 105, while the County made 107 runs for their first inning, and secured the necessary 20 runs with the loss of but one wicket.

Crossing the border line into Lancashire, their next opponents were eighteen of Stockport and district, and here the Australians were victorious by a score of 163 and 225 to Stockport's 105 and 134.

The thirteenth match was on July 8, against Mr. C. J. Thornton's eleven, at the Orleans Club grounds at Twickenham. The game resulted in a draw.

The next morning the colonials met eighteen gentlemen of South Wales, at Swansea. The Welshmen scored 94 and 88 against the colonials 219, the match being won by an inning and 67 runs.

The fifteenth match was played at Oldham, against eighteen of Werneth and Oldham. The contest was not played out. The totals for the home team were 138 and 117, and for the visitors 123 and 112 for six wickets.

The next match was played at Leicester, where the Australians contested against an eleven of the county. Leicestershire scored 193 in their first inning, the first wicket falling for a 113 runs. In the second inning they scored 145. The Australians made 150 in their first inning, and in the second O. Bannerman made 133 and Horan 40, and finally won the match by eight wickets.

Hull was the rendezvous for the next three days, and the score of the home club was 250 and 68. The Australians made 305 in their first inning—their highest score in England. The remaining fifteen runs were made without the loss of a wicket.

The eighteenth match, at Lards, against the Cambridge University, was won by the latter by an inning and 72 runs. This was one of the most interesting matches played by the team. The Australians made 111 and 102 to the Cantabs 285. Of this number A. Lyttelton made 72 and A. J. Steel 69. On the Australian side Murdoch's 47 was the highest score.

The next game was played at Crewe against twenty-two of the district. Australia scored 130 and 102; their opponents 54 and 79.

Eighteen of Keighly and district were next met and defeated, the home team putting 102 and 135, while the colonials made 308 in their first innings and the remaining 32 in their second, with the loss of three wickets.

The game against eighteen of Rochdale ended in a draw. The Australians scored 159 and 72 and the eighteen 124 and 50 for six wickets.

Buxton twenty-two of the district made 77 and 134 to the colonials 97 and 17 for one wicket. This match was also a draw.

Captain Conway arrived in New York last

Tuesday; the team comes a week from Saturday. The programme of matches in this country has already been published. The forthcoming resume of the international cricket matches played in America is given in the World:

The first English cricket team to visit America were the All England professional twelve, under the captaincy of the renowned George Parr, then the champion batsman of the cricket world. This party left Liverpool for Quebec on September 7, 1889, and began play in Montreal on September 27, against a twenty-two of All Canada, which the eleven defeated by 117 to 85 and 83, while the home side made eight wickets. The English eleven included Parr, Coffin, Lockyer, Jackson, Wisden, Diver, Caesar, Stephenson, Grundy, Hayward and Carpenter, John Lillywhite acting as umpire. They played next on October 3, 4 and 5 against twenty-two of the United States at Hoboken, the team including members of the St. George, New York, Philadelphia, Young America, Albany, Newark, and some other local clubs. The players were Messrs. Gibbs, Earnshaw, Walter, Sam Wright, Harry Wright, Walker, Bage, Sharp, Marsh, Crossley, Wilby, Higham, Cornery, Hollis, Barclay, Morgan, Walter Newhall, Hammond, Lillywhite, Seaman, Leig and Head. This team of nineteen resident English players and three young American cricketers was disposed of in their first inning for a total of about 33 runs, Walter Newhall's 5 being the best made score. In the second inning they made but 54, not a player scoring double figures. Gibbs, the leading batsman of the St. George Club, scored two duck eggs; Sharp, New York, made a total of 10 in the two innings, while the six professionals in the team made but 9 altogether in the first inning. The whole party were frightened by the prestige of the English professionals, and were defeated in one inning by a score of 166 to 38 and 54. Hollis, of Newark, took the majority of the wickets for 30 runs; Coffin, on the other side, took 16 wickets for 25 runs, and Jackson 10 for 17 runs. The English team played another United States twenty-two, at Philadelphia, on October 10 and 12, on the old Camac's Woods Grounds. The twenty-two on this occasion included twelve Americans as follows: Walter Newhall, Philadelphia, W. and J. Wistar, Bayard Hunt, Hall, H. Fisher, Barclay, Waterman and Morgan. In this match the eleven scored 126 in their first inning to 94 by the twenty-two, the latter scoring 60 in their second inning, leaving the eleven to win with seven wickets to fall. Gibbs scored 41 and J. Wistar 19 on the twenty-two side in the first inning, while the home side made 10 in the second. Jackson took the majority of the wickets on the one side and Seaman on the other. The American portion of the twenty-two made 90 runs and the English portion 58.

No foreign team visited America after Parr's eleven until 1888, when another professional team came out under the management of Griffiths. These came direct to New York in the City of Baltimore, arriving September 18, 1883. This team included Jupp, Smith, Shaw, Tarrant, Pooley, Humphrey, Freeman, Raybotham, Charlwood, Welsher, and John Lillywhite, Griffiths umpiring. They played against twenty-two selected by the St. George Club, at the grounds of the latter at Hudson City, on September 16, 17 and 18. The twenty-two included Messrs. Cross, Gibbs, Norley, Earnshaw, Butterfield, Bowman, Pomeroy, Haughton, Cashman, Hill, Stokes, Harry and George Wright, Mortimer, Winslow, Aspinwall, Want, Lee, Smith, Morris, Rogerson and Lancy. The eleven scored 141 but first and scored 175, all getting double figures but two. The twenty-two were then disposed of for 61 in their first inning and 88 in their second, Rogerson scoring 22 and Winslow 11. Norley took 6 wickets for 41 runs and Welsher 13 wickets for 23 runs. The eleven afterwards defeated the twenty-two Boston by a total of 180 to 76 in two innings. George Wright making the highest score on the Boston side—12. In their match with twenty-two of Philadelphia the eleven won with three wickets to fall, by 92 and 83 against 88 and 35. The twenty-two were all young American cricketers. Cadwalader led with 15, White made 13 and Clay 10. In a second match at Germantown the twenty-two were disposed of for 47 and 62, the eleven scoring 117 and 64. In this match Dan Newhall made 20 in his second inning.

On August 17, 1872, the first visit of an amateur team of English cricketers was made to Canada and the United States, the "Gentlemen's twelve," being under the control of Mr. Fitzerald, the Secretary of the Marylebone Club, of London. This team included the renowned W. G. Grace, by courtesy included in the list of "gentlemen players," though really a professional, as he is paid for his services in a match, though he does not attend to ground-keeping or any other duties of a professional cricketer. The other players were Messrs. Appleby, Hornby, A. Lubbock, Francis, Rose, Ottoway, Hadam, Pickering, Harris (now Lord Harris) and Fitzgerald. This team played against twenty-two of New York on September 18 and 19 at Hoboken, and they scored 249 against 69 and 44 by the twenty-two, their winning cause. George Wright was bowled out by George Wright after scoring 63. George Wright got the highest score on the part of the twenty-two, making a six hit over the fence. In the match at Philadelphia on September 21, 23

and 24 the eleven scored 105 and 64 against 63 and 74, the eleven winning by three wickets only, playing their full twelve. Grace was bowled by Charley Newhall in the first innings for 14, and in the second but for 7. Lange led the score on the other side with 13 and 7. J. Hargreaves getting 11 and 7, Clay 4 and 13 and Dan Newhall 13. Grace took 21 wickets for 63 runs, Charley Newhall taking 10 for 63 runs. In the match at Boston on September 20 the twelve were put out for 51 in their first inning, Eastwood bowling Grace for 26. The twenty-two also scored 51, Linden carrying his bat out for 17. In the second inning the twenty-two made but 43 and the twelve had scored 23 with the loss of six wickets, Grace being bowled out by Eastwood for 5, when darkness stopped play and the game was decided to be drawn. The highest score made by the twelve in America was 319 in the match at Toronto, when Grace made 143.

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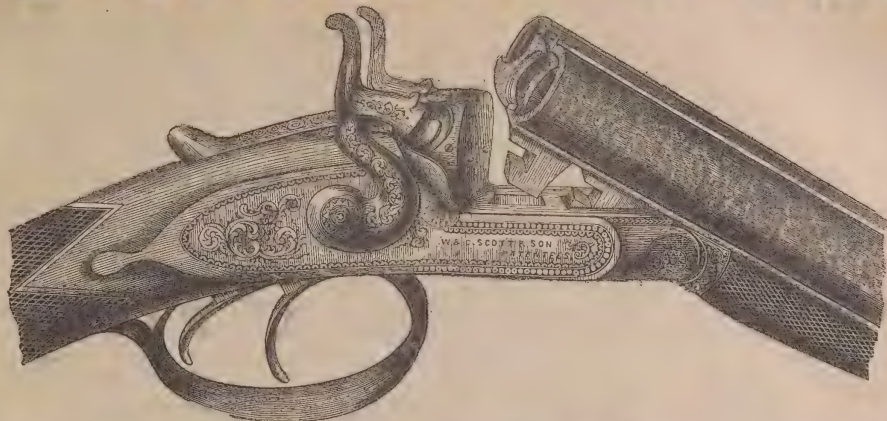
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July 23, 1878, Haringham Club; return match with Mr. H. Cholmondeley Pennell for £300; 100 birds each, 30 yards:
Captain Bogardus used his Scott Choke and killed 71. Mr. Pennell used his Greener Choke and killed 69. —See *London Field*, July 27, 1878.

July 29, 1878, Gun Club, London; match with Captain Shelley for £200; 100 birds, 30 yards:
Captain Bogardus used his Scott 12-bore Choke and killed 84. Captain Shelley, a Purdey Choke, and killed 64. —See *London Field*, August 3, 1878.

August 3, 1878; match with Mr. Boulton for £100; 50 birds each, 30 yards:
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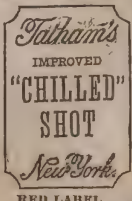
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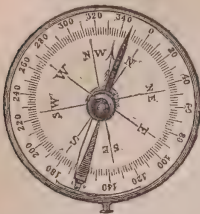
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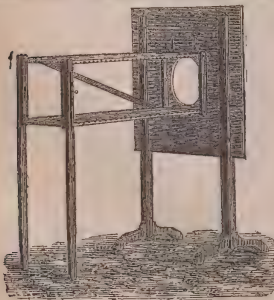
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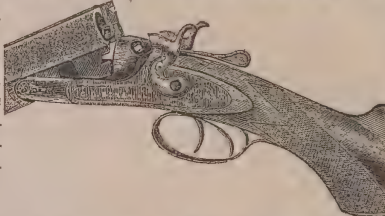
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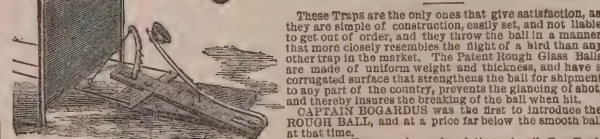
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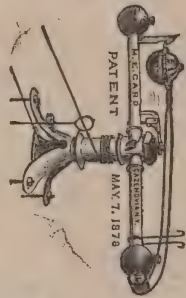
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EXCELS ALL OTHERS. Throws in every possible direction. No screen is needed, as no one, not even puller, can tell the direction the ball will take. Made stationary if desired. All metal. WORKING PAIRTS NICELY FITTED. Send for Circular.

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THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

Terms, Four Dollars a Year—
Ten Cents a Copy.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1878.

Volume 11.—No. 8.
(No. 111 Fulton St., N. Y.)

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

Myakka.

AN Indian name, evidently. We do not know the English for it, and presume you do not. So, from our knowledge of the locality and of the customs of our red predecessors to give to a country a title indicating its characteristic features, we may quite safely assume that Myakka means Hunters' Paradise, Deer's Home, Turkey Roost, or—well, suit yourself—any term suggestive of an abundance of game and the best possible place for a hunter to drop into for a month's sport in winter, and you have it as well named as it is at present. We say "drop into" advisedly, for if there is any pleasure in getting to it in any other way we confess to utter ignorance of it.

If you are interested to know what and where Myakka is, take any large map of Florida, and, finding Manatee County, the name will appear connected with lakes and a river entering Charlotte's Harbor. The Floridian gives to all the territory drained by a stream the name it bears, so in the present instance lakes, river and the adjoining country, including a widely scattered settlement, are all known as "The Myakka." With the lakes and river our story runs. The former lie southeast from the enterprising village of Manatee, on the Manatee River, twenty-seven miles from the wharf, where two fine ocean-going steamers land the semi-weekly mail for South Florida. Not very far, one would say, to travel for good sport. Well, it isn't, over a fine road and with a lively team; but good roads and lively teams are not found in this part of Florida. So, upon the occasion that our party of four jolly hunters traveled these twenty-seven miles, an ox-team for our boat and grain, a pony and cart and three saddle-nags were our means of transportation. Our start was made upon a bright morning in December, 1877, one of the mornings when the visitor to Florida from the frozen hills of New England or the bleak prairies of the West finds it impossible to realize that it is indeed winter, and that around his distant home the cold blasts are whistling. With the mocking-birds in full chorus, wild flowers in full bloom, and perhaps heat enough to make coats a burden, it is hard to believe that it can be cold a few hundred miles away.

We had started our ox-team several hours in advance of the party with a darkie driver, whose knowledge, or rather ignorance, of the road was an unknown quantity in his education. So, late in the day we espied our Newburyport "dory," bobbing along over the prairie several miles ahead, and on a wrong trail, heading too far to the westward. "No use to go back," said we. "It's open prairie and pine woods, and we will just cut across in the morning to the right road." So said we in our ignorance of what was between us and that road; and, camping for the night, we made a fine supper from a sand-bill crane the darkie had killed, and some quail we had "taken in" by the wayside.

We have often noticed the fact that the first morning in camp a party will rise fearfully early. Even the all-weather-lazy fellow seems impressed with the truthfulness of the saying, concerning birds and worms, and is perhaps the one to light the fire for our early cup of coffee. It was so in the present instance, and before the sun shone through the pine trees we were marching to meet him and to regain the main road. At noon we were still marching eastward, and had reached no road, with the disagreeable impression intruding itself upon us that perhaps we had better have gone back to the main road upon the trail we followed off; an impression that struck us with all the force of a dead certainty, when about 1 o'clock our cavalcade, with ox-team slowly bringing up the rear, came to a halt against an impassable slough running north and south, or directly across our course, and stretching in either direction as far as one could see. Slightly provoking sight! But how do you suppose we felt, after following that infernal slough four or five miles to the southward hunting in vain for a crossing, to be told by a cow hunter, whom we chanced to meet, that the only crossing was about four miles back, and that we had passed it.

The writer swore, and has forgotten if every one else did. We had driven through as rough a country along the edge of the slough as a cart ever went through, jolting over logs and palmetto roots until the oakum started out of the boat's seams, and to go back over such a miserable track was a trial of patience, indeed.

Our mounted men, skirmishing to the right and left of the crawling teams, found an abundance of jack-snipe and yellow-legs in the edges of small ponds and in wet spots where the woods had been burned a few weeks before, following a dry season, though it must be confessed that the proportion of misses to hits of shots at the swift flying birds was anything but flattering to the vanity of the sportsmen. That the horses had to assume the blame for many a wasted cartridge, was not surprising; they were a little gun-shy. A fox squirrel, hunting for his mid-day lunch, afforded a mark

for the rifle of the weary driver of our pony cart, and added a delicious dish to the dinner, devoured at a late hour within sight of the lakes, toward which our erratic course had constantly tended.

The fatigue and mishaps of the day's travel were forgotten around the bright light-wood camp-fire, and with the smoke of our pipes our spirits and anticipations rose. Visitors to our camp from a not-far-distant farm-house, of the gentlemen well as the sterner sex, helped us to enjoy the evening, and assured us of game in abundance, in return for which assurance we promised the ladies a boat-ride—and never kept the promise. Two of them had never been in a boat, and were filled with admiration of our dory, even as it appeared perched on the ox-cart.

The day's fatigue and extended evening pleasures "told" on our slumbers, so that old So winked merrily at discovering a party of hunters still snoozing under the pine trees as his earliest and brightest ray touched the "Upper Lake." A mile or more away at the foot of a gently-descending slope it lay before us, slightly ruffled by the breeze, glittering like millions of diamonds in the sunlight. A wide border of bright green grass, covering the bottoms that overflow in high water, forms an emerald setting for the lake's brilliants. Bordering the picture, with the irregular and graceful outlines, stand clusters of grand old moss-draped live oaks, stately palms with gracefully pendant leaves, and maples bright with the tints of their autumn season. But for the palmettes, that give to the scene its tropical look, we might for the moment imagine ourselves in the carefully-kept park of one of England's favored landowners, for the hundreds of cattle quietly feeding on the grass keep it smooth and close-clipped as a lawn. No stretch of the imagination, however, could ever picture such cattle as these in "his lordship's" park. Wild, small, and broad-horned, they do not wait for an inspection that would justify a closer description, but, with heads up, go with a rush for the nearest timber. There are over one hundred thousand such cattle in Manatee County that are driven and penned yearly for marking and branding. It is not, then, to be wondered at that the seven hundred registered democratic voters of the county find little time for the adornment of their homes, a lack that the visitor notices at the first glance. With our arrival at the lake our fishing began, and, though it was Sunday morning, we had to catch a bass for dinner. We have read Pennant's *Saxony* for years, and with feelings of most profound self-gratification have compared the fishing, with which some of our fellow-sportsmen (whose exploits are therein recorded) seem well satisfied, with that enjoyed by us at these lakes. Some whose experiences have been there related and read with interest have gloried in a catch of from four to a dozen black bass, describing so vividly every turn and effort of the finny game as to convey to the reader almost the pleasurable excitement enjoyed by the captor.

How we wish for the happy family of description enjoyed by some of these to recount the captures on these pretty lakes and river. A fourteen-foot bamboo rod, stout linen line and big hooks completed our fishing rig. A bit of venison and a wisp of white hair fished from the latter end of our dog's tail made a bait. Just the thing it proved to be for bringing the bass up from the bottom of the cold water. Another good quality it possessed, that of lasting. We caught five with it for four days. Something over twenty of the greedy bass tried to eat it in the course of an hour's talk along the "bonnets," the largest of which we threw back, reserving a half-dozen of the little fellows for frying. And here let us observe, at the known risk of being accused of bad taste and worse judgment, that a black bass is about the poorest fish for the pan or for fun that we know of. He tastes as he smells, which is strong, and we have read with astonishment of his game qualities in Northern waters, of never having found them to any extent in the denizens of our Florida streams, we concluded that the same influence which makes the resident of this "Land of Flowers" easy-going had affected the bass. Of the twenty odd we took seven weighed over nine pounds, and one seventeen, yet there was little fight in them; leading up to the surface like a stick, they would make a dash or two for freedom and give up. Accustomed to catching the salt water fish of the coast, drum, sheepshead, redfish, rovalid, etc., there was no sport in this sort of fishing for us, and we took only enough to eat after the first trial.

It will be said, perhaps the fish were disgusted at the weight and strength of our rig. Well, perhaps they were, and some time we will try them with eight-ounce rod, braided silk line and reel, but we do not expect to find evidence to change our opinion.

We pitched our tent upon a monster live oak near the shore, whose mighty limbs spread sixty feet on every side of the short and crooked trunk. Standing between and up among the low-hanging branches were a dozen palmetto trees, round columns supporting the roof of our leafy mansion.

Pulling from our tree long festoons of gray moss we filled our tent with it half way to the ridge pole and rolled it down for our bed. A rubber blanket, to keep down the moisture, is advisable in this most luxurious couch. As our tent was pitched on Sunday morning, it was resolved to do no hunting, but to spend the day "looking around."

The writer, carrying his "Winchester" (for self-protection) and riding a well broken pony, chose the lake side of

the woods for his field of observation, and with interest noted the flocks of plover that, seemingly fearless of danger, would quietly feed until the pony was within a few feet of them, when, with the unanimity of well drilled troops, they would rise, wheel and settle a rod or two ahead, to repeat the manoeuvre upon another near approach. English snipe—best and sweetest of birds—in countless numbers scooped their soft bills over the half dry mud at the lake's edge; flock after flock of willett rose with shrill whistle, white sandpipers and yellow legs simply ran out of the way, evidently unconscious that an enemy was near. An account of the incidents of this trip has been purposely left unwritten for months, to allow the enthusiasm consequent upon a successful hunt and the sight of acres—literally acres—of game-birds to subside in a measure, well knowing that the unworn truth with regard to the numbers of birds seen would sound like a terribly "fishy" story to many readers unfamiliar with the wilds of Florida. It does seem a little like an exaggerated yarn to say that for half a mile or more the low bushes on one side of the lake were perfectly white with the wood ibis (or gannets, as the bird is commonly called here), and to tell of flocks of white curlew covering acres of the grassy flats might injuriously affect our reputation for veracity. Yet we take these chances, and state that we saw all these, and more too. The beautiful pink curlew (rosate spoonbill) were also feeding about in large numbers, and seeming to value their fine feathers as highly as we did, were more shy than their white cousins, keeping at a safe distance from us, while other birds were not wild at all. We except from this last statement the sandhill cranes. Perhaps the other birds know that it was Sunday morning, and that they were not in danger, on that very account, from the pony or his well-pleased rider who, in watching and counting the rafts of ducks on the lake, scaring up the birds, noticing the lily-pads for future visits, etc., was enjoying in anticipation more than the sport that was to come on the morrow, when the pony stopped, with ears pricked forward and an air of observation generally, told speedily brought attention to the front. Genial! what a flock of turkeys! One, two, three, five, nine—gone, and not half counted. Up that trail to the pond in the hammock. Down drops the pony's trail rope and our observation party of one is as speedily dismounted and transformed into a hunting party as possible. Very strangely, the desire for knowledge of the ground, to be quietly obtained, was changed in an instant to a most positive wish for a turkey at dinner. The caution of a veteran hunter, "Don't hurry," was home in mind (by the way, it's the best advice any hunter could receive), so after fifteen or twenty minutes of quiet walking and crawling the edge of the pond was reached, and with it a sight that would gladden any sportsman's heart. Nineteen turkeys, some feeding some sunning themselves, with outspread wings, in the sand, and all looking plump and fat enough for our Sunday dinner. While lying quietly behind a log, the actions of the pompous "old gobbler" and his family afforded a pleasant study, but, as the rifle was brought to an aim, an old hen remarked "pet," which, being interpreted, is, run, scud, get out of this. She should have spoken sooner, for the bullet reached its mark ere her advice was followed, and one of her sisters laid down her life that we might be fed. Bad man, hunting on Sunday! Admitted, without an argument; but who could resist such a chance for a good dinner.

The following day our party divided up, for a variety of game, one taking a swamp six miles from the lake and river, for deer, two others trimmed the boat for ducks and sculled about the lake, and another, with a resident hunter and his dog, put out for the turkeys that had received attention on the previous day. The flock was found near the same pond, and were quickly flushed by the well-trained dog. Two shots and a turkey—scored on one for our "Cracker" friend and his Kentucky rifle. Turkey shooting on the wing is literally "big sport," with a dog that understands the business. With shot guns it is too easy to be much fun, but with rifles it taxes one's quickness of eye and steadiness of nerve fully enough to be interesting. An hour or so of quiet hunting, enlivened by three successful shots at flying gobbles, and the bag was considered big enough for the day, especially as we judged from the rapid firing on the lake that ducks would be plenty for dinner. The ducking party, however, met with but indifferent success, as the ducks were wild and our dory not well adapted to the sport. Shots at long range were indulged in without taming the ducks much or killing many either—enough for dinner, however.

And here, for the satisfaction of the reader whose experience in wood life will enable him to appreciate the bill fare at that four o'clock dinner, let us give it: Black bass and perch, fried, first course. Snipe and turkey breast, fricassée; stewed turkey; broiled salt; sweet potatoes, boiled and fried; Irish potatoes, ditto; coffee noir.

It would have been a fair dinner, even if we hadn't a "camp appetite" with it; and indeed as we were all greatly "amped" in respect, it was adjudged by the party a first class "spread." Not by all the party either, for the absence of venison from our bill of fare was due to the absence of our deer hunter, whose hungry condition we earnestly commiserate as we smoke our after dinner pipes and see the sun go down and darkness come on without his yet putting in an appearance.

Bedtime comes, and so soundly do we sleep that apparently but a few minutes have passed and daylight comes to wake us to the consciousness of the fact that he is not yet in, but that his horse is and is without his bridle. We "take in" the situation, and in a minute have saddled a couple of horses, roped, the stray nag, who has evidently left his rider in the lurch—or swam, rather—gathered a few fragments of yesterday's dinner, and started to the relief of our unlucky comrade. The crisp, fresh morning air exhilarates us and stimulates our ponies to put their best foot forward. The level, grassy bottoms afford a smooth road, so the six or seven miles that lie between our camp and his hunting ground are gone over in a few minutes, and we enter the big Myakka swamp, swampy, rather, and only covered with water during the summer rainy season.

Winding around among the great live oaks and rough palmetto trees, we ride a mile or more into the thicket, careless of disturbing by the shrill notes of our hunting horn the game we are not seeking. Grave fears for the safety of our friend disturb us as no reply comes to our repeated calls, and with few words and serious faces we ride on, carefully scanning each open glade. Stories of hanging accidents and death from snake bites intrude disagreeably and with oppressive force on our recollection, and the straight column of smoke we finally discern, away through the trees by the river bank, somehow is not reassuring, rising, as it seems, to from a smoldering or dead fire. We ride quickly up to it, with hearts beating audibly, and discover our comrade stretched out on a pile of moss—sound asleep and the sun an hour high. W. S. WARNER.

Manatee, Fla., July 10, 1878.

Fish Culture.

THE LOTUS FOR FISH PONDS.

CLEVELAND, Sept. 10, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Among the numerous native aquatic plants described of late in the *FOREST AND STREAM*, as adapted to the aquarium, fish pond and stream, I have not seen the attention of fish culturists called to the most magnificent of all our water plants—the nelmumbium (*Nelumbium luteum*) commonly called the water chinquapi. This nelmumbium is the largest and most beautiful water lily of the northern zone. It is allied to the *Nymphaea speciosa* and the *N. lotus* of India and the Nile; it can rightly be called, on account of the size and beauty, the Victoria Regia of the North. This plant is found in many isolated marshes in the West. Those under my own observation are at the west end of Sandusky Bay, on Portage River, that empties into Lake Erie at Port Clinton, West Harbor, on Lake Erie near the mouth of this river, and in Point Au Pelee Island marshes on the north shore of the lake.

In the quiet bays of these localities this lily could once be seen growing in patches of from one to five acres, its broad green leaf, twenty to thirty inches in diameter, on stems two, three and eight feet long, covering the water entirely from view. The blossom, which comes out in August, is from eight to ten inches long and shows a pink well above the water. The seeds, from fifteen to twenty in each capsule, ripen in October, and are about the size, form and color of the "black-jack oak" (*Quercus nigra*) and with the root of the plant, which resembles much the root of the sweet potato or yam, were both used as food in early times here by the Indians, and cultivated, it is said, by them. From my own experience I can hence affirm that they are quite edible.

For deep water and ponds of great extent I consider this lily (*N. luteum*) of more value to the fish culturist than the sweet scented variety (*Nymphaea odorata*).

Some years ago a friend requested me to procure skins of the male woodcock, *Anas sponsa* (Audubon), as he wished to send the feathers to a salmon-fisher correspondent in Scotland. Having noticed numbers of these birds on October evenings alighting in a small pond in the woods of "Mid Bay," a continuation of the west end of Sandusky Bay, I procured a boat in that one day about sundown, and soon procured thirteen male birds in passable plumage. I found, on skinning them, their crops filled (as I supposed) with acorns, and not until a half-bred Frenchman proved to me that they were the seeds of lily pads did I discover my mistake. From that time I have ever been interested in the history of this magnificent plant. Since the above was written I have been told by "Colonel Dyer and Eldigan, too," but twice like the beating of a thousand gongs and twice ten thousand bass-drums combined. In the afternoon in early October you could see the gallinules, rails and March wrens running and flitting over these water carpets, while under them, in the clear and shaded water, thousands of pickerel, bass and sunfish took their quiet siesta on their morning meal.

Since the above was written I have had brought to my notice two newspaper articles on the nelmumbium.

The first, from the Green Bay (Wis.) *Advocate*, as follows: "The Egyptian Lotus, so celebrated for its rare and beautiful blossoms in flavor and color, have until quite recently been known to exist at all in the United States, but are found in great perfection in several places in this country—one of which we discovered last week to be in Lake Winnebago, near the Insane Hospital, and probably at some other points on the lake. It grows also at Sheldon's Cove, on the Connecticut River, not far from Long Island Sound, and its rare and beautiful blossoms are always in great demand there, from \$2 to \$10 having been offered for them. Every effort to transplant the plant has been unsuccessful, and it has been heretofore believed that only one spot elsewhere on the North Carolina coast—now that idea is exploded. The origin of the lotus at Sheldon's Cove is attributed by tradition to some seeds which blew from a shipload of Egyptian rags passing up the river. The blossoms on the Lake Winnebago specimens are of a delicate, pale buff color, and larger and finer in texture than the ordinary pond lilies of this country."

The second is from the Cleveland *Leader*:

"In your issue of yesterday, you reprint an article from the Green Bay *Advocate*, in which it is claimed that the famous Egyptian lotus has been recently discovered in Lake Winnebago, and it is said to occur at only one other point in the United States, Sheldon's Cove, on the Connecticut River, where its presence is attributed to 'a shipload of Egyptian rags passing up the river from which some seeds blew into the water,' etc. etc. As the plant referred to in this article is not the Egyptian Lotus; is found at several localities in this country, three of which are in this State; is one of the most beautiful and interesting species in our flora, and has a close relationship to one of the many so-called Lotus plants of the Old World, I venture to send you a brief note of comment upon it. The plant mentioned in the *Advocate* is *Nelumbium luteum*, or, as the Chinese call it, the largest and finest of our water lilies. Aside from the localities mentioned, it occurs at Sodus Bay, Lake Ontario, on the islands in Lake Erie, at Toledo, at North Bend on the Ohio, and at some other places; and yet it is a rare plant. It will be recognized by its circular, peltate leaf, often two feet in diameter, which floats on the surface of the water, and by its great fragrant flowers, pale greenish-yellow in color, sometimes leaving a flush of red, and its seeds are held in a flattened receptacle three or four inches in diameter, are nearly as large as hazel nuts, and are eatable. Visitors to the islands will find these lilies in the marshes of Middle Bass, and in much greater abundance at More's Dock, near Ottawa, on the peninsula. Both the root and the seeds were used as food by the Indians who formerly lived around the western end of Lake Erie; and it is probable that it would richly reward efforts for its cultivation in this vicinity, both by its beautiful and deliciously fragrant flowers and its edible, nut-like seeds. Our *Nelumbium* is closely allied to *N. speciosum*, which grows spontaneously in India; and, like the papyrus, was formerly cultivated in the Nile, but does not now grow in Egypt. This is sometimes called the lotus, but the true lotus was *nymphaea* (*N. lotus*), a species of the same genus with our white water-lily (*N. luteum*), and very much like it. This grows abundantly in the Delta of the Nile, and both the immature seed pod and the root were eaten by the Egyptians. This and the *Nelumbium* were accurately described by Herodotus, and there can be no mistake about them. The blossoms of the white water lily of the Nile, and also those of the blue species (*N. caerulea*), which grows with it, were highly esteemed by the flower-loving Egyptians, and were used by them to decorate the tables at their feasts, and to crown and garland the guests. They also formed a conspicuous feature in the offerings to their gods. There is considerable difference of opinion among scholars as to the identity of the plant which bore the fruit said by Homer in the *Odyssey* to have been offered to Ulysses in North Africa, and to have the peculiar property of producing forgetfulness of home and country in those who ate it. It certainly was not our white water-lily. It grew abundantly in the Delta of the Nile, and was probably the fruit of *Ziziphus Lotus*, a small tree which grows in Barbary. This fruit is something like a date or plum in appearance, and the Arabian poets ascribed to it a lethean influence similar to that felt by Homer's *Lithophagi*."

I hope sufficient has been said here regarding this water plant to induce some of our fish culturists to undertake its cultivation. Should any such want the seeds or roots I have no doubt they could procure any amount needed by applying to the members of the Hone's Point or Winnow's Point Clubs, located at the head of Sandusky Bay. Both clubs have men in their employ that would willingly collect the material for a sufficient compensation. DR. E. STREILING.

EGGS OF THE CALIFORNIA SALMON.—Mr. Livingston Stone's efforts this year at Baird, Shasta County, California, seem to have been crowned with success. It would be well if the various Fish Commissioners would at once apply for eggs for their use. Mr. Stone writes from the U. S. Salmon Breeding Station at the above point, under date of Sept. 11:

We have taken eight million salmon eggs this season, and have a good prospect of taking three or four million more within a week.

This expectation of a further catch seems to have been fully realized, as we are in receipt of the following news from Professor Baird, who writes from the United States Commission, Fish and Fisheries, Gloucester, Mass., Sept. 21:

Stone telegraphs to-day that he has taken twelve millions of salmon eggs, and can get plenty more. This is beyond the sum of all applications.

TROUT EGGS.—A very large number—one million—brook trout eggs are for sale by Messrs. Eddy, Randolph, N. Y. See advertisement.

FOR *FOREST AND STREAM* will be sent for fractions of a year as follows: Six months, \$2; three months, \$1. To clubs of two or more, \$3 per annum.

Natural History.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

MARINE MONSTERS OF TRADITION AND FACT.

THE periodical "newspaper appearance of the sea-serpent," by virtue of its romantic surroundings, has become an old stand-by, and is looked for and read with a patient credulity that is worthy a better cause. Day after day these monsters are hurled at us by the fun-loving "ink fiend," and it is safe to say that if a shoal of antediluvian horrors should enter the harbor at an early date, they would catch but little surprise to the hundreds who are continually being primed and double-shot with an earnest belief in their existence. Next to the great sea serpent, the devil fish has been the great theme of those who go down to the sea in ships, and even Victor Hugo's wonderful tale of the octopus and its great size has long since been verified by the appearance of a relation of this creature at the New York Aquarium, where it lies in state, its immense arms, thirty feet long, armed with dead-dealing suckers, almost substantiate the tales of the "Tollers of the Sea." So, perhaps there is still a

chance for the "serpent." We expect him, and he will undoubtedly soon put in an appearance at the Aquarium, perhaps in sections, but still there where he will be introduced by "Tody Hamilton" into the mysteries of very alcoholic fire water and "what oysters know about following a man around the room." The curious effects of these strange stories (on the future) can be seen in the numerous statements in history to date of appearances that are there recorded as facts. So, many of our yarns of to-day in a hundred years will be unearthed and wondered at by the half-doubting reader. Some of the later day notes taken upon strange creatures are extremely interesting, to show how the reason of a perfectly reasonable creature can at times be distorted. So, the attention have these appearances been given to Sir Charles Lyell, P. R. S., etc. etc. made quite a report of them, and in most cases the statements were sworn to, and in almost exactly as many cases they were shown to be the result of natural and not unnatural causes. In 1843 scientific Boston was most shamefully deceived by a Mr. Knock, who exhibited a real "sea-serpent." It was supposed to have been only thirty feet in circumference, but was finally found to be a *Python*, an extinct crocodile of great size. It was most carefully made up, the vertebra of several of them being joined together, making a snake of over one hundred feet in length. Soon after this—August, 1845—we have the sworn statement of two gentlemen of Merionist, Nova Scotia, who state that they saw a monster, eighty feet long, hard ground within a hundred yards of the beach, and after watching its motions for an hour, they saw it move off. One of the men mounted a high bank, and stated that it raised its head high out of water and its back was covered with lumps, or they were caused by the motion of its body. The skin was dark and rough, and it worked about continually and would bend its body into a circle and unbend it with great rapidity. In 1844 a large creature swam past a wharf at Arisaig, near the northeast end of Nova Scotia, and was observed by Mr. B. Barry, of the wharf, who certified that he was within twenty-five feet of him, and that it was over sixty feet long and three in width. The back was covered with lumps or natural ridges. The above evidence was collected by J. W. Dawson, of Pictou, for Sir Charles Lyell. In February, 1846, Capt. Lawson and crew, of the schooner *Mary Bell*, stated that they passed a monster snake off Cape Cashes and Henry. The length was given at one hundred feet (and not an inch over), and the creature was seen in the medium of sight. In the month of August of this year, and of July, 1845, articles appeared in the Norway papers giving a description of a monster fish or creature seen by many people, and giving the names of surgeons, lawyers and other prominent men who had certified to the veracity of the statement. The animal was seen in the vicinity of Christiansund, and also at Molde and Lofoten. It entered the bay on calm days, and was seen to be over seventy feet in length, of a black color, smooth, and about three feet in circumference. It moved through the water like an eel, and came so near the beach that its waves broke upon the sands at the feet of the wondering crowd as if a steamer had passed. On the neck, hair was observed that waved like a mane in the water.

It was also pointed out, in the report, that the people who saw it were not frightened, but "it entered the water with ease and reason," and fired shots at it, some of which must have taken effect, as it dove and moved away.

In the years 1817 and 1820 a large marine animal made its appearance upon the New England coast, especially between Gloucester and Boston. These visits created so much interest that the Linnean Society of Boston appointed a committee to investigate the matter, and in 1820 Messrs. Dr. Bigelow and F. C. Gray, two well-known gentlemen, made the report (and it has clung to them ever since). It was as follows: "The monster was from eighty to ninety feet long; its head usually carried about two feet above the water; of a dark brown color, the body with some thirty feet or more protuberances—compared by some to four gallon kegs, or closer to a string of hogs; motions very rapid, faster than those of a whale, swimming a mile in two minutes, and sometimes more, leaving a wake behind him, and chasing mackerel, herrings and other fishes, which were seen jumping out of the water, fifty at a time, as he approached. He only came to the surface in calm, bright weather. A skillful gunner fired at him from our boat, and, having taken good aim, felt sure he must have hit him on the head. The creature turned toward us, and dived under the boat, and reappeared a hundred yards away."

Such was the report of the scientific men of fifty years ago, and having made it, they termed it *Scophthalmus atlanticus*. Drawings were made of it on the spot by Colonel Perkins, of Boston. He saw more and further than all his colleagues jointly, as he mentions twenty projections eight feet apart, and counted the scales by a large majority. The drawing he made resembles the one given in the "History of Lynn," Mass., and was one of thirty persons who followed it along the beach as it swam along the shore. It is to be supposed that it was not then moving at a rate of a mile in two minutes, as above reported. Gentlemen are still residing in Lynn who were of the party, and the writer is fortunate in having an old and valued friend who was a spectator, and to the present day he still avows that it was really the great sea serpent, and not an animal, as he says. In 1806 Captain Johnson, of New Jersey, was becalmed off Hatteras, and reported seeing an immense snake, that raised its head and moved off like an eel. The sea serpent has often been confounded with other marine animals, as in September, 1808, a huge monster was thrown ashore on the outside reef at Rothesford Head, in Strousa, one of the Orkney Islands, where it was found, and measured fifty-five feet in length. The skin, the history, and the others were taken and published in the "Nemurian Society." It measured fifty-five feet, and had bristles in the main, each fourteen inches long. This was so confounded with the Norway sea serpent that it was named *Halargyllia pontopiddani*. Afterward the scapula arch and vertebral column were sent to the Edinburgh Museum of Comparative Anatomy, and pronounced by Dr. Barr to belong to an animal, and not a snake. Some months after other portions were forwarded to Sir Evered Howe in London, who at once pronounced it to be the *Squalus nazarinus*, but of unusual size, as the longest then known was thirty-five feet in length. When hair commenced to grow upon sharks the historical facts to state. In this year, in answer to a request, the Rev. Donald Maclean, of Small Isles, in the Hebrides, wrote a statement of

The Kennel.

MINNESOTA FIELD TRIALS.—Owing to failure of the mail, the conclusion of our report of the Field Trials did not reach us in time for last week's paper, and we append it herewith, containing the Thursday's paper for Dogs of All Ages:

Thursday, P. M., Sept. 12th.—After dinner Clipper and Jennie were put down (3:45) working in grass with a flush for Jennie almost immediately. After a little Clipper weakened and was ordered in. Friend was then put down. Friend is an imported red Irish setter (Flash-Stella). Entered a stubble field surrounded by prairie and worked it patiently without result. Ground so situated was usually excellent for trials. Thence into grass and then into stubble, and so on until 5:45, when a flush was scored to Jennie's account, which took her up. Queen of the West took her place at 6 o'clock, and no birds showing, the dogs were taken up, and the trials adjourned until Friday, all hands overworked and the business growing decidedly monotonous. Seven singles and three braces remain to be run. As we returned to camp myriads of wild ducks filled the air flying from their feeding grounds in the fields to the ponds and sloughs.

Friday, Sept. 13.—Morning frosty, bright and clear; wind light, southeast; 12 M., wind south and brisk; 6 P. M., clear and calm.

Friend and Ranger were put down at 8:30 A. M. and soon cast off in a prairie near camp. Ranger is a seven-year liver and white ticked pointer, well known as one of the best dogs in the country, very steady and a hard worker. Presently the dogs moved into stubble, Friend working slowly and determined not to risk a flush. Ranger justifying his name. Almost immediately Ranger found. Soon after a covey of a dozen got up wild; no score. Ranger afterward carried two points in an old rag-weed field. Large flocks of wild geese rose from a "break" (newly plowed land). Now across a mile of prairie, and thence into stubble. Poor Friend is foolish, preferring furrows to straw stubs. Ranger gets a flush on the edge of a prairie due to carelessness of handling, walking in after he had established his point, but earns a point five minutes later. Friend also carries a point and is taken up at 10:15 with a full score of five points. Ranger goes up at 10:30, and Maggie May, a black, white and tan imported English setter, and George Waddington's Nellie are put down. Nellie wins well on the edge of a dry slough, roading carefully, and trailing a circling bird, and won a brilliant point. Dogs taken up to change to distant locality, and are put down again on prairie at 11:15, both quartering beautifully, and going at a great pace, thence into stubble and weeds until 6 o'clock, on the edge of a prairie, Maggie coming to a point first and scoring. At 11:50 Maggie earns another point in grass. Birds scarce, lie very close, single, and when they rise fly the regulation mile before settling. Gophers very numerous, rendering false points liable. Gopher mounds are the central structure from which the burrows of these pestilential rodents radiate. They are usually two feet high, ten to twenty feet in diameter, and covered with tall weeds. There are also badger mounds. Hawks are constantly sailing over the prairie and pick up many chickens. At 12 M. another pretty point for Maggie May, who shows most excellent nose and staunchness and good roading. (Taken up at 12:30 for dinner.) Dogs put down again at 1:45. Nellie gets two flushes and is taken up. Maggie earns a flush at 2:50, and is withdrawn. Countess Royal, a liver and white pointer, and Strathroy, a setter, are put down and work until 6 o'clock. Countess scores two flushes and two points and is withdrawn, becoming sick and unfit for work. Strathroy runs out with four points and a flush. Dan withdrawn.

The Brace Stakes, for which there has been three entries, were set aside and not run, for want of time. Broke camp Friday night. The following is the score in the All Ages Trial:

NAME.	SCORE OF POINTS.										Total.
	Each Point.	Picking 1 to 10.	Pick 1 to 10.	Stays 1 to 10.	Quarters 1 to 10.	Shooting 1 to 10.	Shooting 1 to 10.	Shooting 1 to 10.	Shooting 1 to 10.	Shooting 1 to 10.	
Snap	16	3	0	0	3	3	0	1	1	1	40
Daisy	20	0	0	0	4	4	0	0	0	0	44
Clipper	1	10	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	11
Jennie	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
Friend	6	5	0	5	4	4	0	0	0	0	33½
Queen of West	1	10	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	21
Ranger	20	3	0	0	4	4	0	0	0	0	57
Det.	20	3	0	0	10	5	0	0	0	0	54
Nellie	20	3	0	0	10	5	0	0	0	0	54
Maggie May	15	3	0	0	7	4	0	0	0	0	46
Countess Royal	10	10	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	20
Strathroy	20	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	20
Jack, withdrawn	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

There is a probability that Friend will be protested, as he was withdrawn before the Trial was run; in which case he would not be entitled to either record or place.

The Minnesota Kennel Club have been very fortunate in the selection of their judges, who had a difficult and thankless task. No greater care could have been taken of the interests of the competitors, the judges disputing fractions of points on the merits of the dogs. Had the birds been abundant, and the weather more auspicious on the first day, the Trials would have been more enjoyable. It is seldom that so many superior dogs have met in competition in this country, most of them being owned by professional breakers and breeders. The camp caucen was well managed by surveyor Charles Benson, proprietor of the West Hotel at St. Cloud, and the table was all that could be wished or expected. Sufficient teams were provided for spectators. Probably one hundred persons in all witnessed the Trials; but on the last day the judges, handlers, and two reporters were all who witnessed the fortunes of the field, and wearily followed the dogs through stubble, break, slough, and prairie.

DOG HOLERS IN NEW YORK.—Our most trustworthy English newspaper, the *Life Stock Journal*, has an excellent article on the dog dens of London. It speaks of the miserable places where dogs are kept by dealers on sale as "hot beds of disease, engendered by filth, overcrowding, and the abominably disgusting food supplied to the unfortunate creatures confined."

"Strathobie" writes that in a place five feet wide by five feet ten inches in length there were fourteen dogs of different sizes, confined in cages in which they could not turn themselves. Such cases of wretched cruelty, we regret to say, are not uncommon in New York. We know of one place where, in about a space of ten feet by eight, we counted sixteen dogs, some of them of good size, three cages of rabbits, two with Guinea pigs, besides numberless coops and crates filled with chickens and pigeons. The odor was simply horrible. As we approached the den it was sickening. That such an unwholesome hole must breed a pestilence seemed to us to be very certain. The use of the simplest disinfectants is apparently unknown to the people who keep these dog holes. We often wonder where the proprietors find any money in the business. Animals or birds in such an atmosphere must sicken and lose condition. There is no doubt but that a great many of these dog dives in New York, as in London, are receptacles for stolen dogs, and that the poor poultry exhibited are simply blinds. Strange to say prices asked at such dog dens are most preposterous, generally three to four times more than the value of the dog. It is, however, very rare that a good animal can be found in such places at all. We do not mean to be general in our remarks, for we are pleased to state that there are quite a number of dog dealers in the city who have toy breeds, who keep their places in good order, and where animals are kindly cared for. All such places of bad repute ought to be put under surveillance. The question of dog-stealing is, of course, one that should be summarily dealt with; but in close September weather, unless such dens are purified, the health of a whole neighborhood may be endangered.

TREATMENT OF DOGS WHEN ILL.—We take the following from an article by Dr. Gordon Stables, contributed to the *Reading Mercury*: "There is a disease known as distemper, about which not a little misunderstanding prevails among people generally. It is believed that all dogs are bound to have it once, and once only. This is wrong, for in well-kept kennels it is exceedingly rare; on the other hand the same dog may have it more than once, and that, too, when quite old. Distemper is really a catarrhal fever, ushered in with some degree of shivering, dullness, loss of appetite, running of water first, and pus mixed with blood afterwards, from nose and eyes. There is also rapid emaciation; this latter symptom distinguishes it from a common cold. There is, too, snorting and coughing in distemper. The disease should be met at the outset with an emetic, such as a teaspoonful of mustard in warm water, followed, or not, by some camomile tea; then get the bowels to act by the common buckthorn and oil mixture; dose, from a dessert-spoonful up to two table-spoonfuls. If the cough seems very troublesome, a scion may be put in the front of the chest. For the first two or three days, from two to ten grains of James' powder should be given three times daily, with a dessert or table spoonful of Minde-rus spirit at bedtime. You must sustain the system as soon as the fever is abated with nourishing soups and port wine, and, to complete the cure, give quinine, from half a grain to two grains twice a day made into a pill, with from two to five grains of extract of dandelion; cod-liver oil must then be given for a month; dose, from a teaspoon-pow up to one ounce twice a day. I know of no more excellent remedy for weakness of all kinds, either for grown dogs or pups, than cod-liver oil. I invariably use the light brown; it is the dearest, but in my opinion far away the best. Dogs are often troubled with diarrhoea, and, as it may merge into dysentery, it should be speedily seen to, especially in warm weather. It is usually an effort of nature to expel some irritant substance from the bowels; a dose of castor-oil will, therefore, assume the action, with a few drops of laudanum to ease the nervous system. Chalk mixture may then be given three a day, or oftener, and rice and milk as food. When the reverse is the case, and costiveness occurs, a run and a dip in the water will often effectually relieve it. If the dog seems in distress administer an enema of warm water, with half an ounce or more of castor oil in it. Constipation in the bowels is usually produced by want of sufficient exercise, errors in diet. When we know we have the remedy clearly set before us, give more green food, and exercise and exercise. Medicine may relieve, but cannot cure, a constipated habit either in man or beast. Colic is a painful affection in the dog, and is often brought on from cold, constipation, or the eating of indigestible food. The dog is uneasy, constantly changing his position, and giving vent to piteous howls. The indications of treatment are two: ease the pain and act on the bowels. Give at once some brandy and water, with from ten to twenty drops of laudanum in it, and shortly after a good dose of oil, aiding its action with an enema. Dogs, as well as their masters, suffer often from indigestion, generally brought on from lazy habits and over-indulgence of too luxuriant appetites. The fault may be the owner's; he may feed the animal between meals, cram him with tit-bits, dose him with dainties, or let him gorge himself on that greasy garbage—greasy gravies. And so the dog grows fat, and fat is in itself a disease, his nose is unhealthy, and his sleep disturbed by fearful dreams. To cure him, feed sparingly and rationally, give an occasional aperient, and a daily dinner pill of quinine, rhubarb and taraxacum, and a bucket bath every morning. I must at present pass unnoticed the more serious internal inflammations, such as nephritis, bronchitis, hepatitis, pleurisy and other diseases of the lungs, as well as jaundice, the latter being especially common in small and yellow jack itself, and proper advice should be sought as soon as it appears. In all acute diseases you can seldom do wrong in at once getting the bowels to move, applying counter-irritants to the seat of pain, and hot fomentations or the hot flat-iron, and administering repeated small doses of opium by the mouth. Mangle is too well known to need a description. The dog should be washed twice a week, using Spratt's soap, and after each washing anoint with the following liniment: Mix four drachms of creosote with seven ounces of olive oil, and add one ounce of solution of potash. Change the dog's bed often, alter the diet, give an occasional aperient, and from three to drops to eight (according to size of dog) of liquor arsenicalis twice or thrice a day in the food for two or three weeks, unless it brings on redness of eyes; if it does, omit for a day or two, and begin again."

what he witnessed and knew to have occurred in that vicinity relative to a sea serpent. He stated that in June, 1898, he saw a huge creature from the shore and from a boat. "Its head was wide and oval, neck small, and it moved swiftly, with a snake-like motion. Sometimes the head was out of the water, and then the speed seemed to decrease, and its object was evidently to see; and at one time it dived furiously under and pursued the boat." Again he says, "We saw it from the shore, and it moved off about a mile, and we lost sight of it. Its length we believed to be from eighty to one hundred feet. Afterward it was seen between Round and Parma, its head above water and moving along at about five miles an hour."

One point in their favor is that the descriptions agree in almost every case, those of Norway and America being about the same. Hundreds of arguments are brought up. The inability of men to judge when frightened, is one; but in New England it was observed by men who were entirely composed; again it has been compared to a line of porpoises, but these could not raise themselves in the air after the fashion of this alleged monster. These questions are answered by Sir Charles Lyell, whose theory is that the sea serpents are in reality large specimens of the *Squalus maximus*. He says: "Dr. Melville informed me that he saw a large species of shark swimming at a rate of ten miles an hour in the Torres Strait, and besides the lateral flexures of the tail, which are the principal propelling power, the creature described as it advanced a series of vertical undulations, not by the actual bending of the body itself, but by the successive animal rising near the surface and then dipping down again, so that the dorsal fin and a part of the back were occasionally lifted to a considerable height. So, if a large shark was moving at a rate of twenty miles an hour, that portion of the back that emerged in front might easily be taken for the head, the dorsal for the mane, and the waves formed by the rising of so heavy a body complete the humps. Again, if the fins should emerge and be submerged in those fantastic beings who have seen and would be retained on the retina of the eye after another set had become visible, and they might be continued over and over again indefinitely." The extending of the head out of the water has been laid to the *Phoca proboscidea*, or sea elephant, which sometimes grows to a length of thirty feet, but it is a question whether the animal could move for hours with its head so high. So it will be seen that there are many points of similarity in these fantastic beings who have seen and do not like to deny it, as it would be casting some reflection upon the word of a convinced (?) colleague. However, we live in hope, and fondly expect some fine morning to see the Brooklyn Bridge clasped in the slimy folds of the great unknown.
New York. C. F. H.

OSTRICH BREEDING.—The value of ostriches has very largely increased of late. The London Colonies and India gives the price of some ostriches sold at Middlebury, South Africa, for breeding purposes, as £285 a pair. Twenty pairs of breeding birds averaged £130. Fine feathers are worth as much as £67 per pound, or about fifteen shillings for each feather. When it is remembered that a few years ago ostriches could be procured in South Africa for the catching, and were purchased for a mere trifle for exhibition purposes in this country, whereas at the present time a live ostrich does not exist in London, the importance of the birds on the ostrich farms of Cape Colony may readily be realized. Northern African birds do not possess the fine plumage of the Southern varieties. Why should not Bird of Paradise culture be attempted? It is quite possible that in New Guinea some of the finest of the *Paradise* might be produced by artificial incubation. Who would like to go into the business? The only trouble is that the ladies are inconstant in their fashions, and the rage for Bird of Paradise feathers might be at fever heat one year and "horrid" the next.

THE POMFANO.—Our few remarks in last week's paper on the pomfano might be conducive of error if more thoroughly explained. Linnæus called this fish a *Gasterosteus*. Of course this resemblance was but superficial, and is not recognized to-day. The pomfano has nothing to do with the stickleback, all its relations being nearer to the mackerel and caranx. All of these were once considered to be member of the genus *Gasterosteus*.

—The head gardener of the Maharajah of Tohore undertook to take liberties with the python, and kicked the box. Like lightning the python wound himself around that Singapore gardener and almost squeezed him to death. A private of an English regiment came to the gardener's aid and managed to take the hitches out of the snake. Don't fool with a python.

BEES FOR NEW ZEALAND.—Insects play an important part in floral economy, and a curious bit of agricultural enterprise, based upon this principle, comes to us reported from New Zealand. The principal object was to get a considerable sum of money in acclimatizing the humble-bee, so as to assist the agriculturists in cultivating clover. Common bees are not strong enough to force their way into the petals of the clover flower, and thus fertilize the plants as they fly from one to another. For this purpose, therefore, the bees, based upon this principle, but so far the nests sent out have been destroyed. Attempts to acclimatize the common bee in some hot climates have so far proved useless. After a short period they quit the hives, and cannot be enticed back.

A TEAM OF ELE.—A novel feature of the State Fair at St. Paul, Minn., the other day, was the team of elk driven by Mr. A. I. Moore. The animals were captured about two years ago on Rice River, eight miles south of Fargo, Dakota when four or five days old. "Dexter" weighs 512 pound, and "Dasher" 500 pounds. They are well broken to harness thoughly trained and gentle. Their speed is sixteen miles an hour.

—At Merthyr Tydfil one of the great events of the year is an athletic meeting on a large scale, organized by a society of licensed victuallers. Because of the large number of men attending took places this year public prayers were offered up in several chapels that rain might be sent to spoil the sport.

carbines, of the National Guard or uniformed militia from each State or Territory of the United States. Teams to appear in the authorized uniform of the organizations they represent (full dress or fatigue), and the members thereof to be certified by the commanding officer of the regiment, battalion, separate troop or battery that they are active members thereof, and were such on June 1, 1878. Distances 300 and 500 yards. Position, standing at 200, kneeling at 300 yards. Weapon, the carbine with which the organization represented is armed. Rounds, five at each distance. Entrance fee, \$1 each man. Five teams entered—three prizes:

Separate Troop I, Cavalry, Oswego.

Lieut Wellington.....	19	36	Capt Turner.....	12	39
Pvt Wagner.....	13	35	Pvt Watson.....	13	39
Lieut Newell.....	18	34			
Sgt Haven.....	17	31	Total.....	198	

Separate Troop B, Washington Grays.

	200	500	T'l.		200	500	T'l.
Q M Sgt Pasco	21	19	40	Corp Miller.....	14	10	24
Sgt McHugh.....	18	18	37	Sgt Wilson.....	5	15	20
Sgt Ross.....	18	17	35				
Capt Baker.....	14	14	28	Total.....			184

Separate Troop D, Cavalry.

Capt Mohrman.....	19	33	Pvt Geisler.....	13	6	19
Pvt Walther.....	13	32	Pvt Gieseler.....	4	5	9
Corp Richter.....	10	15	25			
Pvt Schreier.....	15	10	Total.....	153		

Galling Battery "N," Brooklyn.

	200	500	Ttl.		200	500	Ttl.
Corp Urquhart.....	17	33	80	Sgt Maj Moog.....	18	2	20
Lieut Heebe.....	15	18	28	Bug Kosquin.....	8	0	8
Bug Whitlock, Jr.....	9	16	25				
Sgt Harold.....	15	10	25	Total.....			136

Troop F, Third Regiment, Cavalry.

Pvt Sgt Glaser.....	18	35	Sgt Frers.....	8	12	30
Lieut Volckena.....	13	8	Sgt Kohlmann.....	9	10	19
Sgt Pfleger.....	12	13				
Q M Sgt Meisohn.....	16	8	Total.....			149

No. 8—CAVALRY MATCH.

Open to teams of six men from regiments, battalions, separate troops of cavalry or batteries of artillery (armed with carbines) of the National Guard or uniformed militia from each State or Territory of the United States. Teams to appear in the authorized uniform of the organization they represent (full dress or fatigue), and the members thereof to be certified by the commanding officer of the regiment, battalion, separate troop or battery that they are active members thereof, and were such on June 1, 1878. Distances, 300 and 500 yards; position, standing at 200, kneeling at 300 yards; weapon, the carbine with which the organization represented is armed; rounds, five at each distance. Entrance fee, \$1 each man. Five teams entered; three prizes.

Separate Troop I, Oswego.

First Lieut C S Nowell.....	8	4	4	4	5	4-33
Pvt F Watson.....	3	5	3	4	4	4-37
Corp W P Turner.....	3	5	3	4	4	4-37
Pvt W Wagner.....	3	4	4	5	3	4-35
Lieut A A Whittington.....	4	4	3	5	3	4-35
Pvt F Kellogg.....	4	3	2	4	3	4-35
Sgt F Haven.....	3	0	4	4	3	2-35-176

Separate Troop B, Washington Grays, New York City.

Sergt J F Molough.....	4	3	4	4	4	4-36
Pvt M P Ross.....	3	3	3	4	4	4-36
Pvt J L Voorhes.....	4	3	3	4	3	4-35
Capt L T Baker.....	3	3	3	4	3	4-35
Corp W T Miller.....	3	3	3	4	3	4-35
Pvt J Rosell.....	3	3	3	4	3	4-35
Sergt G E Pasco.....	4	2	3	4	3	0-20-163

Separate Troop D, Brooklyn.

Pvt J Wachter.....	3	3	3	4	4	4-35
Pvt F Giesler.....	3	3	3	4	4	4-35
Sergt D O'Connell.....	3	3	3	4	4	4-35
Pvt Juck Lakeman.....	3	3	3	4	4	4-35
Capt H Mohrman.....	3	3	3	4	3	4-35
Corp T Delinger.....	2	2	0	4	3	3-19
Pvt M Schreier.....	3	2	0	2	3	3-19-144

Galling Battery N, Brooklyn.

Corp Urquhart.....	28	Bug Whitlock, Jr.....	21	Bug Rasgulin.....	13
Sergt Maj Moore.....	24	Lieut Hebe.....	20		
Sergt Harold.....	24	Pvt Warner.....	14	Total.....	144

Troop F, Third Regiment.

Pvt Gerken.....	22	Pvt Horton.....	17	Pvt Koshler.....	14
Sergt Modderman.....	19	Sergt O'Farmer.....	17		
Lieut Votekna.....	18	Capt J C Koble.....	16	Total.....	121

Separate Troop G, Third Regiment Cavalry, N. Y.

Sergt Kahl.....	19	Pvt Ohlrogger.....	17	Lieut Bennett.....	8
Sergt Heins.....	13	Sergt Falkenmayer.....	14	Sergt Seibert.....	2
Total.....					97

No. 9—GALLING MATCH.

Open to teams of twelve men from any regiment, battalion or separate company of infantry of the National Guard State of New York. All competitors must be regularly enlisted members, in good standing of the regiment, battalion or separate company which they represent, and must be certified to have been such on June 1, 1878. They shall appear in the uniform of their corps (full dress or fatigue). Weapon, Remington State military rifle; distance, 500 yards; rounds, seven; position, any. Entrance fee, \$1 each competitor. Fifteen teams entered; one principal prize, Galling gun and two medals.

Twentieth Separate Company of Infantry (Binghamton).

Pvt A Hevan.....	4	5	4	5	4	4-32
Pvt D M Warden.....	4	4	2	5	5	4-30
Private G J Durkee.....	3	3	4	5	4	5-23
Pvt G D Hefford.....	3	3	4	5	4	5-23
Lieut E H Roberts.....	3	4	4	5	4	5-23
Sergt L B Barnes.....	5	5	3	4	5	2-21
Pvt T F Holmes.....	5	5	3	4	5	2-21
Capt M S Condon.....	5	5	3	4	5	2-21
Pvt D H Warden.....	5	5	3	4	5	2-21
Pvt C W Ogden.....	5	5	4	4	5	2-21
Pvt J Larr.....	5	5	4	4	5	2-21
Pvt M D Hinds.....	0	2	3	5	2	6-19
Pvt J F Worthing.....	0	2	5	5	0	2-18-309

Seventh Regiment, New York (City).

Pvt G H Eagle.....	4	5	4	5	4	4-30
Pvt E W Price.....	4	5	4	5	4	4-30
Corp F O McLeewe.....	3	4	5	4	5	4-30
Pvt W J Underwood, Jr.....	2	3	4	5	4	4-27
Pvt A A French.....	2	3	4	5	4	4-27
Corp J W Gardner.....	1	5	4	5	4	3-26
Pvt J B Teackle.....	2	4	4	5	4	3-25
Pvt W A Bryant.....	2	4	4	5	4	3-25
Sergt J B Boutlier.....	3	3	3	4	5	4-22
Capt J L Price.....	3	3	3	4	5	4-22
Sergt J B Holland.....	3	3	3	4	5	4-22

Forty-ninth Regiment (Albany).

Pvt S D Westover.....	3	4	5	5	5	5-32
Adj W M Kirby.....	3	4	5	4	5	5-32
Pvt C P Mulcahy.....	3	4	5	4	5	5-32
Sergt F A Wright.....	4	4	5	5	5	5-32
Pvt J L Mills.....	3	4	5	5	5	5-32
Pvt M Kelly.....	4	4	5	4	5	5-32
Pvt H A Van Gulder.....	0	4	5	4	5	5-32
Corp J Andrews.....	4	4	5	5	5	5-32
Pvt J McCann.....	3	4	5	5	5	5-32
Pvt J Cook.....	2	4	5	5	5	5-32
Pvt J F Rowley.....	3	4	5	4	5	5-32
Sergt J B Stafford.....	4	4	5	4	5	2-19-293

Twenty-third Regiment.

Sgt Candee.....	20	Pvt Hand.....	25	Pvt Thompson.....	23
Corp Weber.....	23	Pvt Stearns.....	25	Lieut Burd.....	20
Pvt Williams.....	25	Pvt Hand.....	21	Pvt Walker.....	20
Adjt Frothingham.....	23	Pvt Silver.....	24	Sgt Maj Allen.....	16
Total.....					256

Forty-eighth Regiment.

Lt Col Houghton.....	23	Sgt White.....	25	Lieut Clemens.....	23
Capt Barton.....	23	Pvt Wood.....	25	2d Lieut Barton.....	21
Lt Curtis.....	27	Sgt Harding.....	23	Pvt Hall.....	20
Cap Post, I R P.....	27	Pvt Finn.....	22	Sgt Barnes.....	20
Total.....					254

Seventy-first Regiment.

Corp Demmler.....	31	Sgt White.....	25	Sgt Steele.....	23
Pvt Munzinger.....	27	Myers.....	24	Pvt Cochran.....	22
Pvt Clark.....	25	Pvt Hand.....	21	Pvt Walker.....	20
Sgt Edmuntson.....	25	Pvt Williams.....	23	Pvt McNeill.....	14
Total.....					256

Fourteenth Regiment.

Corp Harvey.....	32	Pvt Moore.....	24	Lieut Natt.....	21
Corp Corry.....	30	Pvt Arkell.....	22	Sgt Smith.....	19
Capt Brown.....	27	Pvt Robertson.....	21	Capt Nutt.....	18
Corp Harvey.....	27	Pvt Noble.....	21	Pvt Clancy.....	15
Total.....					217

Ninth Regiment.

Pvt Jones.....	27	Sgt Engle.....	24	Lieut Cobb.....	22
Pvt H C Jones.....	25	Corp Engle.....	23	Sgt Nordbrack.....	22
Pvt Haver.....	23	Pvt Midway.....	22	Lieut Hitchcock.....	17
Sgt Stroth.....	23	Lieut Hausman.....	15	Sgt Ward.....	16
Total.....					213

Twelfth Regiment.

Pvt Wood.....	31	Sgt Ruddy.....	23	Corp Reddy.....	22
Sgt Dolan.....	28	Capt Decker.....	23	Ord Sgt Dodge.....	18
Pvt Smith.....	27	Capt Murphy.....	23	Sgt Janter.....	16
Pvt Wetham.....	25	Capt Burns.....	22	Sgt Van Heusen.....	9
Total.....					272

Eighth Regiment.

Lieut Balston.....	30	Sgt Murphy.....	22	Capt Barker.....	20
Lieut Gae.....	28	Pvt Sauer.....	21	Pvt Hobar.....	19
Pvt Clark.....	23	Pvt Dewar.....	21	Pvt Reid, Jr.....	20
Pvt Cochran.....	23	Pvt Hietzman.....	21	Pvt Douglas.....	18
Total.....					265

Twenty-first Regiment.

Capt Schrader.....	28	Sgt Ward.....	23	Lieut Williams.....	21
Capt Hottel.....	27	Sgt Hottel.....	23	Pvt Mearns.....	19
Maj Walcott.....	27	Col Lindsey.....	22	Sgt Deyo.....	19
Lieut Col Clark.....	26	Capt Benaway.....	21	Capt Haubensattel.....	4
Total.....					271

One Hundred and Tenth Battalion.

Lieut Hoffman.....	28	Pvt Neith.....	22	Pvt Cramer.....	20
Pvt Hoffm.....	27	Pvt Rutah.....	21	Lieut Curtis.....	13
Maj Bush.....	23	Pvt Wood.....	21	Pvt Lawrence.....	12
Pvt Worden.....	23	Pvt Purdy.....	20	Lieut Wintermuto.....	10
Total.....					245

Fifty-fourth Regiment.

Sgt Harold.....	29	Lieut Meyer.....	22	Sgt Shove.....	17
Lieut Hook.....	24	Col Eddy.....	23	Lieut H B Clark.....	16
Corp McManis.....	23	Adjt Brennan.....	21	Corp McManis.....	15
Sgt French.....	23	Sgt Cribb.....	20	Pvt McNab.....	15
Total.....					245

Tenth Regiment.

Pvt Wright.....	27	Pvt Kaley.....	18	Pvt Dewey.....	14
Capt Elliott.....	25	Lieut Spelman, Jr.....	17	Pvt Denison.....	11
Maj Bush.....	23	Pvt Wood.....	17	Corp Sacher.....	10
Pvt Wilkins.....	20	Sgt Schreiber.....	15	Pvt Hutton.....	6
Total.....					208

Sixty-ninth Regiment.

Capt Kerr.....	24	Capt Carton.....	15	Lieut Farrelly.....	12
Pvt Ryan.....	21	Pvt McKee.....	15	Sgt Desmond.....	12
Lieut Rogers.....	19	Corp Corry.....	15	Corp Sacher.....	10
Maj Duffy.....	18	Capt Cushing.....	12	Corp Fitzgibbon.....	0
Total.....					170

No. 10—"ARMY AND NAVY JOURNAL" MATCH.

Open to teams of twelve from all regularly organized military organizations in the United States, including the Regular Army, Navy and Marine Corps. All competitors to be regularly enlisted members, in good standing, of the regiment, battalion, corps or troop they represent, and to have been such on June 1, 1878, and to appear in the uniform (full dress or fatigue). Weapon, Remington State military rifle; distance, 500 yards; rounds, seven; position, any, within the rules. Entrance fee, \$1 each competitor. Nineteen teams entered; one challenge cup for first prize, with second and third prize of statuettes.

United States Engineer Battalion.

Corp J Cavanagh.....	4	5	5	5	4	6-31
Lieut W M Black.....	4	5	5	5	4	6-31
Pvt R Kohrt.....	3	4	4	5	4	6-27
Corp M Doolan.....	3	4	4	5	4	6-27
Pvt R Solis.....	2	5	5	4	4	6-26
Lieut W L Flak.....	4	5	5	4	4	6-26
Pvt R Barnes.....	4	5	5	4	4	6-26
Pvt J Fraser.....	3	4	5	5	4	6-23
Sergt J Turner.....	2	3	5	5	4	6-23
Pvt J Krebs.....	2	4	5	5	4	6-22
Pvt J F Weber.....	0	2	5	4	4	6-22-310

Forty-eighth Regiment (Oswego).

Capt J S Barton.....	3	4	5	5	4	6-30
Lieut C V Houghton.....	3	4	5	5	4	6-30
Lieut A Curtis.....	3	4	5	5	4	6-30
Pvt W Lima.....	3	4	5	4	4	6-27
Pvt G C Wood.....	3	4	5	4	4	6-27
Lieut C A Gleason.....	2	4	5	5	4	6-27
Sergt-Major G White.....	4	4	5	5	4	6-26
Sergt L B Barnes.....	4	4	5	5	4	6-26
Lieut C A Barton.....	0	5	5	5	4	6-24
Pvt D H Hall.....	3	4	5	5	4	6-23
Sergt C S Harding.....	3	4	5	5	4	6-23
Capt R G Post.....	0	3	4	5	3	6-15-305

Seventh Regiment, New York (City).

[illegible]

A T Decker, W M Farrow—60 each. J G Williams, C V Houghton, J F Rowley, F R Hule, D H Ogden, C H Eggle, B McSoley, H Jackson—55 each. R T Hare, Jas Tinker, J S Barton, J Cranston—68 each. D J Jordan, C C Gray, W B Gunn. Wreber—57 each. W Robertson, L H Ayme, E H Williams, L Kelley, L L Barnes, J L Woodbridge—56 each. J L Osgood, W Wingate, P H Stafford, W L Fiske, G B Newton, J LeBontillier, J McCarlin, F Hyde, M W Bull—55 each. W C Reddy, O Snyder, J L Williams, E B Brown, S N Holmes, J H Tackie, P W Hudson.

1. W M Kirby, D S Eaton, H J Schrader—53 each
Sauman, W W Studwell, E A Perry, S H Westons

A Stroh, H A Deralecve—52 each. J L Thompson, F P Thompson, son, F C McDewee, Jas Moore, W J Underwood, Jr—51 each. H Heisser, J L Roub, D Chauncey, Jr, S S Bustead, D O Finney, C R Boers, J M Gardner—50 each.

No. 15—SUBSCRIPTION MATCH.

Open to all comers. Distance, 500 yards. Position, any Weapon, any rifle. Rounds, seven. Duplicate entries allowed. Entrance fee, \$1. 33 entries; 3 cash prizes.

W H Jackson, Frank Hyde, J M Partello, O A Peake, H Fisher

Wallace, G. L. Morse, P. J. Lauritzen, L. Geiger, C. R. Babbitt, R. Rathbone—34 each. C. E. Dwight

No. 16—SCRIPTION MATCH.

Open to all comers. Distance, 500 yards. Position, any with head toward the target. Weapon, any military rifle. Rounds, seven. Duplicate entries allowed. Entrance fee, \$10.49 entries; 3 cash prizes.

5 5 4 5 4 4—32

No. 17.—INTER-STATE MILITARY MATCH.

Open to one team from each State and Territory in the United States, consisting of twelve members of the regular organized and uniformed National Guard or Militia of such

ory, chosen in such manner as shall be pre-

senior by the military authorities thereof. Each team must be provided with a certificate from the Adjutant-General of the State it represents, certifying that each of their number is a regular member of the uniformed militia, in good standing, and was such on the first day of June, 1878. They shall appear in the uniform of their corps. Distances, 200 and 600 yards. Position at 200 yards, standing; and at 500 yards, any. Weapon, any military rifle which has been adopted as an official arm by any State or Government. In cases where the State has adopted no particular model (which must be certified

ant-General), the team will be allowed to use the model.

the time in use by the regular army of the United States, or by the uniformed militia of any other State. Rounds, ten at each distance. Entrance fee, \$2 each man. Five States represented—one grand prize and two medals.

New York State National Guard.

	200	500	T ¹		200	500	T ¹
Pvt Larned.....	41	45	86	Pvt Van Orden.....	39	40	79
Capt Barton.....	41	44	85	Capt Price.....	39	40	79
Pvt Bagg.....	42	45	87	Capt Van Heusen.....	40	39	79
Pvt Ogden.....	41	43	84	Cd. Gulderson.....	38	38	76
Pvt Teackle.....	41	41	82	Sgt Whitford.....	39	37	76

.....42	40	\$2	
.....39	42	\$1	Total.....

Connecticut National Guard.					
200		600		T ^l	
Pvt Williams	41	44	85	Lt Osgood	200 500 T
Pvt Tinker	39	42	80	Pvt Gunn	38 34
Lt Clark	38	38	76	Pvt Lane	38 32
Corp Newton	46	38	78	Pvt Kennedy	40 32
Sgt L Barnes	36	40	76	Capt Woodbridge	39 23
Pvt Whitlock	49	38	78		
Pvt Nichols	41	36	77	Total	200 500 00

National Guard of New Jersey.					
200		600		T ^l	
Lt Stiles				Capt Stiles	200 500 T

....33	42	60	Capt Townsend	37	33
....41	37	78	Pvt McCabe.....	42	28

Pvt Windick.....	31	43	77	Pvt Curry.....	38	51
Capt Gruba.....	32	56	86	Sgt Jones.....	53	59
Lt Greve.....	34	41	75	Dr-Maj Nolte.....	36	25
Lt Wood.....	41	34	75			
Pvt Alexander.....	37	34	71	Total.....		8

Militia State of Rhode Island.

	200	500	T ^y		200	500	T ^y
Lt Foringer.....	38	40	78	Bkg Sweet.....	38	32	70
Lt Forsyth.....	42	54	76	Pvt Taylor.....	53	50	53
Capt Galt.....	37	42	79	Dr-Maj Coley.....	33	30	63
Pvt Rodcoe.....	37	36	73	Sgt Barry.....	41	24	24
Lt Hall.....	24	38	72	Pvt Hallett.....	37	28	28

.....39	33	72	
.....39	33	72	Total.....8

Massachusetts Volunteer Militia.						
	200	500	T ¹		200	500
Pvt Merritt.....	54	40	74	Pvt Dole.....	35	21
Col Beal.....	28	36	74	Pvt Gardner.....	34	21
Sgt Wendys.....	35	35	70	Corp Kelly.....	34	20
Corp Andrews.....	35	35	70	Pvt Pettit.....	19	23
Sgt Gragg.....	36	28	65	Lt Brownell.....	24	14
Pvt Wiswell.....	24	36	62			
Maj Hobbs.....	32	49	61	Total.....	200	500

No. 18—SHORT RANGE TEAM MATCH.

Open to teams of four from any regularly organized rifle club.

ation, or Military Organization (Troop, Ba

tery or Company) in the United States. Each competitor must be certified to as being a regular member in good standing of the organization which he represents, and must have been such on June 1st, 1878. Distances, 200 and 800 yard Rounds, seven at each distance. Weapon, any rifle or carbine within the rules. Position, standing. Entrance fee, \$1 each man. More than one team may be entered from the same organization, but the same individual will not be allowed to appear in two teams. Sixteen teams entered. Three prizes

200 yards.	300 yards.
4 4 3 4 4 4 4—20	2 5 3 5 5 4 4—21

10 T Hall.....	4 5 4 5 45-31	4 4 4 4 4 4-31
W W Bull.....	4 4 4 4 4 4-31	4 4 4 4 4 4-31
S S Drumstead.....	4 5 5 4 3 4-30	0 8 8 4 3 4 3-20
Totals.....		109 29
Remington Rifle Club.		
C V Houghton.....	4 4 5 5 46-31	3 4 4 4 4 4-27
J L Barnes.....	4 4 4 4 4 4-28	5 2 4 4 4 4-28
J S Baron.....	3 5 4 4 4 4-28	5 4 3 3 5 3-27
Geo White.....	5 5 3 4 3 5-29	3 4 8 5 4 5-20
Totals.....		14 24

Stamford Amateur Rifle Club.

E H Sanford.....	5	4	4	3	4	23	4	4	5	3	4	5	23	4
J H Peackie.....	4	4	6	5	4	31	4	4	4	3	3	8	23	4
W H Kane.....	5	4	3	4	5	9	4	4	4	4	4	4	27	3
R H Kenne.....	4	5	5	4	4	31	5	3	4	4	4	8	23	4
Totals.....						119							105	22
Massachusetts Rifle Association.														
Rockwell.....	26	25	31	Lowell.....	32	97	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Osborne.....	31	25	35	Arnold.....	29	23	24	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

been finer than the long-range match of the champions for the Leech Cup. It was a galaxy of the best long-range men in the United States—may we not say in the world? There was an easy way about it, a methodical manner of loading, a quiet repose of position, and the result was bull's-eye after bull's-eye. No fluster, no press, no anxieties—only great calm, fixity of purpose, and the bang of the rifle.

THE RIFLE IN COURT.

The testimony given by Mr. Charles D. Leet, at Ballston Spa, in the trial of Jesse Billings, Jr., for murder, was of a most interesting character, and shows how thoroughly the subject of arms and ammunition has been studied. Mr. Leet is an expert in the manufacture of cartridges, having been employed at Bridgeport, Connecticut, and having worked in the Ordnance Department in Vienna. It became necessary for the jury to be made familiar with the character of the projectile discharged from the arm as to being fired from a pistol or rifle, and whether a conical or round ball had been used. One quite curious point was the determination at what distance the arm was fired which resulted in the death of a woman, and also if certain marks on a window sill were due to imperfectly burned powder. It might have been possible that some arm other than a carbine which had been found in a well had been used. The carbine produced in evidence was declared by Mr. Leet to be a Ballard .44, and after certain marks on the ball had been examined, the expert declared the ball to be one fired from a carbine, and not from a pistol. The weight of the lead taken from the skull of the victim weighed 165 grains—when whole the bullet weighed 220 grains. The grooving on the lead being wide, Mr. Leet was positive that it could not have been fired from a pistol. As to the powder marks on the windows the expert deposed as follows:

He thought that the residuum of powder might be found at a distance of from forty to fifty feet. He never found any powder that would burn at that distance. They were only dark particles, or the ashes of powder, and certainly could not be found further than fifty feet from the muzzle, according to the strength of the powder. Occasionally cartridges lose their strength. If the shells are left in the hot sun the tallow or wax may melt, and if the rim of the shell is loose it may run down into the powder and kill the fulminate. The witness then described how shells were filled, showing that one might contain more grains of powder than another, owing to the carelessness of workmen. All this would lessen the power of penetration.

When the shell through which the ball was fired was examined, the witness said:

The ball had keyholed the window. By keyholed he meant that it struck the glass about a quarter sideways. A bullet striking the glass point blank would make a perfectly round hole. The hole in the window pane is elongated a sixteenth of an inch, and that shows that the ball struck it sideways. Balls did not keyhole without a cause. He had seen a hundred shots fired from a pistol through one smaller than this. He had seen Dan Wesson, of Springfield, do it a hundred times. The shape of the hole in the window was not due to the angle from which the bullet was sent, but was caused by the position of the ball when it struck the glass. The glass did not break the force of the bullet. The likelihood is that when it left the muzzle of the rifle it canted a little, as is frequently the case when a rifle is foul or dirty. Sometimes bullets turn clear around before striking. If a gun was not rifled the bullet would tip as soon as it left the muzzle.

This very interesting question of the wasting or dispersion of the ball was also given by Mr. Leet:

The questioning turning upon the percentage of waste resulting from the peculiar fragmentary condition of a bullet after it has reached its object, the witness said that he knew no way of gauging it. He judged that it was according to the resistance offered. He had seen 220-grain bullets lose more than half of their weight. The loss ranged from 1 to 137 grains. That was his experience for twenty years. It depends in a great measure upon the speed with which a bullet is started and the resistance it meets. A bullet will lose one grain when it strikes the resistance of a bullet about the same would gain weight, because the sand would adhere. He said that if a bullet should strike a glass point blank another ball cast in the same mould would not go through the hole without scraping the lead from its side.

With the guilt or innocence of the accused in this case we have nothing to do. We only bring the evidence in regard to rifles and ammunition as interesting to our readers, and as likely to settle quite a numerous category of questions.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun. SHOOTING RUNNING GAME WITH THE RIFLE.

THE best of shotgun shooting is tame compared with rifle shooting on large game; and even of this the best standing shooting is tame compared with shooting it on the run. Not only is this the very acme of the pleasures of the field, but it is also a great necessity, and, on some kinds of ground, almost indispensable to success. But, in the whole line of shooting, there is nothing which at first is so provokingly puzzling. The number of deer which will bound away unharmed from the best of standing shots is amazing. Nor will skill with the shotgun be of any avail at first, but rather a hindrance. Col. Gildersleeve last spring, at the Creedmore running deer target, made only two hits out of thirteen shots, and this although all thirteen shots were on open level ground, all under precisely similar conditions and at a known distance, speed and jump of the deer.

Nearly all of the trouble comes, first, from a disregard of two simple principles; and, second, from ignorance of the extent of their influence, even when thought of. And this information nearly every one has to work out for himself through a long series of mortifying failures. Though nothing

can supply the place of practice, directions can still go a long way toward keeping one out of errors into which, if left to himself, he will certainly fall—which will surely be fatal to success, and which he will not learn from his own experience, except at a price that will make him mad every time he thinks of it. These principles are very simple in the abstract, but it is astonishing how one will overlook them in practice. The first is, that an aim that is close enough for the best of shotgun shooting is not close enough to hit one deer out of ten at any considerable distance. Nearly every deer hunter has found out to his disgust the wonderful ease with which a deer, standing broadside at only fifty yards, may be missed with a rifle. The least little carelessness in aim is apt to be fatal to success. Therefore, the very first thing to do when a deer starts is to recollect that you have a rifle, and not a shotgun, in your hands. Then throw the rifle ahead of the deer, and get your eye on the sights the very first thing; and before you keep it there, making the sights the most prominent object of attention. You will have no trouble in seeing your game plainly enough, but a great deal in keeping your eye properly upon the sights. It is best to throw the rifle ahead at first (unless in a straightaway run), because, if the sights come on him, you will find the temptation to pull almost irresistible.

The next principle is, that if the deer be at any distance, or going at any speed, it is not close enough to him, you will not touch him, unless he is running very low and nearly, or quite, straight away. Therefore, you must hold on the spot where he will be when the ball gets to him. This distance necessary to hold ahead is surprisingly great, even to one perfectly familiar with the distance necessary to hold ahead of crossing ducks with a shotgun. I have seen the ball strike behind a deer at about seventy-five yards when I held fully five feet ahead of him. But as I was usually running from two or three feet will be enough to reach him back of the shoulder at seventy-five yards; and this holding ahead must positively not be neglected, even when the game is running slowly or quattering, if it is at any distance over thirty or forty yards. Even on a deer walking at sixty or seventy yards you will be apt to make a "punch shot" unless you see a little strip of daylight between your sights and his breast. On hares running—often quattering at only twenty yards I have invariably struck behind them when holding on the body instead of a few inches ahead. The amount of margin necessary to allow at different distances can be learned only by practice; but with a small wheel rolled where you can see the balls strike you can learn a great deal about it, and if you can make the wheel bounce by obstructions on a hillside it will be much better.

Strict attention to sights and simply holding the right distance ahead will reach nearly all large game, except deer, which is the hardest of all to hit. So far, we have supposed him to be running low. But generally a running deer is a bounding deer and often a bounding deer. The black-tailed deer especially often runs as if bounding on India rubber, rising, apparently without effort, from one to two feet at every jump. Then running over ground that is rough, rocky, covered with logs or low brush, a deer is nearly always jumping with high and often irregular springs. Now (unless very close), just as surely as you shoot at where he is, just so surely will the ball strike where he is not. The best way is to catch him as he strikes the ground, and for this purpose, where you have time, you must keep the rifle ahead of him for several bounds, until you catch the length and height of his jump. Then, when he is at the highest point, point at the spot where he will be when he strikes the ground, and, above all, be sure and pull when he is in the air. To get the right distance ahead, and at the same time the right elevation, and pull just at the right time, is a very nice operation, and a miss is never discredit; but, with care and coolness, you will in this way make shots over which you will chuckle for a month. If a deer be running low you may disregard this up and down motion, and running very fast you must disregard it; but when bounding high you cannot overlook it with safety, and in straightaway shots you must hold about for his knees when he is up.

Nothing is so essential as care and coolness. Don't try any snap shots, unless it's your only chance. I have twice wiped the eye of a much better shot, whose anxiety to get first shot made him a little careless and made him miss each time a good chance with fifty yards. To quiet your mind, come to the point, and make it your main object to send the ball to the right spot, even if your game gets a few yards further off. In timber you may be edified by the "chup" of the ball into a tree when you thought you had a sure thing on the deer. Always look out for an open place to shoot through.

The sights should be moderately coarse, and the front one of ivory, except the one on snow, where brass or gold is the best. The best of the "back-horn" side of the back sight, so that you can get a clear view of your game when holding ahead of it. The "back-horns" are really of no use but to prevent reflection of light from the corners of the notch, and this you can do as well by rusting them with iodine or acid. I go so far as to cut down the sides until the notch stands in a little cupola in the middle, affording a perfect view all around it. I find such one worth a cartload of back-horn sights, though it takes a little practice to get used to it, when it is caught just as quickly by the eye as any other. The pull of trigger should be about one-half to two pounds. A set trigger is an abomination for running shooting; equally so is the Creedmore three-pound pull.

Try these directions and report progress. If they don't work it will be because you are deceived in distance, have a poor rifle or have the deer so nervous that he will bother any one until he has killed several deer.

Minor's Ranch, San Diego Co., Cal. T. S. VAN DYKE.

APOLLINARIS WATER COMPANY.—Some very untrustworthy and malicious articles having been written and circulated in regard to the Apollinaris Company, the agents desire us to convince the public of the falsity of all such assertions, advanced by rivals who are water manufacturers. Something has been printed, headed "U. S. Assay Office," derogatory to Apollinaris Water. The best proof for such statements pass unnoticed is that at present in all the U. S. hospitals Apollinaris Water is used in the large quantities recommended by the surgeons. The popularity of this water, in spite of jealousies and futile attempts to check its progress, is ever increasing. While in 1874 Great Britain used some 300,000 bottles, last year the amazing amount of 400,000 bottles were taken. The demand in the United States quite equals it. It does not surpass, the European figures. Apollinaris Water is induced by the long and successful history of its use, and by the fact that it is a pure natural water, unadulterated, untouched, and that it is bottled as it flows from the spring, is attested by the United States Consul at Cologne. Messrs. Frederick de Barry & Co., of New York, are the sole agents in the United States and Canada.

Rational Pastimes.

ARCHERY BOWS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

I see, in your article on archery last week, that your correspondent has broken a number of bows of Highfield's make. I presume some bows will break, the same as some guns will burst, even when made by crack makers. The trouble is, bows are made too cheap—that is, people are not willing to pay for a good article, and therefore the makers must slight their work to get it cheap enough. I have yet to hear of any of Aldred's bows breaking except one lady's bow out of about one hundred sold, but every one complains of the price of his bows, while admitting that they were splendidly. I have used a lancewood bow made by Aldred over five months, almost daily, and it is as perfect as the day it was bought.

"Archer" should remember that in the tie mentioned in his letter the greatest number of hits wins. I do not agree with him that forty yards is the best distance to test the shooting, but it is far from the best for the season's shooting. I hear of one club using a four-foot target at twenty yards! One might as well shoot at the side of a barn. The trouble is that three-fourths of the bows sold are not capable of sending an arrow with any accuracy over forty or fifty yards. The American bows are most always stamped with a weight beyond the true one. Probably they may pull up to weight when tested, but they soon lose their strength.

I believe Dr. Carver only uses a bow at short range. Any wood will do for that style of bow. Mr. Maurice Thompson, I believe, has never used a yew bow, and he wrote me he never heard of Aldred's make. The bows (lemon-wood and maplewood) he praises are among the poorest woods. Hundreds of years of experience have given the English a big start in these matters, and we must not expect to beat them the first season.

I do not doubt but split bamboo and cedar, or a combination of the two with hickory, may make a splendid bow. If the demand continues, some one will probably find the material among our native woods, but I doubt if a perfect bow can be furnished for \$3.

W. H.

ONITANT ARCHERS.—24-inch target; distance, 30 yards:

	Ends.	Hits.	Value.
Capt. W. Holberton	11	17	40
J. McD. Gardner	11	17	37
Miss H. Von Boskeren	11	16	32
Miss K. E. Poor	11	6	10
Miss N. Hopper	8	6	18
Miss Gardiner	9	4	20
Miss A. Sherman	8	4	14
Total	73	74	194

	Ends.	Hits.	Value.
Capt. J. Hopper	10	17	37
T. A. Poor	11	7	26
Mrs. Holberton	11	6	18
Miss S. Quackenbush	11	4	24
Miss L. Quackenbush	11	1	9
Miss Gardiner	9	2	2
Miss R. Bogert	8	4	12
Total	73	61	145

ARCHERY.—Match at Crawfordsville, Indiana, July 4, 1878, between four members of the Kokomo Archers and an equal number of the Wabash Merry Bowmen; regulation target; 30 shots each at each distance:

	20 Yards.	30 Yards.	40 Yards.	Total.
Will Gause	170	120	73	363
Chas. Leach	192	154	123	469
W. A. Russell	212	131	115	458
C. A. Jay	214	169	129	512
Total	788	574	451	1823

	20 Yards.	30 Yards.	40 Yards.	Total.
Will H. Thompson	250	217	171	638
H. H. Talbot	192	191	133	516
Will Brewer	184	128	110	422
John A. Booe	208	138	115	461
Total	834	674	529	2027

Wabash Merry Bowmen won by 201.

LACROSSE.—At Prospect Park, Brooklyn, last Saturday, a game of lacrosse was played by players chosen from the Brooklyn Lacrosse Club, the Brooklyn Athletic Club, and the New York University Club. One side was led by Captain Cluff and the other by Captain Calder. The result of the struggle was five goals won by Captain Cluff's side and three goals by Captain Calder's side. The members of the Brooklyn Lacrosse Club, the Ravenswood Lacrosse Club, the New York University Club, the Brooklyn Athletic Club, the Metropolitan Athletic Club and other associations that exercise in the open game, including base ball clubs, will unite in giving a grand lacrosse entertainment next Saturday afternoon at the Capitoline Grounds—in all twenty-seven different games—for the benefit of the yellow fever sufferers.

A championship match at Toronto, Sept. 21, between the Toronto and Caughnawaga Indians, was won by the latter, who took the first, fourth and fifth games.

NEW YORK VS. AUSTRALIA.—The eighteen cricketers of the George, Staten Island and Manhattan Clubs, who are to play in the grand match at Hoboken on Monday and Tuesday next, were selected on Tuesday, and they are as follows: S. T. Soutter, of the St. George Club, bowler; J. K. Cross, of the St. George Club, wicket keeper; A. Marsh, of the St. George Club, captain; E. W. Leonard, of the St. George Club, bowler and slip; C. W. Bance, of the St. George Club, point; J. B. Sleigh, of the St. George Club, cover point; J. B. Cashman, of the St. George Club, bowler and slip; J. Frazer, of the St. George Club, mid-wicket; P. Allen, of the St. George Club, mid-wicket; P. J. Conover, of St. George Club, long leg; G. Giles, of the St. George Club, bowler and short leg; A. G. G. of the Staten Island Club, bowler and slip; J. A. Moore, of the Staten Island Club, bowler and slip; J. A. Sprague, of the Staten Island Club, bowler; E. W. Stevens, of the Staten Island Club, square leg; W. Brewster, of the Manhattan Club, bowler and third man; B. Greig, of the Manhattan Club, bowler field; F. Rogan, of the Manhattan Club, long field. Substitutes—Messrs. Maynard, Eyre and R. Ronadson, of Staten Island.

THE ELEVEN OF PHILADELPHIA.—The following eleven has been selected to represent Philadelphia in the approaching match against the Australians, viz.: Francis L. Brewster,

R. Nelson Caldwell, Edward T. Comfort, John Hargrave, Thomas Hargrave, Edward Hopkinson, Sutherland Law, Charles A. Newhall, Daniel S. Newhall, George M. Newhall, and Robert S. Newhall.

AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIPS OF AMERICA.—The ninth annual fall games and championships of the New York Athletic Club (grounds 150th street and Mott avenue, Mott Haven, New York City, 1878, to amateurs), will be held on Saturday, October 12th, 1878, commencing at two o'clock p. m., for which entries will close on Saturday, October 5th. The programme will be as follows, unless circumstances should demand a change: 100 yards run, running high jump, one mile run, putting lead, 440 yards run, running broad jump, 120 yards hurdle race (10 hurdles, 3ft. 6in.), throwing the hammer, 220 yards run, three mile run, pole leaping, throwing 50lb. weight, three mile walk, half mile run, tug of war (teams of four, two substitutes). Gold, silver, and bronze medals will be given in each championship game, excepting tug of war, where a set of colors will be given. An entrance fee (not refundable) of one dollar per man, for each and every game, must accompany all entries. No communication will receive attention unless addressed to the club box; and all persons, or particularly requested not to call upon the officers at their places of business. Handicap games will be given on election day. Entries can be made with the Secretary, N. Y. Athletic Club, P. O. Box 3101, New York.

SHORT HILLS ATHLETIC CLUB.—The annual fall meeting will take place Oct. 6, beginning at 3 p. m. The programme consists of ten events, the entries for which close on the 28th inst. All communications should be addressed to A. Noel, Jr., Secretary, P. O. Box 893, New York.

PLAINFIELD ATHLETIC CLUB.—The fifth annual games will take place on the new one-half mile track belonging to the club at Plainfield, N. J., Oct. 9. Entries close Wednesday, Sept. 25. Address J. A. Demarest, P. O. Box, 763, Plainfield, N. J.

MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUB.—This club held their annual games at the club grounds, Eighth avenue and Fifty-sixth street, this city, with the following programme:

100 Yards Run Handicap—Trial Heats.—First heat—H. I. Second New York, 11 yards; 1st. J. Lafon, M. B. C., 1 yard, 2. Second heat—E. Rube, New York, 4 yards; 1st. J. O. S. E. H. Van Arsdale, G. A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Third heat—E. O. Gurney, M. A. C., 8 yards; 1st. Fourth heat—H. H. Morley, S. A. C., 8 yards; 1st. Fifth heat—C. F. W. Damburner, S. A. C., 11 yards; 1st. Sixth heat—H. F. Wilkinson, Adelphi A. C., 7 yards; 1st. Seventh heat—J. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Eighth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Ninth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Tenth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Eleventh heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Twelfth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Thirteenth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Fourteenth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Fifteenth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Sixteenth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Seventeenth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Eighteenth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Nineteenth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Twentieth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Twenty-first heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Twenty-second heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Twenty-third heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Twenty-fourth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Twenty-fifth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Twenty-sixth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Twenty-seventh heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Twenty-eighth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Twenty-ninth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Thirtieth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Thirty-first heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Thirty-second heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Thirty-third heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Thirty-fourth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Thirty-fifth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Thirty-sixth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Thirty-seventh heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Thirty-eighth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Thirty-ninth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Fortieth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Forty-first heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Forty-second heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Forty-third heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Forty-fourth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Forty-fifth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Forty-sixth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Forty-seventh heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Forty-eighth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Forty-ninth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Fiftieth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Fifty-first heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Fifty-second heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Fifty-third heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Fifty-fourth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Fifty-fifth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Fifty-sixth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Fifty-seventh heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Fifty-eighth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Fifty-ninth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Sixtieth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Sixty-first heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Sixty-second heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Sixty-third heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Sixty-fourth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Sixty-fifth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Sixty-sixth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Sixty-seventh heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Sixty-eighth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Sixty-ninth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Seventieth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Seventy-first heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Seventy-second heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Seventy-third heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Seventy-fourth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Seventy-fifth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Seventy-sixth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Seventy-seventh heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Seventy-eighth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Seventy-ninth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Eightieth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Eighty-first heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Eighty-second heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Eighty-third heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Eighty-fourth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Eighty-fifth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Eighty-sixth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Eighty-seventh heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Eighty-eighth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Eighty-ninth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Ninetieth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Ninety-first heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Ninety-second heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Ninety-third heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Ninety-fourth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Ninety-fifth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Ninety-sixth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Ninety-seventh heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Ninety-eighth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. Ninety-ninth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd. One hundredth heat—J. F. B. Barnes, Greenpoint A. C., 8 yards; 2nd.

Running Broad Jump.—W. T. Livingstone, H. A. C., 1; 19ft. 4in. J. I. Smith, Xonkers Lyceum, 2; 10ft. 3 1/2in.

Shot.—W. T. Livingstone, H. A. C., 1; 19ft. 4in. J. I. Smith, Xonkers Lyceum, 2; 10ft. 3 1/2in.

Putting the Shot.—J. I. Smith, Xonkers Lyceum, 1; 19ft. 4in. J. I. Smith, Xonkers Lyceum, 2; 10ft. 3 1/2in.

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Putting the Shot.—J. I. Smith, Xonkers Lyceum, 1; 19ft. 4in. J. I. Smith, Xonkers Lyceum, 2; 10ft. 3 1/2in.

The proprietors of Beacon Park, Boston, are discussing the laying of a cinder path inside the trotting course. This is designed for the bicyclists, who are looking for a suitable track.

Why do we hear nothing of the bicycle in New York? Boston has a new club, making the third now organized.

BADGES, EMBLEMS.—Mr. N. M. Shepard, of No. 150 Fulton street, New York, has sent us his catalogue containing the innumerable different pieces of work made by him. As the catalogue shows, Mr. Shepard is the manufacturer of the major part of the medals presented by the Forester and Stream in this season to various rifle clubs and sportsmen's associations. The work made by Mr. Shepard is in the best of taste, of fine workmanship, and can be furnished at a reasonable price. Having competent artists, designs can be furnished with promptness.

HERMANN, THE PRESTIDIGITATOR.—Nothing can be more simple, more readily understood, than the tricks performed by Hermann at the Aquarium. This sleight-of-hand personage walks among the audience and asks for eggs and lemons. Now it is well known that ladies and gentlemen never, at least in New York, go to an evening's entertainment without eggs and lemons. It so happens, however, that the exact people Hermann asks to furnish him with eggs and lemons do not appear to have them. This makes little or no difference, for eggs and lemons are instantly forthcoming from ladies' hats and gentlemen's shirt collars. Hermann, having collected them a walnut, a lemon, an orange and a lady's gloves, puts all these articles on different labels, and then he passes the nut into the egg, and the egg into the lemon, and the lemon into the orange, and next with a knife he cuts the whole of the various things in two, and in the nut, which is in the middle, are the gloves. It is just as easy as that. All that is required is to know how to pour one thing into another. Something else he does so ridiculously commonplace that it is hardly worth repeating. Hermann shows you two white rabbits. There they are. Then he puts one rabbit into the other, and there is but one rabbit. Next he makes that single rabbit swallow itself, and there is not any rabbit at all. Of course there is nothing in that; anybody can do it. It is real child's play another manœuvre Hermann goes through. He walks right into the middle of the audience with a pocket-handkerchief, not an extra large one. He lifts it about and shows you that there is nothing in it, and the next minute he draws from under it a globe with gold fish swimming in it. You have only to go to any gentleman's furnishing store, and of course you can buy a dozen pocket-handkerchiefs with aquaria in them. All the things which Mr. Hermann does are of this easy matter-of-fact character. Of course there was a very large audience of people, who were amazed at what they saw, and laughed and wondered. Now we should like to know what there is strange in an old bald-headed man's hat, which when taken off the man's head is found to contain several bushels of cut flowers. Old gentlemen habitually go about New York this crowded with flowers. Just let people go to the Aquarium and see Hermann, and when they come home they will reason it all out and know quite as much about it as we do. But how the watermelon was found in our soft hat, or how a pair of brogans and a shovel came out of our neatly folded umbrella, we must confess slightly puzzles us. Maybe some of our readers can explain.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Communications.

W. T., New York.—Quite safe.

G. L. D., Boston.—A maker in excellent repair.

S. V., Warren.—Mr. J. J. Berry, Hockensack, N. J., wishes your address.

H. W. H., Montreal.—What you want is made by W. S. Goss, Neosho Falls, Kansas.

J. A. D., Cambridge.—The parties who advertise the goods you want in our paper are quite reliable.

R. E. D., Georgetown.—The gun used by Dr. Carver is a moderate choke. We never compare guns.

R. G. C., Bay Ridge, L. I.—In shooting glass ball matches the trap should be placed level on the ground.

KANA PIPIRE, New York.—We have restored the rights of the reed bird. The anecdote was unintentional.

W. B., Sndianapolis.—We know nothing about the responsibility of the house. We have declined their advertisement.

R. S., Pittsburgh.—We know nothing about the firm you mention nor of the guns they sell. We decline advertising them.

BASS, Norfolk.—We use here for striped bass shudder crab and shrimp, also spearing. Would be glad to hear from you.

W. L., Lowell, Mass.—For the "Rules of the National Association of Amateur Sportsmen" write to Weed, Parsons & Co., Albany. Price not over 50 cents.

ROCKY CROIX, Halifax.—Vols. 1, 2 and 3 of F. and S. we cannot furnish. Vols. 4, 5 and 6 at \$4 apiece, bound, and 7, 8 and 10 at \$5.50 apiece, bound.

PLEYTER, Boston.—You will find our report as full as any published. Write to T. Stagg, Chicago. Chilled shot is now used in pigeon matches and its use is increasing.

P. W. P., Syracuse.—Liver-white is a good color, and in selecting a dog try and keep to the same color. Could not tell you of any good dog in your neighborhood. Expense varies from \$25 upward.

O. E., Boston.—Best book obtainable is Hoyle. It is written up to date and embraces the annals of poker by the American Ambassador at the Court of St. James. Costs from forty cents to \$2, according to size.

ROVER, Philadelphia.—Deer hunting is not prohibited in Pennsylvania this year. That was the answer which should have been given last week, but the "not" was not, therefore it was not not. Certainly not.

J. V. M., Philadelphia.—The load for your gun would be 3 1/2 drs. powder, 1 oz. shot. Wet it on your oval-load by 1/2 dr. powder. Your wads are all right. Your make of gun is excellent, among the very best.

N. W., Hoboken.—Where could I see the English Kennel Club book? Are the Baltimore field trials to take place? Do you know the full pedigree of "1" Ans. 1. We have it. 2. Indefinitely postponed, we are sorry to say. 3. We do not know.

H. F. T., Concord.—About how many shot will a good 12 bore put in a 25in. circle, 9in. balls-eye at 40 yds., 4 drs. powder, 1 oz. No. 6 shot? Ans. Take two-thirds of the coated pellets as the maximum of pattern, and calculate from that. Gun mentioned is an excellent one.

B., Sterling Run, Pa.—We cannot procure the dog you wish. We hardly think a cur city dog would answer your purpose. Could not harry for freedom from disease in dogs taken from the pound. It might be curious to note the effect of a change to country scenes upon a dog which has been brought up in the city.

K. R. B., Newark.—Judges betting on the result of a boat race are not necessarily disqualified from acting thereby, though such conduct on their part should be avoided. If a boat's crew is not satisfied with the judges' decision, they may appeal to the referee, whose decision is superior to that of the judges and final. You must therefore carry your case to the referee, and abide by his decision.

M. F. A., Philadelphia.—Your seven-months dog has probably a commencement of distemper. Feed him low—no meat—and give him small doses of castor oil. If the apparent pain in passing water continues, let him take a few drops of ass's spirits of nitre. For the fleas wash him well, and rub some creosote on him, washing him afterward. If the sores continue, inform us. In the meantime, rub them with an ointment of flour of sulphur and lard.

M. S., Philadelphia.—The dimensions you send, 19 1/2 by 23 1/2 in., will make a fairly fast boat. Cannot give you further particulars, as you are not specific enough in your letter for what purpose you want the boat. A good book on boat building is "Nelson's Boat Building for Amateurs." Can send you one upon receipt of \$1.25 as soon as shipment arrives from England. Will give more information on the subject of boats in future numbers of this paper.

C. S. M., New York.—Desmond, of Peck Slip, is an excellent and reliable boat builder; also C. B. Elliot, cor. Quay and Franklin st., Greenpoint, L. I.; and John Kyle, 132d st., and 4th av., River View. Cost of light gal., \$75 to \$125, according to finish and workmanship. For books on training see "Oars and Sculls," price about \$2.50; Englehardt's "Rowing Almanac," 15c; or "Boat Racing," by Brickwood, 3c. Can procure you either.

BASS, Loch Haven, Pa.—Describe the proper tackle to use in trolling for black bass. Which is the best artificial minnow, and the proper size? What size and style of reel, and cost of above articles? Ans. For hand trolling, No. 1, braided line line, 100 yds.; for rod, a No. 6 line, same length, 100 yds. No. 5. Artificial minnow is good on special waters; use No. 4 Calceola. A No. 5 multiplying reel with drag line, \$1.50; minnow, \$1; reel, \$5.50; spoon bait, 75c.

M. W. C., Danville, Ala.—1. Will trout and black bass live and breed together (I don't mean cross), or would the black bass drive out or devour the trout? 2. Will trout and gold fish live and breed together in a pond fed by living springs? Ans. 1. This question has caused some discussion. We think if fish of equal size are introduced they will grow together well enough in ponds. Feeding trout prevents cannibalism and the predatory habits. 2. Sun fish might suffer, but not materially.

R. C., New York.—Since Courtney entered the rowing arena as a professional he has not been beaten, except through accident. One by Riley, on Greenwood Lake, when Courtney became sick, supposed to have had his face poisoned; and the second time by Frenchy Johnson, on Silver Lake, Boston, when Courtney was taken ill. He was also capsized out of his boat in a race with "Jemmy," on Seneca Lake, presumably through hidden obstructions, but the match was declared off by the judges.

G. W. W., Orange Lake, Fla.—We know of no builder of repute in your neighborhood. You had better write to Richard Wallen, John Mumm, or Pat. McElhann, in care of this office. They all build very fast boats, and we can obtain for you their lowest figures, if you send further particulars. There will not be much difference in freight, whether you ship from here or from New York. Cost of shipment by schooner will be nominal only, compared to price of boat. Send nearest seaport having connection by vessel with New York.

C. F. W., Minneapolis.—To make a salt lick for deer, of course must first have knowledge of the habits of the animal, and where he frequents. A rather marshy place is selected, and in the process of accumulating the deer to the new salt lick takes time, it is commenced in spring. A quantity of hard wood ashes is good to begin with. These may be rammed hard in a barrel, a little water poured on them so that they cake, and when dried broken up into pieces, and plentifully distributed around the place. Rock salt, rather hard to obtain, is, of course, the best. But as rock salt is soon lost by the action of water, it does not remain long. If used, put it in little openings in the trunks of trees. Hard salt cake, from some factories, is used with advantage. If started in the spring, the place ought to be visited every two weeks, in order to renew the salt. In the South and West the soil of old smoke houses, when the ground has been freely saturated, is much sought after for the purpose. It takes time and a great deal of trouble to make a salt lick.

E. A. M., Broadhead, Wis.—For flat-bottom boat 16ft. long, 3 1/2 ft. beam; make salt of stout drilling; use clothes-line stirr for gear. Place mast 5ft. from bow. Cut sail as a "standing luff," that is, a luff sail with gaff and boom. Make it 9ft. on foot, 6ft. 6in. on head. Cut the forward edge, or luff perpendicular to foot, and make it 1ft. Keep the forward end of boom down in its place about 8ins. above rail by means of light lashing to thwart, or eyebolt in mast 6in. below the boom. Have 100 lb. diameter at rail height. Hoist line, diameter one-third the length on, taper toward ends; gaff or yard 1 1/2 in., and one-third in. Sheet, single end of rope. Halliards rope through small block at mast-head, or through sheave in the spar. Have an iron ring with hook, or bill forged on its lower half and an eye above it. Slip it over the mast and splice lower end of halliards to the eye. Have a thimble strapped on the yard 10ins. from forward upper corner, or "knock" of the sail. When you want to hoist hook the yard to the bill on ring, or traveler, and sway up on the halliards. This traveler serves to keep yard close to mast. Or you may cut the halliards sheave close to where yard will come when check up, thereby doing away with the ring. What method is preferable. For tacking employ a "lee board." Take 3/4, or 1 1/2 in. board, cut it narrow on top and have 1 1/2 to 2 square ft. hinged. Hang it on a pin or peg on rail by a snort rope, both ends rope through holes close to each other in the board, knot the ends, leaving the right or eye on inside. By shifting the peg any balance desired may be obtained and the boat made to tack. Have a light guy from forward to lower part of the board to keep it in position, or make other device in hauling it.

BATH, September 13, 1878.

H. C. SQUIRE—Sir: I received the can of Dittman (C) powder you sent me, Aug. 28. It is the pleasantest I have ever used. I shot a pair of young Hareington gun at 60 yards 18 birds 1 1/2 oz. No. 8 shot out of sight with 3 1/2 drachms Dittman powder. My shooting is mostly sea shooting. Would not the B powder be better for me? Please send me the terms for it in quantities, and I will send cash. I gave most of the first can away, as none has been seen and he before.

1460.

C. H. GREENLEAF.

THE BICYCLE.—At the Attleboro, Mass., Farmers' and Mechanics' Association Exhibition, Oct. 3, there were bicycles of various makes on exhibition. First prize, an elegant diamond racer, valued at \$100; second prize, silver pitcher and goblet, valued at \$25. Entries to be made on or before Oct. 1 to Frank L. Barden, North Attleboro. For particulars apply to Albert A. Pope, 87 Summer street, Boston, or to Frank L. Barden, North Attleboro.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INDICATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday of each week, if possible.

All transient advertisements must be accompanied with the money or they will not be inserted.

No advertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms.

* Any publisher inserting our prospectus as above one time, with brief editorial notice calling attention thereto, and sending marked copy to us, will receive the FOREST AND STREAM for one year.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1878.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guaranty of good faith and be addressed to the FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous communications will be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for dereliction of the mail service if money remitted to us is lost. NO PERSON WHATSOEVER is authorized to collect money for us unless he can show authentic credentials from one of the undersigned. We have no Philadelphia agent.

Trade supplied by American News Company.

CHARLES HALLOCK, Editor.

T. C. BANKS,
Business Manager.S. H. TURRILL, Chicago,
Western Manager

CALENDAR OF EVENTS FOR THE COMING WEEK.

Friday, September 27.—Cricket: Young America vs. Old Haverfordians. Trotting: Syracuse, N. Y.; Dover, N. H.; Quincy, Ill.; St. Louis, Mo.; Dover, Del.; Manhattan, Kan.; Columbia, O.; Albany, N. Y.; Youngtown, O.; Lewistown, Pa.; Kentville, N. S.

Saturday, September 28.—Nantux Boat Club Open Amateur Regatta, Reading, Pa. Cricket: Germantown vs. Young America, Nicetown; Belmont (2) vs. Merion (2), at West Philadelphia; Young America (Jr.) vs. Germantown (Jr.), at Turpike Bridge; Manhattan vs. Belmont, at Prospect Park; Longwood vs. Highlandville, at Longwood. Staten Island Athletic Club Games.

Sunday, September 29.—Hughes-O'Leary Walking Match, at Gilmore's Garden. Running Meeting at Syracuse, N. Y.

Tuesday, October 1.—Hughes and O'Leary Walk. Cricket: Eighteen of New York vs. Australian Cricketers, at Hoboken. Trotting: Syracuse, N. Y.; Parker City, Pa.; Rochester, N. Y.; Norwich, Conn.; Cincinnati, O.; Dover, N. H.; Philadelphia, Pa.

Wednesday, October 2.—Hughes and O'Leary Walk. New York vs. Australians, as above. Courtney-Hanlan Match, at Lachine, Canada. Trotting as above, and at Middletown, Del.

Thursday, October 3.—Hughes-O'Leary Walk. Philadelphia Eleven vs. Australian Cricketers, at Nicetown. Trotting as above, and at Danbury, Conn.

Mr. Hallock has returned, and is again at his post.

TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES.—Circumstances have compelled us to print twenty-eight pages again this week; indeed, our issues are now more frequently of twenty-eight pages than of twenty-four. Our advertisements press so seriously on our space that we have to cut our garment according to the cloth. It is prosperity which is bearing on us so heavily.

AGAIN.—We say it once more, and shall repeat it from time to time so long as there is need to do so: All drafts, checks, and postal money orders sent to us should be made payable to "The Forest and Stream Publishing Company." By observing this rule our subscribers and advertisers will save themselves and us much needless annoyance.

THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

AFTER many delays and hitches the two best oarsmen in America are finally to meet each other and test their claim to the championship of America. From a strictly technical point of view, the championship is now held by Hanlan, of Toronto, he having defeated Evan Morris in a five mile race at Pittsburgh in June, this year. The coming contest over the Lachine course, near Montreal, will therefore go to show whether he is able to hold the title against all comers, or whether the United States can produce the man to show him over the course. The event must undoubtedly be set down as the most important in the annals of modern boat racing in America. The old line of champions, the Browns, Hammills, and other such gentry, some of whom are even now pulling in golden shells o'er tideless and glassy-smooth rivulets of milk and honey, are fast leaving this wicked world for a better one, where fools and hidden obstructions are not known. They and the oarsmen of their day belong to a race of the past. Rowing during the last few years has taken such an energetic start in new and more popular directions that the old knights of the short, choppy dip and blistering seat have been left a long way astern and cut a sorry figure alongside the handlers of the spruces of the present day, with their long swing of 23 or 29 and the far reach of the sliding seat. Never before have the people on this side of the Atlantic lent such favorable countenance and given so much encouragement to rowing men generally, whether amateurs or professionals. No other year can show the rapid succession of regattas and the numerous attendance therat, the public has witnessed during the season, now about drawing to a close with the great match of the Titans of the United States and Canada. It is to be hoped that the environs and circumstances may prove what we should have a right to expect, but what, unfortunately, we can only pray for. The Lachine course at this time of the year is especially unfitted for shell boat work, and already lumpy water is seriously interfering with the practice spins of both men. That such an utter lack of stamina and judgment in arranging the preliminaries of so important a race should have been displayed by the backers and friends of the man from Union Springs, is for Americans south of the St. Lawrence a most unfortunate mishap. Instead of pulling the race on some neutral, quiet water, Courtney is carried off across the border and, *no less volens*, pitted against as tough a customer as ever he met, over a course unfavorable to him in the extreme, and upon terms the like of which have never yet been heard of in the history of boat-racing. A strange land, strange water, and strange conditions will do much to neutralize what there may be in favor of the best man we can put up to fight our battle with the wonderful Canadian. A more bungling piece of diplomacy than that shown by Courtney's agents we have no ken of. The Canadians completely overreached him and his men, and carried all before them. So Courtney will have to tackle his man for a prospective \$11,000 or nothing! What are the chances of the two? They are very nearly evenly matched, we should say. Hanlan has the prestige of a greater number of races with the best scullers to be found among us on his side, while Courtney has a wonderful string of victories as an amateur. As a professional he has kept remarkably quiet, his victories, chiefly over second class men—Riley, Plaisted and other light timber—cutting no very great figure upon his record. About the best thing Courtney can point to is the victory he scored in 1876 on the Schuylkill. He has pulled but a few five-mile courses, and should he take the lead October 3, he will find all the work he wants to hold out with Hanlan, whose wonderful stay is perhaps the most remarkable feature of his splendid sculling, and upon which not a few among his friends count with justice.

CORRESPONDENTS: GOOD AND BAD.

LAST week, in our issue of twenty-eight pages, we published communications from seventy-four correspondents, distributed as follows: Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana, Texas, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, Kansas, Indian Territory, and California, Ontario, Quebec, and Holland. The communications were narratives of sporting adventure, articles of scientific discussion, minor notes, and short news items. Of their authors four-fifths are, personally, utter strangers to us. These letters came to us through the mails. For their authenticity and reliability we must depend upon the integrity and good faith of the men whose names are affixed to them. In the course of a year we receive thousands of such communications. It would be no difficult matter to deceive us, and, through us, our readers. We believe, however, that in very rare instances is this done. The contribution published in our columns, as a rule, bears the stamp of its frank and manly author. We (that "we" means editor and readers, too,) occasionally, however, are imposed upon, and not in a good humored way either. We can appreciate a joke; we cannot endure the imposition of a correspondent who habitually and intentionally exaggerates, falsifies and misleads. Our readers must understand that if the FOREST AND STREAM is deceived month after month as to the character of a correspondent, it is simply because the FOREST AND STREAM is human and, with all humanity, subject to imposition. Moreover, to show how much serious harm to a newspaper a malicious purveyor of misinformation may accomplish, we publish the following complaint, from a

gentleman who has been securing subscribers for us in a State not a thousand miles away. We may premise that the revelation was as unpleasant to us as it was unexpected, and that the matter has been promptly attended to:

I was completely beaten out in—. This is partly to be attributed to a cause which I have had thrown at me many times in the past two months, and of which I would have written to you before, if it had not been that I thought I had escaped its influence. But the matter was mentioned to me again before I had been in this hotel ten minutes. At—, in this State, resides a man who corresponds for the FOREST AND STREAM, and the fact that he does write for the paper has prevented me from securing a large number of subscribers in no less than six different places. He is known in all these towns as a most scientific and unscrupulous liar, with a tendency to assumption, and a total disregard of facts. More than fifty persons who now take the paper have assured me that if he continued to correspond they would stop their paper when their subscriptions expired. I tell you the facts just as I hear them, and vouch for the injury done to your paper. He is a young man of some talent, but with an utter disregard for truth and actual facts. A gentleman in his town told me about one one-hundredth part of his statements would bear sifting, which opinion was corroborated by all the other sportsmen of the vicinity.

KEEPING A LION IN BRUCE'S TIME.

THIS is what Mr. Arthur G. Brown, the Superintendent of the Zoological Society of Fairmount Park in Philadelphia, writes us: "A full grown lion should have about fifteen pounds of meat a day. This at 44 cents per pound, which the beef used to cost us, would amount to within a fraction of 70 cents. The horse meat which I now use averages a cost of 3/4 of a cent per pound, reducing the amount to 11 1/2 cents per diem. As lions are generally not fed on one day in the week, this cost is reduced 1-7 of the above figures. The horse meat answers as well as beef, and as the meat is freshly killed it is richer and more full of blood than any beef which could be procured for such purposes. The quantity of food should be cut down at least 3 in hot weather, or the livers of the animals might suffer. Traveling shows feed less than this, but this is our basis."

The query we had put to Mr. Brown arose from a quaint old description of a lion and how he was kept, which has lately been exhumed from the exchequer rolls of Scotland. Robert Bruce, the doughty king of Scotland, had a lion. Perhaps he who had been taught patience from studying a spider in his toil found instruction in a lion. Bruce was in the habit of going around from place to place accompanied by his pet. The archives tell us that it fell on the burgh of Perth to find a house for the brute, and though the lion had a mansion to himself, the Queen and her two sisters were lodged in a double bedded room. What interests us, however, is this fact, that to keep the lion for a year the kingdom was mulcted with a charge of £6 13s. 4d. Those not acquainted with the Scotch pound in the Fourteenth Century, might think this an extravagant charge; but the pound Scotch in those days was only 20d.; therefore, £6 13s. Scotch, was about \$2.50. As money in the Fourteenth century was worth ten times more than it is to-day—that is to say, that its purchasing power was ten-fold—it is apparent that the expense of keeping that lion was in fair proportion to the cost of beef or mutton. Anyhow, civilization has certainly advanced since the time when Bruce kept a lion, for feeding animals in zoological gardens has been brought down to a science. Some data on this curious subject can be found in old annals. The cost of keeping the wild beasts for the Roman gladiatorial combats is given somewhere. We sometimes think that one of the most interesting works which could be written would be one devoted to the keeping of wild animals in a state of captivity, and matter of the most useful character could be derived from it. We have looked in vain among libraries for a book of this kind, which would be philosophically constructed and thorough in its character. Returning to the lion of Perth and the Philadelphia lion: why the former cost some \$3 to keep, the latter could not be fed on beef for less than \$30 a year. We must remember, however, as has been before stated, that a value of \$3, gold or silver, five centuries ago would have had a buying or exchanging power of fully \$40. This little bit of antiquarian zoological lore, when the value of the Scotch pound is understood, is no longer puzzling to the political economist, and it is quite possible that Mr. Reiche, under similar circumstances, could not have fed a lion cheaper than King Robert Bruce's keeper.

A WELL MERITED HONOR.—Professor Spencer F. Baird has received the silver medal of the Society of Acclimation of Victoria, in recognition of his introduction of salmon in the Australian colonies.

THE SHARPS RIFLE MEETING.—The matches at the Sharps Rifle Range, Bridgeport, Conn., last Tuesday, were successful throughout, and the occasion a most pleasant one. The fund for the Yellow Fever Sufferers thus raised will in due time be forwarded through the FOREST AND STREAM.

THE YELLOW FEVER FUND.—We have to-day handed to Mayor Ely \$7, sent to "The Sportsman's Contribution"—J. C. Willetts, Skaneateles, \$5, and C. J. Kinyon, Owatonna, Minn., \$2. Total, so far, received by us, \$23. There are many weeks of suffering yet to be gone through in New Orleans, Memphis and many other places. We are still ready to receive money for the purpose designated. We are quite certain that many of our friends will respond. "He who gives quickly gives twice." So says a good old Latin proverb.

CARESMOOR.—We give to-day the whole story of the Fall Creedmoor Meeting. The American Team shot yesterday, and will shoot again to-day for the Trophy. The wonderful progress made by our people in practical and scientific rifle shooting is too manifest to require any further proof than that contained in our columns of the scores. The National Rifle Association has fostered the scientific rifle shooting of both soldier and civilian, and to this Association the gratitude of the country is due.

DEATH OF COL. T. B. THORPE.—Colonel Thorpe, the author of "Tom Owen, the Bee Hunter," and many other sketches of great brightness and humor, died on Friday last, September 20. Colonel Thorpe possessed talents of the most varied character, and not only wrote admirably well, but wielded the pencil with extraordinary talent. He was a natural historian of no small merit, and was among the first in the United States to declare that snakes were oviparous, a fact very much disputed some thirty years ago. Colonel Thorpe was among the earliest of our war correspondents, and his "Army of the Rio Grande," and "Our Army on the Rio Grande," are historical reminiscences of the Mexican war which are of great value. In his literary style Colonel Thorpe possessed to a marked degree wonderful clearness, brilliancy and force. Our pages have often been embellished by contributions from Colonel Thorpe, which were remarkable for their strength and vigor. Born in 1815, Colonel Thorpe was sixty-three years old at the time of his death. This passes away a true gentleman of the old school.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.]

ROCKY MOUNTAIN WANDERINGS. No. 3.

AS I sit down to detail to you the event of this our third trip in the mountains of Wyoming I cannot refrain from giving you a *coup d'œil* of our surroundings. I write by the flickering light of our fast-dying camp fire, and the inner man having being satisfied, the brain again begins to resume its sway, and in a meditative and retrospective mood I shall attempt to recall the not-very stirring events that have transpired since my last letter. The occasional snapping of the burning aspen logs, the "crunch, crunch" of our mules cropping the grass near at hand, and the dismal howl of the distant coyote are the only sounds that disturb my reveries. Close at hand lie my companions, stretched out at full length on the ground, gazing dreamily into the fire, their glowing pipes tightly clenched between their teeth. The wind whispers through the sage brush and sometimes throws up clouds of ashes, interfering not a little with my writing, and during the lull in the breeze we hear the subdued murmur of the stream by which we are camped. The grand old mountains, monuments of past convulsions and upheavals, tower on all sides and, while impressing us with our own insignificance, recall to our minds the tiresome clamberings of the last three days among their crags and cliffs and the results of our hunt in the Medicine Bow range.

Satisfied with elk, deer, antelope and bear hunting in the Freeze Out Mountains we, with the natural longing for the unattainable paramount ever in the human breast, had decided that mountain sheep alone would fill the cup of our enjoyment, and the day following our return to the Bow, Reed, Mort and myself started for the source of the Wagon Hound Creek. On the head of this stream, and on its tributaries, or among the rocky fastnesses from which they rise, we hoped to strike a band of sheep which, rumor told us, held their abode in that region. It is scarcely necessary to add that Tom, our teamster, completed the quartette, he being a most necessary part of the outfit, as indispensable, in fact, as mules wagon, tent and other impedimenta.

We camped the first night on Foot Creek, at the base of the range. Nothing of interest had occurred during a very tiresome day of jolting over twenty-five miles of rolling prairie in a springless wagon, with the exception of some poor shooting at sage-hens and antelope, and one excellent shot by Reed, who brought down a doe, on the "keen jump," at four hundred yards. One of the hams furnished us meat for supper which, with the excellent biscuit of Reed's concocting and a draught of crystal water from one of nature's fountains, completed a repast as acceptable to us as a far more pretentious banquet.

Next morning we were off shortly after sunrise, and by noon had reached the highest point in the canyon accessible by wagon, and made camp. The road lay throughout the whole distance, some fifteen miles, along the sides of Foot Creek, and the wooded slopes of the mountains reached high on either side. The timber was mostly dead, burned by the Indians when they deserted the hunting ground, but a second growth had sprung up and attained a height of about five feet, and its dark recesses looked very promising for deer. We saw no game, however, nor indeed any sign of it until far up the mountain, when an occasional elk trail crossed our path. Mountain birds, however, were noticed in godly numbers, and prominent among them were Clark's crow, whose grating cry was almost constantly heard, the fearless Lanner falcon, the dusky grouse, the violet green swallow and the broad-tailed humming bird with its gorgeous plumage. Our camp was advantageously placed in a small basin within fifty yards of a clear spring which gives rise to the main fork of the Wagon Hound and surrounded on three sides by timber, while just behind us rose a towering cliff of soft white sandstone, which stood out fierce and beetling like the prow of some le-

viathan ship. Its eroded faces, worn into a thousand fantastic shapes and pierced by many a hole and crevice, furnished resting and breeding places for the numerous birds seen sailing through the air about its summit. Close to the top on an inaccessible ledge, a pair of Lanner Falcons had reared their brood, and to this eyrie the family would repair at close of day sluting each other with the shrillest and most discordant screams. Above, below, and on both sides of the home of these fierce birds were hundreds of nesting places of the beautiful violet-green swallows (*Hirundo thalassina*), and these little fairy-like creatures flew hither and thither in clouds, utterly regardless of the presence of the falcons. It was a strange association, though one often seen in the West.

Immediately upon making camp we started out to inspect our surroundings. As one of the party remarked, "The country looked sheepy," but at a tramp of four hours through a most attractive region failed to disclose any recent sign of these animals. At one point we struck a fresh elk trail made by two or three wandering individuals, and later saw some tracks of deer, but were unsuccessful in our attempts to find either, and at last, tired, hungry and disgusted, we turned our steps campward. In Indian life we traversed our silent path over steep hills and down into deep, cool canyons. The sweet scent of the pines fills the air, and the dark, sodden ground beneath the green timber gives forth no sound. Now and then a pine rabbit jumps up in front, and scurrying away, stops short at fifty yards, and eyes us with amazement. A dusky grouse whirs up from beneath our feet, and skims down again into its leafy covert, surprised at the new animal that has invaded his quiet home. Just as we approach the camp a fine "black-tail" buck is sprung from a thicket of quaking aspens. He has made but a few jumps when a loud b-a-a-a-h from Reed stops him, and he turns his great, wondering eyes toward us. He lingers only an instant; but the stock has pressed the shoulder, the finger the trigger, and the bullet goes crashing through both shoulders and brings the noble animal to the ground. The deepening twilight gives us time only to butcher him and, admiring his fine antlers, still in the velvet we take some of the internal tibits with us to relieve the monotony of antelope diet, and hasten onward.

As we sit round our roaring camp fire that evening we listen to tales of former hunts and to stories of the Indian fights and white men's brawls of earlier days. Each in turn contributes his experience to the general fund, and scenes and incidents are narrated which took place in the mountains and on the plains, when game was more plenty and hunters fewer.

Before we sleep it has been decided to spend the following day in collecting bird skins and then to betake ourselves to other and more profitable fields. At break of day the deer is packed and brought into camp, and a fine fat fellow he is. Even as I write the sizzling, spluttering sound of his juicy chops, enjoyed at supper, still rings in my ears. Thursday is devoted to collecting and some valuable skins are added to our collection. No elk, deer, or sheep, however, are seen and so this morning we broke camp, and here we are.

The scarcity of game here is to be accounted for partly on the supposition that it is further south, as explained in a previous letter, and partly by the fact that last winter and spring there were many tree choppers on the head of Wagon Hound whose presence no doubt caused the animals to forsake the country.

It is a sad fact, but one that cannot be controverted, that even in the Rocky Mountains large game is each year becoming scarcer and more difficult to find, and certainly unless something is done to protect it we shall soon inhabit a country absolutely without large wild animals. The advocates of game protection should see to it that some steps are taken in the right direction before long. I shall have more to say on this subject in another place and at a future time.

This is a letter devoid of exciting incidents, but your readers must remember that the hunter takes the bad fortune with the good, and than in no breast does hope spring more persistently than in that of the ardent sportsman. Yo.

In Camp on Wagon Hound Creek, Wyoming.

Yachting and Boating.

HIGH WATER FOR THE WEEK.

Date.	Boston.			New York.			Charleston.		
	H.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.
Sept. 27.....	6	10	45	6	10	45	6	10	45
Sept. 28.....	6	10	45	6	10	45	6	10	45
Sept. 29.....	6	10	45	6	10	45	6	10	45
Sept. 30.....	6	10	45	6	10	45	6	10	45
Oct. 1.....	6	10	45	6	10	45	6	10	45
Oct. 2.....	6	10	45	6	10	45	6	10	45
Oct. 3.....	6	10	45	6	10	45	6	10	45

YACHTING NEWS.

NOVA SCOTIA YACHT SQUADRON.—The race of September 7 of the Nova Scotia Yacht Club was, according to programme, to have been the last of the season, but the liberality of the R. A. and R. E., quartered at Halifax, provided for a final race, which was sailed subsequently, Saturday, September 14. The wind was strong from the N. E., but became fluky to windward afternoon. At 1:30 P. M. the yachts got away, as follows:

	H.	M.	S.
Lily, sloop, 5 tons, W. H. Weeks, M. D.	1	30	58
Pathe, sloop, 7 tons, L. L. Cape, Rev. 20th.	1	30	58
Nova, sloop, 5 tons, L. L. Hussey, R. E.	1	30	58
Seafan, schooner, 20 tons, Capt. Larcom, H. E.	1	40	33

Seafan, from her size, should have given the rest the slip, but she had to lug an extra ton of ballast, taken aboard just before the start, and was not up to her usual form. It was a turn to windward to the Ferry Buoy, and in making for it the

yachts broke tacks. *Psyché* was first to make a board toward Dartmouth, then went about and lay a course for the buoy. She met *Muta* at the buoy, and, being on the port tack, was obliged to go about for her, being badly hampered by a schooner at anchor. *Muta* kept the lead gained on the ranch across to the Commissioners. Jibbing around she set balloon jib, and *Psyché* contented herself with a jib-topsail. All hands then round Fort Clarence mark as follows: *Muta*, 30m. 51s.; *Psyché*, 2h. 27m. 51s.; and *Seafan*, 3h. 31m. 38s. *Psyché* had some trouble with her jib-topsail sheet, and sowed the sail. *Muta* spinning out her lead once more. The race was between these two, *Seafan* and *Lily* having no chance any longer. The same order was maintained rounding Fort Clarence mark the second time. The craft trimmed sheets in and for the commissioners, when *Psyché* showed to better advantage, reducing the race after allowances by 4m. 30s. over *Psyché*, and by 16m. 13s. over the schooner. The club members and friends assembled aboard the squadron steamer *Carrie*, and the Honorable Secretary, having read the report of the Sailing Committee, the prizes were presented to the winners by Mr. F. M. Yassow, as follows:

Open Race, August 10—First prize, *Psyché*, Lieut. Capel Cure, 20th.

Schooner Race, August 24—First prize, *Seafan*, Capt. Larcom, R. A.

Sloops and Yawls Race, August 24—First prize, *Hebe*, Mr. J. E. Butler; second, *Kestrel*, Vice-Commodore White.

Open Race, August 28—Not awarded.

Five-ton Race, August 31—First prize, *Muta*, Lieut. Hussey, R. E.

Open Race, September 7—First prize, *Muta*, Lieut. Hussey, R. E.; second, *Psyché*, Lieut. Capel Cure, 20th.

Sloop Phantom, Lieut. Hammett, Trenton High Regiment, was in collision with a schooner recently and had bowsprit broken short off at the stem, and mast taken off close to the deck. The sloop was close-hauled, the schooner going free.

The R. M. Y. C. steam yacht *Novaya*, J. T. Molsen, sailed for Montreal on the 11th via Charlotteville.

General Sir P. L. McDougall, C. O. M. G., commander-in-chief at Halifax, has a new cat-rigged yacht of about two tons. She was built at Shelburne.

BOSTON YACHT CLUB.—We are in receipt of the latest issue of the Boston Yacht Club Book. It discloses a flattering prosperity of the club, for the book contains the private signals of no less than sixteen schooners, sixty sloops, three steamers and two catamarans. Among the schooners are the well known *Carrie*, *Julia* and *Stilet*, while the single-stickers include the smart *Undine*, a regular windjammer, *Shagard*, *Yacht* and many others of fame in the local regattas of the club. The club book is very attractively gotten up, contains a cut of the club-house as a frontispiece, list of yachts, owners, ports, dimensions, etc., and the name, of over 200 members. Then follow constitution, by-laws, sailing directions and time allowance tables, based upon length measurement, with full explanations of how the rule was fixed upon and allowances calculated. The flag-chart in the rear, handsomely lithographed on tinted paper, has been added to the club burgees of all the principal yacht clubs on the coast. One omission we hope to see supplied next season, at least as far as possible. A special column should be devoted to the builders, sailmakers and modellers' or designers' names as well as the dates of construction and alterations. This will serve to make the record of each yacht more complete and would interest much of the interest concerning them that is now too often overlooked or lost.

HAVERHILL YACHT CLUB.—The union regatta of this club, sailed Sept. 14, turned out quite a successful affair. In the first class *Lizzie Warner* won in 1h. 1m. 53s.; *Empress* second, 1h. 1m. 40s. In the second class *Linaie May* won in 1h. 40s.; *Eclipse* second in 1h. 2m. 15s. In the third class *Abbie M.* won in 46m. 33s.; *Adelaide* second in 48m. 17s. *Two* won in the special class in 44m. 37s.

NEW BEDFORD YACHT CLUB.—The fifth race in the series of matches given by this club was again won by *Enice*, making a tie of two races with *Sylph*. These two will have to sail a sixth match to decide the series. The last of the series of cat boat matches took place in New Bedford Harbor Sept. 21. Course, six miles. In 1h. 2m. 38s. *Enice* won, beating *Sylph* by 10s. This *Enice* wins three out of the six matches, and takes the cup, *Sylph* having scored two and *Clio* one. The last match was started to sail off the tie between *Enice* and *Sylph*.

ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB.—The small craft of this club sailed their closing race of the season in New York Bay, Wednesday, Sept. 18. Course, from flagship *Triton*, off Breakwater Point, to a stakeboat off Owl's Head, thence around stakeboat in Upper Bay and back to flagship, seven and one-half miles, to be sailed over twice. Prizes, a pennant, and cup for each class, sloops and cats. Wind light from W. and tide last of the flood. An uneventful race was finished as under:

SLOOPS.						
Name.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed	Corrected		
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.		
Pilot.....	1 02 44	6 21 24	4 28 40	4 28 40		
Corinne.....	1 03 30	6 31 27	4 37 57	4 35 06		
CAT-RIGGED.						
Truant No. 1.....	1 54 39	6 05 07	4 10 37	4 10 37		
Gertie.....	1 54 40	6 06 50	4 12 26	4 12 26		
Wind.....	1 53 32	6 29 33	4 36 26	4 34 05		
Lapping.....	1 54 10	6 29 10				
Truant No. 2.....	1 54 30	Not timed.				

TRUANT NO. 1...... 1 54 39 6 05 07 4 10 37 4 10 37
Gentle..... 1 54 40 6 06 56 4 12 26 4 12 20
Land..... 1 53 32 6 29 33 4 36 22 4 34 05
Lapwing..... 1 53 32 6 29 33 4 36 22 4 34 05
Truant No. 2..... 1 54 20 Not timed.

Pilot takes cup and pennant in sloop class, beating *Corinne* by 7m. 10s., and *Truant*, of New Rochelle, wins in cat-boat class, beating *Gentle* by 1m. 43s. The annual pennant regatta of the club will be sailed to-day.

DORCHESTER YACHT CLUB.—The third regatta of the season sailed by this club took place Sept. 17. Wind light but steady from S. W. First class centreboards, 25ft. and over; second class, 20 to 25ft.; third class, under 20ft. All keels sailed in one class. There was also a special for boats under 14ft. Start, from an anchor; no restrictions as to canvas, cat-boats being limited to mainsails, however. Judges, Messrs. Parkman Dexter, G. F. Clark and A. L. Jackson, aboard the gentleman's schooner, *Osceola*. Among the larger boats *Osceola* was brushed at 25ft. which left the latter shook her again. *Clara B.* was disqualified. *Charlotte* and *Roslyn* were to be re-measured before awarding the prize in their class. The prizes were awarded as follows:

First-class centreboards—First prize, marine glass, *Thone*; no second prize; consolation prize, *Panchoa*, tin fog-horn.
 First-class keels—First prize, marine glass, *Volante*; no second; consolation, fog-horn, *Lydia Adams*.
 Second-class centreboards—First prize, marine glass, *Fancy*; no second; consolation, fog-horn, *Little*.
 Third-class centreboards—First prize, marine glass, *Psyche*; no second; compass charm, *Scamp*; third, marine clock, *Orlean*; consolation, fog-horn, *Bubble*.
 Special class—First prize, opera-glasses, *Sadie*; second, compass charm, *Lena*; third class, galvanized anchor, *Char-belle* or *Roslyn* (yet to be decided); consolation, book, *Little Greta*.

It is probable another regatta will be announced before long. DORCHESTER YACHT CLUB.—The annual cruising trim contest regatta of this club will take place early in October. The prizes are the result of an annual subscription, brought into life some years ago by Mr. F. W. Weston, an active member of the club. It is expected that many large craft will enter this season as the regatta has become quite popular.

THE INTEREST IN BOSTON.—The Boston Herald remarks, concerning the recent visit of the schooner *Intrepid* in Eastern waters, that "she does not appear to be very stiff, judging by the way she was reefed coming up the harbor. But the *Herald* overlooks the fact that *Intrepid* is modelled on principles differing from those in force in the broader and shallower type of schooners which predominate, and that a greater angle of "heel" is expected in vessels of her design. They do not depend upon great statical stability, but rely rather upon a low centre of gravity, which comes into play at small angles only to a moderate extent, but materially increases the righting lever when it begins to blow and the craft gets down to her bearings. Such vessels are eminently safe in all kinds of weather, even though they heel more at the outset, while yachts of the opposite extreme are always liable to be *Mohanked* if they carry on beyond a certain point.

CUTTER ENTERPRISE.—This Boston cutter is having her head boom lengthened to carry a little more head sail.

BAD REMANSHIP.—Says the Boston Herald: "A great many of the topmasts were carried away through carelessness in not having backstays or not working their stays in time to prevent the topmast from receiving all the strain." That is about the length and breadth of the thing. There is a great deal of room for improvement in even the most elementary sailing, and it is high time a little more study and zeal were displayed in the direction of more prudent yachmanship.

SOUTH BOSTON YACHT CLUB.—For the closing regatta of this club, Sept. 18, open to all yachts, there were several entries, thirty-three boats actually going over the course, which was the judges' boat to Cow Pasture Bar buoy, Dorchester (No. 6), leaving it on the port, to buoy No. 7, off Fort Independence, leaving it on the starboard, to Sculpin Ledge buoy, leaving it on the port, to buoy No. 6, lower middle, leaving it on the port, passing between the judges' boat and flag boat. *Napoleon* took the lead, but upon carrying away her topmast, dropped to fourth place. *Fog* suffered a like loss, as did *Swallow*. *Gracie* carried away her booming out pole. *Unknown* was fouled by *Eureka*. It seems that *Unknown* was running free for the winning line and *Eureka* was on the wind. As the latter had the right of way, no matter how near *Unknown* was to taking the prize, it was, according to the rule of the road, the latter's business to haul her wind and give way to *Eureka*. As the latter could not content to take the prize for centreboards, common courtesy should have induced her to go about and cross the line in time, and not willfully took the keel-boat. As there was, moreover, no reason whatever for *Eureka*'s standing across *Unknown*'s bow, the fouling losses very much like a willful trick on the part of Capt. Fuller, and he will have only himself to blame should he and his boat be debarré from again sailing under South Boston's auspices. In the matter, such prompt action will be taken in the matter, as such tricks cannot be too summarily dealt with. We have no desire to see professionals bringing the sport to the low level they already have done in some other pastimes. Winners in first class: *Mame*, Floyd & Alwood, 10m. 11s.; *Panchoa*, A. Burgess, 11. 21m. 65s.; *Folly*, J. F. Sheppard, 11m. 22m. 24s. Second class: *Alia*, Mr. Chapman, 11. 21m. 21s.; *Nata*, Mr. W. C. Clark, 11. 33m. 62s.; *Veronica*, Mr. O. Haskell, 11. 36m. 63s.; *Wendy*, Mr. West, 11. 37m. 53s. Third class: *Waterwitch*, Mr. Hutchins, 11. 25m. 40s.; *Psyche*, Mr. Clark, 11. 35m. 51s.; *Fancy*, P. Grant, Jr., 11. 37m. 39s.

THE DORY NAVIGATES.—The following we take from *Hunt's Yachting Magazine* for September: "The dory is a first-rate idea for towing easily through rough water, as she would offer almost no resistance whatever. * * * We would publish her lines if any useful lesson were to be learned from them. They might mislead novices, but the experienced man would only regard them as something to be avoided, like a palpable rock in the water. We could not content to content to, and think the dory a most unfit boat to trust one's self to, especially under canvas and when not decked over. They are built for towing, as *Hunt's* surmises, and are in extensive use among our Down-East fishermen. In the ordinary long swell of the Atlantic they are found handy by the fishermen in tending the seines, but in bad weather they are poor things to get adrift in. Their chief recommendations are low first cost and the ready manner in which they can be towed and dumped on deck."

S. S. VEDETTE.—The S. S. *Vedette*, N. Y. Y. C., Mr. Phillips, was returned to this port from her cruise eastward, along the New Brunswick and Nova Scotia coasts, Sunday, Sept. 22.

FIDGET vs. BROWN.—The race for the Corinthian Challenge Pennant of the Central Hudson Yacht Club was sailed over the regular New Hamburg course, on the Hudson, Sept. 21. The pennant was presented by Mr. Philip Schuyler, and has been won by *Fidget* first, then by *My Emma*, of New Rochelle, then by *Victoria*, and second time, by *Victoria*. *Fidget* and *Victoria* sailed in the latter, beating *Dare Devil*. The race with the *Wigwag* came to nothing, owing to lack of wind, and *Fidget* was finally challenged by *W. R. Brown*, of Newburgh. The race was sailed in a good breeze of wind from the W., enabling the yachts to make the marks all over the course without any turning, though they were sometimes trimmed in about as far as it was possible to baulk sailing. Corinthian rules were in force each over sails with own staff crew limited to seven, and ballast fixed. *Fidget*, with Commodore Irving Grinnell at the helm, went across the line at 10. 58m. 18s., and *Brown*, towed by Mr. C. F. Brown, at 10. 59m. 18s. The lower stake was turned by *Fidget*, with a lead of 1m. 7s. On the run up *Brown* got a slant and went ahead, showing the way around the mark. *Fidget* luffed out on *Brown*'s weather on the second mark up, and after some trying luffing matches, came out the better of the two. The

New Hamburg crack set spinnaker, and *Brown* followed out with a big one a little later, but could not close on her rival, and *Fidget* went across the line a winner after an exceedingly smart and well sailed race. The absence of sandbags and a professional mob in cockpit did much to render the race interesting and instructive, and should carry a lesson to those who still insist upon over-balloasting and over-sparring. A summary of the results is appended.

New Hamburg course, twenty miles: Corinthian race for Challenge Pennant, Central Hudson Yacht Club, September 21, 1878. Tide, ebb; wind, W. S. W.

Name.	Length.	Start.	Return.	Time of Race.	Corrected Time.
Brown.	27 10	10 45	2 24 05	3 38 25	3 38 05
Fidget.	27 11	10 45	2 24 05	3 37 08	3 36 48

MATCH ON THE TARP.—It is no small play to handle a toy of a boom 55ft. long, but if report speaks true there is a likelihood of big *Ambassadors*, Mr. William Astor, turning up this fall in a racing mood. Her owner has all along averred that he proposed to put her speed to test sooner or later, and has stowed away for over a year a set of sails of racing size as ever was cut and sewed for any craft afloat. They need airing badly, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Astor, upon his return from Europe, will try on *Intrepid*, *Rambler*, or, better still, *Dreadnaught*. If there is anything in our waters that can cope with the huge City Islander it is *Dreadnaught*. In lighter weather, *Intrepid*, *Idler* and others could readily get away with her, but when it comes to bucking into a heavy sea and a strong wind, *Ambassadors* will very much compare with *Dreadnaught*, unless it be some of the big cracks which Nicholson has turned out the last few years in British waters; big ones, like *Ambassadors*, that run on to 500 tons and require some 15ft. to float in. Mr. Astor's schooner is altogether too large, however, for efficient racing property, and it would not surprise us one bit to find him pulling his mind and quite head for Southern climes without changing his craft to pieces before. As to these *Ambassadors* will very much belie her looks, should she display any. As a wholesome family coach she is all very well, but she lacks the lines of a goer. In a seaway, though, her tremendous power would tell heavily in her favor, as under such circumstances time allowance to the smaller craft would not make up the deficiency, and so, possibly, Sam Plue's big one might land a cup for her owner after all; but to these *Ambassadors* the schooner measures 146ft. over all, 28ft. beam, and 11ft. water with board up.

BUFFALO YACHT CLUB.—This organization is in its first year of existence. It has long been a matter of astonishment to us that yachting should not long ago have been developed to a greater extent in a port so favorably situated, and in which ample wealth has accumulated to warrant a successful following for the sport. At last it seems to have arrived at that stage of advancement where the formation of a club adds dignity and method to its prosecution. The club inaugurated its existence with a regatta on Lake Erie, Sept. 16. Entries—schooners, *Fleetwing*, *Mytic*, *Corsair* and sloop *Argo* took the first class, and the second class, schooners *Anna Argo*, *Delta* and sloop *Telephone*. *Fleetwing* and *Anna Argo* took the prizes.

EMPIRE YACHT CLUB.—The match for the Dowling cup, postponed from a previous day to Sept. 13, on account of lack of wind, resulted in a victory for the *Brothers*. The course was from foot of E. 104th street to and around a stakeboat off the Manhattan Club-house, repeat four times. Wind blowing equally all day. Only three put in an appearance, and after much delay, the *Brothers* were the victors, getting to pieces, *Brothers* managed to cross the line 5s. ahead of *Emma D*. The latter had won the cup twice and came near getting possession of it by a third victory, as required by the deed of gift.

NANASSET YACHT CLUB.—The special regatta held by this club off Nahant, Sept. 10, for the champion silk pennant presented for competition by Mr. P. Little, was open to cat-rigged boats only. Wind fresh from N. E. Won by the famous *Fancy*, Mr. P. Grant, Jr., in 53m. 57s.; *Psyche*, L. M. Clark, second, 50m. 24s.; *Alia*, W. O. Haskell, third, 11. 41s.; *Aron*, R. D. Sears, fourth, 11. 4m. 53s.; *Jaw*, F. F. Emery, Jr., fifth, 11. 3m. 28s.

BALTIMORE YACHT CLUB.—The regatta of this club was sailed Sept. 13, over the regular course, Perry Park to White Rocks and return, in 24 miles, and was won by *P. O. Lacroix* in first-class, *D. Collier* in second and *Emma* in third.

YACHTING IN CHINA.—From *Pacific Life*, we learn that the Hong Kong Yacht Club is again looking up. Some time ago it was in quite a flourishing condition, but latterly many of the craft had outgrown their time, many were sold, others were wrecked, and it looked for all the world as though the club might founder too. But there is always a leading spirit in all clubs, and so the Hong Kong has been once more revived. Most of the yachts are of the cutter type, but the *Loiterer*, schooner, is the handiwork of the famous Geo. Steers. She is no match for her more powerful sisters, being too beamy for racing work at sea. *Naomi*, a native cutter, built upon lines sent out from England, seems to be the crack and, with her crew of Chinamen, can handle her canvas in a style that would make some of our civilized tars stare with admiration. In the rigging John Chinaman is said to be like a cat, strong, wiry and agile, and he enters into the spirit of a race with great zeal. The Hong Kong club was founded in 1859, and at that time it was a small sea-going club. Since then their ranks have since been decimated, but in time will no doubt be filled by new comers.

NORFOLK, VA., YACHT RACE.—For the open regatta held at Norfolk, Va., Sept. 23, there were entered: *Vision*, E. W. Face; *Index*, Hiltchings Brothers; *Haidee*, Thomas Bain; *Aphrodite*, John M. Askins; *Coria*, Frederick Hardy; *Lelia*, Hiltchings Brothers; *Wanderer*, Ernest Graves; *Alina*, W. A. Graves; *Mist*, A. H. Kirby; *Little Fraud*, W. P. Crolley; *Campbell Grosner*, General V. D. Grosner. Won by *Index* in 2h. 50m. Course, from the Naval Hospital to Old Point and return, distance, 25 miles. Judges: Capt. Thos. Grellis, Captain James H. Robinson. Referees, Capt. O. E. Edwards; and F. Pfeiffer, timekeeper.

CRAB-BAT BROUGHT AT NORFOLK, VA., Sept. 23.—There never was better weather for a trial than to-day; the wind east-north-east, a leading breeze throughout the entire course, with all that the yacht could stand up to. Never was better time made by craft of this class and inches, taken collectively, as the summary will show, the distance of twenty-five miles being run in three hours. The course was from Hospital Point to and around a buoy near old Point Comfort and back to the harbor was a cozy affair with sailing craft and excursion steamers to witness the race, but a hundred or more vessels lay in Hampton Roads, wind-bound. Sewell's Point,

Old Point, Hospital Point, and the wharves in Norfolk and Atlantic City were covered with interested spectators, including many sailors from the Navy Yard and Hospital. Time was called for 10:30, and so prompt were the yachts that the whole fleet were off and away within thirteen minutes afterwards, an example which it were well worth while to imitate elsewhere. The following is the summary:

FIRST CLASS.			
Name	Owner	Length	Running Time
Vision	E W Face	93 10 1/2	4 59 00
Index	Hiltchings Bros	96 5	4 56 20
Haidee	T A Bain	91 10	5 11 15
Aphrodite	J Gaskins	25 6	3 01 45

SECOND CLASS.			
Coria	P Hardy	20 9	3 15 30
Lelia	Hiltchings Bros	21 3 1/2	3 14 45
Mist	W H Kirby	19 2	3 19 30
Campbell Grosner	Grosner	23 4	3 19 30
Little Fraud	W P Crolley	19 11	3 21 30
Alina	W A Graves	21 2	Got aground
Wanderer	E Graves	20 2	Got aground

The *Index* won the first prize in the first class, beating the *Haidee* 2m. 30s., and the *Lelia* beat the *Coria* by 57s. in the second class.

OAR AND PADDLE.

COURTESY AND HANLAN.

In view of the rapidly nearing day, when the two best oarsmen in America will meet for a trial of skill and endurance to settle the claim of either to the championship of the Continent, a glance at the records of both will be of interest, and may aid in forming an opinion concerning the probable issue of the coming match over the 5 mile Lachine course, Montreal, Canada.

Ed. Hanlan first took the shell in 1873, when he was but eighteen years of age. He was then living with his family on an island in the harbor opposite the city of Toronto, Ontario. In that year he won the championship of the harbor, defeating Williams and McKay. The next year he easily beat London, of Toronto, thereby securing the championship of Burlington Bay. In 1875 he repeated the performance, and pocketed the same year the same year over a two-mile course, he made away with London and Douglas. In a race for the Governor-General's Medal. In 1876 he defeated McLean and Douglas, and later in the year won the champion belt of Ontario. During the Centennial races he showed to the front in a prominent way, beating Harry Coulter, Thomas, of London, and next day Pat Luther and Fred Plaisard, winning easily in 21m. 54s. Finally, defeated Alex. Brynley, of St. John, N. B., for the championship in 21m. 11s. Next he got the silver Lake, Boston, where, June 13, 1877, he was defeated by Plaisard, through the breaking of his outrigger. June 25, he beat Frenchy Johnson and Driscoll, over a three-mile course, clearing \$150. He fouled his old antagonist, Plaisard, in the Boston City Regatta, July 4, and was disqualified. In October, 1877, he defeated Wallace Ross in a five-mile race near Toronto for \$1,000 a side. In May, 1878, he again defeated Plaisard in a three-mile race at Toronto. In July he got the best of Evan Morris at Pittsburg, finishing a five-mile course in 37m. 68s. Later on, he beat the whole lot, including Plaisard, Riley, Luther, and a host of minor lights, in the regatta of Brockville and Cape St. Vincent, Canada. In July he defeated Wallace Ross a second time in a five-mile race on the Kennebec, and added \$2,000 to his purse.

Charles Courtney, of Union Springs, N. Y., was born at Union Springs, N. Y. He is twenty-nine years of age. He early took to the water and engaged in many local contests, and when he branched out on a larger scale and appeared at the regular regatta of amateurs, he invariably led them over the course. So unflinching were his victories, that whenever "Courtney from Union Springs" came to the line it was a foregone conclusion. At Saratoga, September 15 and 16, 1874, he defeated Yates, Keator, and others of lesser note. In August, 1875, he took the diamond medal and the championship of the State of New York, by defeating such old hands as W. B. Curtis, David Roche, Ed Blake and Yates. The prize for double sculls went to him and R. A. Robinson, at Troy, September, 1875. With Frank Yates in his boat, at Saratoga, Aug. 8, 1876, he won the double-scull race without a start, and at Philadelphia he beat Courtney in the Centennial races. At Greewood Lake, N. Y., in August, 1877, he met Riley, being his first race as a professional, and after that he quit the ranks of amateurs and rapidly disposed of all professionals of a lesser sort. He beat Riley and Plaisard at Saratoga, August 28, 1877, three miles with turn, in 20m. 47s. In September he won the championship of the United States Lake, beating Riley, Frenchy Johnson, Ten Eyck and Laberge, three miles with turn, in 21m. 4s. Then followed an attempt to get on a match with Trickett, which failed, owing to the same bad management which has characterized his recent match with Hanlan. In June, 1878, he tackled such extremely light material as Dempsey, on Seneca Lake, but was capsized near the turn, as reported, by hidden obstructions, though, upon investigation, none could be found. The force of pulling Dempsey, whom he could beat with one hand, was repeated at Skaneateles, when the countryman was dropped out of sight right enough. Aug. 15, Courtney took part in the Silver Lake regatta, Boston, but was defeated by Frenchy Johnson, on account of being taken ill. It was supposed that the ducking he received while pulling Dempsey had affected him permanently, but recent reports state he is in the best of health, and that he may have no recurrence of the ill spells in the coming match. Hanlan is 5ft. 9in. in height and weighs 152lbs. in fighting trim; Courtney is 6ft. 4in. high in stocking feet, and weighs 168lbs. We have described their boats in our last issue.

ROWING AT ELIZABETHPORT.—The first annual Citizens Open Regatta was held at Elizabethport, N. J., Sept. 21, and was in every way a success, though the course might have been kept clearer. Double-sculls, won by Dury and Moore in 16m. 15s.; Lother and Conlin second in 16m. 30s. Single-sculls, one and one-half mile with turn. Molt took the lead, but collided with a strange boat, and the race went to John Hatfield in 14m. 3s. Senior doubles, won by Decker and Houghton, two miles, 16m. 55s. Ladies' double-scull race, half mile with the tide. Maiden crew, Misses Emma Lamond and Tillie Bonigen, beat the matron crew 2m. 20s., pulling a stroke of 40. Senior singles, won by J. W. Dederick, two miles, in 18m. 15s. Junior doubles, the Tate brothers won in 17m. 10s. Dederick and Baxter second, Dixon and Streke third. Junior amateur doubles, Clarke and Hatfield, 3m. 37s.; Hughes and Rogers second. Singles, open to all, won by David Clark in 17m. 55s., J. Lowther second, J. K. Moore third. Two races finished the day. Prizes were all useful as well as ornamental.

JOHNSTON-HOEMER.—At Burlington Beach, Ont., Sept. 21

Hoover beat Franchy Johnson over a four mile course with time, for \$500; time, 35m.

SINGLES ROWING CLUB.—The fall regatta of this club took place on Flushing Bay, Sept. 21. Course, one mile. Four-oared gigs, R. Lowman and J. Postlester, strokes. The former's crew won by three-quarters of a length. Single-sculls, won by J. R. Embree. Six and four-oared gigs, won by the latter by one length.

Hudson Boat Club.—The fourteenth annual regatta of this club took place at Jersey City, Sept. 21. Course one mile and a half including a turn. Single-sculls, F. E. Haugh winner, 10m. 22½. Four-oared barges, won by S. Pearson, stroke; H. V. Mator, C. F. Patterson, F. R. Baldwin, and H. C. Pearson, coxswain. Time, 9m. 37½. Four-oared shells, won by C. F. Ockerhausen, stroke; G. A. Ockerhausen, W. Clarke, H. Ockerhausen, bow. Time, 8m. 53½. Pair-oared shells, won by Ockerhausen and Haugh in 9m. 33½. Running races followed.

PACIFIC AMATEUR ROWING ASSOCIATION.—The regatta of this California association, which was to have been pulled Sept. 21, has gone over till next season, the organization not being fully perfected as yet.

STURGEON POINT PROFESSIONAL RACE.—In the race for a purse of \$650, held at Sturgeon Point, Ont., Sept. 19, there were nine starters. Course, four miles and a turn. Placid casted the foul line, and the boats of James Foster and the same. Kelley claims one from Morris. Placid and Kelley were disqualified by the referee, Wallace Ross. Morris took first money, Kennedy second.

COLUMBIA BOAT CLUB.—The fall regatta of this club, of Brooklyn, took place Sept. 18, at Bay Ridge, L. I. Course, a mile and a half. Single-sculls, won by J. F. Boyd, 10m. 22½. Second heat won by C. W. Lippitt. Four-oared gig race, won by S. S. Statser, stroke; C. W. Lippitt, C. S. Butler, R. G. Mallett, bow, and J. O. Twoach, coxswain. Second heat won by Geo. S. Barnes, stroke; Geo. O. Eyeland, Jr., T. C. Overton, J. F. Mallett, bow, and F. E. Seamen, coxswain. Time, 10m. 53½. James Foster, starter; C. L. Sanderson, judge, and R. Blacker, referee. Rowed Sept. 14, eight-oared bare race *Electra* and *Constitution*. Won by former in 13m. 13½. Crew: C. W. Lippitt, stroke; F. Boyd, G. S. Barnes, W. Chapman, C. England, J. F. Mallett, L. Aury and F. F. Lavens coxswain.

PASSAIC ROWING ASSOCIATION.—The annual regatta of this association was held on the Passaic, at Dundee, N. J., Sept. 19. Single-sculls, course one mile with turn, won by J. T. Nicholson in 6m. 53½, beating W. E. Clark. Pair-oared shells, won by Geo. Aterbury and C. G. Buckley, of the Adolphus Club, in 6m. 24½, beating W. Smith and T. Henderson, of the Patterson R. A. Single-sculls, second heat, won by W. Henderson in 6m. 42½, beating J. O. Hayes and H. D. Smith. Double-sculls, won by G. B. Nicholson and H. D. Smith, of the Adolphus Club, in 6m. 28½, beating W. Ryle and W. Henderson, of the Patterson R. A. Four-oared shells, won by C. G. Buckley, stroke; E. C. Wells, W. Ryle, and Geo. Aterbury, bow, in 6m. 56½, beating the Patterson crew.

HARLEM REGATTA ASSOCIATION.—The second annual regatta of this Association will be held on the Harlem, Saturday, October 19. Open to all amateurs. Races for eight-oared shells, six-oared gigs, four-oared shells, double-shell shells, pair-oared shells, single-shell shells for seniors and juniors. Course, one mile straight away, in heats. Prizes for each individual winner; also set of colors for the eights, sixes and fours. Entrance fees not returnable. Singles, \$34; pairs and doubles, \$6; fours, \$12; sixes, \$18; eights, \$24. National Association rules. Trial heats commence 9:30 A. M.; finals, 1:30 P. M. Conveniences are offered visiting crews by the clubs of the Association. Entries close October 9. Address George C. Power, Secretary and Treasurer, 62 Exchange Place.

THE HOPES OF NEW ORLEANS.—This Club has officially returned thanks to the citizens of Newark for the kind reception accorded their crews at the recent National Regatta at Newark.

DOLFIN BOAT CLUB.—This club held a race for single sculls over a two-mile course on Charles River, Boston, Sept. 21. Prize, a cup given by Mr. W. H. Hammond, the club's vice-president. Starters, Messrs. Granger, F. Kyle and F. Kyle. Kyle went to the front, with Jagdish second. Kyle fouled the turn, but kept his boat in the lead, losing in the water. Granger then passed him and won in 15m. 36½. Kyle second, with his boat half full of water.

THE LONDON "SPORTSMAN" CUP.—The sculling match for the cup offered by the London (Eng.) *Sportsman* was rowed on the Thames, September 16 and 17. In the first heat, William Elliott beat John Higgins, the champion, by four lengths. Second heat, R. W. Boyd beat T. Blackman. Final heat, Boyd proved the best man, but, taking Elliott's water, was run into by the latter, the foul being decided against Boyd. It is hardly likely that Elliott will be a match for Boyd in future races, and his prestige obtained on the strength of a foul will be short-lived. Higgins took third prize on a walk-over, Blackman failing to start.

SMALL SEA-GOING YACHTS.

BOSTON, Mass., Sept. 10, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

I have been so much interested in the subject of sea-going craft, that I have been induced to give you a little account of a regatta that is to take place Oct. 2, wind and weather permitting. Although an interested party, I will simply give you the facts, and your readers can form their own conclusions.

Two contestants—For there are only two in this case—are the yachts *Gael* and *Sunbeam*. The former is much the longer boat, and is reckoned here in the first-class keels in our usual club racing. She is about 27ft. 8in. water line, 30ft. over all, and 11 ft. beam. Her draught of water, aft, all, the peculiarity of which is her keel of almost 24in. depth amidships. Her stern and sides tumble in very much, the lines of her quarters giving very much the appearance of a sharp corner. Her bow is very much cut away, and the leanness is carried to her sheer plank. Her greatest power lies in her "hugs," and as she sits on the water, she presents a rather odd and graceful appearance. Her ballast consists of lead, with the addition of an iron keel weighing 1,700lbs. or more. She carries considerable canvas for the amount of submerged hull, is sloop rigged, and has the reputation of being one of the fastest keel sloops in our waters. She is certainly a credit to her builder and owner, Capt. William McCormack.

The *Sunbeam* is a second-class boat, and never was intended for speed, but, unfortunately, she developed that feature of her model from the first trial. Her stanchions on one questions who has seen her tried. She is 20ft. 7in. over all, 24ft. 6in. water line, 10ft. 8in. beam, and a draught of 6ft. aft. Her lines are round and full; she carries her bulk in body, and not so much in keel, the latter being only 12in. amidships in depth; but, having a long run, she has considerable deadwood aft. The depth of her hold from the under side of cabin to top of keelson is 4ft. 6in., giving ample cabin accommodations for four in cruising, besides a nice forecastle 6ft. long. Although the *Sunbeam* is the shorter boat she tons in the custom house about 11-75 or 12-75 more than the *Gael*. Her spread of canvas is considerable. Her mast is stopped 7ft. 6in. from bow; length of boom, 31ft. 6in.; gaff, 16ft.; mast above deck to track, 41ft. 6in.; bowsprit outboard to jibstay, 12ft.; bowsprit outboard to headstay, 31ft. 6in.; mainmast bolt, 24ft. 6in.; jib on foot, 22ft. 6in. Her main boom laps over the stern about 14ft., and is very heavy; there are about 173lbs. of 10oz. duck in jib and mainsail, besides a jib-topsail and gaff-topsail for cruising, and a large balloon-jib and gaff-topsail for racing. We never reef the jib, but set a storm jib on the stay, or from an eye-bolt on the bowsprit as occasion requires. A party of four have put in a reef in less than four minutes outside in a seaway without experiencing any trouble or losing any course. Her ability to carry so much canvas has been demonstrated many times, as most of the boats race before we think of it. She sails very well for a heavy boat, as her record will sustain, having taken prizes amounting to thirty-one in number.

This race is to determine the speed of the *Gael* and *Sunbeam* in a stiff breeze, and outside the light. The course is to be ten miles to windward and back for \$100 a side; no shifting by dead weight allowed; no restrictions as to sails; Boston Yacht Club rules with Herrschhoff's table of allowance to be followed.

It will also tend to demonstrate whether a shoal boat with weight on her keel is better than a deep boat with weight inside. The race is creating a great deal of comment, and is looked forward to with much interest.

In giving you the above measurements I have kept within the limits, so as to give your readers something of an idea to form their conclusions on. We are now entering the season of yachtsmen's bliss—fall winds and weather, rousing rowers and northerers, that make the timid stay at home, but calls us on deck, and makes one keep his weather eyes open.

We made a splendid run from City Point to Marblehead the other day in less than two hours (a distance of 17 miles), the wind fresh from westward, stopping in the mercurial to shake out a reef off Thinker's Island, and catching the fair before we got inside. Some of our fair friends expressed much anxiety as the squalls laid us into it, but we quieted their fears by telling them we had painted the top and sides of the house with copper paint.

KEDON.

A BRITISH YACHTSMAN GRADUATE.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

In your able notice of Mr. Thomas Brassey's yachting career, in your issue of 12th inst., you state that he "never did much racing." This is not quite correct, for Mr. Brassey at one time went into racing *con amore*, being one of the best supporters of the Birkenhead Model Yacht Club, which sailed many a hard match on the turbulent Mersey. He raced *Spray* of the Ocean, cutter, and some other small craft before he purchased his "flying fifty," the beautiful 54-ton cutter *Cymbia*, built in 1854 by Eife, of Fairlie, for Mr. J. M. Howan. Mr. Brassey raced her in the Irish and Mersey waters in 1856 and 1857, winning Her Majesty's Cup in the latter year; in 1858 he took her to the Thames, raced her there, on the south coast, and in Irish waters. He was not so successful with her as Mr. Rowan had been; indeed, while in that gentleman's possession, she was never beaten—starting five times in 1854 and taking five first prizes, total value £360; and starting four times in 1855 with four first prizes, total value £370. Mr. Brassey also raced the *Albatross*, schooner, built for him when he parted with *Cymbia*. Since then he has confined himself to cruising, and was the first yachtsman who obtained a Yachting (Master's) Certificate of Competency. ROYAL-CHIEF.

Halfpax, Sept. 10, 1878.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN SEPTEMBER.

FRESH WATER.	SALT WATER.
Trout, <i>Salmo fontinalis</i> .	Sea Bass, <i>Scomber ocellatus</i> .
Salmon, <i>Salmo salar</i> .	Sheepshead, <i>Archosargus probatocephalus</i> .
Salmon Trout, <i>Salmo confinis</i> .	Striped Bass, <i>Morone americana</i> .
Land-locked Salmon, <i>Salmo gairdneri</i> .	White Perch, <i>Morone americana</i> .
Grayling, <i>Thymallus tricolor</i> .	Black Bass, <i>Morone saxatilis</i> .
Black Bass, <i>Morone saxatilis</i> .	Bluefish, <i>Pomatomus saltatrix</i> .
<i>M. nigricans</i> .	Spanish Mackerel, <i>Scomber maculatus</i> .
Muskellunge, <i>Esox nigrilobus</i> .	Coho, <i>Oncorhynchus kisutch</i> .
White Perch, <i>Morone americana</i> .	Bonito, <i>Sarda sarda</i> .
Yellow Perch, <i>Perca flavescens</i> .	Kingfish, <i>Menticirrhus menkensis</i> .

FISH IN MARKET—RETAIL PRICES.—Bass, 20 cents; smelts, 25; bluefish, 8; salmon, 25; mackerel, 20; weak fish, 10; Spanish mackerel, 40; green turtle, 10; terrapin, per doz., 50; halibut, 12½; haddock, 8; king fish, 18; codfish, 8; black fish, 15; flounders, 1; porgies, 8; sea bass, 18; eels, 18; lobsters, 10; sheepshead, 25; turbot, 35; English sole, 35; scallops per gallon, 15-25; soft clams, 50 to 60; white fish, 15; pickered, 18; black bass, 18; pompano, 75; whitebait, 60; smoked salmon, 18; hard crabs, per 100, \$2.50; soft crabs, per dozen, 75.

THOSE WHITE MOUNTAIN TROUT.—We have often been amused at the persistency with which a lie will travel. There seems to be some magic quality in a misrepresentation of facts, which appeals especially to the taste of the average newspaper sportsman. Not one man in a thousand, outside of those New England States, really cares a fig whether "the great quantities of trout caught in the White Mountains this season have been discovered to be young salmon, with which the New England Fish Commissioners have been stocking the streams at great expense, etc.," or whether "the great, etc.," are so many crocodiles. But we have seen this important discovery hushed up in just sixteen papers, halting from every

part of the country, and the only satisfactory explanation of its travel that we can suggest is its utter nonsense and falsity.

MASSACHUSETTS—Cohasset, Sept. 18.—Shad are plenty in Weir River, and take the hook readily. Use shrimp for bait and a fly rod. The fish caught weigh from one to three pounds. S. K. J.

MOVEMENTS OF THE FISHING FLEET.—The number of fishing arrivals reported at this port the past week has been 61, with cod and 10 with halibut from the Banks, 18 from Georges, 5 from the Bay St. Lawrence, 4 from Shore mackereling trips, and one from Greenland; total, 44. Some good fares of Bank halibut have been received, several vessels landing upward of 40,000 lbs. each, the total receipts for the week being 834,000 lbs. Receipts of codfish, 1,070,000 lbs. from the Banks and 300,000 lbs. from Georges. The Haymen bring fair cargoes, the receipts for the week being 1,350 bls. mackerel, but late intelligence from the Bay show a meagre catch of late, with the probability that the season is about over. Receipts of shore mackerel, 950 bls., and of fletched halibut 60,000 lbs. from Greenland. The weather has been more favorable for curing codfish. *Cape Ann Advertiser, Sept. 20.*

NEW YORK—Port Jervis, Sept. 19.—Seven feet of "Albany beef," weighing 100 pounds, was killed by a discharge of firearms in the Neversink River, an affluent of the Delaware, at Carpenter's Point, near this place, yesterday afternoon. This is the second sturgeon ever captured in this neighborhood.

VIRGINIA—Clifton Forge, Sept. 17.—It is now in the height of the bass season here. A great many are being taken, though not so many as last year, on account of the great flood sweeping out a large number of them. Our Fish Commissioner, Colonel McDonald, paid us a visit short time since, and is making arrangements to transfer a large number to other portions of the State.

TENNESSEE—Columbia, Sept. 19.—Anglers are making preparations for the fall bass fishing. The anticipated catch is large. Several parties have already arranged for a week's hunt and fish on the adjacent trout streams. VAL.

TEXAS.—On Tuesday Mr. Archer, the great American whaler of the Colorado, caught fifteen alligators and pike gars at one haul with a seine, about five miles below the city. The smallest of the lot weighed 75 pounds. Mr. Archer has also caught several immense catfish the last two days. *Austin Statesman.*

WISCONSIN—Ashland, September 16.—The fishing party, consisting of Dr. E. R. E. Carpenter, of Chicago; Silas Humphrey, Esq., of Stillman Valley, Ill.; Eugene P. Prince and a number of the Ashland Press, with Alex. Welcome, John Madgwick, and George White, and a number of guides, returned from the headwaters of White River on Wednesday last, after a ten-day's trip among the pines on one of the finest trout streams in America.

BASS FISHING AT MONTAUK.—During the past week or two there has been some capital bass fishing at Montauk. Mr. S. Stearns, of Brooklyn, made an excellent score, including a splendid fifty-pounder, of which he has adorned the register at Stratton's with a capital portrait, that is, if one may say that a fish is susceptible of portraiture. Rod fishing, with a wind that has in it a point more or less of nothing, can be prosecuted with great comfort and convenience all along the south shore of Montauk. Just inside the lighthouse, on the extreme end, in a little bay, in which the long Atlantic surges thunder on a wide shore of great boulders, all round and polished from the crumbling cliffs, there is a capital fishing-ground. Here Mr. Sanford R. Gifford, one of our great masters of landscape painting and a most enthusiastic and accomplished disciple of the rod, has been playing the larder vigorously and successfully for a couple of weeks. The sport is fine, and is only occasionally interfered with by big, vicious dukes, whose ill-advised ambition leads them to aspire to the diet of their betters. This involves the loss of an occasional fine bait of lobster, adjusted with great pains and designed for a plucker quarry than a huge, ungainly fat-fish.

The weather just now at Montauk is heavenly, and the water beauty of the place is more impressive than any other season. The endless slopes of the downs are rich in autumn colors, and the little dells and sheltered nooks where the Montauk trees seek refuge are gardens of the richest and warmest colors. Now and then one hears the crack of a fowling-piece, and startled flocks of plovers fly wildly overhead, uttering their plaintive cries. Snipe abound in every reed-like shore of the countless ponds, and tall herons stand statue-like along the ditches. The water is clear and the fish are fat. One can drink the waters of the Great Pond. There is an abundance of game and solitude, and the whole place, its aspect and its people impress one with a sense of primitive and untamed wildness that is imparted by no other spot on the near Atlantic coast.

The accommodations at the Point, "such as they are and what there is of them," are good. Clean beds and a good table, including a sound and well-cooked country fare, with plenty of good milk and butter, can be had at Sanderson's or Osborn's or at the Lighthouse, where the domestic part of which Mrs. Babcock presides. The prices charged are very reasonable.

The best way to reach Montauk is to take the Long Island Railroad to Bridgehampton, buying a through ticket to Easthampton. At the latter place Mr. W. Gardner, irreverently known as "Bill Gardner," will house one comfortably, and make all the arrangements for terms across Napeague Beach to the Point, a distance of about twenty miles. Mr. Gardner kept Montauk Light for many years, and is a practical fisherman as well as hotel-man, and his advice and assistance are invaluable.

RAKE FISH AT FULTON MARKET.—Mr. Blackford has quite a series of rare and curious fishes at Fulton Market last week. There was a thrasher shark with an extraordinary development of tail. The creature measured some seven feet two inches in length, of which the tail alone was 45 inches. This shark was caught off Martha's Vineyard. What an awful whipping such a tale must give, and if it could be applied on oats or wheat threshing machines might be at a discount. A remarkable capture of spotted bass, or, as they are called, the "epot," was made off Sandy Hook, some twenty having been caught with hook and line. This fish resembles in many respects the bass, only different in color, having a golden shade, with a distinguishing black spot near the tail. The locality of this fish has heretofore been placed to the south of us, and we

have never known it to be caught north of Cape May. Ceros of large size, caught off the New Jersey coast, were also exhibited. Looking like an exaggerated herring, there was a huge tarpon of 180 pounds, caught of Newport, which was also exhibited. This fish has the largest of scales. We noticed also shad, in fine order, which had been taken in Gravesend Bay. The fish looked in prime order. There was also a rare specimen, a *Scourens fectens*.

THE ANCHOVY SPEARING—Editor *Forest and Stream*: In your issue of Sept. 13, 1878, I am credited with the identification of the "spearing" of New York market with one of the anchovies (*Engraulis vitellus*). The specimens sent to us from that market as "spearing" are, indeed, *Engraulis vitellus*; but we would by no means say that all the spearing are this species. We have good reason to believe that the common silversides (*Chirostoma notata*) is also called "spearing," and, perhaps, more generally than the *Engraulis*. Prof. Baird would be glad to have specimens of all the fishes called "spearing" in New York.

Yours very truly,
GLOUCESTER, MASS., Sept. 13.

Dr. Bean's request for spearing, or anchovies, might have been fully supplied last week. On the 16th Mr. E. G. Blackford succeeded in marketing no less than fifty pounds of fine anchovies, which were distributed next day among the various leading clubs of New York. The fish were caught at Gravesend Bay. Those who partook of the fish—old, experienced gourmands—declared them to be admirable. Thus, little by little, is the whole wealth of our waters being developed! The fish which we examined resembled very closely the anchovy we have seen caught in the Mediterranean. There is a charming reminiscence of a breakfast taken by us at Capri, where anchovies were served, like Eves, in fig leaves. A word of advice: In dressing an anchovy, the most delicate of all fish, beware of overcooking it! We are sure Miss Corson will back us up here. The fish ought to be just basted a little and broiled—grilled—over a hot fire. Where is your muddied Thames now, or your blue Sea of Capri? Whitebait and anchovies are now within the reach of our fork! One distinguishing trait of the *Engraulis* family is its transparency, and a thin band of quicksilver sheen, which runs lengthwise along the fish.

THE WATCHFUL TROUT.

MOOREHEAD LAKE, Me., September 18, 1878.
EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

I am not altogether ignorant of the character and habits of the speckled trout, having fished for and caught him in various waters; but I have lately made his acquaintance under different circumstances than ever before, and, as I have never seen any mention of him under similar conditions, I have thought that a description of what is to me a new discovery may not be uninteresting to you and your readers.

The Outlet House, as is doubtless well known to you, though it may not be so to all your readers, is situated on the shore of Moosehead Lake at the point where the Kennebec River flows out from the lake, the river being guarded by a dam used for logging purposes. The river—quite a large stream—is for many miles below the dam a succession of swift rapids alternating with deep pools.

I fish for the trout—with flies always—either in the pools or at the "heads of the pitches," that is, at the points where the swift, smooth water breaks into the ripples of the rapids. The trout caught at these points are large ones, varying in weight from two pounds up to six. I have within a few days past landed a number weighing from three to four pounds each. To fish these waters I make a trip of a mile or two down the river each day in a birch-bark canoe, under the guidance of Henry J. Wilson, the proprietor of the Outlet House, a famous canoeist and fisherman.

Mr. Wilson has more than once told me of a habit the very large trout have of coming to the surface of the water simply for the purpose of observation; while I have not wholly disbelieved his accounts, I have taken them with those grains of allowance which a little experience at fishing resorts naturally leads to. But yesterday, just at night, his accounts were confirmed by my personal observation and that of Mr. B. F. Barton, of Waterville, Me., who happened to accompany me.

I had just landed from a pool a trout weighing within a hair of four pounds, and was examining my flies and adjusting them for another cast, when a large trout, weighing certainly six pounds, and probably more, projected his head obliquely out of the water so that his eyes were fully two inches above the surface, and for a full quarter of a minute sailed slowly around the pool, moving no faster than a muskrat swims when undisturbed, eyeing us intently all the while, and at the end of his survey dropped as quietly back into the water. Mr. Barton and myself were simply speechless with amazement, which was succeeded by a roar of laughter on the part of both of us, as well as of Mr. Wilson, at the comicality of the sight.

The laughter had not ceased before another trout, slightly smaller than the first and in a different part of the pool, repeated the performance. My flies were in a tangle or I should have endeavored to hook this second gymnast fool. Either fish could have been easily hooked with a shot-gun.

Mr. Wilson assures me that this is not an uncommon thing for the large trout of the Kennebec to do, and that they never do it except when the flies have been thrown over them, their object being, apparently, to ascertain whether the offered food comes without the aid or presence of man. He has known a fish to keep up this sort of observation at short intervals for an hour or more. The incident I witnessed was certainly a novel, interesting and amusing thing to me, and it may be so to many of your readers as well as, perhaps, of some scientific value.

W. B. S.

THE BLACK BASS.

"Like, but oh! how different!"

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:
The genus *Micropterus*, black bass, includes but two species; *Micropterus salmoides* (Lac.) Gill, the small mouthed black bass, and *Micropterus pallidus* (Raf.) Gill and Jordan, the large mouthed black bass. It is to the former, sometimes called, the Oswego bass. Possibly no genus of fishes has been the occasion of so much confusion, scientifically and popularly, as the black bass. This is owing, no doubt, to its extensive habitat and wide-spread distribution; the original habitat of both

species being the great basin of the St. Lawrence, the whole Mississippi Valley, or almost the entire ranged country lying between the Alleghany and the Rocky Mountains, and the South Atlantic States from Virginia to Florida. It would naturally be expected, in view of this extraordinary and extensive habitat, to find differences of conformation, color and habits; indeed, it is surprising that the variations are not more marked, and the number of species consequently greater when one considers the great natural differences and conditions of the numerous waters and varieties of climate to which this genus is native. We find, however, that the most striking difference is in color, which will run from almost black through all the shades of slate, green, olive and yellow to almost white, and, indeed, these variations in color can be found in almost any one State, and to a great extent in any one stream or lake at different seasons of the year. Slight dissimilarities of contour and color, and variety of habits also exist. But all of these differences obtain, not only in the great lakes, but to most other genera of fresh water fishes, and depend on well-known natural causes. I lived for ten years in Wisconsin, where there were twenty lakes, abounding in black bass within a radius of eight miles of my residence, and from close and constant observation of the characteristics of the black bass in them I learned almost invariably that upon being shown a string of bass in what particular lake they had been caught.

Without going into a specific analysis of the color of the two species of black bass, it will be sufficient to say that as a general rule the small-mouthed bass is more trimly built and of a darker or more sombre hue than the other variety, where they both inhabit the same water; the large-mouthed bass being rather a coarser looking fish, with a much larger mouth, larger scales, thicker through the shoulders, with more depth of body, more ponderous build, and growing to a larger size, with the color more inclined to shades of green. The color of the small-mouthed variety sometimes approaches shades of olive or yellow; and there will often be more or less red in the iris of the eye, in some instances shading down to orange or yellow. This latter distinction, however, like the double curve at the base of the caudal fin, and the more forked tail—which have been mentioned as distinguishing characteristics of the small-mouthed variety—may or may not be depended on, as one or all of these distinctions are often lacking.

The former name of the large-mouthed species, *Micropterus nigricans* (C. & V.) Gill, has been very wisely discarded by Prof. Gill and Jordan, who have substituted therefor the more descriptive title of *Micropterus pallidus*. This has been in justice to Rafinesque, whose priority of description of this species has been admitted by the writers of the present work. Ichthyologists have at various times given to the genus numerous appellatives, and to the species more than thirty specific names, while laymen in different sections of the country have contributed their quota of vernacular names, among which may be mentioned: black bass, bass, black perch, juniper perch, trout, black trout, chubb, green bass, moss bass, Oswego bass, etc. In almost every issue of the *Forest and Stream*, correspondents write of black bass fishing, bass tackle, etc., meaning black bass in each instance, and take it for granted that the legion of readers of that widely-circulated journal will understand what particular kind of bass is meant. Now, this is all wrong, and is owing to the culpable carelessness, or perhaps, in some instances, to a want of proper information, and is a habit that ought to be reformed. Let us call things by their right names; a spade is a spade, and a quail is a quail. It is just as easy to write the distinctive name "black bass" as the general name "bass." Bass is a very vague term at best, meaning one thing in one part of the country and a totally different thing in another. Along the eastern coast it means either a striped bass or a sea bass; in the West it may be either a black bass, a rock bass, a white bass or a silver bass; while in Oregon County, N. Y., it means the Oswego bass, which is not a bass at all. Then again, your correspondents write of real black bass, meaning generally *M. salmoides*, the small mouthed species, seeming to imply that the other species is not real, or at least is not the black bass, but something else—a kind of *pseudo variety*. Others, in writing of the large-mouthed species, *M. pallidus*—owing to its former name, *M. nigricans*—have called it the real black bass, under the impression that, as it was named *nigricans*, it is the other species, and must be some other color, and was not the salmon color article. Now, one species is not more real than the other; the small-mouthed variety is regarded as the type species, because it was the first to be described. It is thought by some to be a gamier fish than the large-mouthed variety—indeed, I have sometimes thought so myself; but this notion, like the gamier superiority of the canvas-back among ducks, and the delectable excellence of the bluegill among fish, or the exquisite ambrosial flavor of Veuve Clicquot among wines, exists more in the imagination than in reality. Both varieties of the black bass are equally good as game fish and equally good for the table. The term "Black Bass," then, is distinctive, and should always be used when alluding to the genus generally. In writing of the different species they should be mentioned as the small-mouthed black bass or the large-mouthed black bass, as the case may be, no matter whether the color be black, green or yellow. Every reader will then know exactly what is meant, and much of the confusion and uncertainty that now prevail will be cleared away.

"Not, chaos-like, together crash'd and bruised,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd."
Where order is, there is confusion, and where confusion is, there is order.

And where, though all things differ, all agree."—Pope.

Cynthia, Ky., Aug. 20, 1878. J. A. HENSHALL, M. D.
We thank our correspondent for the little distinctions he makes between the large and small-mouthed black bass. The confusion arising from carelessness of description is very great, as shown, we must confess, by many of our friends who write to us in regard to black bass fishing. The little practice makes the difference immediately perceptible. One variation which, we think, can readily be seen is that in the small-mouthed bass the scales of the interpericardium cover only about half the bone, while in the large-mouthed the entire bone is covered. We might supplement the list of wrong names given to black bass as follows: It is called perch, chubb, trout, green bass, slough bass, bull bass, and everything save the right name.

NEW YORK HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The Fall Exhibition of the New York Horticultural Society opened with a brilliant display at Gilmore's Garden last evening. The Garden is beautifully decorated, the display a most excellent one, and Thomas' music adds to the enjoyment.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME IN SEASON FOR SEPTEMBER.

Moose, <i>Alces maculata</i> .	Black-bellied plover, ox-eye, <i>Squatarola helvetica</i> .
Caribou, <i>Barandus rangifer</i> .	Ring plover, <i>Actitis semipalmata</i> .
Elk or wapiti, <i>Cervus canadensis</i> .	Red-tailed sandpiper, or ox-bird, <i>Tringa americana</i> .
Gray squirrel, <i>C. virginianus</i> .	Great marshy godwit, or marlin, <i>Tatlet, Temnodactylus</i> .
Squirrel, red, black and gray.	Yellow-bellied sapsucker, <i>Yellow-bellied sapsucker</i> .
Reed or rice bird, <i>Zonotrichia querula</i> .	Yellow-bellied sapsucker, <i>Yellow-bellied sapsucker</i> .
Woodcock, <i>Colinus virginianus</i> .	Yellow-bellied sapsucker, <i>Yellow-bellied sapsucker</i> .
Wild turkey, <i>Meleagris gallopavo</i> .	Yellow-bellied sapsucker, <i>Yellow-bellied sapsucker</i> .
Pinnated grouse or prairie chicken, <i>Oreortyx pictus</i> .	Yellow-bellied sapsucker, <i>Yellow-bellied sapsucker</i> .
Sharp-shinned hawk, <i>Falco aculeatus</i> .	Yellow-bellied sapsucker, <i>Yellow-bellied sapsucker</i> .
Red-tailed hawk or phoeasant, <i>Bonasa umbellus</i> .	Yellow-bellied sapsucker, <i>Yellow-bellied sapsucker</i> .
Quail or partridge, <i>Ortyx virginiana</i> .	Yellow-bellied sapsucker, <i>Yellow-bellied sapsucker</i> .

"Bay birds" generally, including various species of plover, sand piper, snipe, curlew, oyster-catcher, surf birds, phalaropes, avocets, etc., coming under the group *Limicola* of Shore Birds.

†† This table does not apply to all the States. It is meant to represent the game which is generally in season at this time. State regulations may prohibit the killing of some species of game here mentioned.

GAME IN MARKET.—Pinnated grouse (prairie chickens), \$1.25 to \$1.50 per pair; partridges (ruffed grouse), \$1.40 to \$1.75 per pair; mallard ducks, 75 cents per pair; black do., 75 cents per pair; widgeon do., 60 cents per pair; broad bill do., 50 cents per pair; teal do., 50 cents per pair; Wilson snipe, 53¢ per doz.; plover, \$3.50 per doz.; bay birds, large, 83¢ per doz.; small, 60 cents per doz.; rails, \$1.25 cents per doz.; road birds, 40 cents to \$1 per doz.; Philadelphia quails, \$2.50 to \$3 per doz.

Poultry.—Philadelphia and Bucks County dry picked chickens, 20 to 25 cents per pound; do. fowls, 15 to 18 cents; do. turkeys, 18 to 20 cents; do. ducks, 18 to 20 cents; do. geese, 16 to 18 cents; State and Western chickens, 15 to 18 cents; do. turkeys, 15 to 18 cents; do. fowls, 18 to 16 cents; do. ducks, 12 to 15 cents; do. geese, 10 to 13 cents.

VERMONT.—*Burlington.*—The prospect for the fall shooting promises to be very fine. I have never known such a prospect since the season opened in the woods. The prospect of the lake ruffed grouse are not only to be found in large numbers, but very tame; the only drawback to shooting time is the density of the undergrowth, which almost prevents one from following a dog. Through the kindness of Col. Le Grand B. Cannon, I have twice used his fine red setter, Guy, given him by Dr. Goldsmith. Guy completed his education last week in the hands of Mr. T. D. Gladstone, of Boonton, N. J., and has proved to be in the field a splendid representative of his sire and dam, Plunkett and Carrie.

V. S. F.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Cohasset.* Sept. 18.—The cooting season has opened with us very well, and some good bags of 13 and 14 to a man have been made. At present the weather is too warm. Bay bird shooting has been very good, better than for some years, as high as 25 black breasts to a man have been taken. Partridge quite plenty, but woods too thick as yet to do much. Woodcock scarce and wild. I got three the other day, best I have got this year.

S. K. Jr.

DEER IN PENNSYLVANIA.—By the omission of a word of three letters in an answer to a correspondent last week, our information was made mis-information. Deer hunting in Pennsylvania is not prohibited this year.

Pottsville. Sept. 23.—Game of every description (excepting deer) in this section is in great abundance, though several varieties have been hunted down before in season. An officer of the law has succeeded in securing the names of these marauders, and our "Game Protection Association" have taken the matter in charge for a proper adjustment.

DOM PEDRO.

OIL CRACK GAME AND FISH ASSOCIATION.—This organization, of Titusville, Pa., is now in its second year, and has a numerous list of members. Its object is to enforce obedience to the laws as they exist, trusting to increase thereby the field sports of the country. The president is David Emory, Esq., and the vice-president M. W. Quick. In the constitution and by-laws, which we beg to acknowledge, they adopt the excellent plan of putting on the outside cover of the little pamphlet, the close season for birds, beasts and fish in Pennsylvania. We strongly advise all game protection associations throughout the country to thus make public the game laws of their respective States.

TENNESSEE.—*Columbia.* Sept. 19.—The season opened 15th, and sport bids fair to be immense. As 15th came on a Sunday the more eager took Saturday for first day and returned well pleased.

The weather is too warm and weeds and grass too thick for much pleasure in the field.

Williamsport. Sept. 23.—Although we have no regular sportsman's club here, we have lots of boys that know how to handle a gun. We boys have had comparatively no practice at balls, but we have killed birds a few. A trial at the balls the other day, Bogardus traps and rules, resulted in these totals: Tinsman, 14; Ballman, 10; Lucas, 8; Post, 10; Kent, 10; Koch, A. J.; Koch, E. G.; 10; Moore, 10; Heavy, 7; Emory, 15; Wunderweh, 1. I would have sent you a full score, but I had to act the traitor to send you this.

BOBBISS.

VIRGINIA.—*Clifton Forge.* Sept. 27.—The season for deer opened on the 1st inst., and bids fair to be a good one. There is plenty of mast and the mountains are well filled with game. Hunters are beginning to flock in, and in a few days it will be hard to be out of hearing of the yelp of a bound or the toot of a horn. A party camped in North Mountain, near Dagger's Springs, have had fine success.

T. R. G.

SPORT IN LOUISIANA.—The following notes of an excellent game region in Louisiana are especially timely at this season. Before many weeks have passed scores of sportsmen and pleasure seekers will have turned their faces southward, some, who have "done" Florida, to seek new fields of conquest. One such field is to be found at Opelousas, La., where, in addition to a great abundance and variety of game, the hospitality of the people is extended to the stranger as a not unlim-

PANTHER, MOOSE AND MAN.—This version of a pleasant episode in Adirondack sport is vouched for by the writer, who was there. The story is told in the *Utica Republican*. Perhaps the moose was one of those recently introduced into the North Woods. We have been through some queer experiences ourselves in the course of our Adirondack campaigns, but we never kept watch between a panther and a moose, and, what's more, we never care to:

So much has been said about Smith's adventure with the moose, near Jock's Lake, and so little of which approximates the truth, that the writer, who was one of the party, deems it best to give the details. The party consisted of seven men, all experienced in woods life, and members of the Norway Foresters, as follows: Charles Hall, M. D., Hiram Austin, Walter Servis, Zenas Smith, Ellis Kelley of Norway, and Jay Delevan and George H. W. of the Foresters. The party met and organized at the house of Ed Wilkinson, at Wilmut, at 5 A. M., Wednesday, June 5, and proceeded to the last house on the Jock's Lake road, occupied by a one-armed soldier by the name of James Stevens, where we breakfasted, taking there about 8 A. M. An adopted son of Stevens carried our knapsacks as far as the Frazier clearing, taking the horse back to their place, where the others were stabled. From this point we packed in, making a short stop at the Jock's Lake outlet shanty; then crossing the outlet we arrived at the mouth of the Indian River, which makes into the west branch of the West Canada Creek, where the Frazier clearing, Ed Wilkinson's, on the east side. Here we went into camp and stayed until after dinner, when Smith's adventure commenced.

Zenas Smith is rather below medium height, sandy complexion, clear gray eyes, and, withal, a fine-looking, frank, easy-appearing young man of twenty-five years. He and I were to make out the baskets and go to the Four-Mile Stillwater, or the West Branch, and if we found the fishing good, were to camp there and fish the next day, a distance of about five miles from where we were. We left camp about 12 M., and kept along the creek trail for over a mile.

While we were clambering along we were suddenly startled by the appearance directly in front of us, and not more than twenty rods distant, of a large moose, probably eighteen hands high or more, which was making directly for us. In the same moment Smith caught me by the shoulder and pointed to a tree near the moose, where I beheld the glittering eyes of a panther. We were without arms, and ammunition of any kind, and the offensive or defensive weapons we possessed being our pocket knives. The moose was upon us; at a glance we knew that he came for protection, but the huge panther still loomed over us, and had stopped in his head-long course. "Smith," said I, "how is this?" "I believe we are all right," said Smith. "The moose has come to us for protection, consequently he is not belligerent; the panther is undoubtedly cowed by our numbers, or dare not tackle a man. Let us build a fire, and I will stay here while you go back to camp and bring the rifle, and have one of the other boys come back with you."

To this I declined for a long time, but finally concluded to go, leaving all my traps with Smith, to make the more rapid progress. This part of the story can be told very shortly. I got lost, wandered around until after dark, built a fire, slept some, got out next day and traveled till dark again, built a fire, and started next morning (Friday), and tramped until about 10 A. M., when I came to camp, and, following it down, came to Jock's Lake outlet shanty, and from there went back to the Indian River shanty, where the first man to meet me was Smith, who, I supposed, had been converted into panther's meat before this time. I was nearly starved, but asked Smith, "How was it?" "After you left," said Smith, "I got all the wood together I could and kept up the fire, the moose standing back a little, but keeping me between itself and the panther, which kept his position in the tree. We kept this up all night, the moose one side of me, the panther glaring with eye-balls of fire upon the other, and you may imagine what a weary middle of the night with me, when I fell asleep. About sunrise Thursday morning the panther gave a terrible growl, sprang from the tree, and rapidly disappeared in the forest. While I was watching the panther I had not thought anything about the moose, and when I turned my head he was gone. I immediately came up to camp and found you gone. So we went to look for you, and went back with me, but we found no further trace of either the moose or panther."

THE BERLIN TREATY AND THE ENGLISH GROUSE SEASON.—*London, August 31.*—I have heard it gravely asserted that the Berlin treaty would have been a much better piece of work had it not been for the grouse in Scotland. Grouse-shooting begins on the 12th of August, and the British plenipotentiaries, it is averred, were hurried into making concessions, which, with a little patience and firmness, they might have escaped making, by their anxiety to reach home with their work in time to permit Parliament to adjourn before the festival of the sacred bird of the moors. As it was, Sir Charles Dilke

and a few other unpleasant fellows contrived to keep the Government in town past that day; so that the sacrifice, if really made, was made partially in vain. Whether this story be true or false, it at least illustrates the passion of Englishmen for what they call sport. Whether this passion is a natural or an artificial passion might be worth discussing, perhaps, had I time just now to indulge in such a discussion, as luckily for your readers I have not. But, natural or artificial, it certainly determines the movements of half the upper classes of England, and on Monday morning every county in the island will be alive with gentlemen and their gamekeepers making war upon the English partridge as savagely as for three weeks past they have made war upon his Scottish cousin. The gamekeepers tell us that Marshal MacMahon, weighed down with the cares of state and all with the "nausea of office," has been heard to declare that he "would rather be a gamekeeper than President of the Republic." I think he would reconsider the matter if he were called upon to be an English gamekeeper for the next three or four weeks—indeed, it fell to his lot to be put in charge of one of the "let shootings," of which we hear so much now, and of which we hear that they are shot empty by their wily owners in advance of the season, on shares with the keepers, who divide the profit and undergo the painful experience of facing the disgusted and disappointed "cits" who, paying roundly for the privilege of killing off a certain number of birds, come down and find no birds to kill. Certain it is that partridges of the year have been procurable at the London restaurants for a fortnight past, and rumor even asserts that they were served up as long ago as on the 18th of August at a dinner in Cowes given by a lady of fashion and partaken of—my pen trembles as I write it—by no less a person than H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. Of course if the British public could be made to believe this the Prince would never be permitted to ascend the throne of his ancestors. Indeed, he would probably be put to death at once in the Tower. Let us hope, therefore, that the story is not true. Certainly the charming American ladies who are just now basking in an Indian summer of London fashion at the Isle of Wight owe it to so pronounced a friend and admirer of their sex and country as H. R. H. to unite a round-robin denouncing the tale as a wicked and revolutionary fabrication.—*Correspondence New York World.*

SEA-HORSE AND SEA-COW.—Not the queer creatures which are put down in the books. The sea-horse was discovered some time ago by Capt. Edwards, of the fishing smack *Amelia*, while beating off Skunknet, on the Rhode Island shore, one day last month. The captain made sail, but could not overhaul the animal, which was making desperate efforts to reach the main land, three miles away. At times he would disappear from view in the waves which broke over him, the sea running very high at the time, but a moment later he would reappear, and with a loud snort and toss of the head shake the water from his head, ears, and eyes, and renew his struggle with the billows. At last he made the shore, and, without pausing a moment, dashed up the beach, his long neck and mane floating outward in the wind. Keeping up a rattling pace, he soon disappeared from view, leaving the captain and crew to wonder what he was and where he came from. Since which time this natatorial equine has got on swimmingly in the papers, and the *Atlantic*. His exploit has been equalled by the adventure of a cow, which is thus set forth in the *Green Bay Wis. Advocate*: "Some two months ago Bligh Mitchell, of the Long Tail Point Lighthouse, took a cow from this place to the Lighthouse, and turned her loose on the island, where their is good feed. During the forenoon she showed signs of getting off, swimming toward the main land, and that was the last heard of her until a day or two ago, when it was ascertained that she was in Bay Settlement, some four or five miles by water. She evidently made a determined swim, that night, for home and liberty."

SPARROWS AND TOTAL DEPRIVACY.—Here is a story told by an unblushing correspondent of the *New York Times*. It is of the good old times, some fifty years ago, in England when they paid a premium on sparrows:

In the village where I was born the Overseer of the Poor was the person whose duty it was to pay the money for the sparrows' heads that were brought to him. It so happened that he was an elderly bachelor, and his mother (a very old and fastidious lady) kept house for him. He was generally absent on business during the day. Now, my boys would rob the sparrows' nests, get the heads of the young ones, wrap them up in a very dirty piece of paper and take them to the Overseer's house, of course knowing he was absent. The old lady would take them in her fingers as gingerly as if they were nitro-glycerine, give us our money (2 cents for every seven heads), and, as soon as we were gone round the corner, would throw them into the back yard. We would then watch the old lady, and, as soon as we were sure that she was in the front part of the house, one of us would slyly slip round to the back yard, pick up all the heads, and

then, in about an hour or two, go back to the old lady and sell them over again. I have myself sold the same lot of heads to her four times in one day, and got the money for them. But boys will be boys, you know. N. D.

"DEVIL BIRDS."—In the Lacadives a species of rat suddenly appeared which, dying in the crevices of the palm-trees, exhibited off the young nuts and threatened to ruin the colony. The Indian Government being appealed to for aid, sent over a stock of cats, but as the cats could get fish to eat below they declined to climb ninety feet up the trees to get rats. Tree-snakes were then tried, but the villagers were prejudiced against reptiles, so they sent the cats over some owls. But they had overlooked the popular prejudice against these birds, and in committee assembled the people decided that even rats up (in the trees were better than these "devil-birds." They accepted the birds in all apparent gratitude, but as soon as the coast was clear the owls, cats and mongooses were all conveyed in procession to a boat and solemnly deported to an uninhabited reef.

HOW THE SHRIMPS GROW FAT.—Sea-bathing cannot be safely indulged in at Ostend, neither will the shrimps grow fat till after the death of St. Nicholas has, on the last Sunday of June, blessed the sea. An altar, profusely decorated, is erected on the pier, and the path leading thereto is strewn with strawberries and small squares of colored paper. The procession consists of burghers in black, with medals and badges, bearing banners with strange devices supplemented by Flemish and French. The expected shrimplings upon tablets fixed to the tops of long poles, the banner and supporters of St. Nicholas, a band, seven children dressed as virgins, each escorted by a retinue of little ones typifying characters eminent in ecclesiastical history, and the Dean bearing the host and attended by clergy, beadles, incense bearers, etc. After an incensed service lasting a quarter of an hour, the host is carried to the back of the altar and held up facing the sea, a flag is hoisted and a salute of three guns fired. The bourgeoisie and rich peasantry commit hotly for the leading roles in the procession.

TWO WAYS—ONE WAX.—At Merthyr Tydvil one of the great events of the year is an athletic meeting on a large scale, organized by a society of licensed victuallers. Because this occurred before the meeting took place this year's public prayers were offered up in several chapels that rain might be sent to spoil the sport. The other way.—Beginning of the shooting season in Yorkshire.—Sporting Rector: "Saturday being the Feast of St. Enochus, there'll be morning service at eleven. To-morrow there'll be the usual Bible meet—" Ditto Clerk (in a whisper): "Hou'd on, parson! 'Tha's forgotten 't paritridges!" Rector (hurriedly): "Hem!—the Bible meeting will not take place. Let us slog," etc.

A BIT OF COMPARATIVE PHILIOLOGY.—I once heard of a green-colored South American parrot who was more than one hundred years old. This aged fellow could speak in a real language which was known to have been used by a tribe of South American who, it is supposed, had not been taught him when he was young. One by one the Indians died, until there was no one left who could understand a word of their language. The poor old bird tried hard to keep cheerful, but there were sorry times when he would moop by himself and say over some of the words of the language that had been spoken by his earliest and dearest human friends.—*St. Nicholas.*

HOW TO DESTROY THE MOTHS.—A large pile of brush was burned on the river bank at Selma, Ala. the other night, and during the hour and a half which it employed in burning a continuous swarm of moths from the neighboring cotton fields, attracted by the light, poured into the flames. It is estimated that several millions of the insects were thus destroyed, and the building of large fires about the cotton fields is suggested as a method of protection against the pest.

NOT REPRESENTED.—A great international show of horses and asses opened at Paris on the 1st inst. England, Belgium, Hungary, Denmark, Italy, Holland and Russia are represented. We regret that the American ass should be left out. We know several asses who would make a fine display of themselves at Paris, as they do everywhere else, and whom America could well afford to dispense with for time.

—Aaron Converse was accidentally shot by Newell Delphin, while hunting raccoons in Stafford, Conn. Converse had climbed a tree to drive a con out of its hiding place and was killed by a charge from his companion, who supposed he was firing at the game.

FISH STORY.—The pike placed in the Sacramento River form lines across the river with military regularity, having their heads up stream, and devour all the young salmon and other small fish that are borne down to them.

IF THE COAT FITS YOU, WEAR IT.—We know a sportsman who calls his tailor woodpecker, because he bores him with his little bill.

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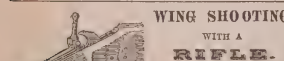
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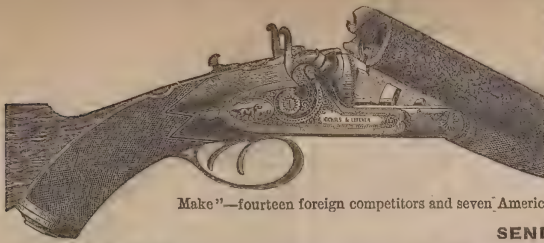
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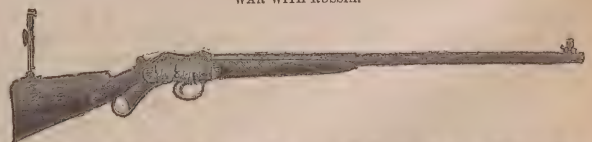
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[From CAPT. A. H. BOGARDUS.]

W. & C. SCOTT & SON: Gentlemen—Before leaving England for my home in America, I wish to express my fullest satisfaction in the terrific shooting power of your choke-bore guns. I now possess two heavy 10-bore, each with extra 12-bore barrels; also a light 12 and 20 bore; all of your make, which cannot be excelled in the shooting qualities, and impossible to beat in the solidity and power of your patent Triplex Action. I used your gun in my two recent matches with Mr. Pennell, June 23 and July 25, at which time I scored 70 and 71 in each match, winning by two birds; also in my match with Capt. Shelley, July 29, at which time I scored 84, "the highest score on record," and in the International Match with Aubrey Coventry, Esq., at Brighton, Aug. 4, for £1,000, which I won by killing 79 out of 100. All of the above matches were at 100 birds each, 50 yards rise. As evidence of the durability of your gun, I have shot one 10-bore over 50,000 times and it is still in good condition.

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[From COL. JOHN BODINE, New York.]

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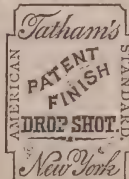
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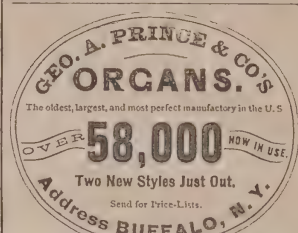
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"Keep cool, ad, you'll break your rod," said Ben, "if you lunge and jerk that way; recollect you are not catching black bass now with a two-pound trolling rod."

I cast again lightly in the same spot, when there is another rush, and a twenty-inch savage breaks water at once, with my fly already down in his stomach. This way he tears things about tells me he is firmly hooked, and I, for fear of my light bamboo tip, humor him by letting him take a spin down to

being clearly described by the mollusc. As to the direct and practical labors of the commission in shad-hatching last year, 1,295,000 shad spawn were collected and 1,600,000 fish hatched, which were turned into the Hudson. In crossing breeds, the commissioners have succeeded, by impregnating the spawn of the brook trout with the milk of the California salmon, in producing fish showing characteristics of both parents. Their future development will be carefully studied. Among numerous experiments tried was that of putting shad in the waters running into Lake Ontario. Shad of fair size have been found in Lake Ontario, mostly at the foot of the lake, but also in the Genesee River and Solus Bay. Last year, in September, a shad of five pounds was caught and sent to Mr. Seth Green for examination. The California salmon are more rarely heard from, though one of three pounds was picked up dead on the banks of Cayuga Lake. The California brook trout, now some three years or more old, were larger, so state the commissioners, than the native *Salmo fontinalis*, and a harder fish. This year an attempt will be made to secure their spawn. One great object of interest to those visiting the State pond have been the salmon trout. These fish are now from three to six years old, and the largest weigh over nine pounds. Of brook trout, the number of eggs collected and distributed has been over a million six hundred thousand. The commissioners are Messrs. Horatio Seymour, Edward Smith and Robert B. Roosevelt.

FISH EPIDEMICS.—"Rover" writes from Madison, Wis., Sept. 23, that the whitefish in Lake Mendota are dying by thousands, and the decaying bodies are cast up upon the shore. The fish of several Western lakes and rivers have recently perished in the same inexplicable way. There is no lack of surmised reasons for the fatality, but as yet no satisfactory explanation has been adduced. The recurrence of the epidemics has become a matter of serious consideration. The State Fish Commissioners should give the subject their attention. Let there be a scientific investigation of the waters, with an examination of the bodies of the dead fish, for the purpose of detecting the presence of poison. There must be a cause; intelligent work should not fail to discover it.

How HE RAISED HIS FISH.—A correspondent in Madison, Georgia, thus writes us: "I am greatly interested in what relates to fish and fish culture, and am indebted to the *FOREST AND STREAM* for much valuable information, through which I have succeeded in raising an abundance of fine fish in my ponds, which cover three acres."

THE TAIL OF THE TADPOLE.

MONMOUTH, Warren Co., Ill., Sept. 21, 1878.

My Editor—In your edition of Sept. 10 there is a correspondence signed "J. F. K.," entitled, "Raising Tadpoles." The author contributes his note in propagating the old error as to the "tail" dropping his tail. It does no such thing. The tail performs the same duty for the young frog which the yolk of the egg does for the chick in the shell. They are reservoirs for the nutritive organs to draw upon until such development is reached that the creature can obtain its livelihood in the usual way. The tail does not drop off, but is gradually absorbed. The legs make their appearance; the bones grow stronger and stronger *part by part* with the shrinking of the tail. The mouth and head in the meantime develop rapidly, and by the time the tail is reduced by internal absorption to a small tubercle of shriveled-up skin, the frog stands forth in all his reptilian glory and beauty, henceforth ready for business against any living thing which he can force down his capacious throat. Get more "tads," gentlemen, and observe a little more closely. VENTUR.

Our correspondent is partly right, but when he compares the tail of the tadpole to the egg sac in a fish, not entirely so. No doubt but that the tail of the tadpole when absorbed does add to the vitality of the incipient frog. Still, in this embryonic state, the tadpole is nearer to a fish than a frog, the caudal appendage helping its locomotion. The breathing apparatus is really formed like the gills of a fish, with fairly developed *branchie*. It is then, as a "Venator" says, a popular error that the tail drops off. Some time ago a wonderful paper on the frog was written by St. John Myvat in *Nature* which was exhaustive in character.

Natural History.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.
A STUDY IN INSECT LIFE.

A FRIEND of mine, who keeps a dry-goods store in this city, handed to me lately the remains of a piece of ribbon which was rolled on a cylinder of wood, in the way that such goods are usually exhibited for sale in shops. This remnant of ribbon, several yards in length, was perforated at one spot through all the folds, a small circular hole having been neatly drilled through. On removing the ribbon a hole corresponding in size was found in the cylinder, and in that hole an insect, still living, which was evidently the mechanic in the operation and the author of the mischief by which the ribbon was rendered worthless. The question at once presented itself, how did the insect get into its present abode so as to do the work? The bolt of ribbon had been in the shop more than twelve months; the piece of wood on which it was rolled must have been seasoned for a considerable time before it was turned and made into a cylinder. All this time—perhaps two or three years—the egg, out of which the perfect insect was developed, must have been advancing to maturity, and had at length attained its winged state, ready to emerge from its burrow. How was the egg deposited so deep in the

wood, and to what species of insect did the creature belong? On examination the creature proved to be a hymenopterous insect, belonging to the family *Euceroidea*, or "horntails," as they are popularly called. The name has been suggested by the circumstance that the males have a long, prominent horn (or process) on the abdomen, while the females have an ovipositor (made up of three pieces), which is attached to the middle of the abdomen, and extends far beyond its tip. The ovipositor had a sheath composed of two pieces, each of which is narrowly spear-shaped, with minutely serrate blades. With these a small hole is bored in the tree, and an egg is laid therein, by the ovipositor proper. This accounts, in the present instance, for the deposit of the horntail's egg in the wood of the cylinder. After it is hatched, the larva commences to excavate and make its long, cylindrical burrow, which, in this instance, extended to the ribbon wrapped round the wood. This is always done before going into the chrysalis state, and while yet in the larval stage, though it attains its winged state while yet in the tree. Now, it is a curious circumstance that, in multitudes of cases, the larvae of the hornails are destroyed by the operations of the ichneumon fly in laying its eggs. This occurs in the following way: About a year after the long, thin, cylindrical burrow, the grub has attained a fair size, two of the largest (Ichneumon flies, *Rhyssa atrata* and *Unator*)—species as slender as a small dragon fly and armed with fine bristle-shaped ovipositor nearly three inches long, thrust them into the holes made by one kind of hornails, and lay their eggs in the living larvae. When hatched the new-comer feeds upon the body of its host. In this way the efforts of the hornails to propagate their species are kept within moderate bounds. On the side of the Atlantic one species called the "banded hornail" does no small injury to maples, especially those planted in the streets of cities; while another, called the cimex, commits similar ravages on elms. Pine trees in England and on the continent of Europe often suffer great injury from the excavating powers of another hornail, called the *sirex gigas* and *juvenis*. In the distance before us even ladies' ribbons were remorselessly injured by one of these borers, as though they were a piece of pine.

The following extract from "Kirby and Spence's Introduction to Entomology" has a bearing on subject before us, and is in itself interesting. "Mr. Stephens informs me that the fir trees in a plantation of Mr. Folyambs's, in Yorkshire, were destroyed by the larvae of *Sirex gigas*, while those of another, belonging to the same gentleman, met with a similar fate from the attacks of *Sirex juvenis*. The proof of the ravages made by this last insect, Mr. Redd exhibited to the Entomological Society a portion of the wood of a fir tree from Bewdley forest, of which 20 feet of its length was so perforated by its larvae as to be only fit for firewood; and being placed in an out-house, five or six of the perfect insects came out every morning for several weeks. When fir trees thus attacked are cut down, it often happens that the larvae of the species of *Sirex* inhabiting them have not attained their full growth at the time the wood has been employed as the joists or planks for floors, out of which the perfect insects, *even after*, emerge, to the no small surprise and even alarm of the inmates. An instance of this, where several specimens of *Sirex gigas* were seen to come out of the floor of a nursery in a gentleman's house to the great discomfiture of the nurse and children, is related by Mr. Marsham, on the authority of Sir Joseph Banks, and a similar circumstance stated by Mr. Ingpen, occurred in the house of gentlemen in New Bedfordshire from the joists of the floors of which were swarms, literally thousands of *Sirex duplex* (Thickard) emerged from innumerable holes, large enough to admit a small pencil case, causing great terror to the occupants. As the house had been built about three years (the joists of British timber) there could be no doubt of the larvae having been more than that time in arriving at their perfect state."

I am unable to make out the exact name of the insect found in the cylinder, but it is closely related to *Sirex* and *Ziphiaria*. The cylinder and ribbon came from Britain, and, as might have been expected, the insect is not like any American species.

The *Hymenoptera* is a vast order of insects, including bees, wasps and their kin, hornets, ichneumon flies, the great family of saw-flies, gall-flies and ants. In the insects the wings are four in number, transparent, and the hind legs are veins comparatively few, and the hinder pair smaller than the others. Their mouth is furnished with powerful horny jaws, and with a tongue guarded by the modified maxilla. The females are armed with a many-valved stinging ovipositor.

St. John's, New Foundland, Aug., 1878. M. HARVEY.

DOMESTICATION OF QUAIL.

STANFORD, Ky., Sept. 24, 1878.

EDITOR *FOREST AND STREAM*:

It is with us a current belief that quail cannot be domesticated; but an upright and truthful gentleman, from that part of our county called "Over the Knobs," refutes the impression in an account of five full grown birds which he has raised this season. Seven of fifteen eggs were taken from a nest and placed beneath a bantam hen. Every egg was hatched, and five of the seven escaped the assaults of ravenous rats, safely passed through the multitudinous ills and dangers incident to infante and youthful fowlhood, and are today "as big as anybody's quails," the owner said. They dit about the yard and as unsatisfactorily invade kitchen and dining room as do any of the petted domestic fowls and animals. They spurnly assert their prerogatives by promptly appropriating a full share of all food they see through the cracks in the turkey, ducks, pups and kittens, and as regularly repair to the dining-room as do the members of the family. They have bulked the kittens completely, and invariably provoke an undignified "spat! spat!" and scamper to quarters of safety by brightly coloring their plumage and noisily and threateningly dashing upon the hapless possessor of a tempting tit-bit. They often saunter into the kitchen, and have been seen to scold from a bony of flushed birds and fly back into the poultry yard. In initiation of the brood of chickens with which they were raised, they roost in a back-yard apple-tree. Suddenly startled, they oftenest dash on wing toward the neighboring timber, but nearly always appear to recall the superior protections of yard and house, and circle back to alight near the door or on the porch. The novelty of their domestication rendered the nests of this household, and it is an intention to extend the care of them over another season, with hopes of rearing one or more berries in and about the poultry yard, in which event they can be preserved. By the way, the seven eggs abstracted from the nest were replaced by nine, and the old bird began sitting on seventeen, but was foully butchered

by some feathered or four-footed poacher, and from her death resulted the destruction of the embryonic brood—no affectionate or patriotic cock to gallantly cherish those eggs through the remaining days of incubation.

The same conscientious gentleman assured us that he found a nest a few weeks ago with the shells of thirty-seven eggs, from which the birds had been hatched; and, knowing the ferocity with which his yarn would generally be received by strangers, confirms it by the corroboration of neighbors whom he brought to the spot, and had to verify his statement by counting for themselves. If one mother attended to that nest, didn't she spread herself?

An old Christian farmer, who would have flogged a quarter section of hide off a twenty-years-and-eleven-months-old boy of his if caught in a lie, is authority for two quails laying in the same nest, which he watched day after day after his discovery of the nest. He patient, watched first one and then the other bird visit and leave the nest, and counted the daily addition of two eggs. To-day a gentleman told us that he flushed three coveys of quail at one time in his woodland pasture, a mile *o'm town*. There were seven or eight old birds, and the young ones, nearly fifty in number, were of three distinct sizes, the smallest scarcely able to fly and the largest but half grown. Apropos of the commingling of coveys, Mr. T. will be one of your correspondents, and information as to the consolidation of fragments of flocks in winter. Opinions pro and con have not been attended by satisfactory results, and remain mere opinions, so far as we have heard.

Robert White is a notoriously pugnacious gentleman, as has been observed by all old settlers when two coveys are brought in contact, and though perfect parental and filial harmony pervades the family circle, it is charged that visiting neighbors, or are severely warned to scrupulously abstain from crossing the dead line. Our acquaintance, who has the pets, says that Robert as recklessly bristles up to rooster and gobbler as the conventional bench-leg assails the passing big dog, differing from the loud little dog in the essential particular that Robert's demonstrations mean business, not bluster.

A *sub genis*, living alone within one hundred yards of a turnpike, thoroughfare and railroad, and within ear-shot of a dozen neighbors, had a bevy of quail raised near his house last year, which became so completely domesticated to recognize and regularly respond to his calls to fowls and pigs, and they ran about his feet in feeding with the poultry, and crowding about the pig-trough as absolutely fearless of his movements as were the chickens which he had raised. Uncle Tim says that he never saw a bird after some "son of a gun" came along one day "with a d—d botailed pointer dog, and got to shooting at him."

The writer has seen the domesticated wild turkey, and knew a neighbor several years ago to have a nest of partridge eggs hatched by a hen, but he couldn't catch enough flies and small bugs—which the little fellows would seize with avidity from his fingers ends—and they died of insufficient nourishment. We have known the mallard to attach itself to the flock of domesticated ducks and follow to the poultry-yard roost, till it had become so thoroughly domesticated as to demand a share in the corner shower, which was necessary to the protection of the pigs in their evening meal of shelled corn, and have often seen the not unusual participation in poultry yard feasts of many varieties of our migratory birds, and why not the domestication of our quail, which observation teaches is loth to leave its native field so long as food and cover are adequate to its moderate demands? KENTUCKIAN.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

The friends of the English sparrow are not few, nor are they at all undecided in their good opinion of his value as an insect destroyer. That the sparrow may be a blessing in one place and a nuisance in another is suggested by a Bay Ridge, L. I., correspondent who signs himself "Fair Play for the Sparrows":

It would not be easy to determine what is his specific natural food, for he seems to be capable of living upon almost any kind of aliment, and will find something to live upon under almost any circumstances. In England he lives almost entirely on insects and worms, and robbing the wheat stacks and picking in the barn yard during the winter months. In our ravaging the wheat fields to such an extent that the village officers very commonly pay so much per head for the pests, while the farmer watches them closely with his gun. In his native country the sparrow is rarely or never known to eat insects or worms. In our own cities, however, where grain is not obtainable, he is certainly insectivorous. Upon no other supposition can we account for the almost total disappearance of the worm pest from the street foliage of New York and Brooklyn since the importation of this little brigand. My own observation on three acres of thickly wooded lawn furnishes daily evidence of the sparrow being a deadly enemy to caterpillars and insects. It is unnecessary to adopt your suggestion of examining the contents of their stomachs, when I can at any time see them entering their nests with leaf worms in their beaks. This summer, three of my maples were attacked by "measuring worms," one so vigorously that in two or three days half the foliage disappeared; but as quickly the sparrows were seen actively at work in the trees, and the worms immediately vanished. The charge of pugnacity made against the sparrow has not been confirmed by my observation of his habits. I have never seen him offer injury to birds of "another color," and all the species common in this quantity might freely be considered his food. It is, however, quite possible that his voracity and large numbers leave so little food for his competitors that some of them may at times find it necessary to migrate to pastures he has not invaded. I am therefore disposed to conclude from a jealous observation of the little intruder, that, in our cities and in suburban localities, he is a valuable addition to feathered society and merits the distinguished condition of a generous peasant bird. But let him once get a footing in the farming districts and a very different reception is sure to greet him. In that case his original grain-eating instinct will be revived; he will forsake the worms for the wheat and the seeds, and the farmers will curse him for the heavy toll he exacts from their crops. When it comes to that, the farmer may seek his compensation by making the sparrow a turn minister to his own appetite, for a well-cooked sparrow pie is what that an epicure will always welcome as no common delicacy.

It may be very plausibly urged also that, while quarrelsome under certain conditions—for instance, when the struggle for subsistence is a hard one—the English bird under circumstances may live in harmony with our native birds. A de-

lightful picture of a home surrounded by feathered songsters is this:

"Thirty years ago I was a resident of Brooklyn, and the annoyance of caterpillars was the chief reason for seeking a home in the country. I chose a spot fifteen miles from New York that had one acre of old forest trees, and with a particular view of making it pleasant for song birds. I had always plenty of all kinds except English sparrows. The first years were noted for the ravages of insects. My rose-bushes were spoiled by an insect that burrowed in the roses, by worms, incipient moths and caterpillars, that eat up my flowers, infested my vegetables and defiled insect powder and slacked lime. I even sprinkled petroleum on them, which did not kill the insects nor improve the appearance or perfume of my garden. Sparrows about that time were landed from Canada steamers in Jersey City, and found their way to my home, taking possession of a bluebird's box of which I had ten. From this commencement they have multiplied. I have box room for about thirty each winter—and by autumn have had a flock of about two hundred. As thrush is as many as can find comfortable winter quarters, I think the balance are eaten up by the owls or find refuge in New York. But every spring for five years about a dozen of my bird house owners who commence household duties before the other birds come along. Bluebirds come next, and in two double boxes I have sparrows in one end and bluebirds in the other end. The wrens are more conservative, and I have six boxes with a hole so small that no one but Jenny can get in. A lively time she and her mate make when a sparrow looks in. But he rarely enters, though I envy his house a little more ornamental, and birds may be envious. I think the birds are grateful for a build all over—in the wisteria and honeysuckle, the pear trees and spruces, so that I have more than I want in strawberry time. Next in numbers are the cat-birds, who build in the darkest recesses of the Norway spruces. Three pairs of orioles and two nests of the thrush, in the deepest recesses of the hollyhock. Robert of Lincoln, Bryant's friend, has a meadow lot shared with a meadow-lark and a meadow-lark. I have sparrows are all around. I think the birds are grateful for an entirely freed from my enemies, the insect pests, except the potato-bugs and the crows. I have more song birds than I had before the sparrows came. NATURALIST.

FOUNDERS' EYES.—According to a paper by Mr. Agassiz in the proceedings of the American Academy of Science, the eyes of the young flounder immediately after hatching do not differ from the eyes of other fishes. Very soon, however, the eye on the pale side begins to work its way toward the dark side, passing over the frontal bone by a process of volition and translation. Just here comes a curious effect. Vonchard tells us that the tint of color on the blind side of the fish is due to the partial atrophy of the great sympathetic nerve caused during the passage of the eye from one side to the other. In the *plagiatus* the eye sinks into the head and works its way across, finally appearing on the other side.

ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, FAIRMOUNT PARK, FOR TWO WEEKS, SEPT. 21.—Two lizards, *Sceloporus undulatus*; two alligators, *A. mississippiensis*; one red fox, *Vulpes fulva*; one water snake and twelve young, five copperhead snakes and six young, *Aneides carolinensis*; one glass snake, *Pseudoeurycea pallidus*; one green bittern, *Areolaria virescens*; one carrier pigeon; one young copperhead snake, *Aneides carolinensis*; one golden crowned thrush, *Sciurus caucasicus*; one little brown rat, *Vegetilia subulatus*; one hog-nosed lizard, *Amphibatrachus*; one alligator, *Amphibatrachus*.

Two capybaras, *Hydrochoerus capybara*; two bonnet monkeys, *Macaca radiata*; one rhinoceros, *M. rhinoceros*; one common macaque, *M. cynomolgus*; five Guinea baboons, *Cynopithecus cynopithecus*; one doronodon, *Nycticebus tricuspidatus*; one civet; two cinereus vultures, *V. cinereus*; two grama vultures, *Gyps fulvus*; four barn owls, *Strix flammea* var. *americana*; two brown rabbits; six weeper Capuchin monkeys, *Cebus castaneus*; one angora pelican, *Pelecanus fuscus*, from Florida; one pig-tailed macaque monkey, *Macaca nemestrinus*; one rhinoceros, *Macaca rhinoceros*; all purchased by Mr. Agassiz.

ARTHUR E. BROWN, Gen'l. Supt.

—The Manhattan Beach Hotel was closed on Monday, September 30th, and trains and boats ceased running on that date. The season has been most prosperous.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN CANADA.

FRESH WATER.
Black Bass, *Micropterus salmoides*; Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius*; M. nigricans; Yellow Perch, *Perca flavescens*; Muskellunge, *Esox nobilis*.
SALT WATER.
Sea Bass, *Scomber oceanus*; Spanish Mackerel, *Scomber maculatus*; Striped Bass, *Morone saxatilis*; White Perch, *Morone americana*; Cero, *Cybinus regalis*; Weakfish, *Cynoscion regalis*; Bluefish, *Morone saxatilis*; Kingfish, *Menticirrhus nebulosus*.

FISH IN MARKET—RETAIL PRICES.—Bass, 20 cents; smelts, 25; bluefish, 8; salmon, 35; mackerel, 10; weak fish, 10; white perch, 15; Spanish mackerel, 41; green turtle, 12; terrapin, per doz.; 89; halibut, 10; haddock, 8; king fish, 15; codfish, 8; black fish, 15; dourine, 8; porgies, 8; sea bass, 15; eels, 18; lobsters, 10; sheephead, 25; scallops per gallon, 81; soft clams, 30 to 60; white fish, 15; pickerel, 18; salmon trout, 18; black bass, 18; pompano, 40; anchovies, 40; dry cod, 7; hard crabs, per 100, \$2.50; soft crabs, per dozen, 81; frogs, 3c.

CANADA—Gananoque, Sept. 25.—Measurements and weight of a black bass taken by a companion last Saturday: Extreme length, 19 in.; width across shoulders, 6 in.; girth around body, 14 in.; weight, 4 lbs. plump. Was taken on light rod with live minnow, and made it quite lively, as we were fishing from a skiff, with stiff sou'-west wind. G. M. S.

MASSACHUSETTS—New Bedford, Sept. 28.—During the past week some good shooting has been done in this vicinity, and I have seen quite a number of blue winged teal, plovers and black ducks brought to town. CONCHA.

MOVEMENTS OF THE FISHING FLEET.—The receipts of Bank codfish have been larger than any previous week this season, the fully 1,350,000 lbs., comprising the receipts of the bank haul for the week have been unusually light, 300,000 lbs. The number of mackerel arrivals for the week has been 12 from the Bay St. Lawrence, and 15 from

the Eastern shore. Receipts, 2,270 bbls. Bay and 1,630 bbls. Shore. Another Greenland halibut has arrived home the past week, with only a partial fare. Whole number of arrivals, 69.—*Cape Ann Advertiser*, Sept. 27.

NEW YORK.—New York.—There is just now a fine run of blue fish in the Bay and along the Long Island shore.

New York, Sept. 25.—Fishing yesterday in "Yates' Hole," in Fishkill Creek, our catch was 9, 1 to 2 1/2 lbs., weak fish; 4, 1 to 1 lb., striped bass, and the 14 blue fish, weighing from 1/2 to 1 lb. in weight, also and porgies too numerous to mention. We have had the best of fishing this year at all points around the island. This is my fifth trip, and I have always had a mess of fish. W. A. G.

NEW JERSEY.—Kinsey's Ashby House, Barnegat Inlet, Sept. 25.—Only three or four sheephead taken past week. Bluefish—No weather for fishing outside, consequently no report to make. Sea-bass and blackfish very plenty. Some good catches of striped bass reported. The following gentlemen made the annexed scores in parts of two days: Hon. A. B. Caldwell, of Washington, Pa., 90 blackfish and sea-bass; Gen. B. F. Fisher, Philadelphia, 145; J. P. Malsed, Philadelphia, 178; J. W. Mulholland, Pa., 84. Captain Charles Cox had the party in charge in his fine yacht *Elizabeth B.*

Ported River, Sept. 20.—The fishing at this favorite place still continues good for striped bass, black fish and sea bass. The yacht *Della*, Capt. Joel Barkow, with Mr. W. M. Leslie, of New York, and their correspondent, came in today with one hundred and twenty sea bass, a few porgies and some black fish. Mr. D. Chamberlain, last Saturday, caught twenty-one striped bass, several of which would weigh over three pounds each; he also at the same time took two weakfish that would weigh about five pounds a piece.

COLORADO—Hot Sulphur Springs, Sept. 22.—Fishing is about over except in the larger streams. Owing to the very warm summer trout pushed further up than usual, and were from two to three weeks later starting down. W. N. B.

A NEW FLOUNDER.—Professor Spencer F. Baird, writing from Gloucester, Mass., says: "One of the most important practical results of our operations on this coast is the discovery of a species of flounder, which, although entirely unknown to the fishermen and dealers here, is the most abundant species on the coast. It is the *Glyptocephalus cynoglossus*, or Polo Flounder of England. It is only found at about 40 fathoms, in a temperature of 36 to 40 deg. The mouth is so small that it is likely that it would not take a hook. A trawl would capture them, and I am confident that a schooner of 30 to 40 tons could easily take a ton or more a day. The fish is remarkable for the great quantity of gelatinous fat along the ribs, corresponding to the halibut." Some persons who have caught this flounder consider it extremely choice, and equal to any of its class. It would, perhaps, require no great effort to introduce it to the same place as the turbot and sole of Great Britain. On examining the fish at Mr. E. G. Blackford's, it seemed to us rather longer and more elongated. One distinguishing trait, we think, was a somewhat darkened appearance of the bottom side of the flounder. The fluke and fat being as white by comparison. There can be no doubt as to the value of the fish, and the United States Fish Commissioner is to be thanked for bringing it before the public.

FISH AT THE CHICAGO EXPOSITION.—The exhibition of living fishes at the Chicago Exposition is fine. The building, being near Lake Michigan, can of course command plenty of water. A lofty fountain plays in the centre of the building, and near the south end is a real waterfall; a sheet of water perhaps ten or twelve feet wide and six inches deep falls ten feet into a large tank or basin; more of a cataract than many of those which attract visitors in European countries. Around the fountain are arranged glass cases, but not one, but from those just hatched to those of one, two, three and four years old; Mackinaw trout, of the same ages; California salmon, from one to three years old. Another tank contains a pair of dogfish, *Amia ocellidens*, Kitch, an old-fashioned genus said by Agassiz to be extinct save in North America. Other tanks contain whitefish, black and white bass, pickerel and pickerel, young bullpout, minnows and a splendid collection of goldfish. In another tank are young alligators and snapping turtles, the latter extending their long necks to that length that they seemed to be snakes crawling out of a turtle shell, the head exactly resembling that of a serpent. There was also a curious water lizard, from Arizona, with a ruffle of gills extending all round the neck.

Professor Ward, of Rochester, had there his reproduction of the mammoth, *Elephas primigenius*, made from that in the Museum of Stuttgart, and stands 16 feet high, with a length of 26 feet, in his habit of long black hair, as when he lived, and is a most awe-inspiring monster.

One of the most interesting things in the Exposition is the collection of Indian pottery and implements, belonging to Mr. H. N. Rust, of Chicago, which fills two or three large cases, and consists of seven or eight hundred pieces of pottery, in the most remarkable style of preservation, taken from the mounds in Missouri. The workmanship of some of these shows considerable advance in the ceramic art, more than we have ever seen in the pottery of the North American Indians. There is also an extensive collection of arrow and spear-heads of flint, with the implements of war and the chase, from Dakota. This collection ought to belong to the Smithsonian, or to the Peabody Museum at Cambridge. We understand that it can be purchased for \$5,000. S. C. C.

IS THE ORTHODOX WAY.—A Syracuse clergyman, Rev. Mr. Van Slyke, who was fishing from a dock at Geddes last week, espied a large black bass swimming leisurely about. The fish was in perhaps two or three feet of water. The pastor decided to capture the fellow. Leaning over the edge of the dock, he reached out and succeeded in grappling the fish in both hands, and brought him out of the water. The surprised bass, when out of his element, gave a sudden jump, but again the minister was too quick for him, and grasping him close to his swollen crop, succeeded by a sudden movement in landing him on the dock. The fish was one of extraordinary size, and weighed just five pounds.

ART.—A very well meaning artistic correspondent's rough drawing of a queer fish, which he says is a striped bass. This fact we take on trust; but when we are requested by our correspondent to touch it up, to elongate the body, put the mouth ship-shape, in fine, to make the sketch plausible, we shrink from the task. We can do most anything with written copy, and slick up the roughest work until it reads like Alfred Tennyson's verses, but when we are called upon to touch up strange and monstrous drawings, then we declare that we are neither Brackets nor Killbourns.

ADJUSTING DISPUTED POINTS.—We print the following letters on sundry topics from interested correspondents:

HARTFORD, CONN., Sept. 25, 1878.

MY DEAR "E. A. K.":

I am but yesterday home from a fifteen-day sojourn at Moosehead Lake, and having just laid hold of the *FOREST AND STREAM* for Sept. 12, I am moved by "P. X." communication therein to write you, having first hunted up and read the first time "P. X." note in the issue of August 23. Your note in the issue of Sept. 1 had already seen, it having been called to my notice by "P. X." about three weeks ago. It seems to me on now reading the three articles together, that he and you are talking of different things, hence the apparent difference of opinion.

"P. X." in his letter dated August 21, reproached the dragging of a bass through the water by main strength with a long, stiff pole; you, in your letter of August 30, refer to playing a fish with a limber fly-rod which is an entirely different thing. I doubt if you have happened to see bass taken in the manner that "P. X." refers to, and I have as little doubt that if you were to see it you would consider it crude and unparliamentary.

With reference to the so-called "working" of West Hill Pond, I have to say that I have given the matter some thought since "P. X." talks with me about it, with the result of changing, or rather modifying, the opinion I then had. My present opinion—of little value, because not founded on scientific study—is that the green matter found in the water is a plant of the *Conferva* variety, which, in quiet ponds, hangs together, and goes commonly by the name of "frog spit" but which, in large ponds like the one in question, disturbed by high winds and choppy waves, separates into small particles. I think it is unnecessary that fish do feed on *Conferva* when it maintains itself as a mass, but it would seem that they cannot do so—at least as readily—when it separates into minute particles. I think it is also well settled that *Conferva* grows sometimes in the purest spring water, free from decaying vegetable matter. It would seem, however, that the presence of such matter would favor the growth. I do not know whether West Hill Pond ever "worked" before it was artificially raised, but I do know that the raise made since last summer was not the first of the kind. It had been artificially raised before that, for what, perhaps, you were not aware of. Yours truly, W. E. SIKES.

ARTHUR.

A Chicago correspondent who became dissatisfied with the performances of shop bass rods, made some experiments of his own with results which seem to have gratified him, and which he has made us acquainted with. He writes:

I determined to make a rod that would combine strength with elasticity and lightness. Last March I bought a Calcutta bamboo, cut off from the lower end of the tree, cutting close to the knot, leaving about 10 inches to insert my butt. At the bottom of my bamboo I put a thin brass ring, to prevent the possibility of splitting.

For my butt-piece I selected a piece of clear maple, put it into a lathe, and turned out a tapering dowel to fit into the bamboo until it touched the knot above, fitting it in quite snug. I lashed off the lower end of the line, cutting close to the knot, put on the reel bands and rings, put on a brass thimble piece for the bottom. I took out the butt, and to insure its holding fast, put on a coat of glue; putting in the rod again, found it was just as solid as the original bamboo.

The next thing was to whip the upper part of the rod, to strengthen it; for this purpose, black silk, waxed with shoe-maker's wax, was used, taking about a dozen turns round the butt, cut off from the lower end of the line, cutting close to the knot, leaving about 10 inches to insert my butt. At the bottom of my bamboo I put a thin brass ring, to prevent the possibility of splitting. The reasons for putting the guides so close was to prevent the line hanging to the rod, or catching over the guides. Many old fishermen were just as present, less successful, consequently less friction for a line to pass over, and guides made of wire will enable any one to make longer and better casts than the flat guides. Finally, giving the silk whipping a coat of white shellac varnish, putting on a linen braided line for the hand-piece, and giving the rod two coats of coach varnish, my rod was finished; a not a rough piece in it, and good looking too. 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and, with uplifted hands, in admiration and awe, gaze with dazed eyes from afar upon that forbidden land—that *terra incognita*—and then, having lived in vain, die and leave no sign.

It is then with a spirit of rank heresy in my heart; with smoked-glass spectacles on my nose to dim the glare and glamour of the transcendent shore; with the scales of justice across my shoulder—*M. salmoides* in one scoop and *M. pallidus* in the other—I pass the barriers and confines of the enchanted land and toss them into a stream that has been depopulated of even angling by the *delinquent* of salmon and trout fishes; for I would not, even here, put black bass in a stream inhabited by salmon or brook trout. While watching the plebeian interlopers sporting in an eddy, their bristling spines and emerald sides gleaming in the sunshine, I hear an awful voice from the adjacent rocks exclaiming: "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread!" Shade of Izaak Walton defend us! While appealing to father Izaak for protection, I quote his words: "Of which, if thou be a severe, sour complexioned man, then I desire thee to be a competent judge."

Seriously, most of our notions of game fish and fishing are derived from British writers; and as the salmon and the trout are the only fishes in Great Britain worthy of being called game fish, they, of course, form the themes of British writers on game fish. Americans, following the lead of our British cousins in this, as we were wont to do in all sporting matters, have endeavored to make the American game fish, the game fish of America, ignoring the fish equally good and game. While some claim for the striped bass a high niche in the list of game fish, I feel free to assert that, were the black bass a native of Great Britain, he would rank fully as high in the estimation of British anglers as either the trout or the salmon. I am borne out in this by the opinions of British sportsmen, whose statements have always been received without question. W. H. Herbert (Frank Forester) writing of the black bass, says: "This is one of the finest of the American fresh water fishes; it is surpassed by none in boldness of biting, in fiercer and violent resistance when hooked, and by a very few only in excellence upon the board." Parker Gilmore ("Ubique") says: "I fear it will be almost deemed heresy to place this fish (black bass) on a par with the trout; at least, some such idea I had when I first heard the two compared; but I am bold, and will go further. I consider he is the superior of the two, for he is equally cool as an article of food, and much stronger and unflinching in his efforts to escape when hooked." Mr. Gilmore again says: "Americans have reason to be proud of the black bass, for its game qualities endear it to the fisherman, and its nutty, sweet flavor to the gourmand."

Now, while salmon fishing may be the highest branch of piscatorial sport; and while trout fishing in Canada, Maine and the Lake Superior region justifies all the extravagant praise bestowed upon it, I am inclined to doubt the judgment and good taste of those anglers who snuff their fingers in contempt of black bass fishing, while they will wade a stream strewn with brush and logs, catch a few trout weighing six or eight to the pound, and call it the only artistic angling in the world! While they are certainly welcome to their opinion, I think their zeal is worthy of a better cause. The black bass is eminently an American fish, and has been so long represented in his characteristics by the faculty of asserting himself and making himself comfortable at home wherever placed. He is plucky, game, brave and unyielding to the last when hooked. He has the arrowy rush and vigor of a trout, the unflinching strength and bold leap of a salmon, while he has a system of fighting tactics peculiarly his own. He will rise to the artificial fly as readily as the salmon or the brook trout, under the same conditions; and will bite the live minnow or other bait, under any and all circumstances favorable to the taking of any other fish. I consider him, inch for inch and pound for pound, the gamest fish that swims. The royal salmon and the lordly trout must yield the palm to a black bass of equal weight. That he will eventually become the leading game fish of America is my oft-expressed opinion and firm belief. This result, I think, is inevitable, if for no other reasons, from a force of circumstance represented in his characteristics. The operation of immutable natural laws, such as the gradual drying up and dwindling away of the small trout streams, and the consequent decrease of brook trout both in quality and quantity; and by the introduction of predatory fish in the same waters with trout. Another prominent cause of the decline and fall of the brook trout is the erection of dams, saw-mills and factories upon trout streams, which, though to be deplored, cannot be prevented. The man who erects a dam, though his civilization cannot be stayed by the honest, though powerless protests of anglers. But, while the ultimate fate of the brook trout is sealed beyond peradventure, we have the satisfaction of knowing that in the black bass we have a fish equally worthy, both as to game and edible qualities, and which, at the same time, is able to withstand and defy many of the causes that will in the end effect the annihilation and extinction of the brook trout.

As I have stated long since in the *FOREST AND STREAM*, the black bass will exhibit game qualities that will at once convince and surprise the most skeptical salmon or trout fishers, if they will angle for him with as suitable and delicate tackle as they employ for his more favored congeners of the tribe *Salmonidae*. It is high time, then, that anglers and sporting writers should accept the situation; accord to the black bass his just due, and acknowledge him as the coming game fish of America.

Synthiana, Ky., Sept. 23, 1878.

[No doubt the Bass is the appointed successor of the Trout; not through heritage, nor selection, nor by interlopers; but by force-ordination, and for the reasons which our far-seeing correspondent advances. Truly it is sad to contemplate in the not distant future the extinction of a beautiful race of creatures whose attributes have been sung by all the poets, but we regard the inevitable with the same calm philosophy with which the astronomer watches the burning out of a world, knowing that it will be succeeded by a new creation. As we mark the soft vari-tinted flush of the trout disappear in the eventide, behold the sparkle of the coming bass as he leaps into the morning of his glory! we hardly know which to admire the most—the velvet livery and the charming graces of the departing courier, or the flash of the armor-plates on the advancing warrior. No doubt the bass will prove himself a worthy substitute for his predecessor, and a candidate for a full legacy of honors.

By the same fate which has predestinated the trout, the salmon may also be superseded; but there is no fish which has ever yet swum, that can be accounted his peer. His gigantic forces must be encountered with heavier weapons

than those we employ for the diminutive bass, and however much we may admire the subtle strategy and the fighting qualities of the latter, or estimate them by comparative value, they cannot be measured by the same scale. The manoeuvres of the bass are merely amusing; they are Lilliputian. But the efforts of the giants are all-absorbing. It is only after a man has captured a salmon that he feels as if he had conquered a world. The man who has landed six-pound bass, one after the other with a light bamboo rod, as we have done, greatly enjoyed the sport, but he never felt like Alexander.—Ed.]

The Kennel.

THE MINNESOTA FAIR AND FIELD TRIALS.

THE editor of this journal was favored in being able to attend the joint agricultural fair held last month at St. Paul and Minneapolis, in the great and prosperous State of Minnesota. Every courtesy was extended to him by the officers in charge of the exhibition, of which the bench show at St. Paul, already described at length in our columns, constituted so attractive a feature, especially to sportsmen. Of course there is a sameness of character in all fairs and industrial exhibitions, whether they be merely local and limited, or world's fairs and comprehensive; but there were so many features of this Western frontier display not found in stated shows of like character, and altogether novel to residents of older States, that we would have gladly described them at length weeks ago, when we wrote up the Bench Show and Field Trials, had there not been more legitimate demands upon our space. There were to be seen aboriginal Indians with their implements of industry and weapons of the chase; furs, robes and hides, with the rude tools used in dressing them; stuffed specimens of wild animals; great structures created of the products of grain, which now grows luxuriously on quondam buffalo ranges; wonderful implements of farm industry, doing the work of scores of men; steam threshers and self-binding harvesters, all showing the marvelous development of a very few years. Incidental and appropriate were the side shows, the team of elk in harness, the feats of wild horsesmen in the saddle; the marvellous execution with rifle and shotgun; the rough riders, fox running, and coursing of hares. Scattered through all the great space, indoors and out, were the motley costumes of frontiersmen, voyagers, trappers, stock-raisers, soldiers, scouts, surveyors, half-breeds and Indians, all typical of the Far West and its recent change to civilization. Fortunately, and very creditable to those enterprising publishers, the Harper Brothers, of New York, that firm sent an artist to the grounds—Young Rogers, noted for the force of his character sketches—who, by his own industry and some slight service rendered by Mr. Hallock, to whom he bore a letter of introduction, has preserved many strong points of the Exhibition in the engraving which we print to-day.

Even more faithful and characteristic is the sketch of the Field Trial Grounds and the camp, represented in the companion picture. It is the first delineation of such an event in America, and our thanks are due to the Messrs. Harpers for the privilege of printing it. [In parenthesis, we feel sorry for that fellow in the sketch who sleeps with his boots on and feet outside of his blanket.]

Just here our immediate reference to the subject gives us an opportunity to correct some errors which occurred by the transposition of figures in our score table for the All Ages Stakes in the Minnesota Field Trials, as printed in our last issue. Those using our paper for reference will please note this:

NAME.	SCALE OF POINTS.									
	Each Point 5.	Each Point 3.	Each Point 2.	Each Point 1.	Each Point .5.	Each Point .25.	Each Point .125.	Each Point .0625.	Each Point .03125.	Each Point .015625.
Soap	15	3	6	6	3	3	1	1	1	1
Daisy	20	4	8	4	4	1	1	1	1	1
Calypso	5	1	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Jennie	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Front	25	5	10	5	5	1	1	1	1	1
Queen of the West.	6	1	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Itanger	20	4	8	4	4	1	1	1	1	1
Del.	20	4	8	4	4	1	1	1	1	1
Nettie	10	2	4	2	2	1	1	1	1	1
Maggie	10	2	4	2	2	1	1	1	1	1
Calypso	10	2	4	2	2	1	1	1	1	1
Conquest Royal.	10	2	4	2	2	1	1	1	1	1
Strathroy	20	4	8	4	4	1	1	1	1	1
Jack, withdrawn										

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun. A CHASE FOR THE BRUSH.

THERE are particular localities which seem to be enchanting to foxes. For forty years the Allen plantation, just across from Roanoke, opposite my own, has been the favorite resort of red foxes. From Cur's Hill to Gaston the cliffs and bluffs on the Roanoke are literally honeycombed with holes, into which the foxes retreat when too closely pressed by hounds for their comfort. In these dens, too, they raise their young with security, and if left alone for a few years the country would be overrun with them. They are never trapped, or hunted with gun; but the hunter, with practiced pack, begins upon them early in September, and by the close of the fall but few are left. I have been their chief enemy for nearly forty years, and have more than once during that period caught every one in that locality. This season I began upon them the 2d of September, which I have continued every other morning to the 18th, and with a success rivaling my

famous comrade, when I caught one twenty years ago in the same hunting ground, when I caught one put to earth twenty out of twenty-one on as many hunting mornings, the longest run being only ninety minutes. This season I took a servant with axe and spade, and closed every hole I knew, and, as I ran a fox into a new one, would close that the next day. In this way I closed the door upon them, and have fun now until it isn't fun. At this season the red fox cannot be run out of his range, which is in this locality some three miles up and down the Roanoke, and about one from it. The first chase was made after the old male. I had lured a O. H. dog, Jerry Newsome, and Nat Showers to join in the sport, and right readily did they respond, and brought in recruits of no ordinary promise. Our united forces amounted to some thirty hounds, and nearly all of them could boast of their lineal descent from old Byron, Leader, Rebel and Pilot. Three sent Gen. W. H. Jackson, of Bekmead, Tennessee, had brother and sister representatives. Comet and the peerless Vanity, the full brother and sister (to leader, though eight years older), displayed on this occasion their usual vim and courage. Winder, the full brother of Rebel, but her junior, distinguished himself for speed and dash, a fitting accompaniment of so much beauty. Young Watchman and Red Bird were not behind him in these qualities. I crossed the Roanoke on this occasion long before sunrise in a small canoe, and my pack took water and swam over. The stream here is some half mile wide, but the water being warm the hounds did not enter it. I was particularly teach my dogs to take water in the summer, and they will do so then at all seasons, regardless of the temperature of the water. Hardly had a horse at the opposite bank ready for me. His dogs were in full cry on a lively trail as I landed. I was just in time; the thing was artistically done, and the recruits went in without jar or confusion. Off they dashed up the Roanoke in as lively, merry and joyous a mood as ever pack in its opening chase displayed. The huntsmen, too, did not lack the enthusiasm the thundering of a full pack of hounds invariably inspires. For my part, quiet and steady was my philosophy, occasioned by being mounted on an old, stiff and spiritless nag greatly addicted to falling down when urged beyond the slowest of paces. Two tumbles in half a mile convinced me that her reputation for vaulting was deserved, and for the first time in my life my caution in a red-fox chase overruled my enthusiasm. But the old nag kept me out of the dew, and furnished a conveyance, if not so safe, a little better than foot. The fox kept up under the river hills for some distance at a time, when he would come up and out on the hills as in search of his food. This made the trail really splendid, and one mounted even as I was could witness it as the pack handsomely followed it around in all its tortuousness, bringing it back to the near point of its emerging from under the hills. This movement was repeated several times before the fox reached his cover on Cur's Hill, where he lay down and quietly at rest he lay, unsuspecting of danger. We were upon him before he was aware of it. He had no time to arrange his toilet or plan his escape. He was surprised, and like all surprises the result was dismay and confusion. He bolted pell-mell first in one and then in another direction, confronted in every move by a hound, but the undergrowth being dense the hound could only get away he flew like a falling star. The pack soon emerged from the thicket, and a full pack of male pursuit. But the pursuit was too hurried, breaks occurred, and the old red, panic stricken, took no time to listen to his pursuers. The morning, however, was suited to this condition of things, and in a few minutes the pursuit was renewed, and in earnest, too. With the advantage thus obtained the fox turned down the Roanoke much in the line of his trail to the hills. This movement was repeated several times, and the fox turned west to Cur's Hill. I met the pack on this turn, though the slowest of the huntsmen, saw this, the most magnificent press of the chase, alone. Rebel's brother, Winder, was in the lead, Logan and Watchman, Jr., were next the fox, barely out of view. But he stood this press without faltering, and as the cry gradually faded away in the distance there was no diminution of his jig-like character. The fox made for Cur's Hill, but he avoided the place of his surprise and took to earth near the mouth of Stonehouse, where he lay for another day.

T. G. T., of Gaston, N. C.

DOGS, SPORTING AND DOMESTIC.—Whether it is merely fashion or the result of a general increase of interest in the animal generally, certain it is that dogs are being adopted as pets and protectors to an extent hitherto unknown in this country. A few years ago pugs, or Yorkshire terriers, were rarities, kept and looked upon as curiosities; now, in every large city, and many smaller ones, they are so common as to scarcely excite remark. The same may be said of the mastiff and St. Bernard. We had but few, and of those many were mongrels; now they are bred on a large scale. In St. Bernard's, the kennels of Mr. Le Roy Z. Collins, Mr. Burdett Loomis, and others, will compare favorably with any in England, from whence, indeed, the choicest blood has been imported, and many gentlemen of this city and vicinity, and also of Boston, have fine kennels of mastiffs. While the dog used for sporting purposes will naturally always hold pre-eminence, yet the time has arrived when other breeds are entitled to recognition, from the fact that they are not only as valuable intrinsically, but are equally cherished by their owners, who may not be sportsmen. The fills to which all varieties are subject are almost identical, and we hold ourselves in readiness to howl lies in our power towards alleviating the sufferings, or adding to the well-being of one kind as well as another. With small dogs used as pets, in nine cases out of ten, sickness arises from over-feeding and it may be set down almost as a rule that a strict attention to diet, with cleanliness, is at once preventive and remedy. After all, it is by no means a difficult thing to keep dogs in health, setting aside, of course, that dreadful scourge, distemper, and its train of attendant evils. We shall endeavor in future issues to give some plain directions for the care of dogs, together with the simplest remedies for the more common disorders.

Very young dogs almost invariably point at sight. Puppies are often seen standing on chickens, or even on flies. It is always a capital sign, and almost a sure indication that the "hunting" instinct exists, and merely wants development with age, when the nose can be brought into play instead of the eyes. The powers of scent can be developed by allowing the puppy to trace a piece of meat or a fresh bone that has

DR. CARVER SHOOTING.



ELKS TROTTING IN HARNESS

ON THE ROAD TO THE FAIR.

THE MINNESOTA STATE FAIR.



THE MINNESOTA FIELD TRIALS.

been dragged in a zig-zag direction through grass or over the ground.

CATS AND DOGS IN FLORIDA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Hamerton, in one of his "Chapters on Animals," remarks that one great difficulty in the intercourse between the dog and his master is the shortness of the dog's life, which comes to an end just when they begin to understand each other. If this is the case in England, where the dog leads a life comparatively safe, how much more is it the case in Florida, where he has many dangerous foes. Lakes, rivers and swamps there abound, and in them lurks the cunning and ferocious alligator, whose favorite repast is dog meat, and sooner or later the hound or pointer goes down that yawning throat. I have heard of a wise old foxhound who used to baffle the enemy by attracting him with his voice to a certain part of the river, which he wished to cross, and then running at full speed to another part, where he crossed before the brute could reach him.

The same story is told in ancient history of the dogs living on the Nile, and I have heard it told as a trait of the instinct of the dogs of South America, where the cayman, or alligator, whose dangerous aquariness must be some foundation for a tale which comes from so many quarters. Old Buck, the Florida hound, was once overtaken by an alligator in the river, when he turned and showed fight. The reptile being cowardly, and not used to resistance, drew back and hesitated, which gave the dog the chance of escape. But some time after, having been left behind by his master, who had gone across Halifax Inlet in a boat, Buck decided to swim across, and was devoured by a shark. The panther is also fond of dog meat, and has often been known to carry off the house-dog in the night. Many dogs die from the bite of rattlesnakes and moccasins also. Besides these enemies, the dog in this climate is subject to many fatal diseases, and seldom lives out all his days. I have never, however, heard of a case of canine madness in Florida, though dogs are abundant.

Cats, not like dogs, are not afraid to escape the maw of the alligator, and seldom are snake-biters. I have heard of a big gopher-snake who used to carry off kittens; but he came once too often, for he met the enraged parents, who set upon and killed him, although he measured seven feet or more. The great and dangerous enemy of the cat in Florida is the wildcat (*Felis rufus*), very abundant in the woods and swamps, which prowls about for poultry and young pigs, and which scrupulously avoids man and his domesticated dog. A chance. Sitting once late at night on the piazza of my hotel at New Smyrna, I heard a great outcry among the "harmless, necessary cats," which the landlord explained by saying that a wildcat was after them; and sure enough, all that remained next morning of our sleek and handsome Thomas were a few bunches of hair at the edge of the scrub. At another house where I was staying a favorite Maltese dog disappeared in the same way, notwithstanding the efforts of the dogs, which rushed to the rescue. The robber was too quick for them.

S. C. O.

DOG MANAGEMENT.—We take the following from *Lidstone* on "The Dog, with Simple Directions for its Treatment":

Drawing-room pets are peculiarly liable to phtiora, and there is but one remedy—starvation. With over-high condition, skin disease comes as a matter of course. In this wretched state the skin becomes thick, ribbed, and irritable, and low diet, physic, and dressing, all fail unless the dressing is severe, and as I think barbarous. No house dog in a moderate-sized family requires any feeding. He can supply himself if he is unrestrained, and plates of meat, thin bread and butter, and cake, are cruelties. I think, however, that no dog should be altogether a free agent. He should be chained up at times, or he will be indifferent to any exertion, and capricious as to following his master or staying at home. He will be most sensible and useful if he is the servant of one person, and if no one else has anything to do with him, and personally loosen his chain. The dog always has a very marked preference for that individual who unbuckles his collar first when he has been taken to a new home, and he never forgets this hour's liberty.

In regard to drawing-room pets, in many of the cases of malady reported to us the cause as designated by *Lidstone* has been surfeit. There is the story often repeated of the famous dog doctor in London, whose specialty it was to cure dog-dog's dogs. His system was as simple as possible. The dog was tied to a tree and given nothing to eat for three days, and was then returned perfectly cured. The charge for treatment was two guineas. Sometimes, when we have advised anxious inquirers about their pets not to feed them at all for a day or so, and then but sparingly, when such counsel has been taken the best results have followed. If a dog is really hungry he will eat plain, good food, which, when pampered, he refuses.

DOGS FOR SHOOTING IN NORWAY.—A writer in the *London Field*, telling of shooting vipers—a species of ptarmigan found in Norway—brings the colors of the dog somewhat in prominence, as follows:

The best dogs to take for this kind of sport are setters, trained to retrieve. I like the lemon-and-white-colored English variety best myself; they are more conspicuous when among the birch and willow bushes than the red Irish or black-and-tan Gordon. Even if the sportsman visits the country alone, two dogs at least are absolutely necessary, as a single dog is so liable, if continually worked, especially over rough ground, to become tired and in that case the sportsman would be unable to go out, while, if he has two dogs, should one unfortunately fall lame, the poor brute can have a day or two's rest, while the sportsman makes shift with the other.

WORMS IN DOGS.—An article, written by our correspondent, "S," having been used by our excellent contemporary, *The Live Stock Journal*, in which the origin of *Entozoa* in animals is traced, we find the following in the "Comptes Rendus" for 1876:

In some researches on *Filicaria hematica*, M. M. Gatch and Pourquier found these worms in the blood of the fetus of a bitch, whose heart was filled with them, but they do not explain how they traversed the double wall of the placenta, in order to pass from parent to offspring.

The round of life in *Entozoa* is most curious, and has yet to be solved. The proposition of our correspondent is un-

doubtedly the only one which will hold, which is, "that the worms bore their way into the blood vessels of the intestinal canals," or may be floated there in the blood, and that, these turned loose into the milk of the mother, are again taken up by the offspring.

DOG POINTING A STONE.—A correspondent, writing from Salem, Mass., sends us the following:

Coming up Cherry street, recently, my dog, a young setter, stopped short on a point, quite stiff. Investigation proved him to be standing on a small stone, which he evidently mistook for a house-sparrow, that are very numerous in our neighborhood. One thing this proves to me, *i. e.*, young dogs will very often point at sight, I think quite as often as at scent—at least until shot over.

WHEELS.—*Lake City, Minn., Sept. 24.*—S. B. Dilly's Dolly, dam of Royal Fan and Rattler, has whelped seven by champion Ranger.

PSYCHE.—Mr. H. N. Morris' lemon-and-white pointer bitch Psyche, winner of the first and special prizes at the second annual N. Y. Bench Show, has just whelped five fine puppies by the champion Sensation, all lemon-and-white—four dogs and one bitch.

SPRINT.—The Morse Brothers, of West Medford, Mass., have lost their fine English setter Spout, which was killed by a railroad train. She was a fine hunter and the mother of many good dogs.

VERY SUPERIOR STOCK.—We call particular attention to an advertisement in our columns, which offers for sale a remarkably able lot of pointers and setters. As all these dogs, their pedigrees and performances, are familiar to us, we can assure those wanting good animals that a better opportunity of securing choice animals has rarely been presented. In the pointer puppies, any one wanting to start a kennel with the best and bluest blood, would do well to secure the entire lot. We will be glad to give full information in regard to these animals. [See ad.]

In assuming, or rather resuming, charge of the Kennel Department of this paper, the writer would assure the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* AND *DOG AND GUN* that no effort will be spared on his part to make it thoroughly interesting and valuable. Since his former connection with the paper, and during his editorship of *The Country*, he has given kennel matters the closest attention and study, and therefore approaches the task with confidence. Everything of interest relating to the dog, both at home and abroad, will be carefully noted and commented upon.

W. M. TILSTON.

Dachting and Boating.

HIGH WATER FOR THE WEEK.

Date.	Boston.	New York.	Charleston.
Sept. 27.....	11. 09	11. 46	12. 19
Sept. 28.....	6. 15	2. 47	3. 24
Sept. 29.....	8. 17	4. 56	5. 31
Sept. 30.....	9. 17	5. 06	6. 38
Oct. 1.....	9. 03	6. 00	6. 13
Oct. 2.....	9. 57	7. 49	
Oct. 3.....	10. 16	7. 53	7

ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB PENNANT MATCH.

THERE is no nonsense about the Atlantic Yacht Club.

When its members want to sail a match they sail it, and when they want to go on a cruise they go. Twelve yachts to start or no sail is something they know nothing of, for they never intend to make a hippodrome display of the club's affairs, but follow up the sport for the love of it and for the enjoyment to be derived from its zealous and resolute pursuit. When, therefore, the date for the annual pennant match of the club was made public it was a foregone conclusion that the race would be a fine one, and in this we were not disappointed, for the meet of Thursday, Sept. 26, could not have been surpassed in interest, the close struggle, fine seamanship and abundance of pluck displayed, stamping the club as one of the first in the land in point of seamanship and able craft.

The arrangements for the race were thorough, and the printed programmes gave all the information needed to the skippers. The classification of yachts adopted by this club is a judicious one, and does away to a large degree with the failures attending upon the crude attempts of some regatta committees to sail big and little alike in one and the same class and trust to the deceptions of time-of-allowance tables to make good the difference. In this respect we are far behind our English cousins, who have reached such a system in their regattas that time-of-allowance is fast becoming obsolete, all yachts being built to class up to a certain figure and meeting others at the line of the same size only, rendering a race worth of going on the records as meaning something more than first home by a fluke or a streak of good luck, no one knows how. But as long as we have a fleet of yachts widely divergent in size, and as time-of-allowance must still come into the account, the Atlantic Yacht Club has struck the fairest course in adopting a diversified classification which shall, as far as possible, mitigate the short-comings of time-of-allowance, and hence its regattas are looked forward to with interest by the general yachting public quite as much as by the club members themselves. The courses selected were judicious, the omission of rounding the southwest Spit upon the return home being a satisfactory feature, cutting out very tedious portion of the course without materially reducing its length. The smallest class went around the spit only and then made for home. Two of the rules call for passing notice, and other clubs may adopt them to advantage. In one it was stipulated that there should be no limit to the time of the race, a very sound provision, for nothing is more harassing than a resail, and in

the other the obnoxious clause of "so many to start or no race" was repealed. When an owner goes to the trouble and expense of getting his craft in racing trim and comes to the line with the bona fide intentions of fighting for the cup, it is manifestly poor policy to send him back to his moorings in consideration of all the pains he has put himself to. "Two to start or no race" has often been the means of frightening off intending racers, doubtful whether a second yacht would come to the line, and thus the entries have been skinned of some of the best upon more than one occasion. While the entries for the match in question might have been more numerous, those that did host racing colors were among the best in the fleet, and the race turned out a well contested one from beginning to end.

During the run out a moderate breeze prevailed, in which *Agnes* showed to remarkable advantage among the schooners, holding a good wind and fairly beating *Triton* and *Peerless*. The latter did better when the sea outside was struck, as her deep body began to tell, but she gave the Lightship a very wide berth in rounding, and lost much of what she had gained, by keeping too full and running down to leeward of the mark and then tacking for it. Off the wind *Triton* put in some better work, and we were rather surprised to find *Peerless* actually overhauled by both the other schooners. During the squall they gave her a most unmistakable beating, though it is but fair to mention that *Peerless* seemed a little short-handed, or else Mr. Maxwell, finding he could not make his time on the smaller ones, concluded to do nothing hasty, but keep on the safe side of things during the terrific squall from the westward, in which the race finished up. Among the sloops, *Nimbus*, though hideously ugly, showed that she had speed in her of no mean quality, and what with smart handling managed to give those of the larger class the go-by, with any amount of time to spare. The judges were Messrs. Peet, R. C. Field and G. M. McNulty, and followed the racers in the *Cyclone* over the course.

Schooners were classed over and under 750, on water line, sloops over 450, 350 and 300, and 250 and 200. To get an extra whistle to get away the sloops, who did not seem to understand the directions. With numerous entries this little piece of charity on the part of the committee might have led to protests from those that did get away at the proper time; but fortunately no such trouble arose this time. However, it is well not to be too indulgent, for surely skippers could not take the simplest instructions of those of the printed circular. The wind at the time was moderate, but it was a little running full and the fleet, which had been standing off and on, finally bore up and made a dash for the line. *Dolphin*, taking advantage of a puff, went across at a good pace, and *Triton* followed. The rest were very tardy and slower or later some of them will be heavily handicapped for lagging and sailing over the bay when they should be near the start, especially when the breeze is light and apt to leave some of them in the lurch at the critical moment. *Sadie* followed 4 mile astern, with a big club topsail aloft and a whacking mainsail, on account of her mast being in her eyes, making her rig a good deal like that of a huge cat-bow. Then followed *Agnes*, and pot-leaked *Peerless* not far astern. The times were taken as under:

Name	CLASS	B-SCHOONERS.	H. M. S.
<i>Peerless</i>	J. R. Maxwell.....	11. 39. 05	
<i>Triton</i>	Commodore Thayer.....	11. 01. 10	
<i>Agnes</i>	L. A. Fish.....	11. 59. 05	
	CLASS C—GABIN SLOOPS.		
<i>Sadie</i>	W. Cooper.....	10. 33. 25	
	L. E. Cook.....	10. 55. 55	
	CLASS D—GABIN SLOOPS.		
<i>Winsome</i>	J. H. Purdy.....	11. 08. 51	
<i>Genia</i>	T. P. Fiske.....	11. 07. 51	
	CLASS E—GABIN SLOOPS.		
<i>Nimbus</i>	L. H. Bigelow.....	11. 04. 05	

The schooner *Atlantida* and the sloop *Orion* went out with their crews, but *Orion* was not a party that was not entered the lists, for in *Sadie* she had a very opponent, both of them being noted jaegers, and a fight between the two would have materially added to the interest of the match. That *Dolphin*, an old-timer, could have done so well and come so near making her time on *Sadie* is one of the marvels of the day, and shows what good tooling will do as a make-up for lack in form, for in the excellent manner in which the craft of young men handled her, it was evident that the close push she gave Herreshoff's turn-out. All hands kept pinned in to do their best, stood along the Long Island shore till they were headed and had to make a board or two to fetch through the Narrows. *Agnes* did well from the word go and showed well to windward, when she went about abreast of Fort Wadsworth. As the wind freshened and the *Cyclone* passed the *Orion*, the latter just laid her rail in and was sailing in the fine style, with her helm down and her Commodore Cooper, casting a weather-eye aloft every now and then at his gear and relishing the slashing pace of his pet craft, for *Cyclone* had to wag her screw pretty lively to cut across his bows. By the time Hoffman Island bore South, *Agnes* had spun out a fine lead, with *Dolphin* to leeward of her and *Peerless* not far astern, with *Sadie* on her weather quarter, standing like the proverbial sailing ship, *Triton* about a quarter of a mile in *Peerless*' wake. Then there was a long break, with the other sloops strung out all the way up to the Narrows, *Nimbus* having a decided lead among them. The wind now veered to the southward, and the fleet was compelled to make long and short legs of it to fetch the spindle on the spit.

Off Dix's Island *Dolphin* had regained her lead, and *Peerless* was making up. Then *Dolphin* went to the south, *Triton* a longer, the rest of them working in shorter boards down the channel. The two sloops held a better wind than the schooners, for they all crossed under their sterns upon coming about, *Agnes*, however, working out to windward in quite wonderful style. Her canvas is a beautifully setting lot of muslin, and she does not lose many points on account of bagginess of her duets, that is certain. When *Dolphin* had the lead, *Peerless* was working in close, but she could lay her canvas to the spindle with something to spare, so she was first in the lot to set a jib-topsail. When *Sadie*, on the short leg, bore down again she crossed under Mr. Cooper's stern, and it was evident *Dolphin* had gained by standing to the southward so long. *Atlantida* had beat down with the fleet, and about held her own, always giving way and keeping to leeward of the racers, which course, we hope, was appreciated by some of the smaller ones, whom she had many opportunities of blanketing. Light duets were now being got ready, preparatory to the round. *Dolphin* doused her small jib-topsail and set a big balloonier instead, not, steering west of the mark, allowed *Peerless* to squeeze around the Southwest Spit in the lead. The rest followed at close intervals: *Peerless*, 12h. 36m. 20s.; *Dolphin*, 12h. 36m. 80s.; *Agnes*, 12h. 37m.; *Sadie*, 12h. 37m.

55s.; *Triton*, 12h. 38m. 4s. Among the smaller sloops, *Nimbus* went around with a very long lead, set light sails and was off for home, followed a quarter of an hour later by *Winsome* and *Genia*. The big fellows now had a drift of it in out to the look, with the first of the flood just beginning to make. Balloon mastmasts staysails were in order, but when the flood was rounded, all hands had to trim all again, as the wind backed more to the east. In the light swell outside, *Peerless* took the lead, but *Dolphin* and *Sadie* hung well on to her and kept a better wind. *Orion* was either not driven or was not up to her usual form, for she was dropped by the whole fleet on the run to the ship without trouble. *Sadie* forged ahead and *Triton* seemed to be doing better in the light wind. Barring the occasional slip of sail nothing transpired till the light ship was reached. *Triton* was first to haul around at 2h. 2m. *Sadie* next, at 2h. 2m. 42s.; *Dolphin* third, at 2h. 4m. 5s., and *Peerless* having gone about some distance to leeward came down with full headway, rounding the red painted ship close under her stern, squeezing in between her and *Agnes*, her time being taken at 2h. 4m. 35s., with *Agnes* 5s. later. *Comet* and *Atlantis* soon followed, and *Orion* later. With the flood tide and a freshening breeze a rapid run home was made. *Winsome* was dropped by the flood, but was not very long, for the wind again chopped to the S. and it was once more jam on the wind, *Dolphin* alone holding on to her big jibtopsail, which set in excellent form, by the way, and stood her in good stead. Down to the *Romer* *Triton* led the way—she was evidently better with sheets lifted than when trimmed in flat. All the yachts, however, kept pretty well together, the schooners a short distance ahead of the sloops. When the *Romer* was dropped they could keep up a little more, and light canvas again came into play. *Triton* bore away to the northward to get into the flood coming through the East Channel, but she ran out of the wind, and *Peerless* and *Agnes* went to the front. The small sloops were now overtaken, *Winsome* with a good lead.

A violent squall had been brewing on the Western horizon, and was rapidly drawing close, an immense lead-black cloud overhanging it, the upper bay. It came along with tremendous velocity, and it was a lucky thing that the yachts saw the fishermen and working craft under bear poles speeding before it. Had they delayed a moment longer we should have had to record some terrible spar breaking and capsize. As it was the escape was a close one, but excellent seamanship seemed to distinguish every yacht in the fleet during the trying moments. *Peerless* was first to take in kites and settle away foretell. She paid broad off and received all the gust blows on her bow, but hardly storage way. But her canvas was nearly handed and she was out of danger. *Agnes* was handled with rapidly likewise and escaped the worst of it. *Triton*'s skipper managed his craft with consummate skill that deserves all praise. During the excitement he kept his wits about him, kept his craft a good full, so that when struck she should have way on; then he settled away his fore halliards and hauled down the jib. When the wind struck her she was luffed into it, payed off and luffed again, until the worst was over, when she at once commenced to beat up the bay, for the wind had come out in very wicked blasts from the N. W. She was not long in getting foretell on her again, and worked up to the line with leg gangway awash all the time. We have never seen a racing craft under full canvas put through such a terrific squall in a more ship-shape fashion than was *Triton* on this memorable day. She was not long in settling away a long way ahead in good trim, without a rope-yarn drift. Nor should we fail to mete out justice to *Agnes*, for she, too, was thoroughly well toiled through the most of it, and, though a little slower in getting on her course again, she managed to save her time, and crossed a winner by 25s., after a race in which she and her crew did themselves much credit. *Winsome* received the brunt of the blast with her club topsail aloft, and her good sailing jib was blown over to it down to her skylights. There she lay a moment, with her crew up to windward, apparently taking things very easy, when slowly she came back, and, after minutes of suspense, righted, none the worse for her knock-down. She made sail again and worked up home in the pluckiest manner. Had she not been a deep craft she would never have come back, but would have shared *Mohawk*'s fate. There is no time for finding out the value of a model as when it blows great guns, and *Winsome*'s crew will have a good deal more faith in depth than heretofore. The match was finished as under:

Name.	Start.				Elapsed Time.				Corrected Time.			
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	h.	m.	s.	h.
<i>Peerless</i>	11	00	30	4	51	33	5	01	43	51	04	5
<i>Triton</i>	11	00	30	4	51	33	5	01	43	51	04	5
<i>Agnes</i>	11	01	00	4	58	51	5	09	44	58	05	5
CLASS C—CARLIN SLOOP.												
<i>Dolphin</i>	10	53	55	5	10	29	6	16	24	6	16	32
<i>Sadie</i>	10	54	55	5	11	51	6	16	01	6	16	31
CLASS B—CARLIN SLOOP.												
<i>Winsome</i>	11	07	55	4	43	03	5	34	12	5	34	12
<i>Genia</i>	11	07	55	4	43	03	5	34	12	5	34	12
CLASS A—CARLIN SLOOP.												
<i>Nimbus</i>	11	06	05	3	31	00	4	24	05	4	24	05

The pennants were awarded to *Agnes*, *Sadie*, *Winsome* and *Nimbus*.

PROVIDENCE YACHT CLUB.—In the annual regatta of this club, held off Rocky Point, R. I., September 24, *Wanderer*, Mr. Ben Davis, beat *Lucille*, *Genevieve* and *Peck & Dixon* in 2h. 30m. 55s.

BAYVIEW YACHT CLUB.—In a fifteen-mile race of this club, held on the Bay River September 26, for the Dredger challenge cup, the *Brothers* won in 3h. 25m. 40s., beating *Eynna D.*, who capsized, *Conet*, *Mary D.* and *Hogan*. The latter carried away some gear and gave up.

MONTREAL YACHT CLUB.—The second annual regatta of this club was sailed on the St. Lawrence September 21. Course, twelve miles. *Wanderer* carried away her tiller, and the others shipped a good deal of water. Won by *Maude*, Mr. Brewster, M. D., in 2h. 7m. 55s.; *Waterwitch*, Mr. J. C. Jenkins, second, in 2h. 9m. 30s., beating *Stranger*, *Sappho*, *Bu-rology*, *Lotie*, *Wanderer*, *Peerless* and *Joan*.

ORAR AND PADDLE.

EXETER BOAT CLUB.—The regatta of this club took place Sept. 24 on the Passaic, at Paterson. Course, one mile and return. Weather unfavorable. Single sculls won by Harry Lister in 19m. 45s., beating R. Cooby. Working boats won by John Lister in 20m. 25s., beating J. C. Zutterkirch. Second heat, J. H. Gall beat J. O. Hinchman in 19m. 37s. Third heat, Harry Lister beat J. H. Harring in 20m. 20s. Six race sail to M. L. Ward and J. Foul. Single sculls, W. Laverock beat C. Post in 20m. 45s.

ALABAMA BOAT CLUB.—The regatta of this club was held Saturday, Sept. 1, off Bay Ridge, L. I. Six-oared rigs—*entries*; *The Blonde*—C. H. Talmage, bow, W. O. Field, C.

E. Wilmot, T. H. Terry, C. H. Grant, H. G. Field, stroke, and C. S. Whitney, coxswain. The *Brundell*—W. B. Pinto, bow, T. Drew Bunnell, E. M. Gridley, A. N. Waterhouse, J. J. Aalton, Harvey Hewitt, stroke, and A. A. Read, coxswain. *Brundell* got away first, but the *Blondes* overhauled them with their long swing and won in 8m. 10s. Course, mile and a half. Four-oared gigs—*entries*; *The Fly*—R. H. Bunker, bow, Sidney Green, M. P. Christensen, Louis Saubier, stroke. The *Coyote*—W. T. Sharpe, bow, T. G. Wells, P. T. Lawrence, W. C. Howard, stroke. Won by *Piert* in 7m. 48s. Pair-oared shells—*entries*; *Curlew*—Daniel Chauncey, Jr., and H. W. Maxwell. *Petrel*—H. C. Duval and William Arnold. This was a close race all over the course until *Petrel*'s stroke caught a crab, when *Curlew* won in 4m. Distance, one mile.

UPPER HUDSON REGATTA.—This regatta at Albany was brought to a close the first day—Wednesday, Sept. 25—instead of spreading the races over two, as intended. Four-oared shells, Mutuels of Albany, beat Olympics in 8m. 54s., one mile and a half straightaway. Double sculls won by Olympics in 9m. 51s.; Mutuels second. Senior single sculls won by Lathrop, of the Mutual Club, in 10m. 11s.; Fuller, of the Mohawk Club, second and Higgins, of the Cohoes Club, third. Junior single sculls won by Grant, of the Olympics, in 10m. 51s.; Sheehy, of the Olympics, second, Hoffman, of the Mutuels, third. Pair-oared rigs, Olympics had a walk-over. Six-oared gigs—Olympics kept the lead till near the close, when Mutuels spurred and won a well-contested race.

QUINCY ROWING ASSOCIATION.—This is the name of a new organization started at Quincy, Mass., with the following officers: President, James McGrath; Vice-President, William D. Webb; Secretary, John Avery; Treasurer, William Cawthorn. Directors—James Sullivan and John Harkins.

CHALLENGE BY ELLIS WARD.—Ellis Ward, of Philadelphia, has issued a challenge for a two, three or five mile working-boat race for \$1,000 a side. As he was recently badly beaten by Myers, his challenge seems a little rash.

AMERICAN BOAT RACE.—Members of this club pulled a double-oared racing scull Sept. 22, for the Helen and East river. Distance, eight miles. Won in 1h. 30m., by William and Edward Allen, beating Morris Powers and Maurice Allen by three minutes.

HARD-WEATHER YACHTS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 19, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

You do not, in my judgment, give the New York sloop credit for the sea-going capabilities she really possesses. Consider, for instance, the oyster boats of the *Commodore* and *Admiral* type. These vessels run the beach from here in Virginia steadily throughout the season, and certainly this side of the North Atlantic after November is not a calm sea, yet we never hear of one of them coming to grief. Again, how few, comparatively, of the small trading sloops and schooners which ply between North Carolina and the east end of the ground are lost by stress of any weather that they encounter? Yet these vessels are, almost without exception, centreboards, and in point of gear not exceptionally well found. Personally, I have nearly come to the conclusion, after some experience with cutters and a good deal with sloops, that while the heavily weighted cutter is a *sine qua non* to the short, high seas and rapid tide rips of British waters, it will be found that the modified centreboard—not the extreme skimming dish—will encounter the comparatively long, easy swells of our side of the Atlantic with practically equal safety with the cutter, while for first-class speed under ordinary circumstances, handiness of rig with a small crew, dryness when hove to, owing to her drifting off instead of holding on, the modified centreboard sloop has a decided pull over the keel type. Of course, in advocating the sloop rig I allude to vessels under 55ft. water line; over that I should have my canvas on two sticks.

The English and American types of small craft are a product of their respective environment, and as such, each one is best suited to its own water. It is true that the centreboard well does cut up a small ship badly; but, after all, there is very little room in any kind of a small craft, and the best of them are very uncomfortable for a voyage of many days.

The bearing of all the communications received touching heavy-weather yachts seems to point in one and the same direction. Our correspondents are ready, one and all, to acknowledge that the ordinary skimming dish can be improved upon by verging more towards a "medium model," one which shall be deeper, heavier and somewhat narrower than the present type. If they will follow out their propositions a little more in detail they will find themselves landed aboard the little more in detail they will find themselves landed aboard the little more in detail they will find themselves landed aboard the changes they grant as beneficial will evidently lead, if their reasoning be followed to an end. The sloop can be improved upon, they acknowledge; by a little more displacement; very well. Also a little less beam perhaps (point number two); possibly a shallow keel, some add. Put all these confessions in one and what do they amount to after all, nothing short of the cutter model. "G. M." prefers the centre board, but with what aim in view? If oystermen and fishermen have to do their work on banks and flats, the board may be a necessity; but for a sea-going yacht its claims cannot be considered equal to the advantages of a keel, which are many and very essential, though our correspondent has overlooked them. With less beam there will be a lack of stability; this must be made up by a low centre of gravity. In no way can it be so readily and effectually done as by splicing some thirty to fifty per cent. of the ballast into the keel amidships. In fact this step becomes a matter of necessity and is not open to choice. The keel boat, moreover, is very much more reliable in stays at sea, she is easier on her helm, will not yaw when off the wind, nor broach to, and will hold her own when hove to. "G. M." very truly makes the point that the centreboard is easier in a sea-way, with headsheets to windward, because she drifts down the wind; but an uncongenial proximity to a rocky shore under the lee has led us to prefer an occasional resort to a continual scanning of the breakers in hopes of finding some soft rocks to bring up on. So much concerning model

for the present. If we pass on to the rig, there can be little doubt that closer inquiry will convince our correspondent of the superiority of the cutter for cruising. A more clumsy, unhandy rig than that of the sloop would be difficult to conceive. The cutter-rig is the very reverse, as the following points will serve to show. To be well adapted for cruising no one will venture to dispute as absolutely essential: first, safety; second, handiness; third, efficiency. With regard to the first demand, the cutter's sails are smaller as a whole and individually, therefore under better control; her sticks are less lofty, and therefore stronger; her bowsprit reefs and is less liable to be snapped off in a jump; weight aloft is reduced by sending the topmast on deck. It will not do to point to the smacks about the coast. In them everything is sacrificed to low first cost, and their little stub and bowsprits, though ample for the purposes intended, have to be discarded in the yacht and a long slender stick substituted. While the stub does not dip in a sea, or if it does can stand a good deal, the longer and lighter stick of the yacht would be in danger, or at least would interfere with the boat's sailing by dodging into the swell.

We have seen one of our largest sloops ignominiously turn tail in a seven-knot breeze, unable to make any weather of it in a very moderate swell, for she would at every dive bring up a bobbed jib full of water, and finally was compelled to up helm and run for home, in weather that would have been the glory of a little ten-ton cutter. If men had been sent out on her head booms they would have been washed off, certainly they could have done no work. The handiness of the cutter rig can be easily enough discerned upon a little reflection.

The mast steps nearly amidships and, with the lesser area of canvas required, reduces the size of the mainmast by twenty-five per cent. The head sail is cut in two, each portion more easily sheeted aft, hoisted and stowed, and shifting a jib for a smaller one from the forecastle is a safer, easier and more seamanship job by far than the lubberly "bobbing," or taking off a bonnet in the sloop. Finally, concerning efficiency, there is little to choose between the two styles. For smooth water racing the sloop is a little the better, but for outside work the cutter's head sails have the advantage of being more quickly shifted to suit the breeze, while reefing the bowsprit, thereby keeping it clear of the sea, will more than compensate what bends belongs to having the canvas more in one. In making and taking in sail, reefing and shaking out again, in every respect, in short, with the sole exception of racing in smooth water, the cutter is so vastly superior to the sloop that we fail to see why it should not be universally adopted by all whose aim is something else than potting mugs in fair weather and smooth water. The racing man who cares for nothing but racing, and that in land-locked water, may retain the sloop, for he will sacrifice anything and everything to his desire for silverware; but the cruiser, or the yachtsman who likes to race and cruise as his tastes incline, or opportunities offer, can there be any justifiable grounds for his tenaciously clinging to the clumsiest of all rigs?

With our correspondent we agree that the dish model may be exchanged with material gain for one less beamy and of greater displacement. The keel follows as a matter of requirement and will improve sea-going qualities. The rig recommends itself. And, pray, what else have we then but the cutter?

KEEL AND CENTREBOARD.

LYNN, Mass., Sept. 26, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

I would like to say a few words about yachts, especially the much maligned centreboard boat. Now, I don't much wonder at sailors calling the average New York model a sandwich, if what I have seen from there are fair specimens. Don't condemn the centreboard on account of a faulty model, but lay the fault where it belongs. My experience, covering nearly a score of years of boating, is that, other things being equal, the centreboard yacht is the ablest and fastest.

The great trouble with yachtsmen is that the draught of boat is taken from the bottom of the keel, or shoe, as the depth of the boat. Now, a keel boat may be drawing six feet of water, and a centreboard of the same dimensions on deck may draw but, say five feet, and yet be the deeper boat, because that draught does not include two or more feet of keel. While the body of the centreboard is nearly as deep as her draught, I am inclined to think that any one will find that the deep keel boats you hear of, with the keel—or that part below the garboards—was cut off, and that it is the keel that makes the draught, and not the body of the boat, in a great many cases. Of course, I do not wish to refer this statement to the extreme English model, as I don't think many of our American yachts are built on such extreme lines as regards depth.

My experience leads me to the belief that of two boats, one keel and one centreboard, built from the same model, the centreboard will be both abler and faster, will work handier, and be better in every way except steering. She will stand harder than the keel boat, because she will answer her helm quicker. And I am forced to the conviction, exactly opposite to the general opinion, that the centreboard is poorest off the wind and best on the wind, as compared with the keel. We have on the Eastern coast a considerable number of deep centreboard yachts, and the cases where they are beaten on any point by keel boats are exceedingly rare. My own idea of a comfortable cruising yacht would be: Length, from 40 to 50 ft.; beam, from 12 to 15 ft.; draught, from 5 to 6½ ft.; rather high freeboard, with a moderate sized centreboard; no false keel, and cutter rigged. A boat of that size as safe as a 300-tonner, can be handled almost anywhere or at any time by four men, and would have accommodations for twice that number. A yacht of these or similar dimensions, with cutter rig (sail not too large), would be able to go anywhere that any vessel could, I believe in the cutter rig, notwithstanding its ungainly appear-

ance, for it does what no other rig renders possible. When you have to shorten sail on a cutter, it brings the sail more and more, as you rest down, toward the centre of the boat and lower down, and consequently the boat works easier, and sails faster in a breeze than a sloop with a bob-jib fifteen feet ahead of her, and a close reefed mainsail that she won't work under alone.

I am at present in possession of a cat-rigged boat, 20ft. long on deck, 7ft. 10in. beam, and drawing 3ft. of water, with counterboard. She carries about 3500 lb. of ballast, has 54 yds. of 30in. deck in her mainsail, and is the ablest open boat I ever saw of her size. I never had a boat so close to the wind than I could, or saw a cat-rigged boat that would steer so easy running off. Cuts of the saucer kind will beat her in a little light breeze, but I can go along comfortably with her can hardly get along at all.

GRAPES.

The experiences of "Grampus" so entirely coincide with our own that his letter calls for few remarks. The value of a more moderate form and of the cutter-rig he is ready to accede to and can plead his own actual experience in their support. For our part we should add the keel in place of the board, unless limited in draught, and if our mooring ground was on a mud bank, with no more than a few feet of water, we would see to it that a new anchorage was found, even if we had to take the cars to get there. We prefer the keel for reasons set forth in these columns before: greater stability, greater strength of structure, and greater ease in a scaway. Our correspondent "Kedge," in our last number made mention of his setting a smaller jib "flying," keeping the tack about half way out on the bowsprit in place of reefing or bobbing jib. His plan shows the natural tendency among practical sailors toward something more satisfactory in heavy weather than the sloop-rig, for his substitute is nothing else than an actual application of the cutter principles in preference to those of the sloop—his operation being akin to "shifting jibs." We think that such testimony, virtually involuntarily, or unintentionally, given in support of the cutter, should carry weight with those who are apt to point to the prevalence of the sloop as proof sufficient of the popularity of its snugness and adaptability to all purposes.

CANOEING ON THE DELAWARE.

EAST ORANGE, N. J., Sept. 27, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

The redundancy of correspondence elicited by the narrative of the running of Great Foul Rift by the East Orange canoeists had led me to decide against participating in the controversy. But now, that Mr. A. H. Siegfried has awakened old and pleasant recollections by his mention of Wells' Falls, and more particularly as he has credited me, my party—for I was one of the "New Yorkers" who preceded him, "part in canoes and part in rowing boats"—with the very lobby proceeding of courting a capsize by attempting to lower a boat down Wells' Falls with a line—I, feeling that my honor as a canoeist must be vindicated, request room for this little narrative.

The facts are these: One beautiful June evening in '76, the "Qui Vive" canoes *Delaware* and *Qui Vive*, from Newark, N. J., en route for the Centennial Exhibition, met, at an appointed rendezvous, Musconetcong, ten miles below Easton, the Adirondack boat *Saranac* and the canoe *Dragon*, one day from Water Gap. Greeting and supper over, the voyage of the day was discussed, and although Great Foul Rift was mentioned as an ugly place to run, the navigators did not appear to consider it particularly dangerous. Several visitors at our camp warned us to beware of Wells' Falls, and one old raftsmen dubiously remarked that it was the "worst place on the river," and advised us to "carry round." Its height—with proverbial rustic versatility—was variously estimated at from six to eighteen feet.

About ten o'clock in the forenoon on the second day after leaving Musconetcong, the arrow-like Long Lake boat *Saranac* and her three canoeists debarked their crews on the Jersey wing of the dam that converges the river at Lambertville. Describo Wells' Falls I cannot. A sharp decline—a bold plunge—a huge white foamier extending off down stream a hundred yards or more, and miles of broken, white rift below—this was what we saw. The captain of the *Passee* Canoe Club and commander of the *Dragon* immediately, putting his mouth close to the mate's ear, decided in favor of "slaking." The respective paddlers of the *Delaware* and *Qui Vive* at once followed suit.

The men who composed the crew of the *Saranac* were no novices at rapid running. Together they had shot many a fall, and navigated scores of miles of quick water. Each had perfect confidence in his own individual coolness, nerve and circumspection, in the other, and in their boat. I mention these things to demonstrate that no tyro's inexperience can be called to account for the catastrophe that followed. The water was very low, the current powerful, and the accident well-nigh unavoidable.

The man with the paddle in his hand exchanged glances with his companion, said something which the roar of the falls drowned, pulled his gray slouched hat over his brows, knocked back the brim, and started in the direction of his boat, followed, somewhat reluctantly, by his comrade.

The *Saranac* was not our "provision and supply boat." Each canoe carried her owner's stores and effects. She was not lowered by a line; on the contrary, the usual precaution of letting down stern first with the oars was disregarded. The men took their places, pushed off, swept down the decline, and shot over the fall, while we on the dam cheered lustily. But, scarcely had they made fifty yards of their rapid way down channel when we could see the boat, in spite of the sterner's frantic endeavors, begin to turn. A wild wave of the paddle-blade in the air—a signal that all hope was gone—a shock, and they were over—overboard in a boiling, seething mass of angry, rushing water, in whose grasp they were powerless as infants, their very lives at its mercy. What wonder that our hearts leaped to our throats, that our breath came gasping, and that we were spell-bound for an instant.

But inactivity could not long remain with men of our training. From the moment of capsize we had lost all sight of boat and men alike. Little use of gazing open-mouthed down such a rock-

studded stretch in hope of glimpses of boat or swimmer. In Indian file we sped away up the dam to where a bateau, in which two men had come down to see us run the falls, was hauled up. This we lifted from the water, and launched below the dam with three men to the rescue.

Far down the rift, behind a sheltering, rocky island, waist deep in whirling water, clinging to boat and effects as best they might, we found the undaunted boatmen. Taking them aboard, the bateau, with the wrecked *Saranac* in tow, made the best of its way to *terra firma*. Do you wonder that the canoeists dodged Wells' Falls? For five feet the port side of the *Saranac* was crushed in as one might crush an eggshell. Every rib from stem to stern was cracked or broken. The whole boat was awreck. It took five hours to patch her up with tin, white lead and putty, and then she was only a mockery of her former self. Her beauty was lost forever on Wells' Falls.

Not without great difficulty the cargo of the wrecked boat—save two canvas flaps used in rigging, with the inverted *Saranac* as roof, a light camp at night; an oat, a coffee pot and a cap—was rescued from the water. These tent flaps were the "tarpsulins" which Mr. Barnes found at the foot of the rift.

The canoees which so ignominiously "shirked" might, perhaps, have attempted the running of Wells' Falls had the *Saranac's* venture proved successful. That there are many rifts and falls on this river below Easton fierce and high enough to tax the nerve of the canoeist, any one familiar with the stream will not deny. All of these were safely threaded by the canvas canoees and their frail consort.

The statement made by "F. P. and E. P. D." concerning the speed with which they ran Great Foul Rift is evidently an error, as is the one stating that their canoees were the first to navigate that perplexing water. Being personally acquainted with these gentlemen, and having talked the matter over with them, I am entirely at a loss to understand how they can be, seemingly, so thoroughly convinced of the fact that they really accomplished the obviously impossible feat of running a canoe among rocks two and a half miles in three minutes. Their convictions are so strong that I am forced to believe that their time-piece must, in some unaccountable way, have failed to record several very important minutes. However, I am anticipating a canoe trip this fall, during which I shall run this much-abused rift, and if possible, take the time with accuracy.

MAGAZ.

Rational Pastimes.

THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS.

The great event in athletic circles just now is the long-talked-of visit of the Australian cricketers. These players from the antipodes had met with such good fortune in England, the home of the game, that their proposed matches with American clubs was talked of much as an exhibition of scientific play rather than a contest in which the home clubs would have much chance of victory. How unfounded such expectation was has already been determined by the excellent games of Tuesday and Wednesday.

The strength of the Australians and the feature of their playing, which has won for them their victories over English clubs, is the excellence of their fielding. Their theory—and a correct one it is, too—is that a run scored for their opponents is run gained for themselves. For this superior fielding the English players were wholly unprepared, and were defeated by it rather than by any phenomenal batting.

The Australian eleven consists of six players of New South Wales, C. and A. Bannerman, Gregory, Spofforth, Garrett and Murdoch; four of Victoria, Blackham, Boyle, Allan and Horan; and one of Tasmania, Bailey. Besides these, there are some substitute players. Judging from the English record and home reputation, Boyle, Spofforth and Garrett are wonderfully effective bowlers, while Allan, Horan and others have achieved laurels in bowling. Murdoch and Blackham are the two best wicket keepers. C. Bannerman is a famous batsman, provoking great admiration in England, where his batting average was over 23, while A. Bannerman, Bailey, Murdoch, Spofforth, Horan and Blackham have recorded fine scores at the bat.

The eleven arrived in New York last Monday, on the City of Berlin, and devoted Monday to some practice on the City of Berlin's Ground, and to working off their "sea-legs." The Hoboken grounds had been most thoroughly prepared for the occasion, and the wicket was one not often surpassed. The New York eighteen are well known in the vicinity for their skill in the game. They were Souther, Cross, Marsh, Giles, Frazer, Moeran, Bance, Sleigh, Allen, Conover, Bailey, Horan, the St. George's Club, Harvey, Moore, Sprague and Stevens, of the Staten Island; Brewster, Greig and Rogan, of the Manhattan, with Eyre and Ronaldson, of the Staten Island, substitutes. They met the Australians without having had any previous team practice. They were all old cricketers, however. Some had played before in international matches, and the team were not disposed to be awed by the brilliant record of their opponents and accept defeat as a foregone conclusion.

The two teams met for the opening game on the St. George's grounds at eleven o'clock last Tuesday. There was a vast throng of spectators, among them many ladies. The turf and grounds were in excellent condition, and the day a perfect one. The Australians having won the toss sent the New York team to the bat and themselves took the field, assisted as follows: Spofforth, bowler; Blackham, wicket keeper; Horan, long stop; Gregory, slip; Bailey, long slip; C. Bannerman, square leg; Garrett, cover point; A. Bannerman, long off; Allan, point leg; Boyle, mid on, and Murdoch, long on. It will be observed that the omitting altogether of the long leg and the other disposition of the players was peculiar. Squire leg stands close in and well forward, and two men stand respectively at short mid on and short mid off. Clearly all their men are kept in front of the wickets, and the few runs made in the slips showed that this disposition was successful.

Bance and Moore, of the New Yorkers, went to the bat to the bowling of Spofforth and Garrett. So effective was the bowling and fielding that the tenth wicket fell with only thirty-two runs: Bance, 15; Marsh, 8; and Moeran, 9. Cushman ran up thirteen, making one hit for four. There was from the first excellent playing all about the field, assisted as the last wicket fell the score was only sixty-three. The sides were then changed, the New York eighteen taking the field, and the Bannerman brothers went to the bat. The peculiar bowling of Sprague, the base-ball pitcher, proved very annoying, as it was novel to the Australians, and they assumed the defensive. The first occasion of surprise for the specta-

tors was when the champion bat of the team, Charles Bannerman, hit a sharp line ball to Sleigh at mid off, who held it and sent the batter out with a single. Horan, another fine bat, took his place at the wicket and maiden over after maiden over followed until Horan was bowled out by Brewster with only six to his score. A Bannerman was caught out by a splendid play of Conover, and Giles took a long life all from Spofforth, the score meanwhile reaching seventeen. The play following was careful, thorough work on both sides. The New York team's fielding was a constant surprise, the Australians confessing that they had not seen it equalled by any English eighteen. When the last two men were in and twenty-seven runs were yet to be made before the score equaled that of the New York boys, the latter saw fit to change bowlers. This proved a help to the visitors, and they closed the innings with a score of 70. Brewster's bowling in this innings was five wickets for twenty-four runs and twenty-seven maidens bowled over. Sprague took one wicket and bowled twenty maidens over. In the beginning of the second innings, the first three wickets went down with but five runs, but before the fourth fell thirty-four had been put down, and when the stump was drawn at 5:30 p. m. there was a total of thirty-six, with the loss of four wickets.

NEW YORK.

First Inning.		Second Inning.	
Bance, c Spofforth, 15	c and b Boyle, 11		
Moore, c and b Spofforth, 0	c Boyle, b Spofforth, 4		
Harvey, c and b Garrett, 1	b Spofforth, 0		
Cross, run out, 0	c Murdoch, b Spofforth, 0		
Greig, c Blackham, b Garrett, 1	not out, 17		
Souther, c Bailey, b Garrett, 0			
Marsh, run out, 8			
Giles, 1 b w, b Spofforth, 0	not out, 3		
Rogan, c Blackham, b Garrett, 3			
Brewster, b Spofforth, 0			
Moeran, c Bailey, b Spofforth 9			
Stevens, b Spofforth, 0			
Frazer, b Garrett, 0			
Cushman, c Garrett, b Spofforth, 13			
Sleigh, b Spofforth, 6			
Conover, b Garrett, 0			
Allen, b Garrett, 0			
Sprague, not out, 3			
Byes, 2; leg byes, 2, 4	Byes, 2; leg byes, 1, 3		
Total, 63	Total, 38		

FALL OF WICKETS.	
1st inning, 5 8 11 15 25 28 29 32 35 38 46 51 51 63—63	
2d inning, 5 5 5 35	

BOWLING SCORE—FIRST INNING.	
Bowlers.	Balls. Runs. Maidens. Wickets.
Spofforth, 100	30 33 9 8
Garrett, 88	26 10 7 0
SECOND INNING.	
Spofforth, 32	35 3 3
Garrett, 24	11 3 0
Boyle, 16	12 1 1
Allan, 10	2 0 0

AUSTRALIAN FIRST INNING.	
A. Bannerman, c Conover, b Brewster, 3	
C. Bannerman, c Sleigh, b Brewster, 1	
Horan, b Brewster, 1	
Spofforth, c and b Brewster, 9	
Gregory, b Brewster, 9	
Murdoch, run out, 6	
Bailey, b Sprague, 8	
Blackham, b Brewster, 0	
Garrett, c Cross, b Brewster, 4	
Boyle, not out, 19	
Allen, b Souther, 13	
Byes, 2; wide, 13	
Total, 70	
Fall of wickets, 1 6 6 17 24 26 32 36 38 70	

BOWLING SCORE.	
Bowlers.	Balls. Runs. Maidens. Wickets. Wides.
Brewster, 150	24 21 7 0
Sprague, 196	27 29 1 0
Souther, 27	12 3 1 0
Harvey, 9	0 0 0 1

Umpires—Messrs. Frank Crocket for Australia and James Smith for New York.

We go to press before the match was concluded.

PENINSULA CRICKET CLUB.—The Peninsula Cricket Club of Detroit, who play the Australian Cricketers the 11th and 12th insts., have a very good record of success in the past. From 1867 to 1878 inclusive they have played sixty-four games, of which they have won fifty-one. Their last game was with the London, Ont. Club, September 23, the score standing in their favor, 112 in one innings to 81 in two innings.

CRICKET.—The return match between the Belmonts, of Philadelphia, and the Manhattan, of New York, was well played, resulting in favor of the latter by a score of 107 to 103.

POTTSVILLE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: An athletic association was permanently organized on the 25th ult., christened the Pottsville Athletic Association, and these officers elected for the ensuing year: President, T. B. Fielders; Vice-President, Col. J. M. Wetherill; Secretary, W. C. Price; Treasurer, S. H. Kærcher; Board of Directors, B. B. McCool, D. C. Henning and Frank Roseberry. The object of the association is for the development and improvement of the physical powers of its members by the use of such appliances as constitute a well-appointed gymnasium, and by athletic sports. The list of membership, already numbering about one hundred, is composed of leading citizens, both old and young. DOM PEDRO.

Pottsville, Pa., Oct. 1, 1878.

STATEN ISLAND ATHLETIC CLUB.—The fall meeting of this club was held at West New Brighton last Saturday. The programme and performances were as follows:

The one hundred yards dash was won by B. L. Lamontagne, H. A. C., in 10s.; running 107 yards; J. Lafon, Myette B. C., second; Saporita 107.

Hammer Throwing.—William B. Curtis, N. Y. A. C., made the cast of 62ft. 11in.; J. O. Querebrough, Scottish-American A. C., 51ft. 2in.; F. Larken, Princeton College, 77ft. 9in. Mr. Curtis' throw became a record, the hammer was about one pound under regulation weight, and only used on the occasion because a proper one was not to be obtained.

W. J. Duffy, Harlem A. C., landed the one mile run very creditably in 5m. 45s. He defeated Frank Richardson, Manhattan.

In the running high jump W. B. Boers, F. T. A. C., and LL E. Ficken, N. Y. A. C., tied at 5ft. 5in. In jumping off Ficken won.

Twenty-five ran in trial heats for the quarter-mile handicap, H. B. Moritz, Scottish-American A. C. (24 yards) won the final heat in 52.3-64; W. Wheatley, New York (30 yards) second.

The three mile handicap walk had seven starters. B. H. West Adelpi B. B. O., with 2m. 5s. start, won in 24m. 24s. actual time. W. C. Rowland, Staten Island (3m. 55s.), was second in 26m. 33s.-4s., and W. H. Parly, Greenpoint A. C. (scratch), finished third in 23m. 19s.

The Scottish-American A. C. representative, John Britton, whose form is familiar on the Broadway police, put the shot 35ft. 6m., F. Larkin, Princeton College, being second, with 31ft. 7in. Three other entries.

The running broad jump fell to W. T. Livingston, Harlem A. C., with 18ft. 11in. H. Iman, Short Hills A. C. reached 18ft. 6m., W. C. Rowland, Staten Island (3m. 55s.), was second in 26m. 33s.-4s., and W. H. Parly, Greenpoint A. C. (scratch), finished third in 23m. 19s.

Of Fabronio, Scottish-American A. C., had a "walk-over" for the pole vaulting.

The Scottish-American A. C. team beat the New York A. C. team in the tug of war, beat two in three pulls. Winning team—E. Arnold, J. Dunning, C. J. Quakerbaker, A. Thompson. Losing team—William B. Curtis, J. G. Trux, C. H. Trux, G. M. Smith. Times, 45s., 2m. 49s.

The half-mile handicap was won by William Rinaldo. A lad of fifteen, member of the Short Hills A. C. He started with 68 yards, beating twelve others, in 2m. 2-5s. J. Lynch (58 yards) was second.

The Boers won the club hurdle race, one-sixth mile, with five yards start, in 44 seconds. His opponent was C. L. Thorp, same start.

The club quarter-mile run handicap fell to J. H. Rimmer, who went from the scratch, in 55.3-5s.

ARCHERY BOWS.—*Titusville, Pa. Sept. 24.*—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Archery has superseded croquet, and the small urchin to the old gentleman is only happy when in possession of his little bow and arrow.

We have two clubs in our city, with an average attendance of twenty-five members, and as yet have confined our shooting to short ranges of thirty and forty yards, and hope by another season archery will have developed itself as a universal pastime, and some very fine shooting may be expected. So great a call was made for cheaper bows that a party went to manufacturing ash bows. They were nicely made, stained of a yellowish hue, leather handled, and in all made a very showy bow; but time and use have shown to us that they become brittle, lose elasticity, and break when string is located. I, for one, have broken four, one self lancewood included.

Although the cost of the ash bows was not large, it was aggravating enough, for when once accustomed to a bow a change naturally alters the shooting. I have made experiments with our woods, in hopes of finding something durable. After testing the qualities of hickory, ash, cedar, spicewood, ironwood, sassafras, I find the last two much in favor for toughness and elasticity, and the bow going back when string is located. I have now in my possession a 5 feet 3 inches sassafras bow with which I am well pleased. As winter with its other pleasures will soon close the archery season, we will study new ideas, ready for next season. One main point to be determined is a wood for our bows superior to the self lancewood and at a much less cost. We desire to learn the experience of other archers. Arrows with two or three feathers are best.

TEN-MILE WALK.—A ten-mile walk between C. A. Davenport and Leonard Fosdick, for the championship of the New York Life Insurance Company, on the Manhattan Club grounds, last Saturday, was won by the latter in 1h. 31m. 38s.

AMERICAN ATHLETIC CLUB.—*New York, Sept. 28.*—The games were held on the St. George Cricket Club grounds. The seventy-five yard run was won by G. G. Bolding, time, 8 1/4s., and the one-mile walk was won by M. H. Johnson (23s. start), time, 7m. 48s. In the running high jump A. H. Oakes cleared 5ft. 4in. L. E. Gowen was victorious in the two-mile run, time, 12m. 14s. The mile run for the championship of the club was won by J. Magee, time, 5m. 18s.

BROOKLYN ATHLETICS. The games at the Capitoline grounds last Saturday were well attended, the total receipts, about \$300, being devoted to the yellow fever fund. The exercises consisted of running and walking matches, jumping, throwing the stone, lacrosse and baseball. In the high jump J. West cleared 5ft. 6in., against 5ft. for J. Slight. In the three-quarter mile run G. W. Wheatley was first and H. Wilkinson second. J. Campbell was the winner in the 100 yard foot race. The running broad jump was well contested, and Slight was the winner. The prize for the four-mile walk was carried off by Benjamin J. Smith.

EQUESTRIANISM.—This is the very long name of Mr. W. C. Coup's exhibition of trained horses, goats, dogs, etc. These are the horses whose wonderful intelligence and training attracted so much attention at the Aquarium not long ago, and they are as well worth seeing. The Equestrianism is now in this city.

HUGHES AND O'LEARY.—At 2:45 yesterday O'Leary had walked 211 miles and Hughes 190.

—The reopening of the Knickerbocker Cottage billiard rooms, Sixth avenue, this city, last evening, was the occasion for a very pleasant reunion. The club rooms and other apartments of the Cottage have been refitted throughout.

Answers to Correspondents

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Communications.

J. W. P., Chillicothe.—We could not advise you as to a gun. See our advertisements.

RANA PIPERIS.—You spell the name correctly. The frog is *Rana pipiens*, not *Rana pipera*.

B. P., Pittsford, Pa.—My setter, kept chained, has very poor appetite. Ans. Needs more exercise.

W. C. F., Monroe, N. C.—Are the Remington shot-guns full choke-bore or partly so? Ans. Partly so.

Omio.—See our game tables, published Sept. 5. All the game laws for thirty-eight States are there given.

F. O. DeL., New York.—Kerosene is not injurious to dogs unless used too often, or left on too long at a time.

R. W. H., Foxcroft.—Know nothing about the firm nor their guns. We have declined to take their advertisement.

C. A. B., Atlanta, Ga.—The Secretary of the National Sportsman's Association is B. F. Dorrance, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

F. B., New York.—Robin shooting is never permitted upon Staten Island, nor in any other part of New York State.

S. H. L., Bridgeport, Conn.—The "Rine Practice" \$1.50 "Perry's Second Book" costs \$1. We can send them to you.

JARRET, Framingham.—For excellent map of Cnrituck and vicinity address A. Dinden Kohl, publisher, Washington, D. C.

C. F. B., New York.—When was Barnum's Museum burned down near Spring st. or Prince st. Ans. In February, 1867.

RICHARDSON.—No name on a gun; every dealer uses it. Generally a second-class arm. It is a common property to all makers.

YOUNG SNAPPER.—Which is the best country for trapping all kind of fur we want? Ans. Colorado. Arkansas is also a good State.

W. A. G., Long Island.—To break up unlawful fishing give the proper information to your magistrate, and bring the offender to trial.

A. F., Philadelphia.—Wild pigeons migrate in search of food. Their appearance, as you report them, flying south over Philadelphia is nothing unusual.

C. H. B., Philadelphia.—My pup three months old has worms and is as thin as a rat. Nose and appetite good. What shall I give? Ans. Try area nut, followed by castor oil.

H. M. R., New York.—British racing canters are decidedly good sea boats; better, in fact, than their cruisers. It is a popular error to suppose them incapable of keeping the sea.

L. W. S., Hammonctown, N. J.—The symptoms detailed by you—low spirits, inactivity and dull coat—are those of the early stages of distemper. He should be treated accordingly.

ENGLISHMAN, Isle of Man.—What hails my British setter? 'E shakes 'is hears? Ans. You hall him yourself when you holler at him. He shakes 'is ears because he doesn't hear you.

F. N. T., Bridgeport, Conn., and F. P. M., New York.—For game laws of all the States see F. & S., Sept. 5. Good bluefishing at Barnegat; see our fishing reports for the past month.

G. E. A., Boston.—For a few Roy canoes write to Rusbout, Canton, N. Y., and mention our name. Canoe complete will cost \$65 to \$75. His work is first-class in every respect. See advertisement.

W. E., Hackettstown.—You had better address the party for the information directly, as we never use the apparatus. See answer to a correspondent on the same subject you ask for in this issue.

A. N., Philadelphia.—My setter bitch, in heat, had to-day the most violent fit I ever saw in a dog. Ans. The probability is that the fit was induced mainly by her physiological condition; feed low and give a mild purge.

INQUIRE, New York.—Follow our yachting columns, and you will get a clear idea of what the cutter rig is, and its advantages. We consider it very handy for small cruising yachts, fully as much so for large craft.

V. V. X., Washington, D. C.—You will find the game you are question of in Colorado. Do you not read the very instructive letters of our staff correspondent who is now in that region? See his sixth contribution in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM.

E. M. A., Cheesapeake Creek.—The bird you send us is the Florida gallinule. It is generally found in the South Atlantic and Gulf States. Sometimes, but not very common, in this latitude. Has been seen in Massachusetts. Yours is a young bird.

T. L., Jr., St. Paul.—For a varnish such as is used for percussion caps dissolve 1 lb. best gun shellac in 1 qt. rectified alcohol containing 95 deg. of pure spirit. The solution is best made at a temperature of 120 deg. As the alcohol evaporates use a small additional quantity in working.

A. R. C., Providence, R. I.—Your request for the mention of "good hunting grounds" is too indefinite. If you have read our paper you will have seen the mention of scores of good hunting grounds. Hunting fields with "a good market near by" are generally pretty well occupied by professional hunters.

H. S., Salt Lake City, Utah.—The pocket aneroid barometer is shaped very much like a watch, only that with its case it is about twice as large. A good one costs from \$15 to \$25. It is a very good thing to have with you on your mountain trips. Send to the opticians or dealers in sportsmen's goods who advertise with us.

J. R. T., Philadelphia.—You will find good hunting and fishing in the region described in the article "In the Wilds," F. & S., August 2, 1876; page 45. Address the men there designated. If a party is going, carry both rifles and shotguns. There are game laws in Maine, which are published in our issue of Sept. 5.

SPANIEL, Philadelphia.—I have an old English gun that has the name of Aubrey stamped upon it. Could you tell me anything of his ability as a gunmaker? 2. Can you tell me of any person in this city that has spaniel pups for sale? Ans. 1. Such a maker is known to have made good guns forty years ago. 2. Do not know.

E. S. T., Brooklyn.—Patent locks are those having anti-friction arrangements in the centre blocks, which hold the pin of the shackle. They generally consist of a series of composition rollers about the pin, and which, in revolving around the latter, remove the friction produced by the sliding of the shackle over the centre pin in the common block.

READER, Indianapolis.—I have a young pointer that I wish to train for the field. Can you mention a book, or several, if convenient, that will give me some hints regarding it. Ans. "Dog Braking," by W. N. Hutchinson; "Dog Talks to Success," "Youat on the Dog," "Stonehenge on the Dog," etc. Hall's "Sportsman's Gazetteer" is very thorough, practical and simple.

L. S. M., Boston.—Can you send the name of some good locality in this country, within seventy-five miles of this city, where I shall be likely to meet with good partridge and gray squirrel shooting, etc. Ans. No place nearly so good as Barnstable County on Cape Cod. Take Old Colony Railroad to Sandwich. For fullest information, see "Hallow's Gazetteer."

X. Y. Z., New York.—Official time in Brooklyn regatta, June 12, 1877, for *Comet* and *Yacht* is as follows: *Arrow*, start, 1h. 30m., 34s.; arrived, 6h. 43m., 16s.; elapsed time, 6h. 6m., 43s.; corrected time, 6h. 1m., 59s. *Schooner Comet*, start, 1h. 31m., 52s.; arrived, 6h. 50m., 59s.; elapsed time, 6m., 12m., 68s.; corrected time, 6h. 13m., 15s. *Arrow* therefore beat *Comet* by 1m., 25s.

G. B. T., Barnegat.—Please give me composition of red and green fires for boat signals. Ans. Red fire: 32 parts strontian nitrate, 9 of sulphur, 5 of potassium chlorate, and 3 of lamp-black. Green fire: 18 parts of barium nitrate, 8 of sulphur, 4 of potassium chlorate, and 1 of lamp-black. Parts are by weight. Keep dry in bottle. If composition turns slowly rounded rosin will help combustion.

B. B., Philadelphia.—Please give me the charge for single-barrel breech-loading gun, 9 1/2 lbs., 8 bore. The recoil is heavy at 2 oz. Would like to shoot so much or 2 1/2? Should a shell be as long as the chamber? Do brass shells give most penetration? Ans. 1. 5 lbs.

pointer and 1 1/2 oz. shot (ought to be your load, and no more. You would not do so well with more shot. 2. No difference in penetration with paper or metal.

J. H., Hayslope, Mass.—Pointer dog; eyes, a thick yellowish discharge; coat looks rough, and there is quite a scale coming off under his coat; tongue white; lips dry. He rolled in the water a great deal while out hunting. I have given him two doses of castor oil. Ans. Probably has taken cold, and may have inflammation of the lungs. Keep him warm and dry and feed him no meat. Give warm broth, and a little sulphur once a day.

J. W. T., New Britain, Ct.—Do good shooting Greenes recommends to fill up the space in the cartridge on the top of the shot with hot tallow, and when the weather is not to mix wax with the grease. What kind of wax is referred to and what preparation should be used? Has this method been tested in this country and with what success? Ans. We suppose beeswax is meant. We have heard of a drop of oil put in shot, or some tar. It has a tendency to ball shot.

F. L., Santa Rosa, California.—We can recommend the following books as coming nearest to what you want. They are all English works, as nothing of that class has been published in America: "Kemp's Manual of Yacht and Boat Sailing," price \$10; "Vanderdecken's Yacht Sailing," \$3 50; "Vanderdecken's Yachts and Yachting," \$3 50. For building small boats see book numbers of this paper. "Falkland's Sailing Boat," \$10. Can get either of the above for you upon receipt of price.

G. C. P., New York.—Where can I find the best squirrel hunting in Pennsylvania? In what part of Wisconsin is the best general shooting? Ans. For squirrel hunting to the vicinity of Clearfield, or any town in that region. You will find the most ducks, prairie fowl, ruffed grouse (called pheasants), rabbits, plover, etc. In Central Wisconsin, reached by Chicago and Northwestern, and Chicago and Milwaukee and connecting railroads. For larger game go to the northern part of the State, reached by the Wisconsin Central.

J., Baltimore.—1. Will it hurt a pug bitch, which was lined two weeks ago, and which now has mange, to give Fowler's Solution and rub with sulphur ointment? 2. Also, what shall I do for a four-months-old pug puppy pug bitch, which, whenever frightened or excited seems unable to hold its water? Besides, it urinates perhaps thirty times a day. Ans. 1. Would not advise the use of the arsenical ointment. Give slight dose of oil before applying the sulphur ointment, and reduce food a little. 2. Your four-months' puppy will get all over the trouble you mention in time. Would have no solicitude about her.

W. H. S., Philadelphia.—I have a shepherd dog, has a very ugly sore on one of his ears on the outside, close to the head. Discharges a white, pussy looking substance; has been there for about five months; had other sores on his back and a couple on the inside of the ear, but these are all well; have been putting coal oil on them. It cured the others, but does not seem to have any effect on this one. The ear seems thick and swollen, and the dog was very fat. He is not so now. Ans. The dog probably has cancer of the ear. The external sore may need opening; consult a surgeon; if not, then cleanse it and dress it with diluted lead water.

W. E. W., Newark, N. J.—My metal shells swell when I load them. I do not fancy entering or taking out a tight shell when harried, and I do not wish to know where it could be prevented. Would it hurt matters to load them in a block of their own size, or load them in the gun, and then take out ready for use? Would shells of twice the usual thickness of metal lessen the swell if No. 10 wads were used in No. 12 shells? Ans. We do not think any method of loading would help you, nor kind of shell. Possibly it is the gun which is at fault, being a trifle larger than the shells, and the shells in exploding swell to the size of the barrel. You could not force a 10 wad in a 12 shell.

DOCTOR, New York City.—Go to any part of Virginia for quail. You cannot go astray. In parts of the State a shot-gun cannot be found. For ducks, quail, snipe, woodcock, geese, rabbits and small game, go to Accomac and Northampton counties, including Chincoteague, Sinepuxent, Marbath, etc. Reached at little expense by Old Dominion steamer and railroad connections. For deer, bear, wild turkeys, and excellent fishing, go to Kanawha Falls, on Chesapeake and Ohio R. R. For deer and turkeys go to Greenbrier, Brunswick and Augusta counties. Excellent shooting also within a few miles of Norfolk. You can reach most anywhere within twenty-four hours' ride of New York. Would recommend Virginia to any other State just now.

G. A. S., Westfield, Mass.—I have a pointer pup. About a month back the distemper, which I cured by using the salt remedy. A week ago I noticed his eyes twitch, and the head seemed to draw toward the left side, and he would raise his foot at the same time. This would stop him short for a second, and then he would go on all right for a few rods, when the same thing would occur again. This kept growing worse. On the second day he seemed weak in the hind legs, and he staggered and fell in the morning, and foamed at the mouth a little; was up in a minute, apparently all right but for the twitching. The same noon, as I was taking him to a tree in the yard to chain him, he suddenly commenced to yelp and look behind him as though he saw something coming after him. The least noise or harsh words will set him going. It takes a minute or two for him to get over this. He has had two of these turns. The twitching about the eyes and side of the face are kept up all the time. He howls and whines with every breath, as though he was in great pain. Ans. The dog is suffering from nervous disorder, the result of distemper, likely to terminate in St. Vitus' dance. Sometimes quinine (1 to 2 grs.) and nuxvomica (1/4 to 1/2 grs.) will do good.

W. S. R., Danville, Ill.—I have an imported pointer bitch. About six weeks ago she whelped with seven puppies. Five were taken from her and two remained. Puppies apparently well until a recent date, when the bitch came to my bedside, looked at me, and then, whining, fell into a fit. On recovering she went to her puppies. I called a doctor, who pronounced the case to be rabies. One of the puppies died in half an hour, the other in three-quarters of an hour, both in convulsions, froth and blood coming from the mouth of one of them. The bitch had convulsions, putting and expiring in spasms. After noticing her puppies she seemed to grow more and more restless. At length she uttered some at times to grow better, but is still and has no appetite; is very nervous, and gives out a peculiar howl. The Doctor has made an examination of the puppy who died, and found the stomach filled with hair, straw, undigested food and some worms. The cost of the stomach was red and inflamed, as were the lungs. The brain was white and bloodless, the liver, spleen, pancreas and kidney, plural cavity, containing a large amount of bloody serum. I now keep the bitch under surveillance. Please give me your advice. By this time the nature of the disease in the bitch will have fully 1/2 're manifested itself. Some of the symptoms certainly indicate rabies, although highly bred bitches are often liable to a variety of its during the period of suckling. The youngsters no doubt died from the effects of the poisoned milk, the result of the mother's condition. Of course the diagnosis of the physician must be accorded weight, and he should observe the progress of the disease in the bitch until fully demonstrated, when, if rabid, she should be killed. We will be gratified to learn from you the further history of the case.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INSTRUCTION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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* Any publisher inserting our prospectus as above one time, with brief editorial notice calling attention thereto, and sending marked copy to us, will receive the FOREST AND STREAM for one year.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1878.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guaranty of good faith, and be addressed to the FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous communications will be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for dereliction of the mail service if money remitted to us is lost. NO PERSON WHATSOEVER is authorized to collect money for us unless he can show authentic credentials from one of the undersigned. We have no Philadelphia agent.

Trade supplied by American News Company.

CHARLES HALLOCK, Editor.

T. C. BANKS,
Business Manager.S. H. TURILL, Chicago,
Western Manager.

AMERICAN SPORTING TERRITORY.—It is the pride of the Englishman that he may hunt his game the world over and remain all the time on English possessions. The territory open to Americans in their own country is scarcely less in extent or more limited in variety. When a man has thoroughly tested the sport afforded by the widely differing fields to be found in this broad land of ours, from the swamps of Florida to the glens of Washington Territory, he will be either too satiated with the pleasure or too advanced in years to carry the war into Africa or any other exotic hunting region. Indeed, on the contrary, we find the great hunters of Africa, among them Gordon Cummings, as well as the other sportsmen of France and Germany and England, count the cycle of their field days incomplete if they cannot reckon in them some weeks or months devoted to the game of America. When a man considers himself an expert lion slayer it is next in order to him to "tackle" a grizzly. The bear may show him some things not dreamed of in the lion hunter's philosophy.

OUR KENNEL DEPARTMENT.—We are glad that the Kennel Department of FOREST AND STREAM is likely to be the gainer by the recent demise of that eminently respectable paper, the COUNTRY, which lived to so fair an age under the management of our quondam and much esteemed editor, Wm. M. Tilston, Esq. This gentleman has now engaged to serve us in the capacity of Kennel Editor, and will endeavor to draw his lines in the interest of gentlemen sportsmen and fanciers of dogs, as he has always done. We consider him a much desired acquisition, for there is no department of a sportsman's paper which requires so much tact, discernment, discretion and intelligent knowledge of the matters which come within its scope.

—These October days invite us to long tramps over the hills and to rambles through the woods. The wise man will yield to the beguiling influences of the hazy atmosphere and the falling leaf, and go forth to find health for body and spirit.

LONG ISLAND DEPLETED OF GAME.

WHATEVER various causes may have conspired to drive and keep wild fowl and bay birds from the shores of Long Island, the fact that those shores are almost utterly deserted at present is as patent as it is lamentable. Last week four thoroughbred gentlemen sportsmen, of whom we may say ex-Gov. Dix was one, spent several days near Southampton, and scarcely saw a feather, where four years ago there was an abundance of game. Other trustworthy parties bring like reports from various localities. We have not had an opportunity to investigate causes of dearth in many well-known resorts; and it may be that absence of shore birds this fall is due to caprice more than to radical causes, and that the desertion of the great bays by wild fowl during the past and previous years was but incidental and temporary. Of one section, however, we do have positive knowledge, and we regret to say that the causes of dearth are so deep-rooted and positive that no wild fowl will ever appear there again until they are removed. It may be that investigation will result in revelations of like character elsewhere.

Half way down toward the end of that long and picturesque peninsula known by the Indian name of Moutank, and which terminates the southeastern extremity of Long Island, is a sheet of water called Great Pond. It is three miles long and half a mile wide. Ten years ago it was out of reach of tide-water, and grown up all along its edges with a luxuriant morass of the sweet vegetation upon which water fowl love to feed. Then two or three gunners could kill fifty geese on a pleasant day during the season of their migration, and all sorts of ducks were present in thousands. We knew of one party of three men killing 350 broadbills in five days, and this was only eight years ago. About that time, however, some men who had not the fear of being ridden by the ghost of Nimrod before their eyes, cut out the passage-way between the ocean and the pond, so as to allow every tide to sweep in and take possession of the inland lake. Their idea was the cultivation of eels. The result, of course, was that the salt water killed all the sweet sedges and aquatic plants upon which the wild fowl lived; and this fond supply gone, the honking hosts which were wont to stop and linger at their repast in the reedy environs of Great Pond now only whirled once or twice in disappointment above their accustomed haven and then continued on their way. The gunners, therefore, like the geese, have departed, and no more does the sound of the double-barrel echo along far Napeague, or vie with the ever-booming surf.

This is an unfortunate state of affairs for all parties concerned, unless possibly we may except the wild fowl. The people who live in the neighborhood no doubt obtain a small profit by the increased catch of eels, for which they have provided so ample a harbor; but, granting that as an eel-pond Great Pond is serviceable, we are confident that as a game preserve it would be more so. There was a time when large numbers of sportsmen were in the habit of "going on Moutank" to shoot wild geese and ducks, sure of good sport there. These sportsmen left money behind them, and where one went ten years ago five gunners would go now, and as a matter of course, the farmers of the vicinity, transformed for the nonce into hosts, would find five times as much money in their pockets. Now, however, no sportsman except plover and woodcock shooters go there, for wild fowl no longer flock at the pond. It would certainly be good policy for the proprietors to sacrifice their eels, shut out the salt water, and pray that the duck-weed and sweet flag make haste to grow again. Then they will have an attraction to advertise worth considering, and will reap a good harvest of both money and gratitude.

If the Moutankers won't take our hint, then we advise some dozen or so of gentlemen interested in the sport to obtain the title to the spot, which could probably be had very cheaply—since, as we are informed, only \$50 a year is paid by the eel culturists—and restore it to its pristine condition. Two or three years would suffice. The original outlay would be small, and the annual expense only sufficient to pay a watchman to keep the natives from tearing down the dam and making a public eel pond of it again. We honestly believe that the subsequent sport and the sale of shooting privileges would not only satisfy the stockholders for their investment, but afford a handsome profit.

A MISCONSTRUCTION OF SPORT.

THE *London Spectator*, in a recent issue, decanting on the death of Mr. George Payne, the Master of the Pichley Hunt, goes very much out of the way to decry sport in general, and to throw opprobrium on the leading sporting journal of the world, the *London Field*. The *Spectator* says, noting the drift of popular taste, "that every year the space devoted in the political journals to sport increases, while the demand for it advances, till proprietors are compelled to use type which is almost too small to read, and the 'latest betting' crowds out the latest debate." * * * Also, that there is "a thirst, apparent in all grades of society, for pleasure; better, no doubt, in some respects, than the pleasure provided by the music hall, but at least as destructive of steady devotion to work of all kinds, the industry and the self sacrifice, which have made England great."

Persons familiar with that crabbedness of the *Spectator*, which dictates so many articles of an acerbic character, are not at all astonished at such expressions. Between the person of the late Mr. George Payne and the general subject

the English reviewer writes about, there is by no means as perfect a connection as the author of the article indicates. It is true, Mr. Payne was a sportsman, as England once understood it. Inheriting a vast fortune, he soon left his handsome estates at the Derby and Epsom and Crookford's. To run horses, to frequent races, to follow the hounds, to be master of the greatest fox hunting club in England, was Mr. Payne's chiefest ambition. Thanks to just such an intrinsically great journal as is the *London Field* and its influence, that sole horsy element, which might have been the only one in the time of the regency which was cared for by the sportsman, has had substituted for it other and more ennobling objects. It may be said, in honor of all the leading English sporting journals, that the sports of the forest and the stream have drawn men from the race course and betting stand, and taught them how to find health and recreation in more wholesome fields. These journals have done more than this. Thanks to them, a man, after the toil and trouble of work, has gained new life—fresh pleasures in the absolute study of the animals, birds and fish which the Almighty has placed on this earth. This appreciation of all the forms of nature tempers his amusements. Sporting journals of the higher class all show the elevating tendency, and are no longer simple records of horse racing or boxing, but have educated vast audiences to other and higher aims. A crusade against sport, such as the *Spectator* makes, shows an utter ignorance of what true sport is; for the author never could have taken the time to read what was best in English journalism on the subject he treats about. If clerks are devoted to athletics, what on earth can be better for them? When the brain is fagged out with poring over ledgers, the body cramped, the lungs suffocated by the close air of counting-rooms, shall not the jaded man find recreation and health in the fields? It is not given to many like, perhaps, to the *Spectator* writer, to take his horse and ride, in order to recover the vim he may have lost in inditing the very article he has so acrimoniously compiled.

We may be thankful that articles of the character we have commented on are so much ink and paper wasted. As long as God has made man, the man will and must find recreation. Mind and body seek relaxation, and the morals of the general public, both in England and America, have been improved, and will continue to improve if they seek even to a greater degree, in honest ways, that recuperation of the vital energy which true rational sport only can give. The whist player or the racing man is not to our taste any more than to the writer in the *Spectator*; but the idea that the vital life of a nation is impaired by reason of its fondness for athletic amusements is simply absurd. The most perfect man is he who can read in his study his Greek tragedy, or clearly understand a dry digest of international law, and then, dropping the dusty tomes on the green-sward, run his mill, or on the lawn stand hat in hand before the stumps, or on the cool river handle the oars. We all must seek for that counterpoise between brain and brawn, and the *Spectator* may snarl for years to come about the coachman who said of the gentleman, "He was a gentleman! He never did nothing, and he'd such lots of horses!"—and still the world will do what it can to amuse itself, for amusement brings with it a better life, and even the forebode of future happiness.

Evidently the source of the *Spectator's* information must have been derived from "Tom and Jerry." Thackeray tells in his "Roundabout Papers" how, tempted by curiosity, he went to the British Museum to look over this old book of Pierce Egan's. The style of writing, he was compelled to own, was not pleasing; it was even vulgar; and a description of sports and amusements of London and of England in the ancient times, hardly more than fifty years ago, were to him more curious than amusing.

MIDSUMMER JAUNTS OUT WEST.

BY THE EDITOR.

JAUNT THE FIFTH.

ASHLAND, Wisconsin, Sept. 1878.

K. BROTHEN EDITORS:

My Ashland letter should have been written and forwarded to you six weeks ago, while yet it was midsummer; but now, as I write, an early frost has touched the maples with crimson, and the ash with yellow, and the guests who could then scarcely keep cool, even in these northern latitudes, have scattered to their respective homes. The friends who fished with me in Fish Creek, Sioux River, Whittell's Brook and over at the "Rocks," on the West side of Chequamegon Bay, have departed, and the few who remain here for the fall shooting find a merry crackle and genial warmth in the camp-fires.

Over the bay at Green's farm, when I was there, the deer used to run with the cattle on the meadows, and I doubt not some sportsman has made good venison of them by this time. All around Ashland is excellent deer shooting. The woods are full of swamps, and bears find ample shelter in the thick jungle. A good bag of woodcock can be made in season at the head of the bay, and mallards, teal and geese give excellent sport throughout the present month.

I have always regretted that fashion seems to have set the limit to the rural hotel season. The heats of the summer are simply to be endured, but the crisp, vivifying atmosphere of autumn is to be enjoyed. Those who rusticize usually experience about as few of the delights of country life as the attendants on a camp meeting do of the joys of heaven. They swelter through the dusts and heat of summer under the

shade and shelter of a piazza, and go home to the dust and heat of town just so soon as the temperature becomes tolerable, and the forests put on their golden garbure. They know as little of the charms of the country as those who visit Florida in midwinter and return before the orchids empy the bare limbs of the trees, or the roses and jasmynes enrich the earth with their bloom and fragrance. There is no portion of the year so delectable to the sportsman and the lover of nature as the months of September and October in Wisconsin and her sister States adjacent. Still, my recollections of my summer saunterings on Lake Superior are quite unalloyed, and whether they take me back to the river channel which courses through the tangled woods, or among the verdure-clad and verdure-crowned rocks of the Apostle Islands, the hues which I recall are all either rose-tinted or cerulean. I remember only the bright sunshine which made the day happy, and the blue bosom of the broad lake where its sparkles glinted and flashed. If the mid-day were torrid, we took a siesta in the thick woods, as the deer do, or pushed our skiff into one of the cool caverns which honeycomb the sandstone cliffs along the Superior shore. I wrote you of these cliffs in my last year's letter, and told you how the year of time and the elements had beaten and chiselled the soft rocks into all sorts of fantastic shapes, so that the cliffs look like battresses and ramparts, and the caves like gateways to ancient castles. Well, the big trout which are caught here lie in the shadows of the arches, like liveried flunkies in waiting, and so we anglers, knowing their foibles, paddle up cautiously, with our rods and light tackle, and quietly give them the "tip," as they say in England; and the joke of it is, we take a rise out of them every time. Of course it is an imposition upon their credulity, but it scores one to our basket, and that is where the laugh and the fish come in together. In some places masses of rock which have been split off by the frost from the ledges above have tumbled into the water below, and around these there is always good fishing. Fly-fishing is the approved mode, and there can be nothing more comfortable to the angler than to sit in his skiff and cast, regardless of his back line, which has the whole bay for scope, in toward shore, and when he has hooked a fish, be allowed the whole of Lake Superior to play him in. But bait-fishing is not a tabooed art by any means, and the man who can toss his minnow straight into a crack or under a beelling ledge is not to be despised. He will take fish where the other fails. The most expert local fisherman, with bait or fly, is Jim Chapman, of Bayfield. He is a merchant, and as he never allows his business to interfere with pleasure, one generally finds his store closed and himself down at the rocks. This year the rock-fishing was poor, owing to the absence of minnow, which is the natural food of the trout and the best bait for them; so, after a test or two, Jim devoted his attention to the streams which flow into the lake for forty miles or so along shore. He has a pretty steam launch with which he can reach them easily, and parties can usually charter this craft and Jim's services and put in a few days most profitably. The past season two parties, one composed of the Hon. Henry M. Rice, of Minnesota, and friends, and the other of lawyer Bowman, *et al*, of St. Louis, made most notable catches on Sand and Sioux rivers, their takes counting several hundreds. One fishing party was composed entirely of clergymen, from various States, eleven in all. Their vacation extended over several weeks, with enviable good fortune to themselves and credit to the reputation which has always attached to the cloth since the days when the Apostle Peter went fishing with a hook. In one single day no less a number than forty persons left Bayfield with outfits for extended cruises, some to the outer islands, and others to the rivers along the lake coast.

These rivers are for the most part clear and very cold, winding through unbroken forests, and much obstructed by fallen trees and drift, requiring frequent use of the axe to clear a passage. Boats ascend several miles, however, with no great difficulty, and the comparative immunity from flies and mosquitoes makes camping delightful, and enhances the enjoyment of those in search of rest as well as recreation. The principal streams within thirty miles are the Upper White River, the Long Lake Branch and the South Branch of the White River, Fish Creek, Whittlesley's Creek, Vandewent's Creek, Sioux River, Onion River, Trout Brook, Brunsweiler, Marengo, Silver Creek, Sand River, Raspberry and Pike's Creek, all accessible by boat or railroad. I, as well as Messrs. Munson, Pratt, Prince, and others, have sent to you, from time to time, brief notes and longer descriptions of many of them. To describe here would be simply to repeat the narrative of the toilsome ascent of rapids, the carries around obstructions, the sacking over shoals, the chopping away of logs and drift, hauling over cross-timbers, dodging under sweepers, paddling or rowing over stretches of still water, and pushing or poling when the stream is turbid. To make a long story and a long journey short, the best fishing is at headwaters, and he who can inveigle the fish most successfully by poking his bait and sinker among roots, logs and brush, will capture the heaviest fish and make the biggest trout. Success depends less upon faith than on strength of tackle. There are, to be sure, many long stretches of river which afford good fly-casting, and taken all together there is sufficient diversity to make the excursions pleasant. Besides the trout streams there are numerous bass, pike and muskellunge lakes, accessible by the Wisconsin Central Railroad, which has opened up the wilderness regions of Northern Wisconsin to the lumberman and sportsman. The best known of these are Lake Harriet, Dryden's Lake and Butternut. This whole section is interspersed with large and small lakes, swamps, sloughs and

marshes, all in their primitive state and constituting the source of the St. Croix, Chippewa, Rush, Wisconsin, Menominee, and minor rivers, with their tributaries. Until the Central Wisconsin Railroad was built last year these wilderness streams were the only thoroughfares for getting the logs and lumber to market, but with the railroad as accessory, much of the wilderness is made available which could not be reached before. All along the line, from Stevens Point, which lies nearly in the centre of the State, to Ashland, on Lake Superior, steam saw mills have been erected and villages have sprung up around them, some of which have already expanded into very considerable towns. Each mill is the centre of a great industry, which is fed and kept in activity by rude tramways of logs extended far into the pines, over which the timber harvests of the logging swamps are transported by horse power or steam. These tramways are the quaintest imaginable, laid without much regard to grade or direct lines; and a very novel and amusing sight it is to watch the strings of trucks, each laden with from 1,500 to 2,000 feet of logs, rumbling and jolting over the roughnesses of the road, as they wind through and emerge from the deep recesses of the forest. Very absurd, too, to look at, are the little engines which are used. Upon the rear end of a platform car is perched an upright boiler six feet high by four feet in diameter, crowned by a smoke-pipe leading from the fireplace underneath. In front is a water tank, three feet in diameter by five feet high. The driving gear with the driver at the lever, stands between the boiler and the tank. The motor consists of two 6x9 cylinders with link motion, placed on an upright stand and connected with a pair of drivers by two heavy Evert chains running over spur wheels, while the two axles are likewise connected by the same kind of chain, thus making all the wheels drivers. There is a light housing over all, consisting of a tin roof upon uprights of inch gas-pipe. Each engine is of 50-horse power, and will draw from six to eight loaded trucks. Its cost is only \$1,400, and its weight about 800 pounds. With these contrivances, the whole system of lumbering is likely to be revolutionized. Instead of depending upon winter snows for hauling, and the caprices of uncertain streams for driving, lumbering will be carried on chiefly in summer, and uninterruptedly all the year round; and regions remote from water courses will be just as available as those penetrated by rivers. When one section is exhausted, the tramways may be taken up and relaid in other directions, and thus we shall sooner and more easily reach the end of our timber supply, which, we are told, is so nearly exhausted that in a few years more we shall realize, as fully as those who dwell on the treeless prairies, the inconvenience and absolute distress occasioned by a scarcity of wood.

In following the route of the Wisconsin Central Railroad from Milwaukee to Ashland, I wrote you last year that all that portion south of Stevens Point was long since settled and improved. Stevens Point was the outpost and distributing point for the almost unexplored wilderness beyond, until the road was extended and completed fifteen months ago. Aside from the lumber interest and the growth of settlements along the line which it is interesting to watch and compare from time to time, there is little to engage the attention of the tourist or break the monotony of continuous forest for 160 miles after leaving Stevens Point. Probably in no other part of the United States can such a stretch of uninterrupted wilderness be traversed. To conductors and trainmen who pass it almost daily the year round, the journey must be irksome, but to me there is something entrancing in the complete isolation and sublime solitude. I can study the grandeur of the towering pines and contemplate the impenetrable swamp and the far-reaching morass with an interest which kindness we advance. For miles together we see no living creature. If there be tenants which people the forest, they lie close in cover while we pass. No birds are on the wing. Occasionally we see wigwams of Indians, half hidden in the underbrush, but the occupants are invisible. While we move, the thunder of the engine wakes the echoes; when we stop, all is silent. The hiss of the escaping steam has a hollow sound. When the sun shines the lights and shadows are cheerful, but when night falls the solitude is felt. Then the glow of the headlight flashes out in a bright ray far in advance, and we trace the parallel lines of steel which lead us by a fixed and certain pathway to our desired haven. Behind us the track is just as positive, and he who does not deviate therefrom will not be lost. But let us imagine ourselves set down in the selfsame spot, dropped into the wilderness, as it was before this road was built; how helpless we should be in our solitude! How slight our chances of escape! Then, indeed, would we realize the vastness of this 160 miles of unbroken wilderness. The experience would be different from our midsummer jaunt in parlor cars, surrounded with all the luxuries of travel, with ice in the water-cooler, cigars for refreshment, and the inevitable train boy to tempt us with apples, peanuts and the latest pictorial and dime novel.

Thirty-five miles before reaching Ashland, the road crosses the Penoka iron range at a height of 1,000 feet above Lake Superior, and after passing the summit, touches the Bad River, a boisterous, dashing stream, whirling through rocks, rapines and broken landscapes, crossing it some dozen times in seven miles. Next it jumps Silver Creek, over an iron bridge ninety feet high and 600 feet long, and then, in a few miles more, another iron bridge, 102 feet high and 1,560 feet in length, which is said to be the largest of its kind in the world, with one exception. From the car window the traveler looks down upon the tops of the largest pines which line the river bottom for miles above and below the bridge, and

fill the valley with a dense foliage, through which the sparkling river can be seen at intervals.

Six miles further on the pretty village of Ashland lies stretched along the shore of Chequamegon Bay in two parallel streets which extend for two miles or more. It is perched on a high bluff, which is broken at a half dozen regular intervals by ravines, or cooleys, and these being bridged, give a picturesque diversity to what would otherwise be a continuous level. An unbroken forest lies directly in the background. The only pretentious buildings are the new court house and the hotel, which has now become noted as one of the most commodious and desirable summer resorts in the Northwest. The site is charming. The broad bay in front is five miles wide, flanked by high hills and red sandstone cliffs, and it extends for eighteen miles, broken at intervals by projecting points of land and the inflow of several rivers. In the farthest distance at the mouth of the bay can be seen, when the sun is shining, the white houses of Bayfield on the one side, and of La Pointe opposite, with the rounded outlines of the Apostle Islands between; to which places an excursion by sail yacht or steamer is one of the favorite pastimes of summer sojourners. Six miles east, along the shore where the Bad River empties, is an Indian reservation which affords an interesting visit to strangers. The natives come almost daily to the hotel to sell berries and trinkets. There is usually a summer camp at the head of the Bay, three miles distant, near the mouth of Fish Creek; and here the phenomenal tides of Lake Superior can be observed at best advantage, for there is a bar across the creek which at times prevents the passage of a skiff, while at others it allows a draft of two feet of water. The interval between the ebb and flow is often less than half an hour, but the tides occur at irregular and uncertain intervals. I have often made my boat fast at the edge of the water on a shelving beach and afterward found it high and dry, twenty feet away. Two miles from Bayfield is another Indian reservation, and a few miles farther west the headquarters of the Agency, comprising a dock, barns and several large buildings neatly painted.

Bayfield and Ashland are rivals. Bayfield is by long odds the most picturesque. It occupies a slope at the foot of a mountain, and is flanked by a wood cliff on the east. On the top of the mountain is a lake whose waters, conducted into the village by pipes, fill the pretty yards with sparkling fountains and the houses with comfort. Outlying islands enrich the landscape, and afford abundant sport to the angler. Delectable trout streams are accessible, and the track of the great lake steamers lies at the door. The cool southwest wind modifies the summer heat and drives the mosquitoes back into the woods behind. But Ashland has that which Bayfield has not, namely, a first-class hotel, and so, while Bayfield may captivate the anglers who rough it, Ashland enjoys the cream of the summer patronage. There is talk of building a grand hotel, and an apparent demand for it seems to warrant success to the enterprise. This season there has been a marked increase of visitors, who have congregated from all parts of the United States. Certainly, the attractions are greater than can be found at most inland resorts.

When I left this cosy nook on Lake Superior to plunge again into the 186 miles of wilderness of which I have written, I turned my back upon one of the most favored spots on earth. I shall ever remember the gorgeous sunsets, the cool evenings and the lingering twilights, which did not wholly fade until after the hour of nine o'clock. So, happily, may be the departure of all our lives—radiant at the close, like the candle which flashes and is then snuffed out, or the autumn foliage which crimsones ere it falls.

HALLOCK.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.]

ROCKY MOUNTAIN WANDERINGS. No. 8.

MY last letter to you was dated "In Camp on the Wagon Hound." Leaving that gameless country on the morning of Saturday, we reached Medicine Bow early in the afternoon of that day, and as Como, a small station seven miles from the former place, was our objective point we determined to push on and make our port before night. We stopped long enough at the Bow for Tommy to feed and water his mules, and started in a drizzling rain. The seven miles was accomplished in the surprisingly short time of three hours, and this amid the lamentations of Tom who complained of the rough road, which was in fact very good, as roads go here, wet weather, and so forth. He was not much to blame, however, as the return trip to the Bow must be made by him before night, and the rain from a drizzle had developed into a first-class storm. Arrived at Como the unpacking of our mull, various goods occupied some time, but finally Tom was ready to start back, and with a parting good-bye, and the remark that he would take it slow going home (which evoked audible smiles from the party), he bellowed his team and crawled out of sight over the bluff.

Two years ago the population of Como, resident I mean, was fourteen, but this it must be confessed included eight dogs and a cat. The census of 1878 makes the resident population nine, including men, woman, children, dog and cat. Children and cats are running up the count in a surprising manner, and we predict a large increase before the next census.

Como was not, before the railroad, and is now only to the extent of the station, whose genial and efficient young manager, Mr. W. E. Carlin, is now sitting near me, and the section-house, containing all the female population, covered by one capacious calico wrapper-like garment, her faithful spouse and

the brood of offspring, whose exact number I have not yet determined.

Como is a namesake of the beautiful and picturesque Italian town, and though not daring to rival it in grandeur of surroundings is yet appropriately named. Lake Como in Wyoming is a clear crystal sheet of water, slightly alkaline, blue as the sky it reflects, with several bays and indentations, and stretching from close by the railway line about two miles to the north-east. Its shores are diversified by alternate overhanging bushes, white sandstone cliffs twenty feet in height, and prairie lands sloping to the water's edge. Its depth varies from three to twelve feet, and the sole denizens of its opaque waters are the curious *Sireon Uchenoides*, changing into the lizard-like *Amblystoma* of terrestrial habits, a few water beetles (*Hydrobius* and *Hydrophilus*), and this year for the first time, frogs and the transitional tadpole. The bed of the lake is in most parts covered with a beautiful vein-like growth of moss, with spaces between of clear white clay, the whole having a very attractive and fishy look. The surface, though, to a sportsman's eye, presents the keenest attractions. Groups of ducks float at all seasons lightly on its ripples, and in the fall days the golden October sun looks down upon its surface literally covered with water fowl. Mallards, gadwalls, shovellers, sprigalls, the three varieties of teal, *Carolinensis discors* and *cyanoptera*, with occasional flocks of canvas backs, red heads, scaups and a few geese, mostly *Canadensis*.

The country about Como is rich in geological treasures, and its beds of fossil remains are yet but slightly worked. The rock exposures are wholly of Mesozoic age, and fine sections from the middle Cretaceous down to the base of the Triassic can be found in the vicinity. From the Jurassic beds have been obtained, by parties in the employ of Professor Marsh of Yale College, some of the most remarkable forms of fossil animals yet known from this country. Gigantic dinosaurs of the most diverse descriptions, others very small and with thin and bird-like bones, fishes, turtles, crocodiles and a single mammal make up the strange list of Como's ancient Jurassic life. Some of the larger saurians must, when alive, have weighed many tons.

Sunday following our arrival here we spent in rest and recuperation, cleaning and oiling our guns and rifles, which were something the worse for the weather, writing our letters, and so on. On Monday we repair to the shores of the lake to investigate its resources. By direction of Mr. Carlin, who *en passant* is a first-rate gun shot, I make a circuit and place myself on the extreme point of a neck of land which juts out into the lake and incloses quite an extensive bay, on whose glassy waters I can, from my concealment, descry numerous groups of teal and mallard peacefully feeding. Carlin I can see crawling slowly toward them, lizard-like on all fours, at the point where the bow attains its greatest curvature. Now he has gained the rushes which furnish an admirable blind, and still the ducks, innocent and unsuspecting, chatter together, sip the water, nearly fresh at this place, and pursue their various avocations. Numerous single birds and pairs float by me as I wait, and with the moving waters reflecting the clouds and bordering landscape it looks most like the moving slides of the kaleidoscope. As Carlin rises, the ducks, with a roar of wings, take to flight, and simultaneously the puff of smoke is seen and the double detonation rolls from shore to shore. A half dozen birds drop to the water, and now my turn is coming, and the birds, broken into smaller bunches, are bearing down upon me. You all know without an attempted description how the birds look, as with outstretched necks they sail steadily down toward the bush or brush house, intent only on the dreadful enemy in their rear; how their wings quiver in the sunlight and their anxious heads turn this way and that seeking a haven of rest and security. And you all know the feelings thrilling the breast of the hunter lying in wait for the surely-approaching quarry, how he tightly grasps his gunstock and barrels, and with flashing eye takes his measures and singles out his birds; perhaps two are about to cross, or closely huddled offer a triple shot. So I calculate my chances, and my dear old gun speaks volumes; first to right, then to left, and three birds close their wings and, splashing on the water, lie still. The lovely panorama, a moment before delighting my eyes from this water-mirror, is now utterly obliterated, and the tiny wavelets circling wider and wider from the centre soon efface all semblance of land and sky and leave but a conglomerate of blue, green and gray. "Bitters" (an intelligent Newfoundland dog) is soon retrieving the birds one by one, and one bag from the lake at this point numbers eight birds, five mallards, two gadwalls and a green-winged teal.

Now we cross the ridge and betake ourselves to the extensive marshes, formed by the overflow of a small fresh-water creek which runs into the lake and by numerous fresh springs which here abound. Tall rushes cover its whole expanse with their thick green stalks, and progress is necessarily slow, made more so, too, by the constant falls as the mallards, or teal, sprung by ones and twos from the spring holes and creek sides, fall here and there to the constant bang-bang of the guns. The walking is tedious in the extreme, deep holes abound at every step, and being covered with the long grass and dead reeds form admirable pitfalls for the luckless sportsman. This ill, however, is more than compensated by the abundance of birds. Marsh hawks are seen on every hand, but so bold are they that often one will descend to snatch a dead or wounded teal before we can bring it to bag; but the bird of prey pays the penalty of his life in more than one instance for his daring robbery.

This sport, even with its inconveniences, is admirable. It is exciting to a degree, and when one is fortunate enough to

make a double shot, as a pair of mallards spring quacking from their ready home, the feeling is one akin to triumph. Wilson's snipe, too, are in season, very plenty here, but we are a trifle too early, though a few are flushed in the open spots of the marsh. The buckskin cord suspended across our shoulders grows more and more weighty, and before we have traversed a half of the ground we are fain to confess that we have had enough sport of the kind for one day and, loaded with eighteen fine fat ducks in prime condition, we retrace our steps to the station and arrive in time to enjoy a hearty lunch with the balance of the population, resident and moving.

Toward evening we are again on the war trail, this time to "try a whiff" at the sage grouse. The sage grouse, *Centrocercus urophasianus*, is a poor table bird, excepting when young, say three-quarters grown; and even then the bird must be dressed soon after being killed. The reason for this, as many of your readers are aware, is that their almost exclusive, or very general diet of sage seeds and leaves permeates the flesh, causing a strong, sometimes pungent odor and taste. This fact, to my mind, detracts much from the sport, for who enjoys the killing of game merely for the sake of killing, and with no after benefit to accrue? Still, off we start, hoping to fall in with a brood of young birds. No dog is obtainable, so we do the next best thing, go without. A flock is soon found, and the birds, great things as large as a hen-turkey, are walked up. Instead of crouching down and attempting to hide they stalk slowly in front of us until two or three of their number, taking wing, are easily dropped, when the whole flock clumsily rise, fly three or four hundred yards and drop again. The killed and wounded are left on the field and we proceed in search of birds of more tender flesh and age. Luckily we find an old cock and hen with seven pretty well-grown young, the latter lie well, and of the seven that we almost kick from the sage brush we bag six. They are about the size of a hen and, being dressed and cooked, made fair food. Our flat-baring been pronounced against sage grouse shooting as a sport, and they, when cooked, having been stigmatized as "a poor dish," we clean our guns of the powder expended in their pursuit and make ready for our next turn with the ducks.

So the days of our stay at Como glide by, days filled with pleasant out-door work and nights filled with restful, dreamless sleep. Occasionally the monotony of grouse and duck shooting is varied by a tramp to Rock Creek for deer, or an antelope hunt fills out the measure of another day. As the hour for my departure draws near I cannot but take a retrospect of the weeks spent near this locality, the pleasant friendships and acquaintances formed with the generous, open-hearted plainmen and mountaineers.

The tedious days' climbing, the return to camp and supper of choicest viands, then around the camp fire the thrilling story of border life, the rollicking, reckless song and the silly night beside the dying embers and beneath the starry and moonlit canopy of heaven; all this, *manet alta in mente repositum*; *olim et hac meminisse iuvabit*.
Como, Wyoming.

ORTYX VIRGINIANUS.—In Particular.—The people of Virginia are waking up to the importance of game preservation in that State, and the heaven of conservatism is even working strongly in the mountains; thanks to the efforts of the Fish Commissioners, the State Game Protective Society, and those earnest and time honored papers, the *Richmond Dispatch* and *Richmond Whig*. Fortunately, the State of Virginia comprises at this time one of the best game preserves in America. In some sections the quail are as numerous as the multitude sent into the famishing camp of the Israelites in their journey to the Red Sea and beyond. Verily, the Virginian Cannan is like unto the Canaan of Caleb and Joshua, those stout henchmen of the patriarch Moses, who stayed the hands of the great leader and explorer uplifted in surprise at the fruitfulness of a land overflowing with quail, good grapes, peach and honey. If there is any gentleman in the State capable of testifying to the actual facts as herein stated, it is the senior editor of the *Richmond Dispatch*, whose palate, though long exercised, has not lost its nicety of perception, nor his knife and fork their cunning. By long study of the anatomy of the bird, and careful dissection of its edible parts, assisted by such gentlemen of the cloth as Messrs. Ott, Palmer and Zettell, of Richmond, he has become perfectly familiar with the natural history of the *Ortyx virginianus*, and can give full information as to its habitat, where it incubates and where it alights when full-fed. We hope that the present abundant supply of this most succulent and edible bird may continue as long as he lives.

DER DEUTSCHE JAGDZEITUNG.—Mr. Franz Von Ivernois, of Eilenburg, Prussia, has sold his popular paper, the *Jagdzeitung*, to Col. Otto v. Corvin, of Leipzig, and turned his attention more to practical sport.

Von Ivernois made an excellent sporting journal, and his enterprise in securing material for its columns was not limited to the area of his own Germany. He made his readers acquainted with sport and leading sportsmen all over the world. But Von Ivernois is a young man, of abundant means to enjoy leisure, tired of editorship (which is apt to be drudgery, if not a "dog's life"), and panting for more active duty. So he pulls up stakes for Homburg, where he expects to have a better opportunity to satisfy his passion for hunting than in Eilenburg. His successor is a veteran of sixty-six years, who started the first sporting paper in Germany forty years ago. It was a daily paper called the *Jäger*, which lived for a few

years until the revolution of 1848-9. Corvin has had enough of life's vicissitudes and is now ready to drop into a routine. So both parties are satisfied.

The Colonel is so well known in America and England, and his career has been one of such varied and exciting character that we are tempted here to furnish a brief biography elicited from his own pen two months ago. We quote extracts from a letter dated

LEIPZIG, July 6, 1878, 73d Hauptmannstr. 1.
Dear Sir—I commanded 1849 in Baden, defended Badstadt against the Prussians, was condemned to be shot, was graced with six years confinement, etc., etc. After that I was banished, and went, 1856, to England, and in 1861, to America as Special Correspondent to the *London Times* and the *Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung*. When the *Times* became inimical against the Union, I gave up my connection with that paper, became a citizen of the District of Washington, entered American service, etc., etc. My family is well known in the United States. Tom Corvin was a son of my father's brother, who emigrated to America as early as about 1750. In 1861 I returned to Germany as special to the *New York Times* (under Mr. Raymond). I have written about a dozen English books, published by my friend Put. Bentley, in London; been a contributor to Dickens' "All the Year Round" these 20 years, etc. At present I am occupied with publishing a new edition of my great Universal History, illustrated. I have been a sportsman as long as I can think. Though I am 65 years old, I am not yet lame, or tilted, or bald. They say I am made of India rubber and steel. Thus I may last yet a couple of years—accidents excepted.

Col. Corvin adds:—

I hope, dear sir, that we will continue to entertain the same good relation existing between your paper and Mr. v. Ivernois. What I can do to serve you I shall do with the utmost pleasure. Though I published also—40 years ago—a hippological paper—the *Marshall* (monthly)—and advertised all about horses, etc., I do not care now for the turf, and my paper is devoted mostly to what the Germans call "Jagd," though I do not exclude fishing and other sports, if specially interesting. I shall draw freely from your interesting columns, and wish you might find it worth the while to do the same from mine. If you would accept my offer I would with pleasure acknowledge your contributions. Now and then something might turn up which might interest you.

CORVIN.
We feel much complimented by these expressions of interest by our German confrere, and shall certainly be pleased to reciprocate not only his sentiments of friendship but tangible evidences of active good will.

GAME PROTECTION.

ACRON.—The first thing in oratory, according to the reply of Demosthenes, is action, the second thing is action, the third thing is action. We all read that in the reading book emphasis exercises when we were school boys. It is also our reply to the correspondents who are continually asking "How can we stop the violation of the game laws?" Stop it by action. When men are seen to break other laws they are usually apprehended and punished. If the game laws are just and worthy of being observed, their observation demands also an active interest in every law-abiding citizen. Do not write to us. Give us your information to the magistrate, and insist upon an enforcement of the statute.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Massachusetts Kennel Club, holding that it is the object of their organization to promote improvement in the breeding and management of dogs, and that without game several of the most prominent breeds of dogs cannot be brought to their highest perfection, have appointed a committee to take measures for a more thorough enforcing of the game laws of the State. The committee are: John Fottler, Jr., Chairman; Edward P. Brown, J. Nelson Boelard, Francis B. Greenough and George Delano. This is a most commendable and common-sense move. In undertaking such fundamental work as this the Massachusetts Club have set a praiseworthy example for other kennel clubs.

CENTRAL NEW JERSEY SOCIETY.—The Central New Jersey Game and Fish Protective Association of Plainfield, N. J., has a rapidly-increasing membership. The association was organized last March, with the following officers: President, William H. Sterling; Vice-Presidents, Dr. Charles A. Hart, Wilson Young and John L. Holly; Secretary, W. L. Force; Treasurer, George Squier; Counsel, George P. Suydam; Directors, E. P. Thorn, Percy C. O'Neil, William H. Sterling, Isaac Brokaw, Martin Schenck, John Ball, Thomas Acken, Thomas De Heusey, Rinaldo S. Little.

WEST JERSEY GAME PROTECTIVE SOCIETY.—The sportsmen of New Jersey are exhibiting a most commendable zeal in the better enforcement of the State game protective laws. The West Jersey Society are as thoroughly systematic in their work as any existing organization of a similar character in the country, and at the annual meeting in Camden the other day the reports showing the progress of the Society and the work accomplished during the past year was a gratifying exhibit. Besides a very efficient police service, there are premiums offered for the destruction of hawks and foxes. The past year more than 800 hawks have been killed and more than 100 foxes. The society will distribute 150,000 of the 300,000 salmon eggs, recently received from California by the State Fish Commissioners, and 2,000 black salmon. As Directors to serve for the ensuing year the following gentlemen were chosen: Camden County, Henry Vanuxem; Gloucester, J. O. Richmond; Cumberland, Major Thomas W. Walker; Cape May, William B. Brown; Atlantic, John H. Becker; Philadelphia, Frank Furness. As questions have arisen concerning the extent of the power of game clubs in New Jersey and the legality of certain actions, we publish the following enactment of April 4, 1878:

"1. Be it enacted by the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey, That from and after the passage of this act no person or persons nor residents of this State shall kill, destroy, hunt or take any doe, buck, fawn, or any sort of deer whatsoever, or shall kill, destroy, hunt or take any partridge, moor fowl, ruffed grouse, quail, woodcock, Wilson or gray snipe, red bird, rail bird or rabbit, at any time, or shall catch any speckled brook trout, or speckled river trout, black bass or salmon, at any time in this State, without complying

850.....	5 5 5 5 5	5 5 5 4 5 5 4 6 5-73
900.....	5 5 4 3 3 5	5 5 5 4 4 4 5 5 5 5-67
1,000.....	0	
800 yards.	900 yards.	1,000 yards.

It was an unfortunate ending to so brilliant a promise, for had the weather been even reasonably fair it was evident that the big scores of 1877 would have been left behind; as it was with 18 shots to go, a total of 1,576 was reached, better than the entire effort of the victorious American team on the same day. The 1878 team, however, was not to have the advantage of a shooting breeze. The match is in nowise to be styled a fiasco. Considered in all its phases of weather and men, it shows that in rifles, in shooting ability, there has been no retrogression nor even fixedness, but a positive gain. The mistake was in supposing that as it was a walk-over match it could be dispensed with as a slothful, perfunctory matter. It was trivial while attempting, it was worth while doing well. No doubt the storm was responsible for the summary finish of the contest, but under the prompt, ready management which should attend a match of such consequence a corner of that kind should not have been possible. The influence learned from this stormy, perfunctory match, that it was trivial, no competition can be carried through; and a victory, promptly won, is a double victory. On the second day the match could have been finished ere the equal broke had extraordinary diligence been exercised, but enough was done to show the team as an extra strong one, and if, as some feared, the team of 1878 were to be the victors, it would show their strength, there should the team of 1878 put them in a proper way.

To permit ready comparison with previous efforts for the Centennial trophy are given :

	1876.			
	500 yds.	900 yds.	1,000 yds.	Total.
America.....	1st day.....550	618	660	1,577
	2d day.....725	515	509	1,449
Ireland.....	1st day.....535	534	533	1,599
	2d day.....502	485	524	1,511
Scotland.....	1st day.....535	524	533	1,592
	2d day.....515	591	490	1,476
Australia.....	1st day.....511	525	490	1,526
	2d day.....534	465	501	1,500
Canada.....	1st day.....521	465	493	1,479
	2d day.....492	492	476	1,460

1817.				
America.....	{ 1st day.....	568	547	510
	{ 2d day.....	575	554	550
Great Britain.....	{ 1st day.....	558	537	594
	{ 2d day.....	559	536	518

		1878.			
America.....	{	1st day.....	503	544	1,600
		2d day.....	544	—	—

THE MASSACHUSETTS MILITIA RIFLE TEAM AT CREEDMOOR
—We take the following from a letter of a member of the
Massachusetts Rifle Team, which we find in a Boston paper
of Sunday. We have no doubt that some of the complaints
made are quite just :

People look on things differently here than in Massachusetts, and a spirit to get any small advantages they could, by use of their wits, as well as by good shooting, was occasionally manifested by individuals. A New York lieutenant told me that his men could cock a piece so it would stand six pounds, and then, by a slight change in cocking, would go off at one pound. And the officer who told me did not seem to think this trick reprehensible, but smart, though he was speaking at the time of individual rivalry in competition, and would doubtless have thought differently on a team. The same feeling is seen in the making of a prize, a money-making concern as a circus with its side shows to attract, it seems to us, have been very graciously waived to visiting teams. We know other teams shared this opinion, and we should all have felt pretty cheap had the New York team come to our range to compete, and been charged a quarter for admission. We also feel assured that, on arriving at Framingham, some little attention would have been paid them, and that it would not be left to another visiting team to do the honors for us. Furthermore, should they have been accompanied by the Adjutant-General of the State of New York, we are sure they would have been met with the same recognition of their facts, and extended some official courtesy. As for this year, to do anything, it seems that there should be appointed, by the State, an expert rifleman as Inspector of Rifle Practice; that notice of competition should be given early; that every man should have the chance, and those who promise well be urged to compete; that the team be selected far ahead, that they may be disciplined as a team, and not by one, but by several competitions (half a dozen at least), held, if possible, under the titelage of the inspector; that our rifles and ammunition should be of the most perfect pattern allowable for their special purpose, regarding anything else; and that their arms and accoutrements be kept in the best condition only, and in each individual's charge; and, finally, that a system of honors or promotions be adopted for good shooting, or some of the handsome medals that are distributed so liberally in other States be offered here. I am assured that these little seeds would bear golden fruit for another year.

WALNUT HILL.—Sept. 28.—The return of the Boston riflemen to the range, after they had so notably distinguished themselves at Creedmoor, drew together a concourse of spectators. The match was "The Amateur Series," 200 yards. Mr. J. A. Lowell's 48 is a possible 50, is very fine. It has only been made once at the range, and then by Mr. L. L. Hubbard, but Mr. Lowell's score is better, as he has five's for the eighth and ninth shots, while Mr. Hubbard's score shows two contris.

J A Lowe.....	6	5	4	5	5	5	6
T N Sias.....	4	4	5	5	5	5	4
N N Frye.....	4	4	5	4	6	5	4
H E Lord.....	4	5	4	5	4	5	4
J H Butler.....	4	4	5	4	4	4	4
C Buggs.....	5	5	4	4	5	5	4
C Burgess.....	5	5	4	4	5	4	4
J Bolden.....	4	4	5	4	5	5	4
W Barrett.....	5	4	5	5	4	4	4
D L Smith.....	4	4	5	4	4	4	4
D Curtis.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
T Parker.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
A Nichols.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
J B Colby.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
K Pratt.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
J Banks.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
B Ferguson.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
F Parker, re-entry.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
G S Dickson.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4

CREEDMOOR—Sept. 28.—Gildersleeve medal. Conditions Open to all members of the National Guard in uniform, and to the National Rifle Association; distances, 200 and 500 yards; five shots at each distance; prize, a gold medal to be

awarded to the competitor who, at the close of the season of 1878, has won the greatest number of times. The scores of the winner, and those who have qualified as marksmen were as follows, the highest attainable number being 50 points:

C W Linton	45	J M McFarland	31
C H Eargle	43	S S Clark	30
J L Bonville	41	W D Stony	29
J A Van Hensen	40	W D Barnett	28
H R May	39	H B Thompson	27
C W Fisher	37	M Ames	26
H T Lockwood	36	C F McQuivry	26
Capt J H Smith	35	C M Ames	25
G M Trench	34	J B Dewson	25
C H Tinsin	34	C H Clayton	24
A Aren	33	M Loss	24
R H Somers	34	W H Heister	23
A Aren	32	C E Snively	22
W G Emery	31	H H Huston	21
T Dimond	30	Leah G W Rand	20
C M Bachtel	29	E L Stryker	19
W R Spencer	32		

Amateur Rifle Club, for long-range badge, at 1,000, 1,100 and 1,200 yards. The distances over 1,000 yards being as yet in the region of the unknown, scores were not good:

	1,000 yds.	1,100 yds.	1,200 yds.	Th.
Isaac T. Allen.....	58	62	43	163
Frank Hyde.....	58	44	43	151
Homer Fisher.....	56	44	32	132
J A Harty.....	43	52	24	126

AT CHENEY, WASH., PROGRAMME FOR OCTOBER.—Saturday, 5th.—At 10:45 A. M., Match for the "Sharps" Prize" of \$250 in gold, at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards, and at 3 P. M. the thirteenth competition for the "Turf, Field and Farm Challenge" badge, at 200 yards. Wednesday, 9th.—At 3 P. M., the "Amateur Rifle Club" match. Saturday, 12th.—At 2:30 P. M., the "Soldier's" match, at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards, and volley, and upon conclusion of the preceding, the nineteenth competition for the "Champion Marksman's Badge," under conditions similar to those of the competitions for the State Badge. Wednesday, 16th.—At 2:30 P. M., the "Appleton" match, at 200 and 300 yards. Saturday, 19th.—At 10:45 A. M., the match for \$300 in gold, at 900 and 1,000 yards. Wednesday, 23d.—At 2:30 P. M., the "Long" match at 200 yards. Saturday, 26th.—At 2:30 P. M., "Running Deer" match. Wednesday, 30th.—At 2:30, fourth competition for the "Gildersleeve" medal; conditions similar to those of the State "Marksman's Badge" competitions. The Amateur Rifle Club will shoot their "Mid Range Match" at 200, 300 and 900 yards, and the "Short Range Match" at 200, Wednesday, 23d, and the "Long" match at 900, 1,100 and 1,200 yards, Saturday, 26th. The Washington Gray Troop Club will shoot on the 6th and 23d.

CONLIN'S GALLERY—Sept. 28.—Fifth competition for Marksman's Badges :

L V Sone.....	48	J F Murch.....	42
S W Libby.....	37	W MacDonal.....	11
A J Howett.....	46	J H Meeker.....	40
P F Dackworth.....	46	M M Maithy.....	49
J G Fullgraf.....	45	E P Davies.....	33
N O'Donnell.....	45	J A Ward.....	39
P Fitz.....	45	W R Hewett.....	31

The two leading scores—48 and 47 in a possible 50—is fine shooting.

Third competition for the Winchester rifle :

S W Libbey, first.....	3 15-16	E P Davis,.....	6 14-16
E G Fullgraf,.....	5 12-16	N O Bonnell,.....	7 6-16
Paul J Cullman, second.....	6 6-16	M M Maltby,.....	7 14-16
Fred Kessier,.....	6 9-16	A J Howlett,.....	7 15-16
W H Danlap, third.....	6 10-16	C E Overbaugh,.....	S 8-16
J F Duckworth,.....	6 13-16		

There were several other competitors

The New York Rifle Club will meet on this Thursday evening at Conlin's Gallery, when an effort will be made, we trust, to do something for the Yellow Fever Fund.

NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—The Board of Directors held their monthly meeting on the 1st of October. If what the secretary reported be correct—that all trains between the city and Creedmoor are discontinued—the condition of affairs is quite unfortunate. As it is, the president was authorized to make a special appeal to the members to run special trains for the accommodation of riflemen. The net profits of the Fall Meeting were reported to be \$1,485.18. Captain Story recommended that matches for teams of twelve, representing the National Guard and the regulars, be arranged at distances of 200, 300, 500 and 600 yards. General Wingate was elected president for the coming year, and General Winchester as his successor. General Wingate's resignation was accepted, but the election of directors was postponed.

SCORE'S ASSOCIATION.—This match took place Tuesday. All the military organizations contributed handsomely. There were two matches. The first at 100, 150, 300, 400, 500 and 500 yards. Five shots at each range. Winners, with their scores, were as follows:

E J Smith, 117; C H Brown, 113; W T Miller, 114; J W Hale, 113; J McNeill, 113; W Myers, 112; J W Cary, 109; P J Sullivan, 102; T Kelly, 98; F A Gunther, 91; J J Barnes, 91; J Myers, 91; S F Glover, 93; J H Slack, 92; J W Sweeney, 84; D Wilson, 81; J T Gulliver, 79; S K Glover, 64; T H Stevens, 53; W L Franz, 27.

The second match was contested at 200 and 500 yards, seven shots at each distance :

P J Sullivan, 54; J W Dale, 51; J W Sweeney, 48; E J Smith, 45; W Myers, 44; C H Brown, 43; J McNevin, 42; W F Miller, 40; J H Slack, 40; F A Gunther, 39; J J Barnes, 39; J Myers, 36; J W Cary, 35; S F Glover, 33; T Kelly, 30; J J Murray, 22; J T Gulliver, 21; S K Glover, 20.

The prizes will be presented at Creedmoor on Oct. 10.

SEPPENFELDT RIFLE CLUB—*New York, Oct. 21, 177 Bowery.*
—Creedmoor rules; 200 yds. target reduced. Sept. 29:

Aug Grunberg.....	46	Jacob Chambers.....	42
Wm Seppelheid.....	46	A Scholt.....	41
E Holzman.....	45	T Egan.....	41
John W Adams.....	45	T Wark.....	41
Ed Storr, Jr.....	45	G C Watters.....	41
Max Kern.....	44	O Rutsch.....	32
J Garrison.....	44	Joseph Hegland.....	32
L Bachman.....	43	M Winkel.....	32

DUNKIRK AND CURA.—Sept. 24.—Teams of five at 500 yards, at Dunkirk. Weather, bad; heavy rain. Match won by the Dunkirk Club.

Dunkirk Amateur Rifle Club.

Gross, Rem Creed.....	5	4	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	71
Capt Miller, Rem Creed.....	4	5	5	4	6	6	4	5	4	5	3	4	5	68
Huguenbourg, Rem Creed.....	4	5	5	5	3	5	5	4	5	5	4	4	4	68
Milner, Sharps.....	5	5	5	5	4	3	6	4	3	4	5	3	4	68
Slater, Sharps.....	5	4	4	4	4	3	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	63-33

Cuba Rifle Club.
 Captain Latta, Maynard Creed... 5 5 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 4 4 3 5 5-69
 Morgan, Maynard Creed.... 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 2 4 5-68
 Cuba, Maynard Creed... 4 4 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 4 4 3 2 5-66

Core, Dayton Creed.....3 4 4 6 6 5 5 4 4 5 4 3 6-66
Stebbins, Maynard Creed.....5 4 5 4 2 3 4 4 6 3 5 5 4 4-59
Randolph, muzzle-loader.....5 4 2 4 4 4 4 3 2 3 6 3 5 4 6-58-32

The return match will take place at the Bay View range, in Buffalo, early this month.

Poughkeepsie, Sept. 27.—Fifth Division Match.—Teams entered from the 31st: Sixteenth Troop E, Seventh Brigade Twenty-fourth Separate Company, with Twenty-seventh Regiment. Distances, 200 and 500 yards: Twenty-first Regiment, 309; Twentieth Battalion, 385; Sixteenth Battalion, 304; Twenty-fourth Separate Company, 296; Troop E, Seventh Brigade, 195; Twenty-seventh Regiment, 293. The prize contested for was a piece of bronze, valued at \$200.

Prizes Meet at BRUNTON RANGE.—The first annual prize meeting of the New Jersey State Rifle Association will take place at Brunton Range, Elizabeth, N. J., beginning on Tuesday, October 8, and closing on the 5th. Tuesday, Oct. 8—Short range; open to all comers; distance, 200 yards; fifteen shots; ten prizes. This match will be duplicated. Wednesday, Oct. 9, 10 A. M.—Military Team Match; open to all members of the regular rifle clubs; distances, 200, 300, 400 and 500 yards; five shots at each distance; prize, bronze trophy, valued at \$200. "Hayes' Long-range Match; open to all comers; distances, 900, 1,000 and 1,100 yards; fifteen shots at each distance; Three prizes. Thursday, Oct. 10, 9-30 A. M.—Champion Match; open only to the First Brigade, New Jersey National Guard; distances, 200 and 500 yards; one gold badge, presented by Major J. J. Ward, Inspector of Rifle Practice of that brigade, and a division of the entrance money. Same day, at 1 P. M.—Short-range Team Match; open to teams of four from any club or association; distances, 200 and 200 yards; ten shots at each distance; three prizes. Friday, Oct. 11.—"Headquarters" Match; open to all members of the New Jersey National Guard; distances, 200 and 500 yards; one gold badge, presented by the adjutant general, and a gold badge, *Spirit of the Times* Long-range Match; open to all comers; distances, 1,000, 1,100 and 1,200 yards; fifteen shots at each distance; prizes, fourteen in number, aggregate value, \$200. "Sterling" Badge Match; open to the New Jersey National Guard; distances, 200 and 500 yards; four prizes. "Beginners' Match; a gold medal presented by W. H. Sterling, General Inspector of Rifle Practice of that State; open to military teams of eight from any organization in New Jersey; distances, 200 and 500 yards; ten shots at each range; prize, a silver cup. "Beginners' Match; open to all members of the New Jersey Rifle Association who have never won a prize; distance, 500 yards; ten shots. Gov. Charles F. Smith will be present, and will be making the highest aggregate score in the "Headquarters" and "Sterling" matches.

NEW RIFLE GALLERY AT JERSEY CITY.—M. Babser, of 45 Newark avenue, Jersey City, in connection with his gun and fishing tackle store, has just opened a rifle gallery, 100 feet range, with all of the latest improvements. Mr. Babser gives the gold medal to be shot for to the person making the highest score during the week ending Monday evening next, October 7th. Conditions, open to residents of Hudson County, New Jersey, ten shots, Creedmoor target, reduced from 100 feet: entrance, 25 cents, as often as he please. Highest score to take the badge.

PORTRAITS OF DR. CARVER.—Every one who has known Dr. Carver personally, or has seen his remarkable exploits with the rifle, will be glad to possess a correct likeness of him; for both his character and his skill do him honor. Mr. Charles A. Zimmerman, one of the best field shots and photographers in America, has just sent us specimens of cabinet-size photographs, which are certainly very life-like and expressive, especially the characteristic one where the doctor appears in his broad-brim felt sombrero. One of these days these portraits, like those of other celebrities, will be much valued as souvenirs, and as the price is but 40 cents there is no reason why friend Zimmerman should not be kept busy stamping until at least every subscriber whom we have on our lists is supplied. Brother sportsmen, send in your orders.

Zimmerman also sells two very striking water-colors, entitled, "Trying for a Double," and "The Tight Shell." Price per pair, \$3.50.

A NEW GUN SIGHT.—Mr. William Lyman, of Middlefield, Conn., is the maker of a rear sight for sporting and target rifles, which seems to us to possess quite a number of advantages. With the Lyman sight an almost instantaneous aim can be taken, the object being sighted quite as quickly as if only the front sight were used. It certainly has undoubted excellence for moving objects, as both eyes can be used. Mr. Lyman says that with this sight on a rifle any good shot with a fowling piece can get into the knack of breaking glass balls with a rifle. (See advertisement).

EXPLOSIVE SHELLS.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:
In view of the fact that explosive bullets are much talked
of in this country at present, I will contribute my mite in
their behalf.

Whatever the theory regarding explosive bullets may be, one has but to try them on game to become fully convinced of their efficacy. That one may sometimes be disappointed at the results of a killing shot with an explosive bullet, when the game is secured, and when compared, shot for shot, with the solid bullet, they will be found vastly more destructive and to possess much more knock-down force, which after all is what is most desirable in bagging game. I make these assertions after several years' experience, founded entirely upon the results of my own shooting, and the experience of others, of various kinds, from the South American ostrich, deer, puma and guanaco; and in this country on elk, buffalo, antelope and deer. Last summer, while with the 7th U. S. Cavalry, I killed with a Winchester bullet, model 1875, over forty antelope with explosive bullets which, after the first shot, were hit in the body or neck, and the second shot to bring it down, when hit in the body or neck; although of course they were not always killed outright. At all events they were stopped, and that is the grand desideratum, especially when in hunting deer through thick underbrush in early fall, when there is no snow on the ground.

The Winchester explosive bullet will not go through an antelope as a general thing; that naturally depends when and where the ball first strikes a bone; if, for instance, the shoulder bone on the near side is hit, what with the expansion of the bone from explosion and that from striking a bone, the bullet will go through the body and strike a lodge somewhere in the opposite shoulder (according to the angle at which it is fired), or perhaps split between the

flesh and hide on the off side. But if, on the contrary, it only strikes meat, it may, and generally will, go completely through. With heavier charges of powder and ball, of course the results are different, but I am now speaking of the forty grain powder cartridge. Of one thing I can vouch, viz., that after I gave up my Winchester, I used a 45-100 calibre regulation Springfield rifle, 70 grains powder and 400 grains lead, and that with this gun, which was infinitely a stronger shooter than the Winchester, I lost many an antelope, shot clean through (perhaps a little too far behind the shoulders), when I felt satisfied I would have bagged him with my smaller but explosive bullet, which did not weigh half as much, nor would it have had one quarter the penetration.

This summer I am using a Sharps', calibre .45, 110 grains powder, and an explosive ball which weighs about 370 grains. The effect of this on an antelope is fearfully demoralizing—it is absolutely floor-floer. On my last hunt, on the Belle Fourche, near Bear Butte, Black Hills, where we camped this summer, I killed four antelope in five consecutive shots, all over 200 yards; the only reason I did not kill the fifth was that I overestimated the distance and overshoot. On this same hunt I killed several other antelope, and never failed to "call them in" at one shot with these bullets. The objection to an explosive bullet in shooting in timber is that it may strike a branch and explode before reaching the object aimed at. I have experimented on that, shooting with my Sharps' through a three-inch stick of cottonwood, after which the ball went straight enough to strike a deer's body for over thirty yards; in fact, when the centre of the stick was hit, the ball went as true as a solid bullet would go under same circumstances, so that if, by misfortune, one does hit a branch, in either case the chances are that a miss will be the result. I make my bullet, having had the mould made by the Winchester Rifle Company, at the moderate charge of \$2. I place in the cavity a long cavity 23-100 rim fire shells, and have found them in every way entirely satisfactory. They do not compare with an English Express rifle ball, principally because the rifles themselves are grooved differently; also in the matter of trajectory are they somewhat different, from same cause.

I entirely agree with Van Dyke. His ideas are precisely like mine, for although a fair shot myself, I never count on an antelope over 250 yards, and even under that distance they frequently show me their "white shields" and skip.

It would not do, however, to expect to kill buffalo with a Winchester, calibre .44, with explosive bullets. I have seen that tried repeatedly, and know beyond a doubt that the solid ball in that gun is far better, as there is not penetration enough in so light a shell; but with a heavier load the other still comes down as gracefully as the antelope, for nothing can stand before a shell, if of sufficient weight and driven by, say 120 grains powder—I mean no game on this continent.

For deer shooting I cannot imagine a better gun than the new model Winchester, if properly built; as they make them now, the stocks are so straight that I cannot handle them at all; but by ordering one that can be remedied, such a gun, with explosive shells, is about perfection.

GAVANO.
Camp of Cavalry in the Field, Bear Butte, D. T.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME IN SEASON FOR OCTOBER.

Moose, *Alces macrotis*.
Caribou, *Tarandus rangifer*.
Elk or reindeer, *Cervus canadensis*.
Hinds or Va. deer, *C. virginianus*.
Squirrels, red, black and gray.
Hares, brown and gray.
Held or rice bird, *Dolichonyx oryzivorus*.
Willow ptarmigan, *Melospiza gallopavo*.
Pinnated grouse or prairie chicken, *Cyrtonyx cupido*.
Ruffed grouse or pheasant, *Bonasa umbellata*.
Quail or partridge, *Oreortyx virginianus*.

Black-bellied plover, *oxyechus*, *Synalaxis helix*.
Rufous plover, *Actitis semipalmata*.
Squab, or long-shanks, *Himantopus*.
Woodcock, *Philohela minor*.
Indigo-breasted sapsucker, or downy woodpecker, *Geothlypis trichas*.
Red-necked sandpiper, or ox-bird, *Tringa americana*.
Yellow-bellied gowit, or martin, *Lanius borealis*.
Willow, *Totanus semipalmatus*.
Tadpole, *Tringa macularia*.
Yellow-shanks, *Totanus flavipes*.

"Bay birds" generally, including various species of plover, sand piper, snipe, curlew, oyster-catcher, surf-bird, phalaropes, avocets, etc., coming under the group *Linnæus* or Shore Birds.

IV This table does not apply to all the States. It is meant to represent the game which is generally in season at this time. State regulations may prohibit the killing of some species of game here mentioned.

GAME IN MARKET.—Pinnated grouse (prairie chickens), \$1.25 per pair; partridge (ruffed grouse), \$1.25 to \$1.50 per pair; mallard ducks, 75 cents to \$1 per pair; black do., 75 cents per pair; wildgeon do., 60 cents per pair; broad bill do., 50 cents per pair; teal do., 50 to 75 cents per pair; Wilson snipe, 50 cents to \$1.00; rails, \$1 to \$1.25 cents per doz.; reed birds, 75 cents to \$1.00 per doz.; Philadelphia squabs, \$2 to \$3 per doz.

Poultry.—Philadelphia and Bucks County dry picked chickens, 18 to 22 cents per pound; do. fowls, 16 to 18 cents; do. turkeys, 18 to 20 cents; do. ducks, 18 to 20 cents; do. geese, 16 to 18 cents; State and Western chickens, 16 to 18 cents; do. turkeys, 16 to 18 cents; do. fowls, 15 to 16 cents; do. ducks, 13 to 15 cents; do. geese, 10 to 12 cents.

CANADA.—Grasshopper, Sept. 23.—The first deer brought into the village this season had an extra horn, which had grown out of the one on the right side of the head, about an inch above the base of the skull, was nearly as large as either of the other two. It had three antlers, the others four each. The deer was in prime condition, weighing 175 pounds when dressed. He was shot near the village. J. S.

Deer's horns are subject to all eccentricities of shape. German illustrated sporting papers very frequently contain cuts of misspangled antlers. We have in our office a single horn, once worn as a distinguishing ornament by a doe.

MASSACHUSETTS.—New Bedford, Sept. 28.—The Pasquo and Cuttyhunk Club fishing house close their doors next week. Some few striped bass taken the past week. Mr. Chas. S. Randall caught one Monday of large size, but the fishermen are waiting for the fall run of Menhaden as to be bringing the striped bass in shore again.

CONOA.

NEW JERSEY.—Hamontown, Sept. 21.—On Mulberry River, some thirteen miles from here, we have good shooting when the rail birds do come. I can kill more birds on a hundred acres of meadow than I could on a mile along the Delaware River. Have been down twice this year; tides were good, but no birds, they not yet having made their appearance. The

wild oats being green and net ripe probably was the cause; I have shot rail for twenty-five years, and never yet have I seen as many birds as I did last fall. Quail and pheasants promise to be unusually abundant this fall, and I calculate on having grand sport.

L. W. S.

KINSEY'S Ashley House, September 22.—Black ducks and sprigails are coming in in large numbers. Yesterday the flats between High Bar and the Clam Island was covered with them. The season opens October 15.

SNIPE AT FORKED RIVER.—Freehold, N. J., Sept. 26.—Last Saturday morning we came to anchor off Burgett Light, jumped into our yawls and went over on to the flats. The birds flew thick for about three hours, red marlins, ring-tail marlins and beach snipe. The two shots of the party, J. A. Ward, of Freehold, and Capt. Foreman Matthews, bagged over seventy birds. The season is just opening, birds are swarming, are in prime condition, and all the conditions for successful and satisfactory sport at Forked River most complete.

FOX.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Philadelphia, Sept. 30.—Last Monday a flock of quail their appearance here right in my neighborhood. Twenty-eight on Mount Vernon streets. Thursday morning, 26th, a large flock of wild pigeons flying to the south. Two of us bagged in Chester County, ten gray squirrels; 9th, in Gloucester County, N. J., we bagged fourteen gray squirrels.

R. F.

BLAIRVILLE, Sept. 27.—The Blairville Forest Club has just returned from their annual club hunt on the banks of Blacklick Creek, in the Chestnut Ridge, and a rare time they had of it. The camp was a complete success, as their gatherings always are. During the camp the club elected the following officers to serve for ensuing year: C. B. Street, Pres.; Robt. Spencer, Vice-Pres.; W. G. Tice, Sec.; T. D. Cunningham, Treas. The club are anxious to look forward to next year, and each year finds more members, who spend a week in the grand old woods.

W. G. T.

SQUIREL HUNTERS.—The squirrel hunters of Tionesta, Pa., mustered last week for a side hunt, under Capt. D. M. McCauley. There were twenty-one armed men, and an equal number upheld the banner of Capt. E. A. Leary. Leary's score was: 22 black, 18 gray, and 374 pine squirrels; total number of points earned, 1,937. McCauley's side scored 23 black, 12 gray, and 328 pine squirrels; the total count of points being 1,702.

A squirrel hunt at Clearfield, Pa., the previous Saturday, resulted in a very good record, the biggest squirrel killed turned out to be a bear.

KENTUCKY.—Ashbyburg, September 23.—Small game is abundant, such as squirrels, quail and rabbits. A party driving for deer last week saw two, but the whole party failed in getting a shot. The dogs also ran out two turkeys, which were killed. We have no pointers here, and they have been doing dogs, but deer and fawn-hounds, and they have been doing the decline for some time. Hunters here use the old-fashioned muzzle-loader. I have the only breech-loading firearm in this part of the country. The majority of shot-guns here are single-barrel of the old-time sort, small bore, and from 36 to 42-inch barrel. People here hunt quail very little, and then only when there is snow on the ground, and they can find them in the fields so as to kill several at a shot. There are no wing shots, and when one happens to accidentally kill a very anything running or flying he thinks he has done something remarkable; a thing to be remembered and blown about on every occasion.

PADDY O'LEARY.

ILLINOIS.—Charleston, Sept. 24.—C. and J. Hughes, seven miles southeast from here in the hickory flats, killed fifteen squirrels the other day. Good bags are there made. Wild pigeons are getting plenty on the flats. Mast is scarce and they do not stay long. Quail are here in good number.

J. B. D.

Lake City, Sept. 24.—The ducks are coming in, and the shooting on the Zambro bottoms good. Quails are very plenty and afford good sport.

D.

MINNESOTA.—Owatonna, September 24.—A pelican was shot near this city one day last week, the first one heard of in this vicinity. Are they found far from the coast as a general thing?

J. P. E.

Pelicans are common in northern Minnesota. The *Pelicanus* are found in nearly all temperate and tropical countries, and are not confined to the coast. In the West the white variety is common; the brown is strictly maritime.

COLORADO.—Hot Sulphur Springs, Sept. 22.—The fall hunting season is fairly opened; elk, deer and antelope are plentiful and in fine condition. The first is most sought after just now. Almost every day wagon pass here loaded with elk meat, bound for Georgetown, where there is a ready market for local consumption and for shipment by rail to Denver and other points. At least twenty men are now engaged in elk hunting for market in Middle and North parks. Incidentally many deer and antelope are also killed. Gordon Cummings, the celebrated African hunter, is here, making his place his base of operations, but at present in the North Park. Several other parties from Europe and from Eastern States are in the neighborhood hunting.

W. N. B.

WILD PIGEONS.—Will our correspondents throughout the country kindly give us full and immediate information in regard to the flight of wild pigeons in their respective sections, from which point of the compass they came and, if alighting, how long they have remained, in what direction they have gone.

WHAT IS COBB.—The expenses of a day's fun with the birds are now so light that we rarely hear any complaint on this score. A well known professional gentleman of Nevada City, Cal., went out for a whole day's hunt recently, and this is all it cost him: Gun and ammunition, \$4; spirits fermented for sun burn, \$1.50; horse and carriage \$5; ruined boots and pants, \$3; lost ring, \$6; lost pocket-knife, \$1.50; total, \$51. He killed three birds.

—Mr. F. J. Abbey, of the firm of F. J. Abbey & Co., of Chicago, died in that city on the 23d ult. The firm was among the oldest gun dealers in the United States, and Mr. Abbey was widely known among the sportsmen of the East and West.

LOUIS CHARGES.—Editor Forest and Stream: I never load my No. 10, 10 gauge Scott & Son breech-loader, nine and a half pounds, with over four and one-quarter drachms of powder. "Canvas-Back" I think, avoids the issue. I simply assert that my gun will burn more powder than that above named—and that it will make better penetration or pattern with over that amount of powder. "Canvas-Back" advances a theory that it will not burn more than four drachms. I stated what I considered facts to prove that it would, one of which—collecting the unexploded grains and firing them again—"Canvas-Back" ignores. I doubt also if many will coincide with his explanation, that the extra powder gives the extra recoil without being burned in the barrel. It is pleasant, however, to dispute the question with so amiable a correspondent as "Canvas-Back" evidently is. I should like a day's sport with him in spite of his theory, to which, I cannot subscribe.

Boston, Sept. 23, 1878.

FUSEE.

The discussion between our two correspondents I great interest, because within the last week the question of how much powder a rifle would burn was brought up before a court in a criminal case now exciting marked attention in the State. Why do not some of our readers try this experiment? Lay a number of sheets of white paper on the ground, say ten or fifteen feet along from the muzzle of the gun, and then, having a determined load, fire it, and so catch the grains of unconsumed powder on the paper. Such experiments would be useful and interesting. We may state that the general tendency of sportsmen is to overload.

A MODEL CAMP STOVE.—Prof. G. H. Roney, the musical sportsman of East Saginaw, Michigan, who divides his affections between Beethoven and Nimrod, has lately contrived a portable camp stove which certainly does great credit to his inventive genius, and it most nearly fills the requirements of a permanent camp of any stove which we have ever seen. Its height is 20 inches; depth, from front to back, 26 in.; breadth, 24 in.; oven, 24x21 in., 13 in. high at back and 9 in. high under fire box. Stove is built of best No. 18 charcoal (sheet) iron, and weighs, empty, 128 pounds, packed ready for carriage, 155 pounds. The stove is 7 feet of telescopic stove pipe, four stove legs and lid fit it, while in the oven is packed the following list of stove and table ware.

One doz. 9-inch tin plates, 1 doz. half-pint tin cups, 1 doz. pint tin basins, 1 doz. tea spoons, 1 doz. knives, 1 doz. forks, 4 doz. table spoons, 3 bread plates, 4 pie tins, 2 large iron spoons, 1 carver and fork, 1 bread knife, 1 two-quant tea dipper, 1 six-quant pan, 1 one-quant pan, 1 six-quant coffee pot, 1 gridiron 12x18 inches, 1 eight-quant tea kettle, 1 ten-quant iron kettle, 1 twelve-quant tin pal, 4 pepper and salt, 2 vinegar bottles, 1 cooking fork, 1 griddle, 1 stove rim, 1 grate 14x24 inches. Total 111 articles.

R. M. KILBY'S CATALOGUE.—For the convenience of his patrons, Mr. R. M. Kilby, of Montreal, has published an exhaustive catalogue of all varieties of sporting goods. In it may be found prices of gunpowders, shot and cartridges, guns, fishing rods, lines, and an extensive list of all the leading English and American articles. Mr. Kilby being a *courreur des bois*, is thoroughly conversant with all camp furniture and the best outfit. No department has been overlooked, and as Mr. Kilby is agent for all the leading manufacturers anything worth buying can be most expeditiously obtained. Any orders given to Mr. Kilby are under his personal supervision. To our American friends who call on Mr. Kilby, of Montreal, and make their purchases at his establishment.

AUCTION SALE OF BREECH-LOADING GUNS.—To-morrow and Saturday Messrs. Barker & Co. will sell by auction an assortment of English and American breech and muzzle-loading sporting guns, also several long and short range rifles. We were present at the sale last week, and although the prices realized were low, it was pronounced successful. The spaciousness of the sale was conducted and the bidding, especially when their prices were much above the market, was quite spirited. The present display is said to be much more important to the one of last week, and therefore should awake deeper interest. Every facility is afforded to examine the guns thoroughly before purchasing, and for this purpose catalogues are issued and guns placed on exhibition two or three days before the sale. The firm of Barker & Co. are well known, and what they say as fact is generally considered correct.—[See ads.]

MR. IRA A. PAINE.—This renowned shot has just finished a most successful engagement at the St. James Theatre. Mr. Paine goes to Pittsburgh, where he will open at the Academy of Music. In the City of Smoke he will make a first appearance, and the spectators will be able to discriminate between the various schools of Paine, Bogardus or Carver. It is Mr. Paine's first appearance in Pittsburgh.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun OCTOBER SPORT IN VIRGINIA.

IF there is a profession which is more overworked and underpaid than the newspaper business, it is not known to mortal man. There is some rest for the weary, the hymn-book says, but for the searcher after news, the seeker after truth, and the hopeless collector after unpaid subscriptions, there is no rest this side of Jordan, except now and then when the printer's devil learns how to read proof and takes the reporter's place.

The acme of happiness for one of the "fraternity" is to have a railroad pass in his hat, and a free invitation to the Springs in his pocket, and, like Mr. Dick Swiveller, he can sing that song, "Begone dull care." The true Bohemian never thinks of the future, he is essentially a truly imprudent, and, like a soldier, he lives in the present, he is the best of comrades, for only the scribe cultivates that *amour fraternel* by which he makes friends and items as he goes along in the world; he is imaginative, for by stretching that positive virtue, he lives and thrives; in fact, to sum it all up, he is what the French call "Ye bon sieg."

The outlook in Virginia for sporting this fall is an unusually good one. Game of all kinds is more abundant than I ever knew of before, and the sportsman will have his hand

From the same publishers, "Marrying Off a Daughter," by Henry Greville. Price 75 cents.



Winners, at the Great St. Louis Bench Show and Exhibition of Sportsmen's Goods, of the only two Gold Medals given—"For the Best Gun of Any Make," and "For the Best Gun of American Make"—fourteen foreign competitors and seven American, sustaining our assertion of making the best gun in the world.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE OF 1878.

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FINE SPORTING GUNS.

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MANUFACTURERS OF THE
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In all varieties for MILITARY and SPORTING USES, and every variety of
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None are genuine unless so stamped

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A Bane to Fleas—A Boon to Dogs.

This Powder is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animals, or money returned. It is put up in patent boxes with sliding pepper box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and efficacious.

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AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Having accumulated more dogs than I care to keep I will sell the following, viz:

One liver, white and tan bitch pup, and one black and white bitch pup, whelped June 13, out of my "France 1" (Belton—Daisy, Daisy out of Dimples) by Pedigree (pure Laverack).

Two dogs and one bitch, whelped July 4th, out of my 1st prize red bitch Carrie 1, by Chamelon Berkeley. They comprise the blood of the most noted field trial and bench show winners in America, viz: "France 1" (Belton—Daisy, Daisy out of Dimples) by Pedigree, Berkeley, Leo 11, Rioche, etc.

Pointer pups, when 8 to 10 weeks old, of the "Drop, Jr., Fan" litter. They are from good stock. Also other pointers and setters of different ages. Correspondence solicited from any and all persons desiring to purchase setters or pointers. Address.

TOPEKA KENNEL.

Topeka, Kansas.

sept 26-45

The Kennel.

COCKER SPANIEL Breeding Kennel

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I keep only cockers of the finest strains. I sell only young stock. I guarantee satisfaction and safe delivery to every customer. These beautiful and intelligent dogs cannot be beaten for ruffed grouse and woodcock shooting and retrieving.

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LISTEN!



The Sportsmen's Bell tells the position of the dog, causes the birds to lie closer. Valuable in early woodcock shooting, cocking and general shooting, where the cover is thick. Sold by dealers in guns and sporting goods. Samples sent by mail postpaid, 30 cents. HAVIN EUGEN, MANUFACTURING CO., East Hampton, Conn. sept 19 3m

SPANIELS!

Sportsmen will please take notice that I will hereafter sell the choicest of cocker spaniel pups for \$5, \$10 and \$15 each, and also defy competition in prices for as good and fine stock. M. P. MCKOON, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y. sept 19 3m

COCKERS! COCKERS!

Sportsmen in want of first-class cocker spaniels write at once to CHAS. S. HITCHCOCK, Secretary Oulcott Kennel Club, Franklin, Delaware County, N. Y. Stock and delivery guaranteed. Price \$15 each for dog or bitch pup. sept 12 11

DOGS BROKEN—Gentlemen desiring to have their dogs broken this year by use will lease commensurate at once. Want them fitted for the field are season open. Shall go South for the winter with the dogs. My entire kennel (12 dogs and puppies) for sale. Come and see them at Centerville on the Erie Railroad. First, under best selection. Address E. S. WANMAKER, Clinton, Pas-aie County, N. Y. sept 12 11

PAYING—Bitches stayed at residence of owner S or kept until well. Address Box 124, Dedham, Mass. Refers, by permission, to Dr. E. J. Foster, Secretary Mass. Kennel Club. sept 12 11

FOR SALE—A Danish Mastiff, about nine months old, recently imported; of large size and growing rapidly; of good color; has a fine coat and is very powerful; ears nicely cut. An excellent watch dog, but kind to those about him. Price \$50. JOHN J. HERRY, Hackensack, N. J. sept 19 11

WANTED—A thoroughbred Newfoundland dog pup. Address, giving pedigree, color, age and price, WATCH, P. O. Box 391, Baltimore, Md. sept 26 11

FOR SALE—One Chesapeake Bay ducking dog, 2 years old, one bitch, 2 years old. Both splendid retrievers. Two pups, 5 months old. JAMES ALBISON, State Centre, Iowa. sept 26-31

FOR SALE—English setter dog, 4 years old, thoroughly broken. Can be seen on game—cock, quail or partridge. Address, P. O. Box 2,776, Brockton Mass sept 11 11

FOR SALE—A thoroughly broken red and white setter bitch, 1 1/2 years old, with a pedigree for fifty years. Address E. J. ROBBINS, Wethersfield, Conn. august 21 11

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PURDEY—10-bore, 32-inch, Damascus barrels, lever under guard, Lefauchaux action; weight, 8 1/2 lbs., with finest case and implements in perfect order; used very little; cost \$600; price.....\$300

TOLLEY EXPRESS DOUBLE RIFLE—50 cal., with case and implements; 100 loaded metal shells, 100 bullets, 600 primers, etc.; cost \$300; good as new; price.....\$150

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FFFG, FFG, and "Sea Shooting" FG, in kegs of 25, 35, 45 and 65 lbs. and cans of 5 lbs. of FFG is also packed in 1 and 5 lb. canisters. Burns strong and moist. The FFGs and FFG are favorite brands for ordinary sporting, and the "Sea Shooting" FG is the standard rifle powder of the country.

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For water-fowl, strong and clean. No. 1 to 5 in metal kegs, 5 lb. each, and canisters of 1 and 5 lbs. each.

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The best for rifles and all ordinary purposes. Sizes, FG, FFG and FFGG, the last being the finest. Packed in wood and metal kegs of 25 lb., 35 lb. and 65 lb., and in canisters of 1 lb. and 5 lb. All of the above give high velocities and less resistance than any other brands made, and are recommended and used by Capt. A. H. BOGARDUS, the "Champion Wing Shot of the World."
BLASTING POWDER and ELECTRICAL BLASTING APPARATUS, MILITARY POWDER of all kinds on hand and made to order.
Safety, Fine, and Platinum Fuses.
 pamphlets, showing sizes of the grain by wood cut, sent free on application to the above address.

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American Powder Co.
233 STATE STREET,
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GENERAL WESTERN AGENTS.
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Yachting Goods,
ESTABLISHED 1840.

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Has received the Highest Awards at all the World's Exhibitions for the Best Field, Marine, Opera and Tourist's Glasses, Telescopes, Barometers, etc., etc.
Spectacles and Eye-Glasses to suit all eyes.
The largest stock of Optical Goods in this country.
Sole Agent for the best Human Artificial Eyes.
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SHELTON'S Auxiliary Rifle Barrel for Breech-Loading Shot-Guns.



This barrel can be placed in a gun ready for use in a second of time with the same ease as a cartridge, and can be removed just as expeditiously. There is no wear on the rifle barrel, nor on the shot-gun, and it cannot get out of order. With this Auxiliary Barrel, which weighs about one pound, almost instantly a breech-loading shot-gun can be converted into a most accurate rifle. The AUXILIARY BARREL will fit any standard make of gun of 10 or 12-calibre—calibre of rifle 22, 28, or 44, as desired. Length of barrel, twenty inches. The shells used with the best advantage are the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.'s cartridges, Nos. 22 and 28, extra long, and No. 44, model 1873. Send for a Circular and Price List.

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P. O. Box 715 NEW HAVEN, CONN.

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In Fall Meeting of N. R. A., at Creedmoor, Sharps Rifles were entered in sixteen matches; took first prize in twelve of them, and good prizes in the other four. Among them the

Inter-state Military Match.

The New York State team, using the Sharps Military Rifle, won with a score of 974. Best score by any other rifle, 960.

The International Military Match.

New York State Team, with Sharps Military rifle, 1,044. Best by any other rifle, 903.

The Inter-state Long-Range Match.

Average per man with Sharps Rifles, 213. Other rifles used averaged respectively 193 and 197. The WINCHELTON CUP, won by Mr. Frank Hyde with a Sharps Rifle with a score of 143 out of a possible 150 at 1,000 yards. THE JERICH CUP, won at Spring Meeting with a score of 205. Best other rifle, 197. For the Grand Aggregate Prize at Fall Meeting, three competitors each, with Sharps Rifles—Mr. Frank Hyde, Col. W. H. Clark and Capt. W. H. Jackson—tied on a score of 310 points. THE LONG-RANGE MILITARY CHAMPIONSHIP, won by Capt. J. S. Barton, with a Sharps Military Rifle. All prizes in this match were won with Sharps Rifles. AMERICAN TEAM WALK-OVER (First Day).—J. S. Barton made, with a Sharps Long-Range Rifle, the extraordinary score of 221 points out of a possible 223 at 500, 500 and 1,000 yards.

221. SHARPS RIFLE CO., 221.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN., UNITED STATES.

New York Warerooms, 177 Broadway.

W. & C. SCOTT & SON'S FINE BREECH-LOADERS

Are Hard to Beat for Quality, Finish and Shooting Powers.

CAPTAIN BOGARDUS HAS WON A NUMBER OF GREAT MATCHES IN ENGLAND WITH HIS NEW FINE TRIPLEX 12-GAUGE BREECH-LOADER, RECENTLY MADE BY W. & C. SCOTT & SON.

[From CAPT. A. H. BOGARDUS.]

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Gentlemen—Before leaving England for my home in America, I wish to express my fullest satisfaction in the terrific shooting power of your choke-bore guns. I now possess two heavy 10-bore, each with extra 12-bore barrels; also a light 12 and 20 to 25 of all your make, which cannot be excelled in the shooting qualities, and impossible to beat in the solidity and power of your patent Triplex Action. I used your gun in my two recent matches with Mr. Pennell, June 23 and July 23, at which time I scored 10 and 71 in each match, winning by two birds; also in my match with Capt. Shelley, July 29, at which time I scored 34, "the highest score on record," and in the International Match with Aubrey Coventry, Esq., at Brighton, Aug. 6, for £1,000, which I won by killing 79 out of 100. All of the above matches were at 100 birds each, 50 yards fire. As evidence of the durability of your gun, I have shot one 10-bore over 50,000 times and it is still in good condition.
Believe me, yours very truly,
A. H. BOGARDUS, Champion Wing Shot of the World.

[From COL. JOHN BODINE, New York.]

W. & C. Scott & Son:
Gentlemen—Have received the Premier quality choke-bore gun, No. 6,606, in good order, with Messrs. Schuyler, Hartley & Graham, and am pleased to say that its performance exceeds my expectations, while its symmetry and finish is all that the most fastidious could desire. It fully comes up to specifications of order, both in finish and shooting qualities. I have disposed of my two guns by other makers.
SILVER MEDAL AWARDED PARIS EXHIBITION, 1878.

ESTABLISHED, 1811.

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American Standard Diameters.

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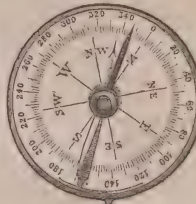
Gives greater penetration and better pattern than ordinary shot. Equally well adapted to choke-bore, modified chokes and cylinders.
Our chilled shot will be found free from shrinkage, more spherical, more uniform in size, harder, heavier and of brighter and cleaner finish than any other. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

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Also, manufacturers of PATENT FINISH, AMERICAN STANDARD DROP SHOT, and COMPRESSED BUCK SHOT, more uniform than the ordinary moulded shot.

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LOST BECAUSE HE HAD NO COMPASS.

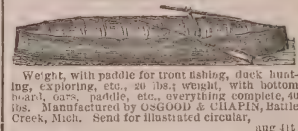


THIS IS AN EXACT FAC-SIMILE. Brass case and cover; white metal face; jewel mounted; patent click. The very best compass made. As a guarantee of excellence, a sample has been left at the FOREST AND STREAM AND ROYAL GEN. office. Sent on receipt of \$1.50, by post office order, to any part of the United States or Canada. WILLIAMS & CO., 59 Water Street, New York, Agents for the London and New York Compass Co.

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Voightlander's superior Target and Tourist Telescopes, the best in the world, for sale at ROBT. MEHILL'S SONS, sole agents in U. S., 175 Water Street, New York.

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Weight, with paddle for front sail, dock hunting, exploring, etc., 20 lbs.; with bottom board, oars, paddle, etc., everything complete, 40 lbs. Manufactured by OSGOOD & BAILE, Baile Creek, N.Y. Send for illustrated circular.

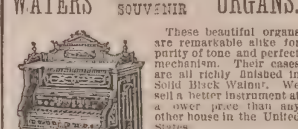
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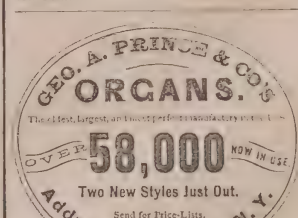
Manilla rope, cotton rope, tarred rope all sizes, Russia bolt rope, manilla bolt rope, wire rope, blocks, paints, oils, etc. CABIN STORES.

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These beautiful organs are remarkable alike for purity of tone and perfect mechanism. Their cases are all richly finished in Solid Black Walnut. We sell a better instrument at a lower price than any other house in the United States.
Waters' Pianos Grand, Square and Upright are the BEST MADE. The tone, touch, workmanship and durability are unsurpassed for FIFTEEN YEARS. Extremely low for cash or on installments. A liberal discount to cash-payers. Sent by Mail. Second-hand Pianos and Organs at GREAT BARGAINS. THORACRE, WATERS & SONS, Manufacturers and Dealers, 40 East Fourteenth Street, New York.



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By a practical gunner and an old bayman. Always on hand the best of boats, batteries, etc.,

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Bay View House, on Shinnecock Bay, Pond Quogue, Long Island, now open for fall and winter shooting—ducks, geese and brant. Teal house offers

superior advantages to sportsmen, is centrally located, within easy access of shooting grounds, Guides, with first-class boats, batteries, decoys, etc.

are at the service of guests. Billiard room in connection with the house. For further particulars, address ALONZO H. CORWIN, Proprietor, Good Ground P. O., Long Island. sent 26 1m

BRADLEY HOUSE.—To Sportsmen, 10 to 80
B snots at partridge per day guaranteed. Rabbits
and squirrels, red, gray and black, in great numbers.
Terms per week, for parties of four and upwards.

including board, rooms, guide, back from station, \$10 per man. J. M. BRADLEY, Eldred, Sullivan Co. n. y. Oct 17.

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THE SUBSCRIBER desires a capital of or association of gentlemen to join him in the erection of a select family hotel or club house on the most beautiful

ful and eligible situation at Greenwood Lake, N. Y. with from twenty to fifty acres of land, as may be desired, and will take one-third of the purchase price of the property in stock or shares in the enterprise.

Choice building sites, with water fronts, also for sale, in plots to suit, on favorable terms. Circulars can be had at office of FOREST AND STREAM. Apply to

or address S. CALDWELL, Greenwood Lake,
Orange County, N. Y. may 16 11

BRADNER HOUSE, GREENWOOD LAKE

ORANGE COUNTY, N. Y., May 15, 1873.
Terms—\$2 per day. \$8 to \$10 per week. Free stage
for guests to and from the steamboat dock at
ARLINGTON to the house. C. S. BRADLEY, Prop.

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Eaton's Rust Preventer.

any climate. Sportsmen everywhere in the United States pronounce it the best gun oil in the market. Judge Holmes, of Bay City, Mich., writes: "It is

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Sold by principal New York dealers, and by Wm. Rea & Sons, Boston, Mass.; B. Kirtledge & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio; F. F. Foster, Chicago, Ill.

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CANNOT BE SENT BY MAIL.



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Cleans fifty shells in ten minutes. No water used. Knives elastic, self-adjusting, prevent the slipping.

of wads. Is unequalled as a breech wiper by covering with an oiled cloth. For sale by all gun dealers, or sample sent free by mail on receipt of price, \$1.50; 10 and 12 bore. J. E. RONAN 788 Shawmut

avenue, Boston, Mass. Liberal discount to the
trade. Sept 23 3m

Patented


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PHOTO. of Actresses, comic, etc., 10 for 25 cts
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Fishing Pants, Coats,
Leggins and Boots,
RUBBER CAMP BLANKETS,
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SPORTING AND CAMPING OUTFITS.
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India Rubber Goods of Every Description

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MOCCASINS.

The best thing in the market for hunting, fishing, canoeing, snow-shoeing, etc. They are easy on the feet, and very durable. Made to order in a variety of styles, and warranted the genuine article. Send for illustrated circular. MARTIN S. HUTCHINGS, P. O. Box 368, Dover, N. H. (Successor to Frank Good).

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HUNTING, FISHING, YACHTING, ROWING,
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The largest assortment and best GOODS in the
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Descriptive Circular sent on request. Write for one

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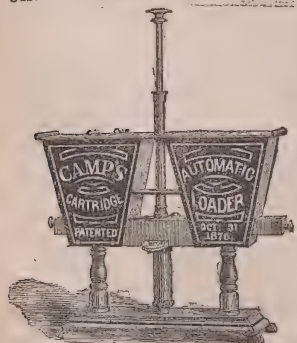
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Cartridge Holders and Belts.

The only practical cartridge holder in use. Will carry brass cartridges and positively prevent wads from starting on shot, suitable for either paper or brass shells. These cartridge holders can be easily attached to any hunting vest or coat front. A vest will hold 30 of the cartridge holders. Two dozen of these holders only weigh 5 lbs. One belt complete, with 10 holders attached, only weighs one pound. The belts can be perfectly adjusted to fit either a slim or large man. Will deliver to any address, and prepay postage, with any number of loose holders on receipt of the following prices: Spring brass cartridge holders, per dozen, \$1.25; adjustable belts with 30 spring brass holders, complete, \$4. Elegant nickel-plated holders and buckles, the gayer and heavier belt in use, \$5. We solicit correspondence from dealers. All our belts are made of the finest Russian leather, and have Neck Straps on (not shown in cut). Cash must accompany orders. Send money by registered letter on Serena, Ill., or P. O. Money order on Chicago, Ill. Send 10 cent stamp for sample holder. Address all orders to POOLER & JONES, 309 N. La Salle St., Ill.

SEP 12

CAMP'S LOADER STILL AHEAD



Each loader adapted to 10 and 12-gauge metal or paper shells of any length, each shell being accurately charged and wadded complete in one operation. Amount of charge readily adjusted. Highly endorsed by sport men and the press. Having perfected arrangements for manufacturing in large lots, we have reduced the price to \$6. Manufactured only by CAMP & WISE, Stoughton, Dine County, Wisconsin. All orders for sample loaders must contain remittance.

SEP 12

GOLD Any worker can make \$15 a day at home. Costly outfit free. Address Tava & Co., Augusta, Me.

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BRASS, SOLID HEAD, CENTRAL FIRE, RELOADING SHELLS,
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Adapted to all military and sporting rifles and pistols, and in use by the ARMY AND NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES and several Foreign Governments. Rim-fire ammunition of all kinds. Special attention given to the manufacture of

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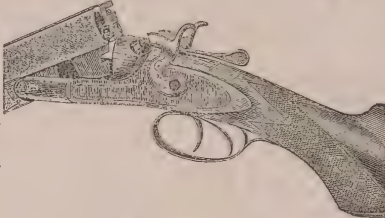
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No. 511.—Top-action, treble safety bolt, extension rib, rebounding locks, laminated barrels. Patent fore end fastening. Cheap strong gun in the market. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers and Ammunition.



Fishers Patent Brush Cleaner for Rifles and Shot-Guns
NOW READY.



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REDUCED PRICE LIST OF SPLIT BAMBOO RODS, WAR-
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Six-strip hexagonal fly rod, German silver mountings, three-joint, extra tip and tip case.....	\$18 00
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Russia-leather ivy-rod, with the "Hyde" clip, 12 ft size.....	5 00
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Best enamel waterproof paper fly lines, from 66 to 100 yds. per yard.....	60 00
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A large assortment of trout and black bass flies from.....	\$1 to \$2.50 per dozen
All kinds of Snelled Hooks tied to order. Also Flies dressed to any desired pattern.....	25 00
United States Arms Revolver, 7 shot, 32 cal, nickel, each.....	42 50
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THESE PISTOLS WARRANTED.

EVERY REQUISITE FOR SPORTSMAN'S OUTFITS.

Agents for Huber's Champion Glass Ball Trap..... each \$9.00
Amateur..... 5.50

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FEATHER FILLED GLASS BALL.

PATENTED OCTOBER 23, 1877.

The "Standard" Ball.

The Bohemian Glass Works would respectfully call the attention of all dealers in Glass Balls to the fact that the Paine Patent Filled Ball is the STANDARD AND ONLY BALL MADE TO A SCALE, therefore we would respectfully caution the dealers against laying in a stock of unsaleable articles for the Spring Trade, when you can purchase the Best Ball ever made at prices less than is charged for other inferior balls. No other ball affords balls with accuracy. In case barrel containing 240 balls, is as beautifully made. It will break in every instance when hit by shot, and is sufficiently strong to prevent breakage either by transportation or falling on the grass.

Every ball weighed and examined, then packed with the greatest care, in barrels of 240.

Send for price list. Special inducements to the trade

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Bogardus' Patent Rough Glass Balls
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These Traps are the only ones that give satisfaction, as they are simple of construction, easily set, and not liable to get out of order, and they throw the ball in a manner that more closely resembles the flight of a bird than any other trap in the market. The Patent Rough Glass Balls are made of uniform weight and thickness, and have a corrugated surface that strengthens the ball for shipment to any part of the country, prevents the glancing of shot, and thereby insures the breaking of the ball when hit. CAPTAIN BOGARDUS was the first to introduce the ROUGH BALL—No. 2—price far below the smooth ball at that time.

Balls and Traps can be ordered through all Gun Dealers. Liberal discount to the Trade.
MY IMPROVED TRAP (warranted), which will throw a ball in any direction from the shooter at the option of the puller, is now ready for the market. Price 98¢. 6 style. 6 style. 6 style. 6 style. 6 style. 6 style. Parties buying glass balls will receive, in case barrel containing 240 balls, score book and rules for glass ball shooting, containing 40 pages.

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FOR TRAPS, HART & SLOAN, Newark, N. J.

Second and enlarged edition of "Field, Cover and Trap Shooting," by A. H. BOGARDUS, containing instructions for Glass Ball Shooting, chapter on breeding and rearing of dogs by Miss John-son. Price \$2, by mail, postage paid. Address, Capt. A. H. BOGARDUS, Hikkah, Logan Co., Ill. Dec 17

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BOSTON SHOOTING SUITS.

The reputation of these goods is now established throughout the country.

They are the Best.

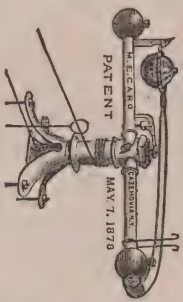
PRICE PER SUIT, \$13.

For circulars, rules for measurement and particulars, address

G. W. SIMMONS & SON,
Boston, Mass.

SEP 12 2m

Card's Patent Rotating Class
Ball Trap.



NEW MODEL READY.
SEPT. 15, 1878.

EXCELS ALL OTHERS. Throws in every possible direction. No screen is needed, as no one, not even snail, can tell the direction the ball will take. Made stationary if desired. All metal. WORKING PARTS NICELY FITTED. Send for Circular.

WM. H. CRUTTENDEN, Gun Agent,
Jeo 3m04 (Czechow, N. Y.)

Pocket Companion.

No sportsman should ever be without a Dudley Pocket Loading Implement for he is then prepared for any emergency. Not only having one at hand, the want of it may be of more worth than a coat twice told. At the time of the war, it was sold by gun dealers generally. Send for circular to DUDLEY & CO., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

SEP 19 4t

HERRING'S
SAFES

"Tried and Proven Trustworthy"

Prices Lower than before the War.

HERRING & CO.,
251 and 252 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Fishing Tackle.

Fish & Simpson's
NEW
Pocket Scale for Sportsmen.

A very handsome article, entirely rust-proof, being made of the best hard brass, heavily nickel-plated, only measures 3 in. in length by 1 1/2 in. in diameter, and of which the annexed cut is a true illustration. This balance scale has been designed especially as a useful and convenient pocket companion for sportsmen, for the purpose of weighing fish and game. Registers as high as 15 pounds, and graduated to 2 ounces by standard weights. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 75 cents.

TRADE SUPPLIED.

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Fish & Simpson,

P. O. Box 4,923, 132 Nassau Street, N. Y.

1090

FOREST AND STREAM

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

Terms, Four Dollars a Year—
Ten Cents a Copy.

NEW YORK THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1878.

Volume 11.—No. 10.
(No. 111 Fulton St., N. Y.)

SUNSET ON THE BEARCAMP.

SLOW fades the vision of the sky,
The golden water pale,
And over all the valley-land
A gray-winged vapor falls.
I go the common way of all;
The sunset feet will burn,
The flowers will blow, the river flow,
When I no more return.
No whisper from the mountain pine
Nor lapsing stream shall tell
The stranger, treading where I tread,
Of him who loved them well.
But beauty seen is never lost,
God's colors are all fast;
The glory of this sunset heaven
Into my soul has passed—
A sense of gladness unconfined
To mortal date or clime;
As the soul liveth, it shall live
Beyond the years of time.
Beside the mystic aspens
Shall bloom the home-born flowers,
And new horizons flush and glow
With sunset hues of ours.
Farewell! these smiling hills must wear
Too soon their wintry frown,
And snow-cold winds from off them shake
The maple's red leaves down.
But I shall see a summer sun
Still settling broad and low;
The mountain slopes shall blush and bloom,
The golden water flow.
A lover's claim is mine on all
I see to have and hold—
The race-track of perpetual hills,
And sunsets never cold.

—From Whittier's New Volume.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun. Islay Island.

GREAT SODUS BAY.

HAVE you ever watched some old painting, realizing new beauties each moment, the small, unlooked-for things as they steal out, hidden tints, beautiful thoughts expressed on the canvas? Or a beautiful gem in a plain setting, with the scintillations of color—golden, emerald, ruby and crimson; or, the peer of all, the bright, sparkling, dazzling diamond? If so, and you love the beautiful in nature as well as in art and precious gems, come to our "Little Island," now robed in her summer and autumn dress.

Over to the west, Sand Point (now dotted over with the white tents of campers) like an index finger, stretches out three-fourths of a mile toward the island. To the north and west stands Charles Point, sentinel of the harbor, while the "bar," a long, narrow beach between the bay and the lake, runs away for a mile to the east, till it joins the mainland on the eastern shore of the "Bluff."

Shooting ducks over decoys (or "coys," as they are here called) presents the very extremes of disgust and satisfaction. One moment you are thoroughly disgusted, for have you not waited for hours with patience and forbearance, in a cramped position, while the rain pelt and a stiff nor'wester chills you through and through, carefully scanning every point of the compass for the longed-for flight of ducks, while your decoys float and nod to one another, yet not a duck to be seen. But, presto! change! perhaps the gale brought them. We know not; neither do we care; there they are, hovering over the decoys—heads thrown forward, wings "tipped" and extended, fifteen or twenty red heads, all in a bunch—what a sight! Does not the blood go coursing to the extremities like a mill-race? One moment, now, like Roderick Dhu, in Troasch Glen, every day business life. See them "come to," like a vessel in the gale, "head to the wind." Now two guns—four barrels—to the right and left belch forth fire and No. 4 and 6 shot. See them tumble—some go heels over head, and strike water spout; others shy and spibe, and when they reach the water dive to escape. There a proud-crested drake comes down with an air of disdain, as though he was alighting for feed, nods to the decoys, turns on his back and paddles in the air. This is but an introduction to the fun, and what had been a cold, dreary beach, with the sullen roar of Ontario's surf at our back, becomes the most enticing place imaginable, as one flight after another comes down to the decoys.

The "Bluff," whose precipitous sides rise one hundred and fifty feet above the water of the lake, gives an extended and delightful view of lake and bay. Here, each year, large camp meetings are held, and usually after the discontinuance of the meetings the ground is occupied by those who come here to "camp out," and enjoy primitive life in tents.

With a grove of noble old maple sand beeches above and around them; the ever-changing panorama of the lake dotted with sails and steamers; the waters of the bay, with Islay, Arran and Bute nestled on its bosom; the pure, dry bracing air, as it steals softly among the trees, brings pleasure to the strong, and both pleasure and strength to the feeble. Great Sodus Bay is five miles in length from north and west to south and east, about three miles in width, with undulating shores. To the west lies the little sleepy, dreamy hamlet of Sodus Point, with the great stone light-house on the hill; south and east a farm now and then dots the landscape, but it is mostly clothed with chestnut groves, except Thornton's Point and Briscoe's Cove, where the fragrance of pine and hemlock is wafted far out on the waters of the bay. This is somewhat of the setting, but the gem itself consists of but twenty-two acres covered with beech, maple, and here and there a pine or hemlock. What a few years ago was a dense wood, an unbroken forest, to-day is a charming grove, where lake or land breeze is felt from one shore of the Isle to the other, while the fierce rays of a July sun are shut out by the green canopy overhead.

The west bank is bold and steep and bluff, extending but a cold welcome to the water twenty or thirty feet below.

The north point is covered with rocks and boulders, and both bank and point would savor of aristocratic and exclusive owners were it not for the friendly landings running out into the water, and the easy flights of steps leading down to the water's edge. The east shore, with gentle slope, extending in a semicircle, holds within its embrace a small, sheltered bay, and here at early dawn the gray clouds change their tints to amber, to crimson, to rosy red, to flaming liquid gold as the east flashes brighter and brighter, until at length the summer sun rushes up over the east shore of the bay, driving away the thin mists that enshrouded Arran and Bute.

The great bald eagle is already soaring away in circles toward the sun, but with eye as keen for game as that of any other sportsman, for his cry is in a great dry oak at Chinney Bluff. The sea-gulls are also on the wing. Some are of dazzling whiteness, while others are white with wings of the most delicate lilac. A great night-heron has shaken the dew from his wings and seeks to escape the light of day, finding shelter in some swamp far inland.

All along the shore are evidences of the employment of the dwellers on the island. A "minnow car" anchored a little way from shore, trolling-lines stretched out to dry, poles of all descriptions, and landing-nets, while in the morning sun you catch the sparkle of brass, silver or gold spoon-hook as it is suspended from some limb ready for the owners use. The small yacht *Islay*, sloop-nigged but without jib or staysail, rides at anchor a cable length from shore, her white sides and red wale gleaming in the sunshine; while a dozen rods away a long, rakish-looking craft, with its great white mainsail, stay-sail and jib already hoisted, its boom lashed to the stern and ballard speak, above the cross-trees a top-sail also shaken out, lies the *Red Hot*, chafing under the little breeze that comes over the tree tops.

From the main shore, from bluff and island, fishing boats are putting out, some to troll for pike, pickerel or bass, with spoons or gangs; others to "still-fish" from anchored boat with "rod and reel," with minnow or other bait. Here is a boat in charge of an experienced carman, filled with young children, five or six of them, all trying to fish, all shouting, all filled with joy and gladness. There is another with three ladies in it, one rowing, the others trolling. This morning exercise, the tonic of the lake breeze tinges their cheeks with a healthy color, and if you catch the sparkle of their eyes you will not want evidence of their enjoyment. Yonder is the boat of an old sportsman (sportsman in the higher and nobler sense of the word, for from just such scenes as these he is filled with the best of inspiration) who, with wife and carman, is intent on making a catch that will supply their table. Intelligently he goes to work. Already he has selected a good spoon, the day being bright, and his boatman with a slow, steady, even pull at his oars that keeps the spoon revolving at just the right depth, takes a course just outside that long bank of weeds. Full well does he know the nature and habits of the fish for which he "goes a-fishing." The pickerel builds for himself a home or rather a hiding-place, where, secluded and sheltered by the weeds, he waits about him, he waits for his prey. When it comes along, be it frog, snake, toad, mouse, spoon-hook or minnow, with a spring he darts upon it. If he misses he may strike a second time, but generally returns to his old lair.

It is not hard to tell the "luck" of the neat boat passing now. The spoon drags the top of the water not more than twenty-five feet from the boat; the oars, lifted from the water, seem waiting to catch what will supply their table. Fishing? No. An artist would draw the picture, with the trolling-line and spoon left out and one seated beside the other, slowly floating down the stream—yes, "floating for dear."

To the north and west of Islay is the channel, coming in between the pier to the harbor and out to the open bay. The channel is deep and its sides abrupt, and along these

banks at the right time are many boats having royal sport. Black bass in large numbers inhabit these grounds, and here you will meet with all the incidents and excitement attending the capture of these, among the most "gamy" fish. Some persons fish with live minnows, others with fly-pole and flies, while others, with a long trolling-line, gut leader, three fair-sized "white millers" and a "red ibis," drop from a heavy trolling-pole. But, like speckled trout, black bass are variable in their moods; sometimes a good basket is the result of the sportsman's labors, sometimes otherwise.

Thronged as Great Sodus Bay is in summer with those who fish, hunt, row or sail, singular incidents sometimes happen; seldom an accident, but often ludicrous scenes in the extreme. One evening perhaps thirty boats were on the water, the occupants intent on their several diversions. The evening sun just setting in a great bank of crimson and gold, the lake covered with a mist tinged with the rays of the setting sun; the vessels on the lake, scarcely discernible, looking like phantom masts, spars and sails, when all were startled by screams and yells, loud and prolonged, coming from one of the boats containing three ladies. Of course every boat within hearing hurried forward to offer assistance. The ladies had been quietly fishing, unattended by gentlemen, as they often do here. Now, an auburn-haired girl stood on the stern seat, hands extended as if appealing for help, face the picture of fear and dread, while a handsome brunette, with sable plume and gipsy hat, her face blanched with fear, stands balancing herself on the narrow bow, as if she had always been a professional rope-walker. Amid the boat is a lady of more mature years, who is perhaps the mother of the dark-eyed girl at the bow. She, too, is standing erect on the middle seat, desperation marked on her countenance, while with a viselike grip she gathers her skirts about her.

In the bottom of the boat, squirming, wriggling, twisting, rushing from one end of the boat to the other, with the line attached, is a huge eel, the unconscious cause of all this consternation among the trio. Of course there was a gallant rush to the rescue, and the young man slew the eel as royally as Perseus rescued Andromeda.

Again, it is very singular what some fish live upon. Last year an old sportsman (not in years, but in deeds)—one who loves the rod and reel, who, from the sand-bars of Florida to the rugged banks of Anticosti, from the south shore of the great lake to the valley of the Yosemite, has cast the fly and pulled the trigger—came to the island for rest and recreation. At last his usual good luck seemed to have deserted him, and day in and day out but moderate success attended his best efforts. At length upon the last day of his stay an enormous pickerel was safely landed and exhibited to his admiring friends; but he presented an unusual appearance of having gorged himself with some hard, indigestible substance. And sure enough, in dressing, the boatman took from the fish a stone weighing a pound or two.

Islay Island is owned by five gentlemen, three of whom have erected cottages of ample and convenient proportions and pleasing architectural design, with all the surroundings to make their summer sojourn here comfortable and delightful. The other two owners, while they have as attractive surroundings, content themselves for the present with large wall tents, spread over a permanent foundation and divided into convenient apartments.

Some of these gentlemen their friends are under obligations of no small amount, for they have been the recipients of their hospitality in the hunting and fishing seasons. You can scarcely imagine a place more comfortable, or a better locality for duck shooting in the spring and fall.

By the side of one of these cottages stands a giant oak, so tall that it towers above all the surrounding forest, a landmark for the country; but its base is charred by fire and part of the immense trunk burned away. Old residents say there is a legend of a beautiful Indian maiden and the death of her lover connected with this scar on the old oak. Some time we will try to tell the story as told to us by one who had it from his guide, a Chippewa Indian, on the shore of Lake Superior.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun. MARIONING.—No. 2.

IN your issue of Sept. 25th, under the heading of "Sport in Louisiana," you remark, "Before many weeks have passed scores of sportsmen will have turned their faces southward, some who have 'done' Florida to seek new fields of conquests. Now I would like to meet the man who has 'done' Florida. I admit that some sportsmen have done the St. John and Indian Rivers and Homosassa; but how many, if any, have visited the southern portion of the State, where man's foot has not been heard since the last Indian war, where game exists in unlimited quantity? In the southern portion of the State to the eastward of the Choctawhatchee, west of the Atlantic and south of Lake Okechobee, there exists an extensive and interesting section, well supplied with game, and which is totally unknown to sportsmen, and which I shall briefly refer to.

Some months since I commenced the preparation of several brief articles regarding that terra incognita, between Cape Sable and Punta Rassa, Florida. My first communication was published in your columns (Vol. X, p. 133), but sickness in family, and afterward sickness of self, prevented me from con-

sects, heed not the carping sparrow-hawks, we will protect thee, and, moreover, give thee all the grain thy plucky little body needs to keep up thy great soul in thy little person. Thou art indeed the friend of man.

ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT.

RARE FISH.—Editor Forest and Stream: Within the last week I have carefully examined a specimen of one of our rare fishes, taken on this coast, which was received for the Provincial Museum by its vigilant curator, Professor Honeyman. It proves to be the *Aspidoplorodes monopterygus* of Cuv. and Val. Its total length is four inches and two lines; diameter of its body at its widest part, the origin of the pectorals, 4½ lines. Hardly anything appears to be known of the habits of this fish, and even the recorded descriptions of American authors appear to have been made from mutilated specimens. De Kay, who copies from Storer, mentions the existence of a smaller spino posterior to the two nasal ones, which is absent in our Halifax specimen. Gunther (Cat. of Fishes Vol. II, p. 210) grants two spines only to the isolated species he describes from Greenland, and he also gives six anal rays, which our specimen possesses, while the Massachusetts specimen appears to have, according to Storer, four, and De Kay, five. I am inclined to believe that a specific difference exists between the Massachusetts and Greenland specimens.

Halifax, N. S.

J. MATTHEW JONES.

THREE-LEGGED BIRDS.—We noticed some weeks ago a three-legged bird, received at a popular restaurant in this city. The London Field has just seen a three-legged chicken, and a three-legged goose has been exhibited in a London market. These malformations, which are not of extreme rarity, are accounted for upon the theory that they come from double-yolked eggs. One yolk is perfectly developed and the other only partially so. It's rather rough on the undeveloped bird.

—At a late Agricultural Union Fair, held at Lake City, Minn., Dr. D. C. Estes, a naturalist and sportsman of that city, was awarded ten first premiums for the following exhibitions: Taxidermy, Indian relics, conchology and entomology. Also for fine aquarium with specimens of Lake Pepin fish, an exhibition of split bamboo fishing-rods, and a large collection of artificial flies.

BROOKLYN ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—This society was organized in 1872 with only five members, the same number to-day, to play over thirty active coleopterists and lepidopterists. The society has acquired a fine cabinet containing about two thousand accurately determined beetles (*Coleoptera*) from all parts of the United States and Canada, and a valuable collection of entomological publications. The meetings of the Society are at No. 9 Broadway, Brooklyn, E. D., on the first Saturday of every month. The Society publishes a monthly Bulletin, the first number of which appeared in May, this year. The contents of the Bulletin are: 1. Practical hints for Collecting Insects; 2. Raising the Larvæ of Beetles in Breeding Cages; 3. Raising Larvæ of Butterflies; 4. A List Announcing the New Publications of the American Entomological Society of Philadelphia; 5. Synoptic Tables of Genera and Species made by Dr. Horn, of Philadelphia.

NESTING OF COUCOONS.—Editor Forest and Stream: A pair of black-billed coucoons (*Coccyzus erythrophthalmus*) nested on the banks of the Northwest Arm this summer, and the eggs were taken by W. G. Morrow. This is the first instance known of the nidification of this species in the neighborhood of Halifax.

Halifax, N. S.

J. MATTHEW JONES.

THE WHITE ELEPHANT OF SIAM.—That White Elephant of Siam has just died again. A procession of thirty vessels, etc., etc. Long live the white elephant of Siam.

ANIMALS RECEIVED AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS FOR THE WINTER EXHIBITION.—*Canis familiaris*, *Canis lupus*, *Canis vulpes*, one garter-snake, *Eutania striata parvulus*; one opossum, *Didelphis virginiana*; two gray lizards, *Sceloporus undulatus*; one black snake, *Basiliscus constrictor*; one water snake, *Tropidonotus rhomboides*; one quail, *Oryzopsis virginiana*; one milk snake, *Coluber obsoletus confinis*; two land tortoises, *Testudo labialis*; one gray squirrel, *Sciurus carolinensis*, all presented. One brindled gnu, *Capreolus gorgon*; two whooping cranes, *Grus americana*; two sandhill cranes, *Grus canadensis*; one weeper capuchin, *Cebus capucinus*; one red cat, *Nasua narica*; one pair hoopoes, *Upupa epops*; one jacamar, *Galbula ruficauda*, all purchased. Two elk, *Cervus canadensis*, born in the garden.

ARTHUR E. BROWN, Sept.

The Kennel.

RETRIEVERS.

The retriever proper, that is, the land retriever, is a dog almost unknown in this country, for the reason that our setters and pointers are broken to perform the duty of fetching game as well as pointing it. So many changes of late, however, come over the spirit of the sportsman's dream that it is not impossible that we may yet adopt the retriever as a portion of the field equipage. There are times and seasons when he is undoubtedly of value. For instance, we have shot snipe (abroad, to be sure), when they were so abundant that a setter was not only useless but rather in the way, while the little curly-coated retriever who kept at heel until a bird was grased was invaluable. The question as to whether the fact of retrieving dead game affects a dog's nose is an admitting of too much discussion to be entered into here, although we are of the opinion that the quality of the dogs used in shooting in this country, and which are almost invariably taught to retrieve, effectually disposes of the question. Still, we expect to some day see the retriever come into fashion. He makes a splendid companion on an excursion of any kind. As to his qualifications, Mr. Colquhoun, in his capital book, "The Moor and the Loch," says that they combine a very soft mouth, unflinching courage in water, perseverance on

land "never to lay down game, however heavy or far to carry, and mild, tractable temper." A dog gifted with these requisites must be trained entirely by kindness. This rule should never be forgotten. Severely may sometimes be needed to restrain an impetuous, headstrong pointer or setter, but so much depends on a retriever's own will and willingness that any dog requiring harsh breaking had better be at once dismissed. Some time ago, Mr. Colquhoun remarks, a hasty gamekeeper near Edinburgh got a practical lesson from his dog, which he would remember better than the soundest scolding his master could have given. He dropped a partridge with his first barrel, wounding another, which fell out of bounds, with his second. The dog retrieved the first bird, but not having perceived that the other was hit too, only wagged his tail with an expressive look at the dead partridge when ordered to fetch its neighbor. The keeper losing patience, gave him a flogging. For weeks, although most willing and efficient in collecting the dead or wounded for any one else, the sagacious creature obstinately refused to receive game killed by one who so rewarded his efforts. The keeper, fully aware of his mistake, tried his utmost by kindness to regain the dog's confidence, but whether or not he succeeded we are not informed.

A writer in a recent issue of the London *Ranchers' Gazette* gives the following hints as to how a retriever should be trained:

First of all make your dog know you as his friend as well as his master; and I may here repeat what has often been remarked before, and what everybody, I dare say, knows, that there is nothing you can do for a dog that goes to his heart so soon as giving it liberty. Always unchain him yourself, and he will always look up to you as his greatest benefactor. I have not space to enter at any length into the whole subject of the education of the dog, my object is rather to give hints with the hope that they may be found capable of being put into practical execution. There is a great deal to be done before you should take your dog into the field with the gun. And hence the question naturally presents itself, when he is ready to enter into the "field" into the "house" to which he is obedient; when he will "seek" when told to do so, and readily bring the object of his search; and when he will at all times, and under all circumstances, "down charge" directly the hand is held up. This is very important, as it acts as a check upon too high spirits, and is a means of steady-ly the dog when apt to get wild. You must be very strict in your training, and you must be consistent. When he gets up after being told to "down charge," take him back to the place he came from as many times as he moves from it, until he lies still, and is told to do otherwise.

In your lessons take care never to weary the dog; it must be a pleasure, and not a toil. Never play with him, or allow him to play with anything while you are instructing him, or he will make but an indifferent retriever. Always, by hiding a glove, or dropping lessons for him you do not wish to develop as far as you can those faculties with which the dog is so largely endowed, "instinct" or "reason," so called, but which we would prefer to call "memory." And now having made your dog obedient, take him into the "field" alone by yourself, and be very careful with him, for much will depend upon this day. You must meet with severity such flagrant faults as chasing a pig, or running up and down a long fence, or game, the latter you should never give him the chance of doing. When you kill a bird, walk quietly up to the spot where you think the bird fell, and when within a few yards of it, let the dog search for it, steadily and quietly. When he has found the bird, call him and walk away, he is sure to follow you, take the bird from him, bag it, and caress him. Never play with him by throwing the bird for him to bring again, for this is a bad habit, and you do not wish his play is sheer nonsense. Be quiet and steady yourself, for excitability is catching, and quickly reciprocated by the dog. When you have a winged bird down, be careful never to hurry your dog. The bird will not run far before it hides somewhere. I have noticed—and I may speak on this subject with every claim to be heard—that when "runners" are lost in turning dogs will find them, and when a dog is found when the field is walked through again, and frequently called to the spot where they were lost—the loss being owing to the dog being hurried, and lifted and helped. If the bird is not where he was known to have fallen, then let the dog hunt in circles, widening them gradually; this he will soon learn to do of his accord. When he hits off the trail, and settles down to it, be quiet, and watch him. If he does not "settle" to it, walk on again, for the direction he appears to "wind" the bird, which has probably gained the fence if there is one near. You had, however, much better not take that for granted. When your dog is hunting for a winged bird, after a few casts of his own, he frequently gets invigorated by his fancied liberty, and turns wild. Here I can offer a hint which is simple, and its after effects never lost. As soon as he shows any symptoms of wildness, throw at him a stone, stick, clod, or anything that comes to hand (not viciously, but as a reminder), this will bring him to his senses in no time, for there is nothing that the dog dreads so much as a stone. The utility of this method is twofold.

1st. It has the desired effect of bringing him to his senses.

2d. It has the effect of making the dog keep his eyes upon his master, a habit he will maintain throughout life, and a valuable one too, for when he becomes old and deaf, he will be able to work by signs instead of sounds, which is of course the perfection of the art.

Always make your dog find wounded game if possible, however much patience it may require on your part. Always shoot for the sake of the dog, and not for the bag; the reason why keepers seldom train dogs perfectly is that they always shoot for the bag, and never for the dog. They always forget that the dog is more valuable than the wounded bird or wounded hare, and even then they are more likely to get if they do not hurry the dog. Never overlook a fault; always be patient. Always treat your dog consistently, reproving faults, praising good deeds. Never send him after crippled ground game until out of sight; and keep him from trespassing as far as you can, always remembering as your motto that a good dog is one that does what he is told to do, and does not do anything that he is not told to do.

—The concluding paragraph of a short article in our last issue, entitled "Dogs, Sporting and Domestic," should properly have been placed after another headed, "Dog Pointing a Stone."

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

AY-AB, AN ARAB DOG.

I WAS convalescent in Cairo in 1876. My time of anxiety was gone. No longer kind friends were solicitous about my health. My backing cough, my feebleness, my exhaustion had passed away. The delightful Cairene winter had given me new strength and hope. I was told that I had been saved from the jaws of death. My first ride in a close carriage, propped up with cushions, gave me the foretaste of a new life. There are many good Maltese servants in Cairo and Jacomo was a typical Cairene. I fancy he had been early in service in Malta, in some English family, as he had all the ways and manners of an intelligent English groom. From his former English master, who was an officer of rank as I afterward learned, he had absorbed some idea of what was a good dog. "When my old master got shooting in Malta he always take me. Oh! miss, such fine *setters* and *pointers*. De dog of Cairo not worth powder and shot to kill him. What for good Cairo dog? Only to eat bone. Miss say she want Cairo dog? *mauwis cheta*. Have much fun, hang his tail between his leg, no come when you call him. Say you find dog, nobody buy dog in Cairo; what you do with him, miss? You ashamed to carry him away with you, for everybody point finger at dog and say 'What for that lady do with ugly beast?' and you shame yourself; and miss, they say I know my business to advise you to have such poor brute. Do nothing Cairo dog but bite and snap and show him teeth."

While Jacomo was with us he had always on his English stop. Sometimes as a philologist, Jacomo's organ was attuned to French, Italian, German, Arabic or Lingua Franca, as the necessity presented itself.

I had expressed my determination to our coachman to have an Egyptian dog, a pet of some kind, and Jacomo objected to it. He said he would have a dog, but not a dog of the owner of this scraggy and poor puppy.

"If miss," said Jacomo, "make up her mind to have dog, I get miss leetle dog before he know bad tracks. If miss want Maltese dog, pug dog, spaniel, I get him. Plenty vice dog in Cairo, dog of gentleman and lady, not mean, poor street dog."

But it was the poor, much abused street dog I wanted. Ay-ab was brought me in a basket of plaited reeds, like a little Moses, when he was four months old, a true Arab dog of low degree. True to his instinct when I first ventured to be familiar with him, though not inclined to be snappish, he would have nothing to do with me. In fact, the want of sympathy between man and dog, as shown in Egypt, was quite positive in Ay-ab. It was some time before he even ventured to wag his tail with contentment and pleasure. Once started in this way, however, he was not easily deterred. He was the education of his better faculties, Ay-ab's improvement was rapid. Determined that he should love me and obey me, I never allowed any one, for quite a long time, to feed him. If I have stated that Ay-ab's improvement was rapid, I must acknowledge that, with a woman's prevailing jealousy, I was pleased to see that the dog's liking was for me alone. Any one who could bear on his own face, and any brother he despised. With some of the native servants was different. He would allow them to care for him, but he absolutely repulsed their caresses. Ay-ab, in the presence of those he disliked, was an abject cur. He would slouch into some corner, with his head toward his aversion, and generally howl; he never barked. This howling was terribly car-splitting and annoying, likely to burst out at any time. Until he was a year old, I seemed to Ay-ab to be his dog, and he was very fond of me. He would keep him away from me. In time I got him to be quite friendly and affectionate, and by degrees his animosity toward human beings was only individual, and not general. But for his own kind he indulged in a special hatred. Even when a puppy, seated at my low window, when a brother of his passed, the hair on his back would stand on end, and, curling his lips, he would show his mangled fangs. Toward as he was with human beings, he was bravely itself with his own kind, unless secured by a chain he never went out without a fight. Now, there are two kinds of dogs in Cairo, the larger one resembling the Constantinople breed, and the smaller peculiar to Egypt. Between the pictures of the dog as found on the old monuments and the present race, those who have studied the forms of animals declare there is a great difference. The animal of Cairo is of a coarser type, and with sharper ears and a heavier body. Mariette Bey has promised my father to make a critical examination made of a mummy dog, in order to compare it anatomically with the animal of to-day.

But to return to Ay-ab. It was a long time before he took to civilized ways, and more than once I had a hard time in fighting for him. A dozen times it was decided on that he should be turned into the street and I was to declare that there was no such animal in the world as he. He was a quite different dog, had so docile and intelligent a creature. When I left Egypt for the United States Ay-ab came with us. Should the editor of the FOREST AND STREAM ever come to our country, to a certain quiet old homestead, as he opens the gate to the avenue he will see a good-sized dog, recalling no canine type he ever saw, watching him closely from the veranda. Ay-ab will not bark at him, but will give two or three prolonged yelps. Should you endeavor to pat him, as you are a dog, he will evade you. He is not familiar, and will not be propitiated. When you are fairly at the door he will jump through the window and bolt straight to me, and inform me as plain as can be that some one he has never seen before is about to pay me a visit. His loyalty to me is immense. Ay-ab takes to colored people more readily than he does to white. Once we took Ay-ab into the woods about ten miles from the house, and he found a deer. In an instant the dog was on the trail, and some lazy friends who are familiar with hunting declared that he ran as swift as a deer-bound, but made no noise. As I am writing this Ay-ab has come in. I have a letter from Cairo just received by the last mail. It shows it to Ay-ab, and say in my best Arabic, "Good dog; you would not last so long, and show him the Pyramids and the Sphinx. He has lost his appreciation of the language of the dog, however, by putting his paws on the table, looking at me with his dark eyes, and whining piteously, his manner of showing affection for me."

Near Danville, Va.

MARY J.

THE PROPER FOOD FOR DOGS.—We are of the opinion that the noses of a very large number of dogs are spoiled by feeding them too much meat, particularly when young. "Stone-henge," and other authorities, strongly advocate the most sparing use of meat, and then only in the shape of broth, in which meal or biscuit should be boiled. When young dogs once become accustomed to meat it is exceedingly difficult to get them to eat anything else, and the only course to pursue

their performances, which, like some others—notably the peculiar impression that a broad and shallow boat sails more on her bottom than the narrow craft—have got abroad, owing to the superficial reasoning which has hitherto characterized most investigations connected with yacht sailing and design, in which the blind too often have been found leading the blind. If, for example, we were to make the statement that the broader and shallower the keel the less she will sail on her bottom, and that the narrower and deeper she is the more will she sail on her bottom, we face the exclamations of astonishment that will escape from many a hasty reader, and his ready challenge of an intimation so at variance with the common acceptations of “a long floor to sail on.” “A broad bottom to stand up on,” “a yacht should have beam to sail on her bottom and not on her side,” and the hundred and one other plausible and ready-made phrases which have found their way into many a mouth, through the lack of knowledge and insight into the actual condition of matters still prevailing among practical builders of limited acquirements, and who unfortunately are too often accepted as infallible guides for a want of better authority to turn to. With the close of the regatta season we will be more at liberty to dilate upon the subject of naval design, and without taking sides ourselves, merely laying before the reader the facts and experiences, letting him weigh for himself the evidence adduced for and against, after placing him in possession of all that is necessary to found judgment upon.

NOVA SCOTIA YACHT SQUADRON.

The handicap race for the R. A. and R. E. prizes, postponed by the sailing committee on account of stormy weather, was successfully sailed on Saturday, 21st. The breeze was at first very light and paltry from S. W., but it freshened up with squalls, and the heavy swell met the outside did not fail to improve speed, the boats pitching and plunging and the green sea pouring over the decks. *Hebe*, as usual, ran clean away from every rival, making a capital start and planting herself well to windward from the outset. She carried gafftopsail and a small flying jib, which lifted her to the seas. *Spray* sailed a splendid race throughout. She carried no gafftopsail until she rounded Mark Rock, when she piled on the canvas, that being the time when the yacht *Muta* was admirably sailed away, and the crew enjoyed the pleasure of the bath without having to leave her decks. This was the case on *Spray* and *Mystery* too, and little *Lily* pluckily went the whole course. *Hebe* was first away, followed by *Spray* and *Mystery*, *Psyche* and *Muta* shortly after, then *Seafan* striding along steadily as a church and bidding her time, knowing her size would tell in the seaway.

Name.	Owner.	H. M. S.
<i>Hebe</i>	R. B. B. B.	17 4
<i>Spray</i>	H. S. G. Twining	22 0
<i>Mystery</i>	P. C. Smith	22 19
<i>Psyche</i>	L. C. C. C.	24 02
<i>Muta</i>	L. C. C. C.	42 52
<i>Seafan</i>	Capt. Larcen, R. A.	42 45
<i>Lily</i>	N. H. Wicks, M. D.	45 19

The whole fleet stood down on the starboard tack. *Psyche* crawled up on *Mystery's* weather, and blanketed her off Point Pleasant. *Seafan* and *Muta* being still astern, *Spray* hauling out ahead, but to leeward, and *Hebe* industriously spinning out her lead. *Mystery* tacked to port and made a board inshore. *Seafan* was first to come about off Horse-shoe Shoal buoy, and was followed by *Spray*, further out, and *Muta*. Favored by the southing of the wind, they were able to lay clean across, and the three cut *Mystery* by a long piece. *Psyche* rather foolishly elected to stand on starboard tack across the shoal water of Meagher's Beach, and made the acquaintance of some heavy rollers, which pretty well shook the wind out of her sails, and when she did finally go about she was well astern of *Mystery*. *Hebe* also stood too, and when she was forced to tack and made Sandwich, she became suddenly aware of the close proximity of *Spray*, which, carrying a splendid breeze along the western shore, was looking dangerous. Another board and the lot got round Mark's Rock, leaving *Mystery* and *Psyche* to enjoy a little match of their own, in which the former came off best. The time here was: *Hebe*, 2h. 47m. 48s.; *Spray*, 2h. 53m. 20s.; *Seafan*, 3h. 55m. 3s.; *Muta*, 2h. 59m. 25s. The jibs at *Turkey* safely off, and the fleet was again in line. *Psyche* here cut out *Mystery*, being quicker on her helm, but immediately after *Mystery* luffed across her stern and covered her, and, had not *Psyche* heeled herself off the wind, would have kept her pinned under her lee. Balloon jibs and jib topsails were set on every yacht except *Muta*, whose balloon jib and jibboom had been carried away as soon as set off Mark's Rock, and the run home was nothing but a special interest, save that *Hebe* continued to draw away and came in nearly a quarter of an hour ahead of *Seafan*, second boat. As *Hebe* was abreast of Meagher's Beach Light, on the run home, she was struck by a very heavy squall and had to let all her sheets fly. The timing at the finish was: *Hebe*, 3h. 51m. 26s.; *Seafan*, 4h. 5m.; *Spray*, 4h. 12m. 58s.; *Muta*, 4h. 16m.; *Psyche*, 4h. 17m. 28s.; *Mystery*, 4h. 21m.; *Lily*, 4h. 42m. 23s.

The sealed handicap having been opened, it was found that *Hebe* had to allow *Seafan* 5m., *Psyche* and *Muta* 12, *Mystery* and *Spray* 20, *Lily* 40, the time between any other yachts being obtained by taking the difference of the times allowed each of them by *Hebe*. The order of the yachts in the winning list is therefore: 1, *Hebe*; 2, *Spray*; 3, *Seafan*; 4, *Lily*; 5, *Mystery*; 6, *Muta*; 7, *Psyche*; *Hebe* taking first prize, and *Spray* second.

This race closed the programme of the Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron for this season, as far as racing is concerned, but it is probable the yachts will assemble for a closing cruise under orders before the end of the season. Mr. F. C. Sumichrast, Hon. Secretary of the Squadron, has been elected a member of the Yacht Club de France.

YACHTING NEWS

BAY OF QUINCY YACHT CLUB.—Belleville, Oct. 4.—Although but little yacht racing has been indulged in for these waters for some time back, our yachtsmen have not been altogether idle, as is evidenced by the fact that two new 10-tonners, both modeled and built by local amateurs, have been added to the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club's fleet within a few weeks past. The first of these which I will mention is the *Sylvia*, a standing keel craft, constructed by Mr. W. M. Pike. She is decidedly out of the common, being without a single hollow line about her, except a slight hollowing of the bows. She is long, light, and carries an immense press of canvas. Her mainsail has a luff of 100 ft., 34 ft. on the boom and 18 ft. on the gaff, with jib in proportion. Her length is 44 ft.; beam, 9 ft.; draught of water aft, 4 ft. 9 in.; forward, 3 ft. 6 in. The other craft has been turned out by Mr. R. M. Roy. She is a centreboarder, measuring 25 ft. 8 in. keel and 11 ft. 5 in. beam. Her canvas is rather smaller than that of *Sylvia*,

and she carries it well and has proved herself a fast sailer. The annual regatta of the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club came off on Monday last, the prizes offered being for second and third-class yachts only, as the bigger ones were not in racing trim. The second-class race received five entries, namely, the *Katie Gray*, *Kathleen*, *Sylvia* and *Gracie*, of Belleville, and the *Emma*, of Kingston. The course was 20 miles, three circuits being required to complete it. There was but a slight breeze, the yachts being able to carry gaff and jib topsails, and although not racing machines, which you so justly condemn, the leading yacht was able to sail the race in 3h. 20m., a performance which it would be difficult to excel. The *Katie Gray* won by 6m. 53s.; *Kathleen* second; *Gracie* third, 11m. behind her; *Emma* fourth and *Sylvia* last. In justice to the *Sylvia* it must be said that her topmast carried away and insured her defeat, while the *Gracie* set nothing most of the way except fore and aft canvas, she being without a topmast, so that she did very well under the circumstances. The third-class race also had five entries, namely, the *Mystery*, of Kingston; *Minnie A.*, *Mabel* and *Whisper*, of Belleville; and *Ina* B., of Picton. The *Mystery* won a very closely contested race by 1m. 23s. *Minnie A.* second, *Ina* B. third, and *Mabel* fourth. On the whole the regatta was a great success. Outbirth has put a new stern on the *Ellis*, of Oswego, which vastly improves her appearance and it is thought will also add to her speed. The season is advancing rapidly, and very soon most of the yachts will go into winter quarters.

SWEETSTAKES MATCH OFF NABANT.—Editor Forest and Stream: There has been much rivalry here this summer among the fast cat-boats, and a short time ago it was determined to have a sweetstakes race to settle the question of superiority. The conditions of the race were that the course must be dead to windward, as near five miles as possible, and return. Boats to be allowed mainsail only, and no shifting ballast. Any cat-boat under 20 feet water line could enter by paying five dollars to one of the judges; each boat to appoint a judge. It was decided to have the race at Nabant as the fairest place for a steady wind and a square trial of speed. Six boats, all “cracks” in the cat-boat category, entered, and the day of the race was one more, the *Josie*, appeared, and, though contrary to rule, was allowed to enter, as no one protested. The wind was light northeast, and the boats were sent off to leeward with a flying start, three minutes being allowed to cross the line. The *Scamp* was first away, with the rest close behind. On the run before the wind the *Fancy* gained considerable on all the others, and rounded the buoy for the beat to windward with a great lead. The wind, however, had been hauling to the southeast, and it was found, unfortunately, that the boats could lay their course for home without beating. The *Water Witch* and *Josie*, though not knowing exactly where the stake boat was placed, stood much too far to windward, and would have lost a great deal, but they were lucky enough to get more breeze, and on the whole were probably benefited by the operation, and on that day the *Fancy* took the heat and the *Josie* lead. The *Josie* would have won the prize on time allowance had not the judges decided that it was no race because there was no beat to windward. The boats came in as follows: *Fancy*, *Josie*, *Water Witch*, *Scamp*, *Mirage*, *Psyche*, *Sea Men*. The failure of this race was a disappointment to many who were interested, and each boat went away feeling sure that had there been a beat to windward she would have won. The boats cannot probably be expected to meet again this season.

Boston, Sept. 30.
DORCHESTER REGATTA.—Saturday, Sept. 28, the Dorchester Yacht Club offered five prizes for cat-boats under 21 ft., in hopes of bringing together the boats which raced at Nabant. Five of them appeared, and also several slow boats, induced to come in by the number of prizes. Fortunately there were more boats than prizes, and at about one o'clock the gun was fired for the start. The race was a most exciting one, and when near the windward buoy the *Josie* caught a puff of wind which put her ahead of several others who had beaten her up to that time. She held her lead to the end and won easily. The course is a miserable one. It is almost entirely land-locked, and the winds are very unsteady. The tides run hard, the water is shoal and the tides are many, giving a stranger a hard chance. Following is a summary:

Name.	H. M. S.
<i>Josie</i>	1 47 55
<i>Water Witch</i>	2 03 10
<i>Rockets</i>	2 03 10
<i>Valerich</i>	2 03 10
<i>Psyche</i>	2 04 06
<i>Clara B.</i>	2 04 06
<i>Widder</i>	2 13 18
<i>Sea Men</i>	2 17 16
<i>Heads</i>	2 27 04

The *Josie* is a new cat-boat, which had a tremendous reputation for speed before she was built. She has been to three races, each time without a beat, and has won every race. She got a very light wind in every race. She has a long bow and no sheer, and is certainly not hand-some. She sails wonderfully well to windward in a light air, but perhaps having no ballast and no floor boards helped her. In any event, she has yet to earn a reputation for speed.

CATAMARANS.—In consequence of the continued demand made upon us to furnish parties with plans and instructions for building catamarans, we have made arrangements whereby we are enabled to send to any address a full set of drawings and specifications for building a double-hulled boat upon receipt of price, \$4. Orders should be addressed to the Yachting Editor, FOREST AND STREAM.

CRESCENT CITY YACHT CLUB.—By the sale of *La Belle* to a member of this New Orleans club, recently effected by Mr. Thos. Manning, yacht agent, a valuable addition to the fleet on Lake Pontchartrain is made.

AMERICAN MODEL YACHT CLUB.—The Clark Cup presented by Mr. Clark, owner of the Boston cutter *Saxon*, was won by *Garric* (Mr. Bennett) in a race on Prospect Park Lake, Brooklyn, Sept. 23, beating *Ezzie*, *Jennett*, *Cornelia* and *Colo*.

NEWPORT YACHT CLUB.—The match for the cup presented by Mr. Henry Jones, of Staten Island, N. Y., was sailed off Newport, R. I., Sept. 23, and proved only partially successful owing to the lack of wind. Course from Long Wharf around Brenton Reef lightship and return, eighteen miles. Wind light and baffling. *Allan*, *Belvyn* and *Twilight* gave up. *Hebe*, Mr. J. Jourman's, was the only one to go over the course, and the cup was awarded her.

CENTRAL HUDSON YACHT CLUB.—For the fall Corinthian regatta of this club four yachts were entered, but owing to a lack of wind only one went over the course. Wind fresh from N. W. at start, and a fine day's racing was promised, but it fell calm later on. *Gracie*, Mr. H. E. Belcher, third-class, made the race in the stipulated time and takes the prize in her class. Time, 3h. 17m. 25s. *Shadow* and *Fly-away* not finishing.

HUDSON RIVER YACHT CLUB.—The fourth annual regatta of this club was sailed Sept. 29, in conjunction with the Pavonia Yacht Club. Course for first and second-class from Seventieth st., North River, around stakeboat off Fort Lee, thence around one off Weehawken and return to club-house—sail twice over; third-class, return from Fort Lee stakeboat on second round. Start flying. Wind light from N. E., but shifted to fresh breeze from S. W. latter part of race. Won in first-class by *Clara S.*, 4h. 43m. 00s.; *Annie Gaid*, 4h. 54m. 33s.; *Irone*, 4h. 59m. 13s. *Mechanics* withdrew. Second-class—*Geo. B. Deane*, 4h. 43m. 45s.; *H. H. Holmes*, 4h. 57m. 50s.; *Lydia T.*, 4h. 4m. 48s.; *O. K.* and *Rough and Tough*, not timed; *Annie L.* and *Rosy H.* withdrew. Third-class—*Butler*, 4h. 42m. 20s.; *Gusnie* and *Nellie Shaw* not timed. Special prize for cat-rigged boats taken by *O. K.*

TRUSTON YACHT CLUB.—This club sailed a match on the Delaware River before Truston, Sept. 30. Course about six miles. Won in first-class by *Minerva*, 4h. 10m.; *Ida*, second, 4h. 21m. Second-class—*Bella* and *Hippie* sailed a dead heat in 3h. 3m., afterward sailed off in favor of *Hippie*, J. S. Mount, third. In the third class, *Ramble* won in 3h. 18m., *Susie* second. The entries were very numerous. Prizes consisted of challenge pennants.

GLOUCESTER YACHT CLUB.—The first regatta of this new club was sailed Sept. 26, off Pavilion Beach, Mass. First-class, from 10 to 25 ft. water-line, second-class under 10 ft. First-class sailed around a mark two miles outside of Eastern Point Ledge buoy and flag boat off Norman's Woe. Judges, Capt. Chas. Babson, Bennett Griffin and Councilman Wm. Thompson. Mr. Joseph J. Burns was timekeeper. *Judith* won in first-class, 1h. 40m. 45s., *Adels* second. *Hard Times* won in second-class, 1h. 35s., *Zip* second. *Zannie* carried away her bowsprit. The new club is full of life, and promises to enter upon an active season next year.

A LONG CRUISE.—The schooner yacht *Okorotin*, of Cleveland, Ohio, Capt. F. W. Edmunds, arrived at this port from the South, after a very extended cruise. The schooner is 32 ft. long and 9 ft. beam. She left Cleveland Oct. 17, 1877, sailed down the Mississippi through the Gulf to Cedar Keys, Fla., in search of a place to “locate.” At Pass Christian she was blown high and dry on the mud by a squall, and it occupied several days to launch her again. By taking the inland reaches along the coast, Philadelphia was safely reached, and she was on her way for New York via Cape Hatteras. He proposes to sail for Troy, thence to Buffalo, via Erie Canal, and by the lakes home again to Cleveland, where he hopes to arrive about the 20th inst.

NEW CITY HOUSES.—The San Francisco Yacht Club has inaugurated their handsome new house at Sausalito, Cal., with appropriate ceremonies, and the Dorchester Yacht Club, of Dorchester, Mass., is about to take action looking to the building of new quarters likewise.

MARON OFF.—Unless *Intrepid* can be brought to the line, there does not seem any likelihood of *Amundsen* being accompanied with a match this season, as *Dreadnaught* has gone into winter quarters.

GAEL-SUNBEAM MATCH.—The match off Boston Light between these two little clippers, before noticed in these columns, was started, Oct. 2, in a fresh breeze of wind, which, however, died out just in time to prevent making the race in the stipulated time. *Gael* had a lead of a few lengths. The match will probably be rescheduled at a future date.

BORNS SOUTHERN.—The schooner *Ida* O., Capt. J. H. McQuillan, of Cambridge, Mass., is fitting out for a trip to Jacksonville, Fla. Her owner proposes to sail the ship in company with the *Queen*, which will be yanked, as the yacht is only 32 ft. long. Such an undertaking should be encouraged, and the captain has our best wishes; but if *Ida* O. is of the ordinary wide and shallow style, we trust he is well aware of the dangers of putting out to sea in fall weather in a smooth water model.

SASS SOCIETY Y. C.—The annual regatta of this club was sailed at Lansingburgh, N. Y., on the Hudson, Sept. 26, course, twelve miles; wind strong from N. W., shifting to N. W. Won in first class, by *Aurifer*, *Lodge*, of Albany, 3h. 19m. 7s.; *Sassa* second, second class, by *Albion*, in 3h. 48m. 25s.; *Nina* second. In third class by *Addie* in 3h. 48m. 17s., *Annie* second.

CLEVELAND YACHT CLUB.—A new organization has been formed at Cleveland, Ohio, under the above title. Officers have been elected as follows: President, F. H. Smead; Vice-President, W. P. Francis; Secretary, P. Smith; Treasurer, H. G. Phelps.

QUINCY YACHT CLUB.—This club held their fall regatta September 20th, off Quincy, Mass., wind steady from S. W. Course from Judges' boat to red buoy, off Quincy, and return, six miles. Won in first-class by *Vision*, B. F. Curtis, 38m. 24s., *Folly* second. It was claimed that *Folly* had “crowded” *Vision* a whole mile out of the race, and that this action was unfair. Our friends in Quincy are evidently poorly posted in the rules of yacht sailing, and may follow our columns to advantage; from them they will glean that “crowding,” in place of being unlawful or unfair, is, on the contrary, perfectly legitimate, and a lulling match between two crafts is one of the most interesting trials of quality that can be witnessed in a sailing match. *Folly's* skipper has probably toiled a craft longer, and took advantage of his better knowledge of handling a boat than his opponent, who found it so troublesome to shake him. In the second-class, *Thobe* (W. H. Littlefield) won in 37m. 20s., *Nattie* second, in third, *W. D. Daniel* (J. Q. Adams) won in 42m. 57s., *Imp* second.

CLEVELAND REGATTA.—The match, sailed under the auspices of the Cleveland Yachting Association, September 19th, brought nine yachts to the line. Course on Lake Erie, three miles out and home, rounding the crib on the return. Won by *Unique* in 1h. and 16m., beating *Chimes*, *Sliver*, *Spray*, *Gipsy*, *Stranger* and *Tylo*.

THE MAGIC.—This famous schooner, well known as the winner of the “America Cup,” in the international match against *Cambria* (Albany, N. Y.), has been purchased by Mr. Francis M. Weld, and will in future sail under New Bedford. We will probably hear the colors of the N. B. Y. C.

OAR AND PADDLE.

THE SCULLERS' CHAMPIONSHIP.

After postponing the race from Oct. 2 to the next day, the water was found smooth enough for a shell to live in, and rather than disappoint the multitude it was decided to send both the contestants to the start. Owing to the lack of practice on the part of Courtney, his chances had been waning ever since his arrival, and to the knowledge that he was a pretty clear case for the Canadian, especially as more or less

New Bedford, Oct. 2.—The past week has been marked by the arrival of several distinguished visitors from the South, in the shape of two turpans, one weighing 108 pounds, and a baracuda, over 100 inches in length, caught in St. Thomas' Trap, a few miles from the city, and a green turtle caught in the lower part of our harbor. Striped bass plenty, but rather small, averaging five to ten pounds each; eels, tautog, scup, squetague, etc., plenty.

MOVEMENTS OF THE FISHING FLEET.—Shore mackerel have been in good receipt the past week, the arrivals numbering 20, with 5,550 barrels. The number of Bay arrivals have been 8, and the receipts 1,340 barrels. The Bank fishermen continue to arrive from the long trip, with moderate fares of codfish; the number of arrivals since our last report has been 8; and the receipts 1,200,000 pounds. Bank halibut continue in light receipt, the number of arrivals for the week being 3, bringing 130,000 pounds. The number of Georges arrivals has been 20, and the receipts 320,000 pounds codfish. Whole number of fishing arrivals for the week, 71.—*Cape Ann Advertiser, Oct. 4.*

CONNECTICUT—Windsor Locks, Sept. 5.—Black bass anglers fill the river here, and especially at Terry's Island, less than a mile above the railroad bridge. This island has become famous, as the spot selected by Terry, the Millerite, who, with his band, chose the highest point upon it as the "jumping off place" some years ago, when they were awaiting the end of the world. They nearly froze to death, and the world did not go to pieces either. Miller has since built a house on the island, and still lives there awaiting the crack of doom. His friends have a standing invitation to come and fish, and the bass, all unconscious of the Millennium coming, bite voraciously. Messrs. C. A. Birge and Leopold Egner, of this town, took seven-sixty pounds of fish there the other day, the bass averaging from one-half to three and one-half pounds each.

NEW YORK—Shelter Island, Oct. 6.—The bunker fishing for week ending the 5th has not been as good as for several past weeks. The fish have not been in Gardiner and Peconic bays, which is bad for the sailing fleet; but the steamers have done better, being able to pursue them off Montauk, and along the southern shores of Long Island.

NEW JERSEY—Kinney's Ashley House, Barnegat Inlet, Sept. 28.—Fishing poor during past week, owing to easterly winds. Nothing biting except blackfish and sea bass, and the latter thick as they can be.

Forked River, Oct. 7.—Sea bass and gamy black fish still biting, but not so freely as last week. The best catch this week was fifty-two by Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Leslie and a Miss A. Brown, in the yacht Belle. Bluefish have not yet made their appearance in any large quantities, and, owing to heavy easterly winds, it has been impossible for our yachts to go outside.

PENNSYLVANIA—Wolf Run, Oct. 5.—Some very fine strings of bass are being taken from the Susquehanna. They were first put into this stream by John Bowman, Harry Petrik and James D. Brewer, about seven years ago; that is in Lycoming County. They are very plenty, and in a very few years the Susquehanna will compare favorably with any of the bass streams.

Greenville, Oct. 1.—Hon. A. McDermitt caught to-day several black bass in the Shenango, at this place.

VIRGINIA—Leahurst, Oct. 4.—Bass have been taken for the last ten days in strings of from ten to twenty-six, averaging two pounds, some as high as three and a half pounds. Potomac and Goose Creek both clear.

SOUTH CAROLINA—Port Royal, Oct. 3.—Quite a number of spot-bass were taken in the river last month. October and November are the best months for bass, sheephead and weakfish. I have taken quite a number of hickory shad (bone herrings) from my little wharf this summer; also, plenty of skip jacks, yellow-tails, weakfish, etc., fourteen different kinds, in great plenty. I never knew there was such a great abundance of fish in the creeks.

ALABAMA—Athens, Sept. 30.—The fall fishing will not be very good, owing to the drought that has prevailed here for the past two or three months. The streams are low and sluggish, making fish unfit to eat, and killing them in some places. There are several very fine streams that abound in fish when the water is high. Near this city, and twelve miles south, we have Swan Lake, that affords the angler a great deal of sport as well as fish.

WISCONSIN—Pewaukee Lake, Sept. 28.—Pickrel, pike, bass, perch and other fish are yet taking the hook, and the fall fishing may be said to be fine.

A RARE FISH.—At Mr. Blackford's we saw some specimens of what is really a rare fish, the *Alburna condrhyus*, or lady fish. Professor Baird states that one or two have been captured at Martha's Vineyard, but none before from the shores of New Jersey. The fish is a handsome one, with red, closely-set scales. It will measure about 18 inches long, and has a sharp head with a flat top. As a food fish it cannot be recommended, its flavor being a trifle rank and its flesh coarse.

HAVING EYES THEY SEE NOT.—The intelligent sporting editor of the Germantown *Telegraph* must have been napping when this item was put into his paper:

"A story is told by a writer in *FOREST AND STREAM* of large trout inhabiting the Kennebec River, several miles from its source, in a deep pool, which are so watchful for the sportsman, as to rise up to the surface of the water, with their eyes above the surface, swinging round slowly to see whether the fisher is thrown into the water mere by human agency! This, indeed, was a common occurrence! But this little story may be put to rest by the simple fact that fish cannot see out of the water—only through the water. Hence, coming to the surface to take a survey of outside objects would be like blind-folding them. Next!

We are next ourselves, and we boldly affirm, from all our experience, that fish do see in the water, through the water and out of the water. Just waggle your finger around a shark's eyes, and "this little story may be put to rest." We don't know about a dried herring or the blind side of a flounder; but most other fish can see. There are scales over somebody's eyes here. Next!

THE OCTOPUS AS A FOOD FISH.—We do not eat horses in New York. They do in Paris. Some day, who King

Rumanka's besieging forces shall invest Manhattan Island the hungry inhabitants may turn them with good grace to their horses, and so follow the Parisian mode in food as they now do dress. It is more than probable, too, that long before the navy of the African monarch shall appear in New York waters, the devil fish will have become a familiar denizen of our harbor; and when at length the siege comes, the daring fishermen of Fulton Market, braving the guns of darksome warships, may possibly open a new avenue of income if he shall capture the once fabulous monster and retail choice bits of his shiny folds for the Friday morning repast of the much-fasting citizens. But the tawny conqueror may never dispatch his armament, and the merits of the still mythical devil fish as an article of food has not yet engaged the attention of restaurants. But the octopus we have with us, and it is not at all improbable that the price of that now neglected dainty may yet be quoted in our market reports. Some day possibly the octopus may displace the delicacies of to-day, and soft words of love may be whispered into the ear of the fair one with telling effect when her palate has been tickled with a choice bit of octopus arm served *a la St. Heller*. At least such may, we believe, be the approved mode of courtship in vogue in the Isle of Jersey. There are better, as well as bigger, fish in the sea than were ever caught out of it. The Jersey folks and the dwellers of the Mediterranean have at least shown that the octopus is susceptible of very satisfactory culinary treatment. The St. Heller fish market daily receives, in the season, huge basket after basket filled with slimy, hideous and repulsive masses of arms, eyes and bodies, which, by the continual jolting, become transformed into one indistinguishable gelatinous mass. Octopus fishers simply turn over stones and rocks at low tide with iron hooks, dislodge them from beneath the boulders, or with a few crabs and a piece of twine, allure the prey to the surface of the water and gather them in with a scoop net. Many rare and savory dishes are made, and octopus, boiled, stewed or fried, is deservedly a favorite article of diet.

—The guests of Mr. John Sutherland, the caterer, have been interested in this week in viewing a great stuffed huge, weighing forty pounds. The fact that it took one of Abby & Imbrie's dented trolling spoons may be taken in evidence that it is the only fish of that size which are taken with those spoons—or it may not.

Rational Pastimes.

THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS.

PLAY in the match of the Australian Eleven and the New York Eighteen was resumed Wednesday morning, Spofforth going on again and the innings being completed with 98. The bat of the day was made by Marsh, lifting Garret over the Australian quarters for six.

At 1:30 the brothers Bannerman opened the second inning for the Australians, maidens and singles being the rule for some time. The play was concluded without remarkable feats on either side, the Australians winning the game by a score of 163 to 161, with five wickets.

The Australians went to Philadelphia Thursday, and the game with the eleven of that city began at 12:30. The Philadelphians selected were J. Hargreaves, T. Hargreaves, Brewster, D. Newhall, O. Newhall, H. Newhall, G. Newhall, Caldwell, Hopkinson, Comfort, Meade and Allen. The Australians went into the field, and Messrs. John Hargreaves and Brewster going to the bat, opened with singles, then played more freely and ran the score up to 28, when Hargreaves returned a ball to Spofforth and retired. Charley Newhall, succeeding him, was soon followed by Robert Newhall, whose remarkable inning was the feature of the day. Being soon joined by George Newhall, the two ran the score up to 73. Caldwell and Hopkinson succeeded Robert Newhall, making the score 119. Dan Newhall then joined his brother, and for some time the two held the bat. Bob Newhall, having maintained his inning for over two hours, finally retired with a score of 84. The further progress of the game will be seen from the scores subjoined.

The game was resumed at 11 o'clock the following day, and the American team displayed the same excellent playing in the field they did in the last. Bannerman, the Grace of Australia, was soon disposed of, Spofforth shortly afterward following and going out on a ball from C. Newhall into R. Newhall's hands, the third wicket falling with a score of 17. The excitement among the spectators culminated when, with Captain Gregory at the bat, the fourth wicket went down for only 20 runs. Murdoch and A. Bannerman did good work, keeping their posts from 12:15 to 1:45, running up the score to 47. When the fourth wicket was down, and the two men, Boyle and Allen, went to the bat, two runs were yet to be made to save the Australians from following their wicket.

The concluding day of the match was a notable one in American cricket annals. Never before had such a throng of people gathered to witness a game in this country, nor has a game been attended with such universal interest. The play was marked by excellent fielding on the part of the Australians, who at one point in the game, not accepting the umpire's decision, retired from the field. Not only was this in violation of all cricket rules, but the action had a most depressing influence upon the Americans, and poor batting followed. The fourth wicket had fallen for 19 only, when Dan Newhall had opened with a leg hit, and he had Caldwell for a partner, when in playing forward to a ball from Allan, the ball went into Blackham's hands, and the bats were lifted. Dan put his bat down. It was a question for the umpire, and he only to decide, and he gave Dan in; but Blackham assumed the duties of umpire and decided him out, and as Braun would not coincide, the Australians became indignant, and after a brief consultation, they, at the call of Mr. Conway, withdrew from the field and refused to play unless the American umpire was withdrawn. An hour and an hour and an hour of discussion went on as to the merits of the case, pro and con, but few regarding the occurrence other than with feelings of painful regret and as very bad precedent for cricket in this country. The two captains had "a talk" over the matter, and Mr. Newhall's ultimatum was that if the Australians withdrew

Mr. Freeman, who had given just as questionable a decision as Mr. Braun in a similar stumping case, they would withdraw Mr. Braun, not otherwise. This was put to a vote of the team, and through Mr. Spofforth's influence it was decided by a majority vote to take the field with the same umpire. The subsequent progress of the game will be seen in the subjoined score:

First Inning.		AMERICANS.		Second Inning.	
J. Hargreaves, c and b Spofforth.....	10	st. Blackham, b Spofforth.....	7		
Brewster, c Murdoch, b Allan.....	15	c and b Allan.....	0		
O. Newhall, b Allan.....	5	lb w b Spofforth.....	0		
R. Newhall, b Allan.....	84	c Bailey, b Allan.....	0		
G. Newhall, c Spofforth.....	13				
Horan.....	13	c Gregory, b Allan.....	2		
Caldwell, s t Blackham, b Boyle.....	22	b Allan.....	8		
Hopkinson, c Gregory, b Bailey.....	0	c Bailey b Spofforth.....	5		
D. Newhall, not out.....	31	c Boyle, b Spofforth.....	7		
T. Hargreaves, b Allan.....	1	st Blackham, b Allan.....	0		
Comfort, b Allan.....	3	b Allan.....	4		
Meade, b Allan.....	0	not out.....	0		
Byes, 8; leg byes, 6.....	14	Byes, 6.....	6		
Total.....	166	Total.....	53		
Grand total.....	249				

FALL OF WICKETS.		BOWLING SCORE—FIRST INNING.		BOWLING SCORE—SECOND INNING.	
1st inning.....	23 28 33 73 110 119 178 188 196 196	24	196	1st inning.....	23 28 33 73 110 119 178 188 196 196
2nd inning.....	2 19 19 27 37 44 44 53 63 63	53	63	2nd inning.....	2 19 19 27 37 44 44 53 63 63

Bowlers.		Runs.		Maidens.		Wickets.		Wides.	
Spofforth.....	96	51	8	1	0	0	0	0	0
Garrett.....	52	26	5	0	0	0	0	0	0
Allan.....	80	27	4	6	0	0	0	0	0
Boyle.....	73	6	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Horan.....	40	34	2	1	0	0	0	0	0
Bailey.....	16	10	1	1	0	0	0	0	0
Murdoch.....	16	5	1	0	0	0	0	0	0

Bowlers.		Runs.		Maidens.		Wickets.		Wides.	
Spofforth.....	75	24	7	5	0	0	0	0	0
Allan.....	72	23	6	6	0	0	0	0	0

First Inning.		Second Inning.	
C. Bannerman, c G. Newhall, b Meade.....	0	b C. Newhall.....	27
A. Bannerman, c G. Newhall, b C. Newhall.....	45	b C. Newhall.....	0
Horan, run out.....	6	c R. Newhall, b Meade.....	0
Spofforth, c R. Newhall, b C. Newhall.....	4	b C. Newhall.....	4
Gregory, b C. Newhall.....	37	not out.....	0
Murdoch, b D. Newhall.....	37	not out.....	0
Bailey, c Meade, b C. Newhall.....	0	b C. Newhall.....	24
Blackham, b D. Newhall.....	20	not out.....	0
Garrett, b C. Newhall.....	1		
Boyle, c T. Hargreaves, b D. Newhall.....	80		
Allan, not out.....	4		
Wides, 3.....	4	Byes, 1.....	1
Total.....	150	Total.....	66

Grand total.....		FALL OF WICKETS.	
1st inning.....	3 10 17 20 92 92 102 115 115 150	150	150
2nd inning.....	8 13 63 66	66	66

Bowlers.		Runs.		Maidens.		Wickets.		Wides.	
C. Newhall.....	212	67	29	5	0	0	0	0	0
Meade.....	104	36	13	0	0	0	0	0	0
Comfort.....	36	7	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Caldwell.....	8	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
D. Newhall.....	105	34	15	3	0	0	0	0	0

Bowlers.		Runs.		Maidens.		Wickets.		Wides.	
C. Newhall.....	72	22	9	3	0	0	0	0	0
Meade.....	25	16	4	1	0	0	0	0	0
D. Newhall.....	40	10	6	0	0	0	0	0	0

THE SIX DAYS' WALK.—The six days' walk for the long-distance championship between Daniel O'Leary and John Hughes, at Gilmore's Garden, this city, was concluded Saturday evening at 11 p. m. The result was an easily earned victory for O'Leary. The career of his rival was a checked one. His movements were decidedly erratic, there was no display of the first characteristics of a lasting pedestrian, and as a contest of skill the whole exhibition was a miserable failure. Hughes began the contest by running, and the subsequent progress made by him was the result of a series of when opposed to the determined method of O'Leary. The latter had behind his walk the abiding strength of moral stamina, and the "piston-like" movement of his stride was sure to bring him out ahead of his clumsy, slouching competitor. During the concluding hours of the walk the vast throng of spectators kept up a continual cheering, which reached its height when O'Leary was presented with a medal, and finally made a triumphal march about the Garden through the lanes formed by the crowd. Hughes made sporadic spurts during the evening, finally retiring before ten o'clock. There was from the first a very large attendance of sight-seers, the receipts for the week amounting to more than \$15,000. The following is a summary of the walking done by the men in each twenty-four hours:

	O'Leary.	Hughes.
First twenty-four hours.....	103	89
Second twenty-four hours.....	72	59
Third twenty-four hours.....	69	59
Fourth twenty-four hours.....	76	71
Fifth twenty-four hours.....	59	28
Sixth twenty-four hours.....	31	7
Total.....	403	310

ROBIN HOODS VS. WILLIAM TELLS.—*Titusville, Pa., Oct. 7.*—Match for the championship; 40 yards; 30 arrows each.

Robin Hood.		William Tells.	
Capt J. W. Webber.....	71	Capt Levi Tuck.....	61
Orlo Marsh.....	89	August Eastland.....	57
George Farrell.....	50	Dyron Porter.....	75
Total.....	226	Total.....	223

ARCHERY AT THE INDIANA STATE FAIR.—At the late State fair at Indianapolis, Ind., a novelty among the features of the fair was an archery contest. The Kokomo Archers and the Wabash Archers were represented by skillful members. The shooting was at a regulation target with nine inch gold, counting nine; a four and a half inch red ring, counting seven; a four and a half inch white ring, counting five; a four and a half inch black ring, counting three; and an

outer white ring, four and a half inches, counting one, making the target forty-five inches in diameter. The first match, thirty arrows at each distance, was as follows:

	60 yds.	50 yds.	40 yds.	Total.
Will Ganso.....	65	108	150	323
John A. Boos.....	90	101	242	433
Charles Leach.....	74	118	176	368
Will Brewer.....	93	149	159	401
C. A. Jay.....	105	113	165	383
Theo McMecham.....	85	123	187	395
W. A. Russell.....	66	135	121	325
Will H. Thompson.....	121	204	214	539

Will H. Thompson won the first prize, a fine gold medal; John A. Boos the second prize, a fine silver medal; Will Brewer the third prize, a silver cup; Theo McMecham the fourth prize, a fine set of arrows. After this there was a splendid contest between the "Kokomo Archers" and the "Wabash Merry Bowmen," which was won by the latter club by the following score, each archer shooting 30 arrows at 40 yards.

KOKOMO ARCHERS.	
Will Gause.....	142
Charles Leech.....	150
C A Jay.....	157
W A Russell.....	176
Total.....	625

This prize was a magnificent gold badge valued at \$50, offered by Mr. Pfingst, of the Grand Hotel, to the best club in the country, open to all. At the close of the shooting a superb bow of rosewood, backed with fancy wood, was presented to Mr. Thompson, because of the unparalleled score made by him at the 50 yard range. Immediately upon the close of the shooting the Kokomo Archers challenged the Merry Bowmen for a second contest, to take place by the 26th, Will H. Thompson to be barred, which was promptly accepted by the Crawfordville club.

SCOTT HILLS ATHLETIC CLUB.—The opening games of this club were held at Milburn, N. J., last Saturday. There were a goodly number of contestants and spectators, and the programme passed off most successfully. The contests were as follows:

One hundred yards handicap.—Nineteen entries; won by E. H. Reynolds, 7 yards in 10s.

One mile handicap walk.—Six entries; J. J. Calbertson and J. Gibbons, who finished first and second, were ruled out under rule of cautions, and C. S. Lewis, 55s., was pronounced the winner, 7:56 actual time, P. Noel second.

One mile run.—Three entries; T. H. Smith won in 4m. 49 1-5s.; C. H. Rowland second.

Running high jump.—Won by W. R. Deers, 6ft. 1in.

Two hundred and twenty yards handicap.—Won by P. O. Farley. In the 150 yards dash W. C. Wilmer, Short Hills, A. C.; F. C. B. Bortas, Harlem A. C., and J. B. Vaino, Elizabeth, contended. Won by Wilmer in 15:2-5s.

Half-mile handicap.—Thirteen entries; won by Pierre Noel, 45 yards.

Running broad jump.—W. C. Wilmer won with 10ft. 5in.; H. Inman second.

Four hundred and forty yards hurdle handicap.—Nine entries: W. Vinkey, Jr., won in 1m. 1-5s.; E. J. Haigh second.

Tug of War.—Scottish-American A. C. team defeated the New York A. C. team.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Communications.

J. H. D., East Chester, N. Y.—See our game columns.

J. A. D., Warsaw, Ill.—Thanks for your communication.

C. L. R. W., Bedford, N. Y.—Write to Charles Prior, Provincetown, Mass.

F. C. A., Buffalo.—Cost of advertisement for four months, \$30; for one year, \$60.

E. A. M., Broadhead, Wis.—Have answered your question in full in issue of Sept. 26.

H. N. T., Abilene, Kan.—See answer in our last, stating that pelican are not confined to the sea shore.

G. N. B., Delphos, Kan.—The best thing for carrying wads is a belt which allows the heads to go down into it.

CARIBOU, Montreal.—We are assured that our correspondent did not intentionally disregard the game statutes.

J. W., Houston, Texas.—The gunmakers you inquire about can turn out as good work as Grant, and finer than Boss.

J. B. T., Atlanta, Ga.—Articles on boat building are not yet published in book form, but probably will be this winter.

G. L. F., New Orleans, La.—For the "Tight Shell" and companion chromo address Chas. Zimmerman, St. Paul, Minnesota.

ROBIN HOOD, Tusculum, Pa.—For a 30 yds. archery target the bull's-eye, or "gold," should be 4in. diameter, and for a 100yds. target 9in.

J. W. R., Georgetown, D. C.—The cheaper guns of the firm you mention are reliable. You will find an 8½ or 9½ lbs. weight a very good one.

G. N., Philadelphia.—We think you will find satisfactory quail shooting about Port Jervis, N. Y. See our answer last week recommending Virginia.

NIRSY, Troutman, N. C.—According to the copy of the laws of your State, which is now before us, the law referred to by you does not apply to your country.

S. K., Jr., Yarmouth, N. S.—Renforth died in his boat while pulling against the St. John crew for the world's championship on the Kuncas, beccasis, not at Halifax, as reported.

G. S. P., Lynn, Mass.—Good quail shooting in Western New England will be found about Waterville, and Watbury, Conn., among the Berkshire Hills, and around Pittsfield, Mass.

G. W. M., Augusta, Me.—The best special work on fish culture is Livingston Stone on trout raising. General information had better be derived from U. S. Commissioner's Reports.

E. A. M., Broadhead, Wis.—Must for a boat 16x3½ ft. should be about 1½ ft. long and 1½ in. in diameter at thwart. Sail should be of light drilling, and contain 90 sq. ft. See our other answers on this head.

OLD SPORT.—The house of Turner & Rose, of Boston, are not known to us except by advertising agents, and we have declined their advertisement.

elements. We know nothing of their responsibility or quality of the guns they offer.

E. L. F., Histon House, La.—Would not advise you to use a Spencer, when, for repeating, you can get a Winchester for \$50 much better. Buy a .45 cal. People in Pittsburgh like reliable. Your subscription ended May 5, of this year.

COLLIER B., Princeton, N. J.—In addition to supplying fish ponds with minnows and the like, fish-culturists plant these grasses and weeds upon which larvae are bred, and so increase a deficient supply of food as well as of oxygen.

CUTTER, Oswego.—The iron cutter *Index* was built at Chester, Pa. in 1877, by Reaney, Son & Archbold. She was not in commission this season. The *Poland* has three and a half beams to her length. She is 40x12ft. Has lead on her keel.

D. T., Baltimore, Md.—James Everson, of 488 First st., Brooklyn, E. T., is the only builder of *Rhodes* canoes. Write to him, and mention our name. For outfit for canoeing and camping address W. Holberton & Co., 117 Fulton st., New York.

GREENONE, Brooklyn.—My 10 bore, 5¼ lbs., gun puts in from 210 to 220 No. 8 shot in a 30in. circle, 40yds, 8½ ds. powder, 11-16 oz. shot. Shall I choke it? Ans. The gun gives good execution; we would advise you to let well enough alone.

M., New Rochelle, N. Y.—The bird is a cheviot, otherwise called marsh robin and towhee bunting. It is common in Eastern United States, and inhabits thickets, underbrush and briars, and spends much of its time scratching among the leaves on the ground. It is migratory.

KEE WEST, Manchester, N. H.—What is the killing or effective range of a good 12 gauge, 23in. barrel, double-barreled breech-loader, with Nos. 10, 5 and 4 shot respectively; 8½ ds. powder, 1½ oz. shot? Ans. 35 yds. for No. 10, 50 yds. for 8, and thirty yds. for 4. Load heavier for heavier shot.

A. P. V., New York.—What is the proper quantity of Spratt's Dog Biscuit to feed my setter while not in use, feeding once a day? Ans. Three biscuits at the outside, fed dry; but we should vary the diet at least twice with a mess of boiled food, containing vegetables, meat and meat.

PADDY O'LEARY, Ashbyesburg, Ky.—Paper shells are the most convenient; metallic the most economical. Shells should be full length of gun chamber. Your gun is reliable for small charges. Toreload brass shells you will need a loader, block, extractor and recapper. They may be had of our advertisers.

G. F. A., Fishkill.—I have a —breach-loading gun, 12 gauge, 27 in. barrel, cylinder bore. With 1½ oz. No. 9 shot can put from 270 to 294 pellets in a 30 in. circle at 40 yds. Is not that a fair target, and is this make a good one? Ans. A wonderful target if your figures are correct; gun in good repute.

L. N. B., Honesdale, Pa.—My setter bitch is lined by a cur. Will come in about two weeks. Will it injure her to drown the pups as soon as born? What shall I do? Ans. Rubbing, and drawing the milk, if necessary, prevents caking. Castor oil should be given, and may also be used externally on the teats.

J. R. T., Philadelphia.—I use a 12 gauge Moore, of London, 30in. barrels. Have thought of charging one barrel with ball and the other with shot. Is this good for anything? If so, what size ball should I use. Ans. Use a No. 10 ball, and load heavier than for shot. The idea is not novel. You may get fair results.

J. J. A., Lawrence, Mass.—Your dog is suffering from impoverished blood and general reduction of the system. Give him ten drops of Fowler's Solution of Arsenic morning and evening, and each day a pill containing two grains each of quinine and citrate of iron. Give him plenty of nourishing food, but very little meat.

R., Pittsburg.—Is not the —about the best for a Stephen's breech-loading shotgun? What is the right charge of powder to kill rabbits, quail and pheasants from said gun? Will Eaton's Rust Preventer take rust from a gun after it is once on. Ans. 1. Excellent, 2. 3 grs. powder, 1 oz. shot, 3. No, but it will prevent rust increasing.

J. B. W., Wilmington, O.—You will find De La Plaine, Greene Co., a first-rate centre for sport in Arkansas. It is reached via the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern Railway. You can hardly go amiss in the State. Knapp and Van Nostrand are reliable game dealers in New York. Fine grained powder burns quicker than coarse grained.

A. B. P., Norristown.—What is the proper charge, powder, shot and wads, for a 11-gauge, 30-inch muzzle-loading gun for rabbits and partridges, and what would be a good pattern at 40 yards, 30in. circle, for such a gun? Ans. 3½ ds. powder, 1½ ozs. No. 8 shot, one pink edge wad over powder, and one pasteboard wad over shot; 180 pellets would be a good pattern.

SLUGS, Marquette, Mich.—You cannot shoot shot from a rifle with any satisfactory result, as the shot will catch the riding and go off in all directions. We use the globe and peep sights to feign through; some people might use them to load with. Your gun fair; out of the market now. For slugs, .44 cal., use 70 grs. powder.

M. N., New York.—I intend going to Indian Territory next June and July for a couple of months' shooting. Is that a good time of the year? What game is to be found there? What part of the Territory is the best? Ans. The best time for hunting is in Feb. 1. For best localities see Hallowell's "Sportsman's Gazetteer," 900 pages, \$3. Deer, turkeys and prairie chickens.

C. T. J., Jr., Leverington, Pa.—The name you mention is not that of a maker; it is simply a trade-mark. Allot the genuine Greener guns have "W. W. Greener" stamped on the locks, and "W. W. Greener, St. Mary's Works, Birmingham, England," on the barrels. The guns purporting to be Greener guns, marked simply "Greener," or otherwise than as mentioned above, are frauds.

NON-RESIDENCY, New York.—It is my desire to get a few days' quail shooting in Monmouth Co., N. J., some time during the month of November. Not being a resident of that State I would like to know what steps to take in order to procure a license to shoot under the new law covering such cases. Ans. Address Richard T. Miller, Sec. West Jersey Game Protective Society, 160 Market st., Camden, N. J.

YIMMINAN, Norfolk.—The best system for measuring cat-boats for time allowance is on the water line, from forward side of stem to after side of sternpost; or, if the boat has an immersed counter or portion of the hull abaft the post in the water, measure to point of intersection of such part with the water. Plumb up the two points, and measure the distance between them with a tape-line or piece of acousting.

W. G., Ithaca, N. Y.—Dixon Kemp's "Yacht Designing" costs \$35; "Yacht and Boat Sailing," by same author, \$10. Can procure either for you on receipt of order. 800p-yacht. *Yazoo*, formerly owned by Mr. Livingston, of Staten Island, was modeled by Bob Fish, built by Amberton Bros. in Philadelphia, 1871; sails by J. M. Sawyer, of New York. Length over all, 51ft. 1in.; water line, 44ft. 11in.; beam, 16ft. depth, 5ft. 6in.; draught, 4ft. 4in.; with centreboard, 1 ft. 6in.

I. C. J., Tusculum, Ill.—My Gordon setter pup, four months old, appears to be in great distress at times. Vomits large quantities of worms. Is she coming down with distemper. What shall I do for her? Ans. For worms give one grain castor oil for three successive days, followed by a tablespoonful of castor oil. Give the puppy also a Dover's Powder night and morning. Careful nursing and warmth may pull her through the distemper if the Dover's powders are given at once.

C. H. C., Newark.—In a race where both judges and referee are appointed, the latter decides upon any disagreement between the judges. If these, however, are unanimous in their decision, the contestants cannot appeal to the referee. Only in the event of the judges disagreeing can the referee give a final verdict. Custom has established this; there is no written law or authority in its support, but in the appointment of both judges and referee a tacit understanding exists to this effect.

PORT TACK, Belleville, Ont.—Write to Mr. Thos. Dean, Secretary Boston Y. C., Boston, Mass, and state your capacity. He will, no doubt, comply with your request for a club book. Time allowance is based upon the size or dimensions of yachts, and no difference is made on account of their having cables or not. You will find excellent time tables in the club book referred to. Such tables have been brought to much greater perfection among our Eastern yachtsmen than in New York waters.

W. S. B., New York.—I have a rifle, .44 cal., 95 grs. powder, 355-gr. ball. I wish to use it as an off-hand gun, but the recoil is too great for my nerves to be comfortable, and cork or wads are a nuisance. I have thought that if I could procure a clean powder, and much weaker than the Fg. rifle powder, I might be able to all my shells and avoid this trouble. Ans. We could not give you any powder that was less effective. Instead of loading with 90 grs., use 65 grs., mixing your powder with dry sawdust to get the bulk in the shell.

B. H. T., Helena, Mont.—In the rifle match, of which the score is given in another column, the first prize should have been awarded to Bash, because he had no losers; the second to Allen, because of best score in inverse order of shots; third to Hewin, because of fewer losers than Oldham, who took fourth. This award is made in accordance with rules of N. R. A., which are published in another answer to-day. Had the shooting been "class shooting," those who made scores of 41 would have divided or shot off for first prize; those making 40 second; 39 third, etc.

J. T. N., Baltimore.—1. For a dog troubled with fleas would you prefer the use of flea powder such as advertised in your paper, or the copious use of good and pure carbolic soap? 2. What is the best bedding for a dog this season and later? Ans. 1. The copious use of carbolic soap is about as bad for a dog as anything well could be. An occasional washing is well enough. The flea powder is better, followed by a good washing with any kind of soap, squeezing the soap to dry on, and subsequently washing in white oil soap, and so on to dry. 2. Pine shavings or clean wheat straw, to be changed once a week.

L. C. G., Homosassa, Fla.—If your yacht rolls very badly before the wind, "wing" her ballast as much as possible—that is, stow it out to the sides. The fault lies in her construction, and the only advice we can give you is to experiment with her ballast. It is a difficult matter to remedy a roller. Scrub sail with fresh water or soap, then scrub over with soap and sprinkle or rub whitening on it; allow it to dry and bleach in the sun, and repeat, if necessary. Treat both sides. Do not use chloride of lime or caustics or acids, as they rot the canvas. If you use chloride of lime only the clear liquor should be allowed to touch the sail, then rinse well.

H. H. R., Rockford, Ill.—My setter has a disposition to sleep, and will drop down the moment I stop to speak to a person, or stop for any reason. Very little running will cause him to pant very hard. When walking spreads his legs far apart, and curves his back up. His seams in pretty good spirits, and eats well. Ans. Your dog has inflammation of the bladder, probably the result of high feeding. Reduce his food, and give him cooling food with plenty of food of boiled vegetables. Give him twice a week, ¼ oz. sulphate of magnesia and 10 grains nitre as sufficient water to dissolve. If this treatment does not cure him give him each day one or two capsules containing balsam of copalva.

J. W., Cleveland, Ohio.—If you propose using the "skip-jack" for sailing altogether or chiefly, would advise greatest beam, say 16ft. long and 6ft. beam. She will require either a centerboard or keel, not both. For ballast use old iron—grate-bars and castings. Stow it as low down on the bottom as possible, and secure it so that it cannot shift. The amount will be governed by the depth you wish your boat to draw, and is best obtained by experiment when launched. For a cat-rig make sail 1½ ft. on foot, 10ft. hoist, 5ft. gaff, and 15ft. on leach; mast 1½ ft. above rail, 5in. thick at deck, and stepped 1ft. from bow; centerboard, 4ft. 9in. long, 2ft. wide f'ward, 2½ ft. aft; or a keel, 6in. deep aft, and 4½ ft. forward. Round off the forward end or forefoot.

R. K. J., Jr.—1. I want to get a gun for glass-ball shooting, partridge, duck, squirrel, etc. What bore (choke or modified), gauge and length of barrels should I get? I want an 8½ in. gun. What shells 1-15 in. shorter than chamber of gun impair shooting? 3. What is the price of Dittmar powder? 4. What is the price of Eaton's Rust Preventer, and from where can I get it by mail? 5. What color is tan? 6. Is the tan as good as any other for the same price? Ans. A No. 12, 28 to 1in.; left barrel moderate choke for glass balls, the other plain. 2. Yes impair shooting, though very slightly. Shells ought to fit exact. 3. \$1 per pound. 4. 25, 60 and 75 cents. Cannot be sent by mail. 5. Color of tan, bark. 6. Yes.

A. S., Battery E., San Antonio, Texas.—Can you give me any information about the Ottawa or Grand River, Canada? I would like to know the length of the river, how far it could be navigated with a wooden boat, or whether it would take a canoe on account of portages. Also, what kind of fur game is there in the country? Where can I get map or any book describing the country? Ans. For map of Ottawa River address James Campbell & Sons, Toronto, Canada. The river is possibly 800 miles long, but trappers and sportsmen seldom go above Round Lake near Eganville, 116 miles from its mouth. It is navigable for canoe to its headwaters. For special information see Hallowell's "Gazetteer," published at this office, price \$3, postage paid. For game in great variety.

A. B. P., Norristown, Pa.—In an annual report of the matches at Creedmoor, under the N. R. A. rules, I find two scores that are tie in points: A, 4 4 5 4 3 4 4 5 4—41; B, 4 4 4 4 4 5 4—41. Is there not a mistake in point of order of merit? Which of these two scores is best under the circumstances? C, 4 4 4 5 4 4 5 4—43; D, 3 5 4 4 4 4 5 4—43. Ans. These scores are a tie in total number of points, and in number of bull's-eyes, centres and inners. The top score, counting inner-eyes, is the best. In the second series, the first score is the best because it has no inner. The N. R. A. rules: "The shall be decided as follows: 1. When the firing takes place at the same time, distance, by the score made at the longest distance, and if still a tie, and there be three distances in the competition, by the score at the second distance; 2. by the fewest misses; 3. by the fewest errors; 4. by the fewest inners; 5. if still a tie, by inverse order of shots, counting singly from the last to the first; 6. by string single shots at the longest range."

THE FUTURE OF THE PALMA.

NOW that the walk-over match has been gone through with and the fact demonstrated that there has been no retrogression in the ability of our small-bore experts, it is time to look at the question of the International match in all its bearings, and consider whether something should not be done if the series of matches is to continue. Under date of Sept. 21 John Rigby writes from Dublin and takes bold, reasonable ground in speaking of this very topic, and when this leader of the enthusiastic Irish marksmen says, "I must confess that I see no stirrings among our riflemen to indicate an intention to face the burning sun and puzzling fish-tails of Creedmoor in 1879," it should be taken as the warning note to the managers of the Palma on this side of the water. When the enthusiastic inaugurators of the series of international matches grow so despondent in face of the conditions which have been tacked on to the Centennial trophy the idea may strike the Directors of the National Rifle Association that a few more reconsiderations of the conditions may be of service. The Directors in question have been most generously treated by the public at large, but a few more blunders in the long chapter of them in the history of this trophy and the Directors may find themselves called to account for all. When the popular subscription placed this fine trophy in the hands of the N. R. A. it was with the understanding that the trust was to be intelligently executed. It certainly will not be so carried out if after a couple of gallant attempts on the part of our British and Colonial cousins to wrest the honors from us, the whole affair should be permitted to fall into a decaying neglect. Sir Henry Holford echoes the opinions of "the Irish Bodine," and he speaks as the accredited representative of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain. These opinions were written before the walk-over of the 25th and 26th ult. was performed, and that when known abroad in its significance and in its figures can only add the more point to their objections to tempt defeat again at Creedmoor. The Palma was intended to be a popular badge of battle, and the public stand ready to give a generous support to anything approaching a real test of skill and strength, but to such tame affairs as a walk-over the experience of the past fortnight shows that nothing but neglect can be expected. A few more such pantomimes and the life will be crushed out of the Palma.

The Directors have quietly taken the trophy entirely under their wing, and the Boston team who went through the dumb show of September will find they have only acquired the right to put the bauble on show in a Boston shop-window, or stow it away in a Boston safe-deposit vault. This move was, seemingly, a very clever one, but it remains to see whether it was a politic one. What is needed is not restriction, but freedom. In place of narrowing down the conditions they should be amplified, and made so broad and liberal that each year should see a match fought through with the keenest zest. It is a ridiculous notion to suppose that the range at Creedmoor will sink into insignificance if the Palma match is not contested there; whereas, the prospect now is that one will go down with the other. John Rigby strikes the "best possible cartoon" on the matter when he says: "To insure an annual contest, and to make the Palma a truly international and not merely a Creedmoor trophy, it is only necessary to revise the rules with a view to locating the match in Europe on alternate years." This is a confession of weakness on the part of the Irish riflemen by their great leader, and as such must be highly flattering to the American riflemen. Mr. Rigby may put the ground of his plaint on the expense and difficulty of sending a team across, but if that team, picked from among thousands of rifle users, were the experts they conceived themselves to be the Palma would not now be resting in possession of the country which first offered it. The British riflemen had for years given the world to understand that as riflemen they were invincible. They were taken at their word by the rest of the world, and before America had fired a long-range shot she was taunted to a test, stood it successfully, and now when the best efforts to overcome her have failed, those who had been champions when there were none to oppose now beg for more favorable terms. The question now is can America afford to give these terms. Surely if the action of the Directors in amending one portion of the conditions is legal they possess the power to go further and make the amendment which Mr. Rigby suggests. It would be in every respect politic, for it would revive interest, where now it is dying out, and rouse the popular feeling to the points seen in '75, '76 and '77, when the struggles were real and not simulated. We have yet to find an American rifleman who is willing to express a fear that in a fair field and an equal fight, in America or abroad soil, they would suffer defeat. Putting the matter then on the low ground of seeking to preserve an undue advantage, there is nothing to dread in going upon any range the world over and proving our ability to hold the Palma against all comers. We have a right to be boastful, for should defeat be in store for us what has been done is enough to stamp our marksmen the equals of any. If we are to suffer a break in our series of victories we have at least the satisfaction of knowing that in men and rifles, system and position we are far in advance of what the British champions of five years ago ever dreamed of. America can afford to be generous in this matter. She can do more and be just. She can meet every demand which the British riflemen, smarting under defeat, can make upon her, and then, when the new line of victories shall be ours it will be time enough to cast about and meet the fresh difficulties which may then arise.

Now is the time to fix upon the course to be taken for 1879

and succeeding years. It must be patent to all that the contest is to be one for years to come between Great Britain and America. A conference between the representative riflemen of those two countries could now, in the light of past experience, draw up a model code of procedure for the matches of the future. Do it at once and 1879 will witness another great battle of the butts. Neglect it and another walk-over, even tamer than the last, will come, while the present eagerness of the transatlantic shots may be turned to apathy and years pass by before the subject be revived.

THE CHAMPION SCULLER OF AMERICA.

THE great race has been rowed, and to Hanlan, of Toronto, falls the title of "Champion of America." Those of our readers who followed closely the columns of the *FOREST AND STREAM* will have no cause for regret at the issue, so far as they are personally concerned, however much their laudable patriotism might make them wish for a different ending to the match at Lachine. Courtney, of Union Springs, is a powerful sculler; it takes a good man to hang as he did to the like of Hanlan, but it is equally certain that the latter had a large reserve to draw upon and that he rowed, for his own purposes, a "waiting race." He pulled hard, but never did his best. It is one of the characteristics of this quiet, unassuming Canadian, that he holds back and does not show what he can do unless there is need of it. In none of his former races with much lighter timber than Courtney has he done his utmost. "Hold your man, near the close give him a twist," that seems to have been his maxim in all the many races he has pulled during the season. The plan worked well, for while "Charley" was industriously pulling races in the daily papers, challenging everybody and meeting only rustics of the Dempsey stripe, defeating Hanlan over and over again with very much confidence on paper, if reported interviews with him are to be credited, the wiry Canadian was filling his backers' and his own pocket with shekels and coins gathered industriously from all comers in the United States and across the border. A good sculler he was, every one granted; few suspected the full extent of his powers, for he found it policy to keep them shady and bide his time. Bide it he did. His friends caught Courtney and his backers over-confident, wheeled them into a race on rough, strange waters, over a tideway, put the whole pot on the winner, and kept their man in the dark. A willier game, legitimate though it was, has seldom been played. Courtney's wonderful confidence held well on paper to the last minute and, after hardly half a dozen spins over the course, he found himself face to face at the start with a man of whose real capability he and his friends knew nothing at all. Hanlan, in a very business-like way, disposed of his adversary and can do so over again any day and on any water you may select. It is certain that the rough sea affected Courtney somewhat, but it is equally as certain that the Toronto lad had plenty of wind and muscle to spare, and if Courtney's backers are blind enough not to see this they will find their man pulling a stern chase again. To be beaten by such a sculler as Hanlan has shown himself to be is no disgrace; to hang to him as Courtney did is an honor few or none can claim.

A great deal of noise has been made, by those too ready to judge others by themselves, over the presumed dishonesty of one of the contestants. At this day, when the race is a week old, not a single particle of tangible evidence of any dishonest action has come to light. Insinuations, plausible generalities, plenty; but nothing that would stand as evidence in court. These rumors can be traced to the gambling fraternity in the first place, the sensation and gossip mongers in the second, and finally to those in whose eyes dishonesty seems more readily borne than defeat. The race was beyond doubt an honest one and well fought from beginning to end. Whatever we may say in mitigation of Courtney's defeat we are not blind to the fact that he was actually overpowered by Hanlan and that the latter had him well in hand throughout the course. The championship has gone to the best man in America, and we opine it will be a long while ere any one wrests it from his safekeeping.

THE GLADIATORIAL SHOWS IN NEW YORK.

THE result of the O'Leary-Hughes walk at Gilmore's Garden was from the first a foregone conclusion. It was a hopeless struggle of over-weening confidence, brute endurance and senseless expenditure of strength pitted against intelligent and scientific effort. Nothing save certain defeat could have been predicted for the man who began a six days' contest by running like a deer for the first few hours, drinking immoderately at first of milk, and later in the contest, evading the vigilant eye of his trainer, swallowing his champagne and tumbling into a drunken snore from which he sullenly refused to return to the track. Such escapades would be fatal to a cast-iron "pedestrian's" record, even when offset by the strange enmity displayed by Hughes toward his rival and the loudly-vaunted resolution to "hate that O'Leary or die on the track." It was something worth while to see the methodical, systematic work of O'Leary. Every stride had the regularity and precision of a machine. We do not wonder at the plaudits showered upon the champion as he went on and on around the track, nor at the ovation he received when his task was completed.

But we protest that the spectacle of his opponent was painful; it was disgraceful. Had a galled and jaded horse been urged by blows about the ring in Gilmore's Garden the agent



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INDOLENT IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1878.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guaranty of good faith and be addressed to the *FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY*. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous communications will be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

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Trade supplied by American News Company.

CHARLES HALLOCK, Editor.

T. C. BANKS,
Business Manager.

S. H. TURRILL, Chicago,
Western Manager.

THE AMERICAN CRICKETERS.—The typical American is not given to under-rating his ability in any contests of skill with foreign competitors. But there was a curious lack of confidence displayed in our cricketers who had been selected to meet the Australians. However commendable such a modest estimate of the prowess of America at the wicket, the results of the New York and Philadelphia games have done much to reassure the faint-hearted. The Philadelphians surprised themselves, their friends and the Australians, and drew from their opponents words of well merited praise. The Germantown grounds were the centre of intense interest last week. We look for a greater popularity of this admirable gentleman's game.

THE WALK-OVER.—A correspondent asks whether the work of the American team of 1878 was really a walk-over. The conditions require that a team of eight men shall fire over the 800, 900 and 1,000 yard ranges, thirty shots at each range, equally divided over two days. This would make a total of 720 shots, whereas but 703 were actually fired, whence our correspondent concludes that as the course was not covered it was not a walk-over. Perhaps some member of the team of 1877 may find an argument upon this when called upon to surrender the Palma.

THE NEW HAVEN STEAMBOAT LINE.—The great steamboat *C. H. Northam*, recently restored, and two weeks ago replaced upon the New Haven Line, is probably the staunchest and best appointed steamboat in the world. Her accommodations are most luxurious, and hundreds daily make the round trip from this city to New Haven simply to enjoy the delightful experience. She leaves at 3 p. m. of any given day, and is back to her New York wharf by 5 o'clock the next morning, giving three or four hours' visit in New Haven. Capt. Bowmes commands, and Horace Clark is the clerk. Both gentlemen have been steadily on this route for several centuries, or at least as long ago as we can remember.

of Mr. Bergh would promptly have interfered and public sentiment would have sanctioned the interference. The only difference in this case is that here was a reasoning being, who, as such, of his own free will and for the sake of cheap notoriety and more substantial greenbacks chose to inflict the torture upon himself, and people chose to go and witness the exhibition, and cheer as the old Romans cheered their gladiators. And a sorry figure he cut, as with blistered feet, and sore, stiffened and rheumatic joints, he went limping around the track like the hero of the nursery rhyme,

—My son John,
One shoe off, the other shoe on,
every movement of his body accompanied by a grimace of pain.

We fail to distinguish between brutality in pedestrianism and brutality in prize-fighting. The "mill" is the disreputable, recognized test, not of skill, but of endurance. The man who has the most bull-dog in his make-up, and can stand the most pounding, gouging and biting, is the winner of the belt and the plaudits of the ring. The performance of "The Lepper," as his friends dub him—and we take this performance as Gilmore's only as an example of many similar "shows"—was little more elevated or elevating. It was a test simply and solely of how much punishment the so-styled pedestrian could endure. There was a difference in degree only, not in kind, from the old-time gladiatorial exhibitions where the brute and human performers in the arena edified the effeminate youth of the Roman Capital. It belongs to the category of cock-fights, dog-fights, bull-fights and prize-fights. There is about these contests none of the ennobling influences attaching to the generous rivalry of true sport; they are, on the contrary, unmanly, debasing and reprehensible in the extreme.

A "Society for the Prevention of Self-Inflicted Cruelty to Idiots" would be a most useful organization; its initials would be as numerous as those of the S. F. P. C. A. and its field equally extensive.

APPLES AND ORANGES.

IT WAS not a difficult feat for Ali Baba, with his *Esamee*, to gain admittance into the cave of the Forty Thieves; nor is it hard for a man or woman to find their way into the columns of a newspaper, provided their communication bears with it the magic *Esamee* of sterling good sense. The subjoined bit of reflection from an observant lady will answer the inquiries of a host of young men who are constantly writing to newspaper editors to know whether or not they shall emigrate to the South, or the West. "Would you advise a young man to go to Florida?" "Shall I go into the orange business?" These are the oft-repeated queries, and our reply may be found substantially expressed in the following letter. If a young man goes to Florida because he is too lazy to care for a farm at the North, he will, in all probability, come back in as sad a plight as did the man who gained some notoriety among the paragraphers last winter because he returned from that sunnycime on foot, clad in a hat, shirt, pair of pants and one suspender. The conditions of success in any part of the world in these days, are—barring the golden spoon—honest, faithful work. If a man lack these essentials, energy and thrift, at the North, he most certainly will not find them in the climate of Florida. To the kid-glove dreamer of dreams it is a suggestive fact that orange trees have thorns.

The apple of the North and the orange of the South are *par excellence* the two fruits of America. Their merits have been sung in verse and told in story. Prossic statistics tell us that the apple crop of last year in the United States was valued at \$50,000,000, while there were 22,000,000 oranges gathered. Orange culture is yet in its incipency. The Florida fruit commands the highest prices in our markets and the demand is ever greater than the supply. As the trade increases we may look for more intelligent care of the groves and better facilities of transportation. That more fortunes than one are to be made in Florida is no secret, but fortunes do not make themselves there any more than in other parts of the Union. One who has not himself fought the unequal battle can have little conception of the myriad forms of animal and vegetable life everywhere infesting the earth, air and water. Eternal vigilance against things flying, hopping, creeping, crawling, burrowing and boring is the price of immunity from their deadly ravages. The *dolce far niente* in the hammock is all well enough in poetry, but even a more practical man than a poet might be staggered to reconcile his *otum cum dig*, with a neglected Florida orange grove. This is what our correspondent writes from the Catskills :

Being a woman, I do not know whether I ought to speak; but a glance at your title-page emboldens me to defend the lives of the apple-trees. I think some one ought to speak for the apple-tree in some way.

Frequent drives of late through the Counties of Albany and Green have afforded us an excellent opportunity to notice the orchards of fruit, which are numerous in this vicinity. In Florida a man does not expect to succeed in the orange culture unless he is on the alert for every enemy to his pet trees. Not only is the ground hard and the soil enriched, but the trees are protected from frost by covering them with straw being taken to keep them clean, and the manner in which they show their appreciation of this fondling, and their expression of gratitude, are rich enough rewards to the faithful orange-grower. The owners of some of these apple orchards that I have seen lately may be brothers to those orange-growers. The trees were in good shape (how often an apple tree is in such a sorry state) and the fruit was as good as well, I won't attempt to describe that so rich and so tempting. But there were many orchards that harbored great worm-eaters. Almost every wild cherry tree was literally stripped of its foliage by these rapacious vermin, which only foretold

the fate of its neighbor, the apple-tree. And is there anything more aggravating to the cook or to the one that's eating it than to find secreted in a royal apple one of these horrid worms? Let the farmers be persuaded to take a little more care of their orchards. Were this done—the trees pruned and shaped, all the small holes filled up, every worm-trail annihilated (heaven forbid that a small boy should be allowed to play in an orchard saturated with kerosene, could burn them out), we should not see so many adventures coming to Florida, only to have their high hopes of orange fortunes blasted. There is money in the orange, but it comes at the expense of great care and watchfulness. I know a man who allows worm-nests to disfigure his apple or cherry trees ever think he can find money hanging on orange trees.

A DAILY EDITION.—An importunate North Carolina subscriber complains that to receive one copy of this journal only once a week does not satisfy him. Well, some people never would be satisfied. We assure this newspaper Oliver Twist that he shall have "more" in due time. Sport in the United States is as yet in its infancy, though it must be confessed it is now pretty vigorous infant, and by-and-by, as the field enlarges and our ever-increasing circulation warrants the "more," we shall issue the FOREST and STREAM every day and have a Sunday double number besides. There's a good time coming.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—All transient advertisements sent to us must be accompanied by the money to pay for their insertion. This rule is sensible, business-like, imperative and absolute. We cannot and do not receive advertisements upon any other terms. Our rates are plainly set forth in our prospectus.

GAME PROTECTION.

NUMBER FOUR ASSOCIATION.—We learn from the secretary, Mr. Frank Bolles, Windsor, Conn., that the Number Four Association, the objects of which have already been set forth in these columns, has a very creditable number of members among those who annually visit the Adirondacks. We regard it as a happy token that Adirondack game protection is engaging the attention of a larger and more powerful class than the dwellers in the woods. It is peculiarly appropriate that those who derive so much pleasure from the pursuit of the game and fish should take measures to preserve them as well, and so be not only destroyers but protectors and preservers.

DEBELIOT OFFICIALS IN ORANGE AND ROCKLAND COUNTIES.
—An indignant friend of game protection sends us this query:

Is there no way of stopping the trapping of the birds? I know of two counties in this State—Orange and Rockland where partridge are caught every year by the thousands. The constables know about it, the landowners know about it; but they do not interfere, or, rather, they say they dare not interfere. The only way, as I understand the law, to have the trappers punished is to catch them in the act of taking the birds. I have known a few trappers to do a very different sort of work. Last week a friend of mine saw a party of fox-hunters trapped partridges shipped on a railroad car. He notified at once the squire and the constable to have them stopped, but the only answer he could get out of these two officials was that they could not do anything. There is a regular gang of those trappers in the above-named counties known to everybody, and they defy anybody openly to have them fined. I know of a party of trappers in the State of New York who are said to have shipped last year over two thousand weight of trapped partridges. What is the remedy?

The only remedy we can suggest is to oust the officials who display such apathy, and put in their places men who will use proper exertion to enforce the law.' The section of Chapter 721, applying to trapping and netting, reads:

No person shall, at any time or place within this State, take or kill any ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge, any pileated grouse, commonly called prairie chicken, or spruce grouse, commonly called Canada partridge, or any quail, with any net, trap or snare, nor set any such net, trap or snare, for the purpose of taking or killing any of said birds; nor shall any person sell or expose for sale or have in.....possession any of the said birds after the same shall have been so taken or killed, under a penalty of \$10 for each bird. And it shall be lawful.....to take and destroy any such nets, traps or snares whenever found set.

If there is no healthy public feeling on the subject there can, of course, be no remedy. Half a dozen sportsmen, united to see the law enforced, may by judicious action bring the offenders to trial and conviction. It is not an enviable condition of affairs when any chapter or section of the State laws can be thus wantonly defied.

POTATO BUGS, PARIS GREEN AND FISH.—The supposed death of fish caused by the Paris green used to destroy potato bugs is still a vexed question. Below we publish a letter from which it will be seen that the Entomological Division of the Government Department of Agriculture are about to scientifically investigate the subject. The importance of this matter is such that it should engage the attention of all interested in the preservation of our fish and game birds:

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, DIVISION OF ENTOMOLOGY, }
WASHINGTON, D. C., October 3, 1818. }

Prof. Spencer F. Ward, Secretary Smithsonian Institution:
 DEAR Sir—I notice in various papers statements referring to the death of fish and fowl in different parts of the country, caused by Paris green which is used to destroy the potato-beetle. It is important to decide whether or not these statements are true. I hope that you will use your influence to get specimens of fish or fowl said to be poisoned by Paris green, so that we may have this question definitely settled by chemical analysis. Yours truly,
 C. V. RILEY,

QUEBEC—*Montreal, Sept. 24.*—*Editor Forest and Stream.* The open season for deer and cariboo extends from September 1 to February 1. Strenuous efforts are now being made to curtail this period, so as to close the open season on January 1, as subsequent to that date the game in question is in poor condition; the does are bearing the burden of maternity; and it

is, moreover, considered a violation of the pure instincts of sportsman to slaughter an animal at a time when all are against it. Those who, knowingly and willfully, set out at defiance are handled in an unceremonious manner.

FLUSHING BAY.—We are advised that the fish laws are being grossly violated in Flushing Bay, Long Island. For the benefit of those who plead ignorance of the law, we call attention to the section which provides that it shall be unlawful at any time in the year to draw any seine net in Flushing Bay or its branches. Fyke nets set in any of the waters surrounding Long Island, Staten Island, and the bays and salt water estuaries and rivers approaching thereto must be not less than four-and-one-half fathoms in size.

The Rifle.

ONE LESS THAN A FULL SCORE.—Our attention has been called to a wonderful score made by Mr. James Partello, of Washington City, to wit: 224 out of a possible 225. It is to be regretted that this superb sequence of bull's-eyes was not made in a public match, still the score is authentic enough to be recorded. The distances were, if we are rightly informed, 800, 900 and 1,000 yards. The arm was the Remington Creedmoor. It may be remembered that Mr. Partello shot at Creedmoor, making a tie with Mr. Hyde. Mr. Partello is a young gentleman of twenty-five, with dark eyes. He believes himself capable of making a full score. The shooting took place in the presence of the President of the Columbia Rifle Club. A man who can make 44 bull's-eyes out of 45 may well be considered as a remarkable shot.

VERMONT—*Burlington, Oct. 3.*—Match between Burlington and Saratoga rifle clubs. Fifteen shots each man, at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards:

Burlington Club.				
	800 yards.	900 yards.	1,000 yards.	Total.
Donovan.....	66	64	64	194
Therrell.....	70	62	60	192
Kelsey.....	70	69	70	198
Borner.....	69	72	69	210
Haggerty.....	71	61	64	196
Montgomery.....	72	61	61	194
Burns.....	65	61	66	192
McAfee.....	65	63	69	192-1,553
Saratoga Club.				
Geiger.....	69	63	64	202
Parker.....	68	63	53	191
Mac.....	63	60	65	188
Deagan.....	69	67	65	201
Alsworth.....	57	61	57	175
Shaner.....	68	70	66	204
Mitchell.....	61	62	62	174
Benson.....	51	65	62	351-1,477

MASSACHUSETTS—*Gardner, Oct. 5.*—Scores of the Gardner Rifle Club at Hackmatack Range, Wednesday. Distance, 200 yards, off-hand. Two scores of ten shots each. Possible—Massachusetts, 240; Creedmoor, 100.

	Mass.	Creed.	Mass.	Creed.	Totals.
H C Knowlton.....	101	43	103	46	302
G R Pratt.....	115	46	101	44	266-90
G P Kilsworth.....	103	44	96	42	198-86
A E Robbins.....	94	44	104	43	198-97
Chester Hinds.....	99	44	98	43	197-87
F Nichols.....	93	43	101	44	190-86
Alex Knowlton.....	93	43	97	43	193-85
Wm Austin.....	93	43	96	44	189-85
L Walker.....	96	43	77	36	173-70
O Ditson.....	91	40	80	37	171-77

MEDFORD AMATEUR RIFLE ASSOCIATION—*Medford, Mass.*—
Final match in all-comers' series; 200 yards, off-hand:

[illegible]

Four hundred yard match, open only to members of the Medford Amateur Rifle Association; rounds ten; re-entries allowed:

J. H. Teel...5 5 5 5 4 5 4 5 5 5—48 Richardson...5 5 3 5 5 5 4 4 5 5—46
Wilmington...5 5 3 5 5 5 4 4 5 5—48

FALL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—The meeting opened October 2 under the most favorable auspices. There was a large attendance, many ladies being present, and real enthusiasm was taken in the match. Rifle shooting has been so thoroughly and systematically carried on in Boston, that it has taken such a rapid development, that we are forced to turn our eyes to the other side of the Hango for the best work. The grand form the Boston marksmen take when with us, their sterling qualities as gentlemen and marksmen, gained them universal applause. May we not say that the prestige New York riflemen and New York teams once possessed in this country, may never be again? Boston is much more enthusiastic about rifle practice than any other city in this present fall meeting is considered as one of the leading events. The wind was moderate, coming from the west; about a nine o'clock wind. The first match was the State team match, which was opened by a number of live from all organized rifle associations in Massachusetts. The prize was a silver entrance fee, \$5 per team. The prize is a trophy of the full value of the entire amount of entry fees, and was won by the Lawrence Rifle Club team on a total score of 211 out of a possible 250, the Abington Club following closely with 209, and the Springfield team with 207. The prize was then given to the place with 201. The last-mentioned organization had two teams in the field, the rules governing the match allowing of the entry of more than one team from the same association;

Lawrence Ride Club.							
J Frost.....	4	5	4	5	4	5	B-13
M Lowell.....	5	4	5	4	5	3	C-13
M Beal.....	5	6	4	4	4	5	D-13
A W Howland.....	4	3	4	5	5	4	E-13
A W Howland.....	4	4	4	4	3	5	F-11-211
Abington Ride Club.							
N W Allen.....	5	5	5	1	4	5	G-15
N W Arnold.....	3	5	2	5	5	4	H-13
S C Fay.....	4	5	2	5	5	4	I-13
L M Norris.....	4	3	2	3	3	5	J-13
S R King.....	4	3	2	3	3	5	K-13
Massachusetts Rifle Association.							
J B Osborn.....	4	4	4	4	4	5	L-13
A A Lowell.....	4	4	4	4	4	5	M-13
W Poland.....	4	4	4	4	4	5	N-13
W Poland.....	4	4	4	4	4	5	O-13

Ten close, nevertheless. You thought you had a good enough aim, but it was in fact a careless one. The deer looked too big, and you didn't draw your front sight down as fine as you would have done in shooting at a target. You undoubtedly overshot him, so remember that a deer may be lost by a trifling neglect of care, even when close enough to hit with a stone.

We soon come in sight of another, feeding in a little hollow, while we are just peering over a ridge. How small it looks! "Two hundred yards," you say to yourself, as you pull up your 200-yard sight.

Stop! Put down that sight! A deer in the woods is very different from one on a powder can, in a market, stall or show case of a museum. They often look small when tolerably close. That deer is not over 100 yards off; shoot with perfectly level sight, and hold on the middle of the shoulder, or just behind.

You put down the sight; but so sure are you that it is at least 150 yards that you take a coarse front sight and fire. Away it goes for about fifty yards and stops. "Now he is two hundred yards, anyhow," you think, as you throw up the 200-yard sight again, and fire. On it goes a few jumps and stops again. You now drop behind a log, and, resting the rifle over it, take a good sight and shoot. You see the dirt fly from the center of a target about six inches over his back, and you think you have done him. You find, farwell with his tail, as he clears the crest of the next ridge.

"Pshaw! Why, that last shot wasn't over 150 yards, and the first wasn't over 90," you exclaim, as you now take a good look over the ground.

Correct! You have made the common mistake of over-estimating distance. The tendency to do this is amazing. With two exceptions you will do it five times out of six, unless very cautious. These exceptions are game across water, smooth, clean snow, and from one high hill to another, where the intervening valley has a broad bottom, in which cases you will be more apt to underestimate. If the valley is V shaped, or if shooting up hill, down hill, across brush, or where you do not see the intervening ground, you will be likely to over-estimate. Hence take this as a rule of the first importance: use a rifle having the flattest possible trajectory up to 150 yards, and, never, never, never, raise sights. Take the coarse front sight, or hold high on the range, using the very certain of its necessity, and if there is any doubt on this point d-dive always in favor of the level sight. I believe that with an Express rifle it would be a safe rule never to raise sights when shooting in timber. You would miss less in the long run.

If not very familiar with the trajectory of long-range rifles, you will be apt to shoot a deer from 100 to 140 or 150 yards by holding a level sight on them, and having the ball drop under. And after you do know their trajectory, you will be extremely liable to under-shoot in trying to avoid the danger of over-estimating distance, and to over-shoot the next one, perhaps, in trying to avoid the previous error. Paradoxical as it may seem, the longer the range of a rifle the worse it is for hitting game from 90 up to 200 yards; a point I cannot now take time to explain.

Your next mistake is to shoot about 80 yards away, and, taking what you consider a very deliberate and accurate aim, you see the ball tear the dirt just over him. The tendency to over-shoot, downhill, is one of the inexplicable things about shooting. It is, however, easily remedied, but will be very apt to deceive you at first, unless you are careful.

On a very long shot down a very steep hill (say from 600 to 1,000 feet, or over), you will be more apt to under-shoot. Whether this is from the effect of the distance, or from the co-operation of the attraction of gravitation with the downward motion of the ball increases the ratio of its drop; I cannot say, but it is probably due to both causes. Such shots are very deceptive, even when you know pretty closely the altitude of the hill. The rule given by a correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM some time since (to measure your distance from a point level with your station on a perpendicular line, erected over the game), though correct for slight distances, or slight slopes, will not do for a very long plunging shot, and is at all events very difficult to apply.

As I always work for down-hill or level shots, and always where possible get above deer, I have not had enough long up-hill shots to form any reliable judgment upon them. I never have had any trouble with short shots; but have found a tendency to over-estimate distance on long ones. For such shots the rule I have referred to is undoubtedly correct.

Long range shooting on game I have quite discussed in a former article. The beginner should avoid every attempt of the kind. There is no more captivating delusion in the world, and the expert target shooter is more apt to fall into it than any one else. And this trouble cannot be removed by any arrangement of sights or artificial point blank, as it is the liability to mistake in judging distance that makes it, and it is the distance and not the slide that makes it. Have a rifle that will hit a deer at 140 yards, when held just as you would hold it to hit one at 40 yards; for 170 yards use the same sight as fine as before, but hold for the top of the shoulder; for 200 yards take full front sight, but still hold on the deer; for 250 have a leaf sight, or scale elevator, on the back sight, and never, never, except occasionally on the plains, or unless game is scarce and has taken the alarm, shoot beyond that, but try to get closer, and in timber never raise your sights for the first year. You will, of course, lose game by this, but in the long run not half as much as you otherwise would, and will have far fewer cripples. When your first shots fall on a long shot do not try to shift the sights if your ball strikes within a foot or two, but hold the front sight higher or lower next time. If your sight is easily shifted you may risk it, and if your ball is much astray.

Another mistake you will be apt to make is to shoot at the middle of your game. A deer hit anywhere from three inches back of the shoulder to the hip, unless the back-bone or kidneys are touched, can run for miles, unless shot with an extra large ball, and often even then unless the ball is expansive. In such case let it alone until it lies down and sickens, and don't go after it, even then, if you can possibly get around or above it for another shot. In or just behind the shoulder, about one-third the way up, is the best place to shoot, if you can get a chance; but you will have to take such shots just where you can get them, especially on the run.

You may find other troubles in your way. The ball may be deflected by unseen twigs of trees. The sun may light up the lower part of the back of the front sight, so that you may mistake it for the top, and thus shoot too high. This is more common than you are aware of, especially in the morning, and for this reason only the tip of the sight should be kept bright, and the rest dulled with acid. For hunting over bare ground, ivory or white agate is the best for the front sight. The sun may also shine on one side of the

front sight in such a way as to make you shoot a little to the other side. It may so strike the back sight as to make you mistake the center or bottom of the notch; or it may glimmer on your barrels, so as to make a mirage of your front sight. All these things should be attended to before going to the field, and you should be accustomed to hit the center with open sights with the sun in any direction.

But the great point is to never be in a hurry, but shoot just as you would at a target. Place no dependence upon rapidity of fire, but no matter how fast you can shoot, fire every shot with as much care as if it were your last ball. Speed of fire is a great thing, but tends to carelessness at first. There is a vast amount of space outside of game, and the love of a ball for the empty space is marvellous. Be self-reliant, but not over-confident, and never chuckle "My merit" until you've got its throat out. Don't try to be smart about shooting the instant the rifle comes to a level, as you read about in novels, but let it level how long enough, and sure it is right. Don't be ashamed of taking a rest, when you can just as well get it as not, especially on long shots. If your hand trembles from crawling, running or climbing, wait a moment or two; but if it trembles from excitement it will only be apt to get worse. In the latter case, take a rest, if you can, either on some tree or rock, or your knee, and if the gun still wiggles let it wiggle, but when it wiggles on the right place still. Nothing can take the place of experience, but by observing these few hints you will save much time, game and vexation.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME IN SEASON FOR OCTOBER.

Moose, <i>Alces walchii</i> .	Black-bellied plover, ox-eye, <i>Squatarola helvetica</i> .
Caribou, <i>Tarandus rangifer</i> .	Ring plover, <i>Spizella semipalmata</i> .
Elk or wapiti, <i>Cervus canadensis</i> .	Red, or long-shanks, <i>Himantopus nigricollis</i> .
Antelope or Va. deer, <i>C. virginicus</i> .	Red-bellied snipe, <i>Phalaropus lobatus</i> .
Squirrels, red, black and gray.	Red-breasted snipe, or dowitcher, <i>Macrorhamphus griseus</i> .
Hares, brown and gray.	Red-capped snipe, or ox-bird, <i>Tringa americana</i> .
Wolf or river bird, <i>Canis lupus</i> .	Great marbled godwit, or ox-bird, <i>Limosa</i> .
Wild turkey, <i>Meleagris gallopavo</i> .	Willow-shanks, <i>Zonotrichia leucophrys</i> .
Partridge, grouse or prairie chicken, <i>Cathartes aura</i> .	Willow-shanks, <i>Zonotrichia leucophrys</i> .
Wild turkey, <i>Meleagris gallopavo</i> .	Willow-shanks, <i>Zonotrichia leucophrys</i> .
Partridge, grouse or prairie chicken, <i>Cathartes aura</i> .	Willow-shanks, <i>Zonotrichia leucophrys</i> .
Wild turkey, <i>Meleagris gallopavo</i> .	Willow-shanks, <i>Zonotrichia leucophrys</i> .
Partridge, grouse or prairie chicken, <i>Cathartes aura</i> .	Willow-shanks, <i>Zonotrichia leucophrys</i> .

"Bay birds" generally, including various species of plover, sand piper, snipe, curlew, oyster-catcher, surf birds, phalaropes, avocets, etc., coming under the group *Limosa* or Shore Birds.

This table does not apply to all the States. It is meant to represent the game which is generally in season at this time. State regulations may prohibit the killing of some species of game here mentioned.

GAME IN MARKET.—Pinnated grouse (prairie chickens), \$1.25 per pair; partridge (ruffed grouse), \$1.00 per pair; mallard ducks, 75 cents per pair; black do, 75 cents per pair; wiggon do., 60 cents per pair; broad bill do., 60 cents per pair; teal do., 50 cents per pair; Wilson snipe, \$2.50 per doz.; plover, \$3.50 per doz.; bay birds, large, \$3.00 per doz.; do. small, 30 cents per doz.; rails, \$1.25 per doz.; reed birds, \$1.00 per doz.; wild pigeons, stall fed, \$3.00 per doz.; Philadelphia squabs, \$3.00 per doz.

Poultry.—Philadelphia and Bucks County dry picked chickens, 20 to 22 cents per pound; do. fowls, 16 to 18 cents; do. turkeys, 16 to 20 cents; do. ducks, 16 to 20 cents; do. geese, 15 to 18 cents; State and Western chickens, 15 to 18 cents; do. turkeys, 15 to 18 cents; do. fowls, 13 to 16 cents; do. ducks, 13 to 16 cents; do. geese, 10 to 12 cents.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Spencer, Oct. 5.—The annual hunt of the Sportsman's Club took place on Thursday with thirteen men on an aide. E. M. Bliss and L. M. French were captains. Chas. Allen was umpire. The game counted as follows: Fox, 20; and mink, 10; a point each; partridge, 20; woodcock, 10; duck, 50 points each; rabbit, woodchuck, gray squirrel, muskrat, crow, weasel, pigeon, hawk, owl, kingfisher, Garfield woodpecker, 25 points each; pigeon hawk, 10 points; red squirrel, jay and crow blackbird, 5 points. The hunters returned home at 7 o'clock and the game was counted in the Town Hall. Captain French's side secured 2 woodcocks, 12 gray squirrels, 63 red squirrels, 1 crow, 1 partridge, 1 pigeon and 3 jays, making a total of 910 points. Captain Bliss' side brought in 10 gray squirrels, 1 rabbit, 53 red squirrels, 3 woodpeckers and 6 jays, making a total of 815 points; Captain French winning the match by 85 points. After the count the hunters with their ladies sat down to well filled tables at the expense of the losing side.

Waltham, Oct. 5.—I have noticed quite a number of wild pigeons, in flocks from two to fifteen (generally in pairs), flying from the northeast to the southwest. The fall flight of woodcock has fairly set in, and fine large birds they are.

Partridge shooting in Massachusetts has been ruined by wood ticks. These worms attack the birds, especially about the head and front of the neck, and are found on a single partridge. Out of seventy-six birds examined by our informant only one was found free from the ticks. This pest seems to have extended into Connecticut also, as of six birds on a Hartford game dealer's hook one morning last week, not one was found free from the burrowing vermin. The quail shooting is reported as excellent. This is something unusual for Massachusetts, and shot-gun owners are jubilant.

NEW YORK.—Hornellsville, Oct. 7.—Nothing shot lately but squirrels, black, gray, red and flying. It is not uncommon for one gun to get 20 black and gray a day. One black shot here weighed 2 lbs. 7 oz. Another shot must have been a cross between a gray and a fox squirrel, gray on back, fox color on belly and breast; weighed over 2 lbs.; one black with a white tail.

Buffalo, Oct. 5.—A party of Buffalo sportsmen, consisting of Sam Winans and Frank Luck, of Batavia, Charles Morris, of Chicago, and myself, went hunting October 3, and made the following good bag: 23 woodcock, 2 partridge and 1 rabbit. We call this good sport for this part of the country.

SOUTH BROOKLYN SPORTSMAN'S CLUB.—At a meeting in the club rooms at the Orchard House, corner Thirty-fifth street and Third avenue, the following officers were elected: Fred Scheffer, Pres.; John Marney, Vice-Pres.; Paul Bassinger, Sec.; Gustave Boyesen, Treas.

Shatter Island, Oct. 6.—The cool within a few days have begun to appear in the marshes, but they do not yet begin to work up the bays in sufficient numbers to make sport. The worthless curmudgeons and loons, however, have had a good flight last week. I do not hear that the brant and broad-bills are yet plenty in Shinnecock and South bays. The weather has been too warm for them to be on their migratory flight.

ISAAC McLELLAN.

ROBIN.—The shooting of robins in New York State is permitted during the months of September, October, November and December, except in the counties of Kings, Queens, Putnam and Suffolk, where the time is limited to the last three months.

NEW JERSEY.—Forked River, Sept. 30.—We have had some fine bay bird shooting. Capt. Mathews, with Mr. Tom Ward, of Freehold, shot 92 large ones a few days since. Mr. O. Cashman, of New York, also had some fine shooting last week, having killed one day over 80 birds. The prospects for duck shooting look well, as the birds are already beginning to make their appearance in large numbers. ARTHUR.

Barrenet Inlet, Oct. 1.—Black ducks and sprig tails plenty. For the past few days large flocks can be seen daily on the flats near the Clam Island and High Bar.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Wolf Run, Oct. 4.—Woodcock shooting is a failure this season in Lycoming County. They have never been known to be so scarce, although we have some very choice grouse. Quails are plentier than they have been for years; grouse also plenty, owing to a very mild winter.

NIXON.

Greenville, Oct. 4.—Pheasant shooting began the 1st inst. Birds are plenty and sport good.

West Chester, Oct. 3.—Messrs. John T. Ingram, Isaac Darlington and Thomas Darlington, of West Chester, Pa., went on a short fishing excursion to Fite's Eddy, on the Susquehanna River, a few days ago. As the result of their combined labors, they returned home with 140 black bass, weighing from two to four pounds each, and report that 325 were caught in one day by themselves. Such extraordinary good luck is unprecedented in the history of bass fishing at Fite's Eddy.

Me. Veighton, Oct. 7.—Deer, I hear, are pretty numerous in Licking Creek Mountains, a short distance from this town, three being shot on the first day of the season, October 1. Turkeys and rabbits are exceedingly plenty, but cannot be legally shot until the 15th inst. Squirrels this year are somewhat scarce. Pheasants are unexceptionally plenty. Partridges, ducks and other small game are reasonably plenty.

E. J. S.

BLOOMING GROVE PARK.—In reply to recent inquiries relative to the present condition of Blooming Grove Park and the game to be found there we are pleased to feel at liberty to lay the following informal letter before our readers. It is written by the President of the Association. This Park is rapidly meeting the expectations of its original projectors, who designed to make it the leading game preserve in the world. Its financial affairs are very flourishing:

OFFICE OF THE BLOOMING GROVE PARK ASSOC., 37 Park Row }
New York, October 3, 1878.
There were twenty persons at the Park last Sunday, most of whom have been there since July. The summer visitors are leaving, but the sportsmen remain for grouse shooting and deer hunting. A great deal has been done this season in the way of improvements, both at the club house and grounds. The new road from Millville is a great success. It is thoroughly made and drained, and the Club team makes the trip in about one hour to the station. The wild turkeys from Judge Caton hatched two broods, but, through an accident, they were exposed to rain, and the young chicks all died—a great disappointment. The Club-house has been in charge of Mr. Hyland, as Superintendent, who gives satisfaction to all by his constant attention, and exercises good judgment. The black bass fishing at Lake Laara has been excellent. There is a shanty for fishing parties, fitted up with bunks, and a gamekeeper in attendance, there. Bats have been placed at Lake Laara and Beaver Lake, where there is a landing for those who like to pick a perch before the game. The gamekeeper at the breeding park reports that he has seen several buzzards outside the fence, and they will probably enter through the traps, attracted by the herd inside. Ruffed grouse are very plenty. A day's report that while sketching I saw several broods, and was started by their rustling. The prospects for deer hunting in November are good. Several have been seen in the vicinity of the Knob. It is proposed to have a ladies' archery match near this city soon.

JOHN AVERY.

VIRGINIA.—Leesburg, Oct. 4.—Some few pigeons have been killed near this place.

T. W.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Monroe, Oct. 2.—Quail have been scarce here since December, 1876. A large snout at that time, which remained on the ground for four weeks, came near destroying all of them, and in some localities they were entirely killed out. Very few have been killed since that time, the farmers especially using every means to protect them. This season has been unusually favorable for their rearing; the spring was very dry. The prospects for winter sport are now good, as quantities of quail can be found within one or two miles' walk from town. Three coveys wandered into town, and, becoming bewildered and scattered, took shelter in trees along the streets, on top of houses and under wood-piles, and I think at least a dozen were killed with rocks and sticks to-day. We have no close season here, but no one thinks of killing quail before the first of October. I went out yesterday, and found several coveys, but most of them were not over half grown, so I have decided not to go again before the 15th of this month or 1st of November. There are only about three men in the county who keep pointers or setters, so we have all we can do to keep our engagements with our good farmers, who invite us to see them and hunt for two or three days at a time.

AVERY.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Port Royal, Oct. 3.—I notice Jack curlew, willets, large and small, white egrets, sandpipers, etc., every day on the marshes and flats, but not in large numbers.

G. C. K.

ALABAMA.—Athens, Sept. 30.—Quail shooting has opened briskly. There seems to be an unusual amount of them in the surrounding country. Two or three coveys have made their appearance on the streets; several were caught in the street. The citizens of this place are very fortunate in this respect: a few months ago, a deer that was chased by logs ran through town, jumping over obstacles in his way, among which was a gentleman sitting in front of his store reading a

MY WINTER GARDEN.

I prefer to any glass roof which Sir Joseph Paxton ever planned, that dome above my head some three miles high, of soft dappled gray and yellow cloud, through the soft lattice work whereof the blue sky peeps, and sheds down tender gleams on yellow bogs, and softly rounded heather knolls, and pale chalk ranges gleaming far away. But, above all, I glory in my evergreens. What winter garden can compare for them with mine? True, I have but four kinds—Scottish fir, holly, furze, and the heath; and, by way of relief to them, only brows of brown fern, shoots of yellow box, and here and there a leaden birch, whose purple tresses are even more lovely to my eye than those fragrant green ones which she puts on in spring. Well, in painting, as in music, what effects are more grand than those produced by the scientific combination, in endless new variety, of a few simple elements? Enough for me is the one purple birch, the bright red heath, and its stem sparkling with scarlet beads, the furze-patch, rich with its lacework of interwoven light and shade, tipped here and there with a golden bud; the deep, soft heather carpet, which invites you to lie down and dream for hours; and, behind all, the wall of red fir-stems, and the dark fir roof with its jagged edges a mile long, against the soft blue sky. An ugly, straight-edged monotonous fir plantation? Well, I like it, outside and inside. I need no saw-edge of mountain peaks to stir up my imagination with the sense of the sublime, while I can watch the saw-edge of those fir peaks against the red sunset. They are my Alps—little ones it may be; but, after all, as I asked before, what is a Alps?—a phantom of our brain, an optical delusion. Grandeur, if you will consider wisely, consists in form, not in size; and to the eye of the philosopher the curve drawn on a paper two inches long is just as magnificent, just as symbolic of divine mysteries and melodies as when embodied in the span of some cathedral roof. Have you eyes to see? The lie down on the grass and look near enough to see something more of what is to be seen, and you will find tropic jungles in every square foot of turf, mountain cliffs and *dolomites* at the mouth of every rabbit burrow, dark strips, tremendous cataraacts, "deep glooms and sudden glories," in every foot-broad rill which wanders through the turf. All is there for you to see, if you will but rid yourself of "that idol of space," and Nature, as every one will tell you who has seen an insect dissected under the microscope, is grand and graceful in her smallest as in her hugest forms. The March breeze is chilly, but I can be always warm if I like in my winter garden. I turn my horse's head to the red wall of fir-stems, and leap over the furze-grown bank into my cathedral, wherein if there be no essents there are likewise no priestcraft and no idols; but endless vistas of smooth, red green-veined shafts holding up the warm, dark roof, lessening away into endless gloom, paved with rich brown fir-needles—a carpet at which Nature has been at work for forty years. Red shafts, green roof, and here and there a pane of blue sky—neither Owen Jones nor Willemet can improve upon that ecclesiastical ornamentation; while for incense I have the fresh, healthy turpentine fragrance. There is not a breath of air within; but the breeze sighs over the roof above, and you can feel it with your eyes and listen. Surely that is the murmur of the summer sea upon the summer sands in Devon far away. I hear the innumerable wavelets spend themselves gently upon the shore, and die away to rise again. And with the innumerable wave-sighs come innumerable memories, and faces which I shall never see again upon this earth. I will not tell you of that, old friend. It has two notes, two keys rather, that Eolian harp of fir-needles above my head; according as the wind is east or west, the needles dry or wet. This easterly key of to-day is shriller, more cheerful, warmer in sound, though the day itself be colder; but grander still, as well as softer, the sad soaring key which the south-west wind rings on, rain-laden, over the forest, and calls me forth—a minute philosopher—to catch trout in the nearest chalk stream. The breeze is gone awhile, and I am in perfect silence—a silence which may be heard. Not a sound, and not a moving object, save the falling of a needle, and the fall of a leaf is solemn—none. That ingore, who was cooing half a mile away, has hushed his moan; that flock of long-tailed titmice, which were swinging and pecking about the fir cones a few minutes since, are gone; and now there is not even a quiver in the slant surrings. Did a spider run over these cone-leaves, I almost fancy I could hear its footfall. The creaking of the saddle, the soft step of the mare upon the fir-needle, stir my ears. I seem alone in a dead world. A dead world, and yet so full of life, if I had eyes to see! Above my head every fir-needle is breathing—breathing fit ever; currents unnumbered circulate in every bough, and by some undiscovered miracle, around me every fir-stem is distilling strange juices, which no laboratory of man can make; and where my dull eye sees only death, the eye of God sees boundless life and motion, health and use.—"Prose Idylls," by Charles Kingsley (Macmillan).

MIND AND MORALE.—The gate receipts at Gilmore's Garden last week were \$16,000. Of this \$7,500 goes to the management, to O'Leary between \$5,000 and \$6,000, and Hughes about \$1,800. Who is foolish enough to develop his brain when leg work is at such a premium?

Tiffany & Co., Silversmiths, Jewellers, and Importers, have always a large stock of silver articles for prizes for shooting, yachting, racing and other sports, and on request they prepare special designs for similar purposes. Their **TIMING WATCHES** are guaranteed for accuracy, and are now very generally used for sporting and scientific requirements. **TIFFANY & CO.** are also the agents in America for Messrs. **PATEK, PHILIPPE & CO.**, of Geneva, of whose celebrated watches they have a full line. Their stock of Diamonds and other Precious Stones, General Jewellery, Artistic Bronzes and Pottery, Electro-Plate and Sterling Silverware for Household use, fine Stationery and Bric-a-brac, is the largest in the world, and the public are invited to visit their establishment without feeling the slightest obligation to purchase. **UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.**

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Miscellaneous.

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Total cash assets, as per Insurance Commissioner's report..... \$14,466,920 53
Total surplus as per Insurance Commissioner's report..... 1,021,078 68

Benjamin F. Stevens, President

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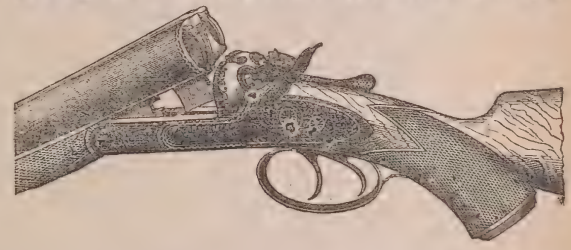
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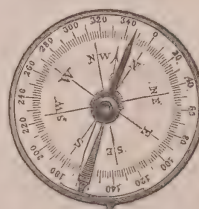
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FOR SALE—Four red Irish setter puppies: out
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[From CAPT. A. H. BOGARDUS.]

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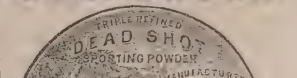
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FOREST AND STREAM & ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

Terms, Four Dollars a Year.—
Ten Cents a Copy.

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Volume 11.—No. 11.
(No. 111 Fulton St., N. Y.)

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun. BUBO'S CONUNDRUM.

AS silent as a graven stone
A solemn owl sat long hours through;
His great round eyes with wisdom shone,
And told of wonders that he knew—
Wonders he could not keep alone,
And as he said to me, "Too-hoo!—
While winking and blinking
I keep up thinking,
As wise men do, too-hoo, too-hoo!

"Now draw you near and let me tell
In language you may understand."
The old bird said, "there is a spell
That hangs o'er owls in every land,
That makes mankind conclude full well
That owls the wisest brains command,
For winking and blinking,
We keep up a thinking,
And that is true, too-hoo, too-hoo!

"The spell—now move you not a peg
Nor twirl me as a wise old fowl!—
A problem is, which now I beg
You hear, and then go large, or growl!
Was the first owl hatched from an egg,
Or the first egg laid by an owl?
And winking and blinking
Of that we are thinking,
Too-hoo, too-hoo, we never get through!"

—J. C. BURNETT.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun. The Great Red Pipe Stone.

AMONG all the traditions of the North American Indians, few are more interesting than those which relate to the Great Red Pipe Stone. As the Indian is rapidly disappearing, it would seem to be wise to preserve his traditions, so far as is possible, that they may pass into the history of this people. The Red Pipe Stone Quarry is situated near the southwestern corner of the State of Minnesota, about six miles east of the Dakota line, and not far from twenty-five miles north of the boundary line between the States of Minnesota and Iowa. When this portion of the State was ceded by the Indians to the General Government, a section of land on which the quarry was located was reserved and is still the property of the Indians. One reason of this reservation was owing to a recognition on the part of the Indians who made the treaty of the common ownership of the Pipe Stone by all of the Indian nations. This fact, together with a peculiar value which they attached to the spot, which will be readily understood upon a reading of their traditions, caused them to withhold it at the time of the transfer. Since that time many of the tribes which had through generations made annual pilgrimages to this spot to obtain stone, out of which to manufacture pipes, have been removed to the Indian Territory. But there still remain tribes along the Missouri River who adhere to the practice of their fathers, and regularly visit this spot to secure a supply of stone.

When first taken from the ground the stone is of a pale flesh color and quite soft. With exposure its color deepens to a rich, dark flesh color, and it becomes very much harder. Save in color, it closely resembles slate, being flaky as it is quarried, about as hard, and works very much the same. Within the past few years a few visionary white men have conceived the idea that a quarry of such a stone must possess great value as a building stone, and several attempts have been made to "jump" the Indian's claim. But so far no one has amassed a fortune out of the speculation; neither is any one likely to, for it does not exist in sufficient quantities to be valuable for such a purpose. To white men it is worthless. To the Indian it possessed a value far exceeding the most auriferous region on the continent.

So far as the observation of the writer goes, traditions relating to the origin of this stone exist among all of the tribes and nations of the Northwest. The wandering Sioux of the plains, by whom the Red Pipe Stone is held in great esteem, have a tradition that "before the creation of man the Great Spirit, whose tracks are yet to be seen on the stones at the Red Stone, in the form of the footprints of a large bird, used to slay buffalo and eat them on the ledge of the Red Rock, on the top of the high prairie, and their blood running over

the rocks turned them red. One day, when a large snake had crawled into the nest of the bird to eat his eggs, one of the eggs hatched out in a clap of thunder, and the Great Spirit, catching hold of a piece of the stone, moulded it into a man and threw it at the snake, who was not hurt. The man's feet grew fast in the ground, where he stood for many ages, like a great tree, and therefore he grew very old. He was older than an hundred men of the present day. At last another tree grew up by the side of him, when the snake ate them both off at the roots, and they wandered away together. From these have sprung all the people that now inhabit the earth."

The Upper Wisconsin Indians have a tradition which points to the flood and connects the relationship between the red men and the pipe stone to that date. The tradition is as follows:

"In the time of the great freshet, which took place many generations ago and destroyed all the nations of the earth, all the tribes of the red men assembled on the high prairie to get out of the way of the waters. After they had all gathered from all parts of the earth, the water continued to rise until at last it covered them all in a mass, and their flesh was converted into red pipe stone. Therefore it has always been considered neutral ground, as it belonged to all the tribes alike, and all were allowed to get it and smoke it together. While they were all drowning in a mass together, a young woman, K-wap-tah-wa (a virgin) caught hold of the foot of a very large bird that was flying over and was carried to the top of a high cliff that was above the top of the water. Here she had twins, and their father was the war eagle, and her people have since peopled the earth. The pipe stone, which is the flesh of their ancestors, is smoked by them as the symbol of peace, and the eagle's quill decorates the head of the brave."

The Chippewas of the Upper Mississippi River, although the traditional foes of the Sioux, possessed a common interest in the pipe stone, and frequently visited the spot to secure stones for their pipes. Their tradition differs somewhat from that of the Sioux:

"Many ages after the red men were made, when all the different tribes were at war, the Great Spirit sent runners and called them all together at the red stone. He stood on top of the rocks and the red people were assembled in great numbers below. He took out of the rock a piece of the red stone and made a large pipe and smoked it over them all. He told them that it was part of their flesh; that, though they were at war, they must meet at this place as friends; that it belonged to them all; that they must make their calumets from it and spoke them to him whenever they wished to appease him or get his good will. The smoke from his big pipe rolled over them all, and he disappeared in its clouds. At the last whiff of his pipe a blaze of fire rolled over the rocks and melted their surface. At that moment two squaws went in a blaze of fire under two medicine rocks, where they remain to this day, and must be consulted and propitiated whenever the pipe stone is to be taken away."

Among the Iowa Indians a tradition existed almost identical with the foregoing, the only difference being such as would naturally occur in the transmission of the same tradition through different lines:

"Here," according to their version, "occurred the mysterious birth of the red pipe, soon after the creation of the red man, which has blown its fumes of peace and war to the remotest corners of the earth; which has visited every warrior, and passed through such an irrevocable oath of war and desolation. And here, also, the peace-breathing calumet was born and fringed with eagle's quills, which has shed its thrilling fumes over the land and soothed the fury of the relentless savage. Here, at an ancient period, the Great Spirit called the Indian nation together, and, standing on the precipice of the red rock, broke from its wall a piece and made a huge pipe by turning it in his hand, which he smoked over them. The North, the South, the East and the West, and told them that this stone was red as their flesh; that they must use it for their pipe of peace; that it belonged to them all, and that the war club and scalping knife must not be raised on its ground. At the last whiff of his pipe his head went into a great cloud and the whole surface of the rock was melted and glazed, two great ovens were opened beneath, and two women—guardian spirits of the place—entered them in a blaze of fire, and they are heard there yet (Tso-mec-coe-lee and Tso-mec-coe-lee) answering to the invocations of the medicine men, who consult them whenever they visit this sacred place. Near this spot, also, is the Thunder's Nest, where a very small bird sits upon her eggs during fair weather and the skies are rent with bolts of thunder at the approach of a storm, which is occasioned by the hatching of her brood. This bird is eternal and incapable of reproducing her own species. She has often been seen by the medicine men, and is about as large as the end of the little finger. Her mate is a serpent whose fiery tongue destroys the young ones as soon as they are hatched, and the fiery noise darts through the skies."

In these rude legends the reference to the Great Spirit and the serpent race, the time of the creation of man, as also the subsequent destruction of the race by flood, are in singular harmony with the Mosaic record, and open a field for unlimited speculation as to the origin of these people. But the reader can theorize at his will. The writer's mission is ended with the simple furnishing of facts.

M. Gore.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun. THE OLD SPORTSMAN.

THAT a moderate indulgence in field sports is conducive to longevity is patent to all observing men. We find upon looking over the list of our venerable friends who have run the race of life for three-score years or more, that those who take their yearly vacation with rod and gun are by far the best preserved in body and mind. And what is there, when the heyday of life is passed, that so sweetens declining years, making man renew his youth and find peace and comfort after the turmoil and strife of vigorous manhood, as do field sports?

There are many expert shots among the older members of the guild—those whose eyes are not dimmed nor natural force abated, who "fag" through a hard day's shooting as well as the youngsters. But they are not numerous. Angling is *par excellence* the old man's sport; for although the sight may not be keen enough to cover with fowling-piece the swift-flying quail or hurtling grouse, still the supple wrist and exquisite sense of feeling in the hand is left. So the old man grasps the plant rod, and along the trout and salmon streams nerves his youth while plying the "grille art."

It is a fact that some of our most expert anglers are old men, and their aptitude is owing in a great measure to the many years they have given to the science. And still, it would seem a good angler, like a good shot, is born, not made. The passion for this sport, instead of dying out with age, seems to grow stronger as the years roll on, and a veteran of seventy, at the close of the fishing season, unjoins his rod and reels in his line with a sigh, and settles down to a patient waiting for the reopening of the season next year, hoping that terrible rheumatism has been fought so successfully of late won't get hold of him, or that dimness of vision that he has noticed coming on for years won't settle into a permanent weakness, or, worst of all, that terrible autocat, Death, in view of the expiration of the allotted three-score years and ten, won't step in and claim his own.

He seems to live in an atmosphere of hope and expectation, and when the good time does come no boy of ten let out of school for a fortnight's vacation is happier or more free from care than our veteran. His troubles are over now. The hurry and bustle of preparation is past, everything is in order, and the old man seans his guide-book through his gold-rimmed spectacles with all the complacency imaginable, because to-morrow morning he is off for a four-weeks' trip through Maine and Canada, to fish those waters that for thirty-five years have yielded tribute to his skill.

Ah! what solid comfort he takes during those long summer days, whipping the bright waters; with what pride he returns to camp at night and displays to the eyes of his comrades his well-filled creel, and that big 'un that wouldn't go into the basket. How he forgets his years as he recounts his exciting passages in the day's sport, emphasizing this "rush" and that "break" with hearty gestures.

Happy the fishing or shooting party that counts among its numbers a representative "old sportsman," one who has tried it many years and found by actual experience how pleasant are the paths of nature when followed understandingly. What a fund of anecdote he possesses—tales of "Auld Lang Syne," of monster trout and giant antlered-bucks, of moving accidents by flood and field. What valuable hints he is constantly throwing out from the depths of his experience to the detestation and knowledge of the youngsters; what savory dishes he concocts from that which youth and inexperience would cast away as worthless. And then the restraining influence of gray hairs and good example on the young is sadly prevalent among a majority of shooting and fishing parties; and as the old man from his seat at the head of the bark table beams benignantly on "the boys," all tendencies to evil die out, and all are attention, listening to the stories he tells, while the smoke of his meerschaum curls lazily upward.

Blessings on the old sportsman; may he live yet many years to indulge his favorite pastime; may the balsamic health-giving pine woods diffuse new life in him; may the healthy diet and perfect freedom from care, and the cabin in the wilderness, lengthen and sweeten his closing years, making them the happiest of his life; may his wise counsels and virtuous ways show to those who have just entered the arena that it pays to study nature and indulge in her sylvan delights soberly and moderately.

There is no reason why a fairly sound body cannot be made to wear for scores of years with all its functions unimpaired, providing that body contains a soul in love with nature. This is a very beautiful world of ours, even to a casual observer; but when one becomes a student and delves into the minutiae, what vast fields open up for investigation, and what infinite comfort can be derived from such research.

Health and field sports go hand in hand, one naturally following the other, and he who goes forth thankfully and understandingly among the forests and along the streams in response to those natural instincts we call the love of his heart, will surely find health, happiness and fulness of years.

H. W. D. L.

Fish Culture.

SALMON EGGS FOR EUROPE.—Nearly a half million eggs of the California salmon went out in the steamship *Oder*, of the North German Lloyd's, for different parts of Europe. They are sent by Prof. Spencer F. Baird, U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, to the different countries, they paying the cost of transportation. They are on trays in refrigerating boxes, and will be accompanied by Mr. Fred Mather, the fish-culturist, who will attend to keeping them at the proper temperature. They are to be distributed as follows: Germany, 250,000; France, 100,000; Holland, 100,000; England, 15,000. The eggs were obtained at the U. S. Salmon Breeding Station on the St. Cloud River, Cal., and were packed in moss and placed in a refrigerating car with five millions others for the different States, which were distributed from Chicago. Mr. Mather, it will be remembered, took over some last year, the young from which are now in the Rhine.

MCCLOUD RIVER HATCHERY.—Table of Distribution of Salmon Eggs From the United States Salmon Breeding Station, McCLOUD RIVER, CALIFORNIA, During the Season of 1878:—California—Consignee, B. B. Redding; Number asked, assigned and forwarded 2,500,000; tributaries of Sacramento River, Illinois—Dr. W. A. Prate; 100,000; Elgin, Illinois—W. K. Fairbank; 100,000; Chicago, Illinois—Samuel Preston; 200,000; Mt. Carroll, Iowa—B. F. Shaw; 250,000; Anamosa, Iowa—W. A. Myster; 50,000; Council Bluffs, Kansas—B. F. Shaw; 100,000; Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Maine—Lorenzo Baird; 5,000; Kennebunk, Maryland—S. B. Ferguson; 1,000,000; Baltimore, Massachusetts—A. H. Powers, 100,000, and E. A. Brackett, 100,000; 200,000; Plymouth, N. H., and Winchester, Mass. Michigan—Frank N. Clark; 250,000; Northville, Michigan—Geo. H. Jerome; 200,000; Niles, Minnesota—Dr. R. O. Sweeney, 1,000,000; St. Paul, Missouri—B. F. Shaw; 200,000; Anamosa, Iowa, Nebraska—J. C. Lemme; 100,000; South Bend, Nevada—H. G. Parker; 250,000; Carson City, New Hampshire—H. Powers; 250,000; Plymouth, State Hatching House, New Jersey—Mrs. J. H. Slack; 450,000; Bloomsbury, New Jersey—Mrs. J. H. Slack, 300,000; West Jersey Game Protective Society, 150,000. New York—Seth Green; 100,000; Caledonia, New York—Abram S. Hewitt, 25,000. North Carolina—G. W. Worth; 350,000; Henry's Station, Ohio—W. G. Gates for Castalia Springs Association; 50,000; Cleveland, Pennsylvania—James W. Smith; 250,000, and Seth Weeks, 150,000; 400,000; Marietta and Corry, Erie County, Rhode Island—C. T. Reed; 20,000; Reedsburg, Utah—R. P. Hockwood; 50,000; Salt Lake City, Virginia—Prof. M. McDonald; 300,000; Lynchburg, West Virginia—C. S. White; 500,000; Romney, Wisconsin—R. J. Sawyer; 15,000; Melrose, Wisconsin—W. M. Welch; 100,000; Madison, State Hatching House, Wisconsin—A. E. Lytle; 200,000; Geneva Lake, New Zealand—Care Hugh Craig, San Francisco, Cal., 200,000. Canada—Samuel Wilmot; 500,000; New Castle, Ontario, England, care Fred Mather, 10,000; France, care Fred Mather, 100,000; Holland, care Fred Mather, 100,000; Germany, care Fred Mather, 250,000.

ELS ONCE MORE.—As to the breeding habits of the eel, a resident of West Hampton, Long Island, contributes the following information to the *Evening Post*:

"In the east end of the Great South Bay thousands of dozens of eels are annually culled and skinned, and sent to market. About thirty-five years ago it was part of my occupation to catch eels in the spring of the year, say from the middle of April to the last of June. In the process of skinning and preparing for market a large number of very small eels were seen in the offal. On close inspection they were found to be inclosed in a water-sack separate from the paunch. They were alive while in the sack, about the size of a darning needle—say two and a half inches long—of a lighter color than those we find in the fresh creeks and mill flumes. I was then convinced that the eels breed their young alive after their kind, and am of the same opinion still. How long the time of gestation continues I am not able to say."

A COMPLIMENT TO MR. BLACKFORD.—We take the following extract from a Report on the American Fisheries to the Norwegian Department of the Interior by Frederik M. Wallem, *Cand. Jur.*

Christiana, 1878.—The fish merchant to whom we were introduced, Mr. Eugene G. Blackford, was not only a capable business man, but also a highly accomplished gentleman; he was able to give us not only information on all things concerning the fish traffic, but also scientifically-founded communications on the natural history of fishes. As one of the officers of that great society—the American Fish Culturists' Association—he was identified with all the prominent scientific men in that branch, and with the large staff of fishery commissioners in all parts of the United States. We could not have been introduced to any one who was better fitted to be our *clerone* and our living lexicon. A great portion of the information which I acquired on the fresh fish trade I owe to his kindness and intelligence.

THE GIANT LILY OF NORTH AMERICA.—What our valued correspondent, Dr. Sterling, of Ohio, has written of this most beautiful and interesting aquatic plant has attracted much attention from readers of our columns. He adds further:

"Charles Binnetts, of the Home's Point Club (post-office address, Fremont, Ohio), has secured the seed and roots of the *Nelumbium luteum* packed in frog-bit (*Amblystichum nemorosum*), of which Dr. Estes says: 'A pond or stream can hardly be overstocked with fish where this plant abounds.'"

Our old friend Dr. T. Garlick, of Bedford, Ohio, whose physical sufferings do not quench his interest in science, has also contributed the following information as to planting the seeds:

BEDFORD, Ohio, Oct. 6, 1878.

Mr. Editor.—I have read Dr. Sterling's article in the last *Forest and Stream* with much interest. In my duck shooting in Maumee Bay I have seen acres of *Nelumbium luteum*. I wish to write a short article for your readers, giving the reasons why this plant is not easily made to grow in places where they are not natives, but I am too sick to-day, and will only say now that there is no difficulty in making the seeds of

any of the different species of the Lotus family grow where the conditions are suitable. The seeds of all varieties, having been gathered and becoming perfectly dry, will not germinate, even if planted in a marsh. Several other kinds of seeds will not germinate either when perfectly dry, the shells being impervious to moisture, which prevents germination. By taking a sharp, fine file, and filing partly through the hard shell in two or three places, so that the moisture can penetrate, they will germinate readily. I have done this with the *Nelumbium* and several other kinds of these hard shell fellows. T. GARLICK.

The *Evening Post* has an article headed "The Great Eel Question." Yes; there has been a great deal said about it.

Natural History.

THE LAMPREY.—Last July, when the editor of this journal was fishing in Winnebago Lake, Wisconsin, a young daughter of Gen. Stager, Western Superintendent of the Union Telegraph Company, both of whom were of the party, caught a large bass with a parasite attached to its body just below the second dorsal fin. It resembled an eel, and measured some five inches in length. Upon attempting to remove it from the fish, it stuck so firmly that it not only lifted the body of the fish most easily, but almost taxed a person's main strength. When it let go it gave its body a flit and quick as a flash attached itself to the hand and clung. Its eyes were bead-like and snaky, and had a most intelligent and wicked look; and as it hung to its fastening, the victim felt like St. Paul at Malta when the viper leaped out of the fire and fastened on his hand. There was a pricking, burning, sucking sensation, such as the flesh feels under the cups of a surgeon, and he felt as if it was all up with him! As quickly as possible the vicious thing was detached and flung to the deck, where it flapped around quite lively. Presently a scientific grip was made on it, and it was placed under binocular and microscopic examination. As to its body, it was that of an eel; but instead of gills it had a row of seven holes on each side of its neck, behind the pectoral fins, as the lamprey has; and instead of a mouth the under part of the head was flat and oval, and almost wholly occupied with a circular cir or sucker, just like those on the tentacles of the cephalopods or cuttle fish, of which so much has been written of late. By this disk it attaches itself to objects. Directly in the centre of the same was a horny beak, just like that of the octopus, whose lance-like mandibles cut into the flesh and draw blood, and nourishment *ad libitum*. It fastened to fish on parts where it could not be rubbed off by the most vigorous efforts. These creatures are technically known as lampreys. They grow to a large size, quite capable of mastering or resisting human efforts; and we can scarcely imagine anything more horrible, be the victim man or fish—if fish have thoughts—than the doom of a victim thus destined to be slowly sucked to death.

None of the fishing party had ever seen a lamprey before, and it was deemed a rare curiosity. Unfortunately it was lost before the party landed. How rare these creatures are, in salt water or fresh, we do not know. That they are not in common in the West is quite certain, for very recently our Detroit correspondent, Mr. J. H. Whitman, called our attention to a specimen some ten inches long, which Peter Roney caught in the river there while fishing for bass. It was placed in the museum and examined. Through the intelligent observation of Dr. E. B. Ward, of Detroit, we are enabled to throw the following light on the subject, what we print having been published in the *Detroit Free Press*. The Doctor says:

"It evidently belongs to the order of fishes known as *Marsipobranchii* and to the class *Petromyzontida*. It is not the true lamprey, but the lamprey *Lampetra tatarica*, of the English, or *P. nigricans*, of American writers. Although the lamprey, like the lamprey, belongs to the tributaries of salt sea, the former is by far the greatest frequenter of deep water, only entering streams for the purpose of spawning; while the latter, being a ground-loving fish, rarely leaves rivers shallow river bed. The former is also much the larger of the two, measuring from two to four feet in length, while the latter rarely exceeds twelve or fourteen inches. There is also a marked difference in their respective colors, mouths, etc. In the British Isles, and on certain parts of the Continent, the lamprey is very highly prized as an article of diet, the so-called eels of London and elsewhere being often made of the flesh of this fish than that of the eel, and being considered much its superior in flavor and delicacy. On measuring this specimen I find it to be about ten inches in length. The most interesting question connected with this fish is, how came it here? for, although this variety ascends far up fresh streams, it is quite a conundrum as to how it came up over the falls."

THE SEA-SERPENT OFF CAPE RACE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* *Argosy* of that portion of my letter to you from Gloucester, Mass., last week, which relates to the sea-serpent, the following is important evidence which cannot be well disputed nor explained away by any ridiculous hypothesis. I derive it from the commanding officer of the U. S. Coast Survey Schooner *Drift*, Master Robert Platt, of the Navy, who, in a five minutes' interview, gave me hasty details. Mr. Platt's long service in the responsible position has told him full evidence that he is an intelligent and reliable man. He told me that on the 23d day of August last, while the *Drift* was becalmed off Cape Race, all hands saw on the port side, about half a mile distant, some animal emerge from the water to a height of about fifteen feet, resembling at first a large spar projecting from the surface; but a small head, a tapering neck and waving motion were distinctly seen. At about two boat lengths (explained as about thirty feet) in rear there projected what seemed to be a huge pointed fin. The creature dove head first into the sea, its body forming a graceful arch, and soon after reappeared on the other side of the vessel. This time it emerged to a much greater height, and after a time dove again and disappeared. Capt. Platt says further that in appearance this creature resembled closely the description given to him by Capt. Frank Howe, of the

steamer *Lawrence*, who, in the same locality, saw, not long since, two such creatures. Is it possible that in this case any of the ordinary explanations will contradict the statement? Vary Ford, Washington, Oct. 12, 1878. PISCO.

THE LADY FISH.—*Mr. Editor:* A strange fish, new to the local fisherman, was taken lately at Narragansett Pier. Being submitted to Professor Putnam of Cambridge he pronounced it to be *Albula conorhynchus*—Bl. and Schu.—called sometimes lady fish, a Southern form. It differs, however, from the species known as lady fish on the coast of East Florida, which is perhaps *Elops saurus*—Linn.—a voracious and active game fish with larger mouth and teeth than the former. S. O. C.

WHEN DO DEER FEED?—*Twin Lakes, Fla., Oct. 7.*—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some time ago I sent you a short communication on the subject of deer feeding, stating the almost, if not quite, universal belief of hunters in this State that deer feed four times each twenty-four hours, viz.: rising and setting of moon and when the moon is in the South, either above or beneath us. I wished to get an expression from hunters in other parts of the land on the subject, but it seems no hunters have an expression to make, which is somewhat singular, for not a word has been published. Did no one ever hear of the theory, or has the universal experience of hunters in other parts been so adverse to such theory as to induce contempt? If so, why not say so? If, on the other hand, they have had no experience or never heard of the theory, perhaps it would be interesting to themselves and readers of the *Forest and Stream* if they would get some experience and give their views. Certain it is that most successful deer hunters here time their hunts by the moon as above, saying that you will find deer on the move for about an hour more or less at the time specified above, unless it be in localities where they are much hunted, when they feed principally at night. I have heard hunters tell of sighting deer lying down, and watching them patiently until the moon was right, have seen them rise, stretch and go to feeding. I rather pool-pooled this theory when I first heard it broached, but I'm not so certain about its being a subject for ridicule now, knowing, as I do, men who have killed their hundreds of deer, who have as much faith in the theory as they have in their own existence. S.

We have long known of this Florida belief, but have never elsewhere found any one who entertained a like opinion. We have come to regard it as a Florida belief. Our columns are open for further discussion.

BREEDING SNOW-BIRDS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In paper of July 4 a correspondent in Williamsport, Pa., mentions having found the nest of a snow-bird, *Junco hyemalis*, thirty miles north of that city. I think it probable that they breed as far South as northern Georgia. I found them in considerable numbers in July of last year in the mountains of western North Carolina, and, though I did not and any nests myself, I can give the names of those who have frequently found them. This was at an elevation of over six thousand feet. I conclude from this that while *Junco hyemalis* certainly goes North to breed, he pays more attention to temperature and environment than to degrees of latitude. Camp Thomas, A. T., Sept. 13. GEO. H. MORAN, M. D.

WANTED, BLACK-TAILED DEER.—If any of our readers have specimens of black-tailed deer which are young, large, healthy and docile, they will confer a favor by communicating with us.

The Kennel.

FEVER IN DOGS.

IF "Stonechenge" and other authorities are to be relied upon in much of the so-called distemper, particularly in the cases of young dogs, is simply a fever which, if taken immediately, will readily yield to vigorous treatment. In fact, the treatment prescribed by "Stonechenge" for simple fevers is one that might in almost all cases be adopted when distemper is suspected, and will be described hereafter. The difference between fever and distemper appears to be that the latter is accompanied by a rapid loss of strength and flesh in proportion to the severity of the attack. The symptoms of fever are, first, a chilliness accompanied by an increase of surface heat, and quick respiration and pulse; then loss of appetite and diminished secretion of urine, with frequently costive bowels; also a tendency to congestion in the mucous membrane of the lungs or nostrils, producing cough, and running at the nose and eyes. The latter symptoms it will be seen are those usually indicating an attack of distemper. In the case of young puppies it has been our custom to administer night and morning a Dover's powder containing from one to two grains each of opium and ipecacuanha. This is in the nature of an expectorant, the effect of which is to excite, or promote a discharge of mucous, relieving inflammation and allaying cough. As further treatment, that suggested by "Stonechenge," viz., two to four grains of calomel, powdered jalap ten to fifteen grains, ginger one grain, should be given. The dose above being for a full grown dog, and to be graduated to one-half or one-quarter for a small dog or a puppy. When this has operated the dog should be fed on gruel and kept warm and dry. A tonic may be required afterward and nothing can be better than the gelatine-coated pills containing one grain each of quinine and citrate of iron.

MR. LORT IN AMERICA.

BREVORT HOGE, NEW YORK,
Oct. 14, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Seeing in a contemporary sporting paper of the 11th of October an article entitled "Visitor or Servitor," bearing upon Mr. Lort's awards at the Bench Show of 1878, and on the correspondence arising therefrom, I ask you will insert for me these few lines. It would be in England a slight on Mr. Lort to defend him from criticisms such as these in question, above which his personal character and his judging capacity raise

him immorally, but in this country he is not so well known, and by many these unjust assertions might be believed. In our country Mr. Lort's judgment is final. He is considered the best judge we have, and his decision can be influenced by nothing but the quality of the animals before him. It would be absurd for Mr. Lort to defend himself from criticisms that can in no way affect him. The writer of the article in question uses the term "true type of American setter." May I ask if the American setter is originally imported or native? And may I further ask what a pure American setter is? The setters of this country are identical with those of England, subdivided, of course, into many types, but I believe all having to enter into the three recognized classes—Irish, English and Gordon. Every breeder has his pet style, and he will, no doubt, consider it the best; but that by no means proves that it is the best. Mr. Lort has had an experience equalled by no man in either country, and is therefore more competent to pronounce an opinion than other men. In all countries, however, disappointed exhibitors must have their say. Sportsmen should be gentlemen. Let them give their reasons for a difference of opinion, but not bring accusations of dishonest intentions, or only as prejudices. I can speak of Mr. Lort with some authority. My dogs have been both successful and unsuccessful under him, and I have always had to indorse his judgment.

I am, dear sir, faithfully yours,
ALFRED A. BROWN, Liverpool.

The writer of the above letter will be remembered as the gentleman who made such a handsome display of mastiffs—Norma, Vandal and others—at the New York Dog Show in 1877. Apropos of the article in our contemporary, entitled "Visitor or Servitor," in which it was stated that Mr. Lort was paid for his services as judge in the city last spring, we would say authoritatively that such was not the case. Mr. Lort came over here purely as a guest and at great expense and inconvenience to himself.

DOGS AT AUCTION.—A number of dogs were sold at auction in the old post-office building, in this city, on Saturday last. The prices were, in most cases, ridiculous, for which the owners have only to thank themselves and the auctioneers, for had this sale been properly advertised in the sporting papers, and intending purchasers afforded an opportunity for verifying the statements made regarding the dogs, the attendance would have been larger, and prices more in accordance with the value of the dogs. Most of the lots offered were puppies drafted from the "Windsor" Kennel of J. B. Miller, Esq., of Newburgh, N. Y., who will be remembered as a large exhibitor at the first New York dog show. The prices obtained would scarcely have paid the expenses of the animals from Newburgh, and we fancy Mr. Miller will hardly be likely to repeat the experiment. The first dog offered was a puppy three months old, said to be a cross between a bloodhound and Newfoundland. He was started at about his value, ten cents, and was finally knocked down for \$2. Henry, a fair bull terrier, eight months old, brought \$9. Pet, Princes and Chance, three Siberian bloodhound puppies, three months old, of good breeding, sold for \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$1, respectively. A Skye terrier bitch, Judy, one year old, said to be imported, brought only \$5.50. Another Siberian bloodhound puppy sold for \$1. Three bull-terrier puppies, for which the owner expected to realize \$50 to \$75 each, sold for \$2.25, \$4.25 and \$5.50. After these lots had been disposed of, two black-and-tan fox-hounds, or, rather, stag-hounds, six months old, bred from the pair presented to Gen. Custer by the Grand Duke Alexis, were offered and sold for \$5.50 and \$5.75. Following these, two red Irish setters, Sank and Sal, the property of John Taylor, the celebrated Jersey City pigeon shot, were sold. A guarantee as to their perfect field qualities and a week's trial went with each dog. Sank was a dog of fair color, with a good head, and was cheap at \$59. The bitch, not so good in any respect, brought \$70. Two Parker guns, belonging to Mr. Taylor, were also put up. One was bid in at \$80, and the other sold for \$40.

We are forcibly reminded by the above sale that persons who have dogs to be sold at auction seldom appear to think it necessary to advertise in anything but the local daily papers. We make this remark not because we are desirous of having the advertisements ourselves, but in the interests of our readers, whom we desire to keep posted as to such events. Not a week passes that we do not have inquiries for dogs of the various breeds sold on Saturday, and we venture to say that had we been advised in time to note the proposed sale in our issue of last week, that there would have been ten bidders present to where there was one.

DEERHOUNDS AND STAGHOUNDS.—A conversation which we overheard at the auction sale of dogs reported above brings to mind the fact that few persons in this country are really aware of the difference between a deerhound and a staghound. Many imagine that the latter is the rough-coated dog used in the Highlands of Scotland for chasing wounded deer. In point of fact the staghound is merely a large foxhound supposed to have been descended from the old Southern hound. His colors are identical with those of foxhounds, except in the case of the blue mottled, which color is now banished from all first-class packs of foxhounds as indicating a harrier cross. There are several packs of staghounds in England used generally for chasing a half-tamed deer which has been brought to the meet in a cart, and which is generally recaptured alive and uninjured. The deerhound is the rough-coated dog of the Highlands, in shape like the greyhound, the dog of Sir Walter Scott, and of Landseer the great painter. The latter has made us familiar with him in some of his finest works, such as the Stag at Bay. There are a number of fine deerhounds in this country; Mr. Gen. Fremont has a superb specimen and so has Mr. Paul

Dana. Mr. Thorne, of Thorneville, this State, has had a strain for some years. Mr. Medley, of London, brought two over with him from the Hampton Court Kennels, which were exhibited at the first New York dog show, and being ticketed at £10,000 each they attracted much attention. We considered them undersized, however, and not up to the work expected from a deerhound.

DOE LOST.—Mr. George B. Grinnell, of Milford, Conn., has had the misfortune to lose, or to have stolen from him, his fine setter dog Rock. Rock is a red dog, with breast, feet and tip of tail white, white blaze on face and white spot on neck; about three years old and of very friendly disposition. His collar bore his owner's name and address. We trust sportsmen will look out for him. By an advertisement in another column it will be seen that a reward of \$25 is offered for his return, and one of \$100 for the conviction of the thief.

A SMALL DOG.—If a puppy, whelped on the 2d instant from a black-and-tan terrier bitch, the property of Mr. E. B. Hartwell, of Louisiana, lives, its owner is sure of all the "smallest dog" prizes at dog shows for some time to come. The puppy in question weighs but three and a half ounces, and at last accounts was doing well. The mother weighs five and a half pounds.

A CURIOUS SUPERSTITION.—The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in referring to the fact that an impression widely prevails among certain classes that the danger arising from the bite of a dog suspected of being mad can only be averted by the death of the animal, states that dogs unaffected by rabies are no doubt often destroyed in accordance with this theory, leaving the person or persons they may have bitten in a state of suspense as to the risk incurred of an attack of hydrophobia. In Burma mad dogs and dogs supposed to be mad are not only killed, but eaten, the flesh of a mad dog being in the opinion of the Burmese not only the best antidote to the poison of the tooth, but a prophylactic against hydrophobia. A crowd the other day, according to a Rangoon paper, were seen in the streets of that city hacking a dog to pieces and scrambling for the morsels, which, when secured, were taken home and fried and eaten by their fortunate possessors. The dog was rabid, and had bitten several persons, some of whom have since died. It was ultimately chased and clubbed to death, and those who devoured its remains flatter themselves that they are now hydrophobia-proof forever.

NAMES CLAIMED.—Mr. James T. Walker, of Troy, N. Y., claims the following names for setter puppies by his Dash out of his Black Boss, whelped July 8, 1878: Brigadier for black and tan dog puppy; Fanchion and Cricket for black, white and tan bitches; also, the name of Black Prince for black setter dog puppy by his dash out of Bennett's Mab.

—In recording the names claimed for red Irish puppies in a recent issue, we gave the name of the owner of puppies as Mr. H. P. Dotch, of Goldsboro, N. C., when it should have been H. P. Dorch.

—Mr. Dodge, of Detroit, has sold the following named Ross-Leicester dog pups, viz: Cash, to J. E. Long; Remus, to J. H. Canfield, and Romulus to Fred. H. Stearns, all of that city.

—Mr. J. A. Wright, who purchased one of Mr. J. Addison Smith's Sensation-Lily lemon and white pointer puppies, announces his safe arrival at Austin, Nevada, after his journey of 3,000 miles. Mr. Wright expresses himself as much pleased with the puppy.

—It is reported that Mr. Chas. Lincoln, in connection with some of the sporting fraternity of Detroit, is making preparations for a mammoth dog show to be held in that city during the winter.

—Mr. William H. Pierce's (of Peekskill, N. Y.) fine Gordon bitch Wag, whelped Oct. 8, by Dr. S. Fleet Speirs' Gordon dog Gypsy, twelve black and tan puppies, all beautifully marked; but three are now living.

Yachting and Boating.

HIGH WATER FOR THE WEEK.

Date.	Boaton.	New York.	Charleston.
Oct. 18.	11. 09	11. 46	11. 29
Oct. 19.	6. 15	2. 47	8. 24
Oct. 20.	7. 30	5. 56	9. 33
Oct. 21.	8. 17	5. 05	5. 28
Oct. 22.	9. 03	6. 00	6. 16
Oct. 23.	9. 51	6. 49	7. 04
Oct. 24.	10. 46	7. 38	7. 51

YACHTING NEWS.

YACHTING AT CHICAGO.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: During the past few weeks yachting news has been somewhat scarce, owing to the fact that we were having our equinoctial gales. They have blown fierce and strong enough to take the "sticks" clean out of our big three-masted lakers, so that no shallow skimmers could have lived in the big seas these strong winds caused. But on Saturday, October 5, the closing regatta of the season took place. The prizes were to be "pennants." Several yachts entered for the race, among them the *Cora* and *Greyhound*. The principal interest was drawn out by these two yachts, because it has been nip and tuck between them at different times for the pennant of the C. Y. O. The day was a fine one for racing—cool and clear, with a puffing breeze from S. W. W., veering at times to N. W., inclining at times to be strong. The stake-boat was anchored three miles distant from the starting point. The boats got away in good shape, and were soon carrying all the sails they could spread to stand up with. Each were provided with "ring-tails" and carried mainsail, jib, jib-top-sail and gaff-top-sail. The *Cora* first came around the stake-boat. Captain Prindville, after rounding his boat, took in those sails that

could be dispensed with while on this tack. Captain Bussey, of the *Cora*, neglected to do this, and it was soon seen the *Cora* was acting badly. With the first puff of wind she began to heel pretty badly, and was losing stowage-way. The "ring-tail" was dragged in the *Cora*'s wake, and a good deal of her progress. It was finally cut away, but no sail shortened. The wind freshened again and the *Cora* keeled over. It was evident nothing could be done to save her, and each puff added to her already critical position until she lay on the water like a log, with her sails submerged. Fortunately no lives were lost. The tug *Constitution*, a powerful boat, hove a line over and soon righted her. Now for the cause: The *Cora*, though a fine boat, is clumsy, awkward, and a good deal of water, but compares badly with a fine sea-going yacht. If I remember right, she has an iron bow, or keel, but in spite of this carries a large amount of ballast. To enable her to beat the *Greyhound*, they took out of her 3,000 pounds of ballast, thus making her cranky. Such, at least, are the reports among yachtsmen who witnessed the race. Yachting has created quite an excitement here this season. The C. Y. O. have done better this year than at any previous time, and is growing in strength and financially. There is strong talk of buying a first-class Canadian yacht that has cleaned out everything over the border, and bringing it here time enough to open another season with. But for this accident, Chicago yachtsmen feel jubilant over the season's work, and are looking forward hopefully to a strong club for 1879.

Chicago, Oct. 10, 1878.

EASTERN YACHT CLUB.—The schooner *Brenda*, Mr. Little, has been to Bath, Me., where her spars were cut down, her owner not wishing to carry such a heavy press, requiring too constant reefing. With less canvas it is expected she will do quite as well, and possibly better, than before. This schooner was always a fast one, but since copped this season we have the assurance of her owners that she showed a perceptible increase of speed. The *Poan*, Com. Boardman, was badly beaten by *Rebecca*, Mr. Joy, in a private match a short time since, even without the 20m. time the Commodore had to allow. *Rebecca* has not been in the harbor since she beat him. We have before us a photograph of *Brenda*, which shows the yacht to advantage, and from her looks we should take her to be a good heavy weather craft. In this connection we wish to call attention to the advisability of having yachts photographed "broadside on." An artist might prefer some shortened view; but since the only value of a yacht's photograph lies in the perfect display of her outline, it will be readily understood that covering her with the capability of arranging the camera for more than one focal distance, at the same view of a yacht other than in a broadside position will show her in distorted perspective, making that portion furthest from the camera unduly small, thereby failing to give any adequate idea of the yacht's appearance or proportions. We will be pleased to receive photographs of yachts of all kinds if our readers will send in a copy. It is to be hoped the custom of having craft photographed will be more generally adopted everywhere.

PORTLAND YACHT CLUB.—The fleet of the Portland Yacht Club now numbers 12 schooners, 18 sloops and 2 steamers, figures that indicate quite an access to the squadron during recent years. The club was organized in 1838, has been incorporated this year, and has on its book 145 members and 12 honorary members. Among the yachts flying its pennant—white, blue border, red diagonal cross and blue star—we notice the schooner *Ray*, one of Geo. Steers' renowned crafts, very much resembling *America* in her general form. As a sloop, *Ray* was equal to about anything afloat, especially in a sea, where her deep peg-top bottom would always tend to her gun. We should her owner, Mr. Geo. Steers, out to racing trim again, and try conclusions with the sloops on a long flat floor, so much affected during the late infatuation with beam, when nothing could be built that was too flat and wide.

SCAMP VS. FANCY.—Mr. Editor: A match race between the two cat-rigs, *Scamp* and *Fancy*, of the Nubasset Y. C., was sailed here this week, which resulted in favor of the *Fancy*. The match was best two in three, and no time allowance, although the *Scamp* is the smaller boat. The first race was won easily by the *Fancy* in a solid north-wester, both boats having all they wanted under close reef. The second race was won by the *Scamp*, with about ten seconds lead, and the third by the *Fancy*, with only a few seconds to spare, wind being moderate northeast and smooth water in both races.

Boston, Oct. 12.

HARLEM CHALLENGE CUP.—The last race of the season for this cup was sailed on the Harlem, Oct. 10, over the usual course, and was won on time by *Emma D.*, in 2h. 18m. 54s., beating *Brook*, *Scamp*, *Pie*, *Flint*, *Kate*, *Wilson* and *Comet* in the order named. Wind was fresh from N. W. *Emma D.* has won the cup three times and holds it till next season. When won five times by the same yacht it becomes personal property.

NORFOLK CAT-BOATS.—A race was sailed, Oct. 3, at Norfolk, Va., over a ten-mile course. Won by *Little Frank*, beating *Gracie*, *Lellu*, *Alist*, *Aldine*, *Cora*, *Campbell* and *Grover*.

OAR AND PADDLE.

THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

That the opinions expressed in this paper concerning the Courtney-Hanlan race are entertained by disinterested witnesses of the match, the following extract from the letter of a gentleman resident in Montreal will serve to show: "I trust you are going to do the race justice and not join in the untruth and discreditible hue and cry against Courtney. One only could win the race, and surely no discredit could attach to him by being beaten by such a 'stayer' and such a skillful sculler as is Hanlan. I saw the race throughout, and from what I saw, coupled with the fact that Courtney made as good time as in any of his previous performances of which I have read. I am satisfied the race was a fair one, and that those who circulate the vile calumny that Courtney sold the race, only base greed upon themselves. Nothing whatever has been brought to light in the shape of anything worthy of the name of circumstantial evidence, much less proof, against the honesty of Courtney in his race with Hanlan. Because the backers failed to put up the stakes as large as first reported, and because some of Courtney's best friends put all they had on the Canadian, this is about all the 'chain of evidence' wound about the dishonorable sculler doomed to share the shaft of Banister Arnold, and all the other nonsensical trash that the disappointed scandal mongers have been foisting upon a surfeited public for some time past. There is, as we have said before, not the least tangible evidence warranting the stupid and baseless calumny of Courtney, and if many

of the rumor hucksters and would-be false witnesses only know how much serious harm they are inflicting upon the future prosperity of professional rowing in America. They would think twice before allowing such indefensible license to their tongues. Most of these persons are actuated by a desire for cheap notoriety in the public prints. The whole trouble arises from the fact that Courtney has been a good deal too much of a champion on paper and has been lifted up to the gaze of the people as the great invincible "I am," until the public began to believe it. He was as fairly beaten by Hannan as ever a sculler was, and he will let him severely alone for a long time to come. The attempt to defend opinions entertained previous to the great race by disparaging the honesty of one of the contestants, as is puerile as it is unworthy and prejudicial to the popularity of the sport in the future.

FAIRMOUNT ROWING ASSOCIATION.—The second annual regatta of this club took place October 5 on the Schuylkill, Philadelphia. Single sculls—won by Charles Hamilton in 14m. 11½s.; George Mitchell second, Thomas Lambert third. Single scull working boats—won by William France in 14m. 40½s.; John Schmar second, E. Connelly third. Double scull working boats—won by B. McCosker and T. Lambert in 12m. 37½s.; John McCosker and T. Brown second; William Tapper and C. Reitz third. Four-oared barges—barges Fairmount, A. Campbell (bow), T. Hopkins, William Ashman, S. Little (stroke), and T. Tillot (cox.), won in 14m. 11½s.; barge Wase, E. Connelly (bow), H. Faber, A. Doerr, Charles Schmitt (stroke), and J. Moore (cox.) second. Six-oared barges—barges Ethel, Thomas Lambert (stroke), John McCosker, Ed. Branon, W. Tapper, John Fowler, John O'Neill (bow), and Robert Bell (cox.), won in 10m. 43½s.; barge Washington, B. McCosker (stroke), Hugh Simpson, J. Farrell, J. Waters, Walter Poole, T. Reitz (bow), and Charles Moore (cox.) second.

POTOMAC BOAT CLUB.—The annual fall regatta of this club took place October 8 over the club course on the Potomac, Washington. Single sculls—Robert took the lead, but slipped his sliding seat. Barbara won in 8m. 42s.; Bailey second, Roberts third, Gadsby fourth, Stevens fifth. Double sculls—boat Orophey took the lead and won in 8m. 30s.; crew, Bester and Zeigler; boat Ecclesior second; crew, Wheeler and Bailey. Four-oared shells—Potomac crew, W. H. Gibson (bow), W. F. Roberts, J. S. Zeigler, N. Bester (stroke); four-oared shell Saratoga, crew, A. B. Brice (bow), C. Zappone, C. Zappone, F. J. Zeigler, E. B. Brice (stroke); crew, Phil, Dodge, crew, F. John (bow), L. Coe (stroke), J. Evans, W. Wheatley, J. D. Doyle, R. Morgan (stroke), and J. H. Gordon (cox.). Potomac took the lead and won in 6m. 50s., Saratoga 6m. 55s., and the 6m. 58s.

YALE FALL REGATTA.—The closing regatta of Yale was held, Oct. 12, on Lake Saltston, during bad weather and lumpy water. The course had been resurveyed recently and found to be 120 ft. short, which error was rectified. First race, for barges; distance, two miles; Seniors had the easiest run, the Juniors took the lead, with Sophomores in the middle. At the start the Juniors took the lead with a stroke of 42; Seniors second. Near the turn the leaders shipped a lot of water and were compelled to pull for the shore. The Seniors were the first to turn, and increased their lead on the run home, crossing the line in 15m. 58s.; Sophomores in 16m. 20½s.; The crews were as follows: Class '79—E. F. Livingston (bow), H. S. Crocker (stroke), O. D. Thompson, J. V. Farwell, E. E. Hyde (stroke), G. F. Aldrich (cox.). Class '80—F. O. Spencer (bow), Preston King, F. W. Keator, N. G. Osborn, H. W. Tat, W. R. Innis (stroke), E. W. Knevals (stroke). Class '81—J. F. Merrill (bow), W. E. K. Nixon, P. O. Fuller, Henry Ives, J. B. Collins, A. B. Beadle (stroke), H. N. Tuttle (cox.). Second race, for four-oared crews of the Durham Rowing Club, over a one-mile course. Red pulled 48 to Blue in 7m. Red won by a wide lead and won in 6m. 30½s.; Red followed in 7m. Crews as follows: Reds—J. E. Wilson (bow), T. Richmond, R. H. Mason, H. H. Donaldson (stroke), J. Bulky (cox.). Blues—P. Bigelow (bow), M. S. Wilson, L. M. Higginson, L. A. Stokes (stroke), J. J. Nairn (cox.). Third race, for six-oared barges, distance two miles, between the Academic and Scientific Freshmen. The Academics, with a long swing of 36, drew out ahead and sailed down to 30 on the return, winning easily in 15m. 53½s.; Scientifics, 16m. 20½s. Crews as follows: Academic '82—De W. Guyler (bow), H. H. Knapp, F. M. Eaton, C. B. Storrs, L. K. Hull, H. T. Folson (stroke), A. Fitzgerald (cox.). Scientific—A. D. Bevan (bow), M. Alcott, E. Bailey, C. M. Carpenter, J. I. Schiller, E. A. Hubbard (stroke), G. L. Sargent (cox.).

ANALOSTAN BOAT CLUB.—The regular fall regatta of this club was held Saturday, Oct. 12. Water smooth. Four-oared shells: America—Campbell, Marshall, Taylor and Bester. United States—H. H. Knapp, F. M. Eaton, C. B. Storrs, L. K. Hull, H. T. Folson (stroke), A. Fitzgerald (cox.). Kenney. Fraud—White, Pairo, Mosher and Page. Fraud won in 7m. Second race, for double working boats. Nellie—Jones and Hall, and Hazel, Page and Burdette; won by the latter in 8m. 9½s. Third race, for barges, Analostan and Palom. Won by Analostan. Course in all cases one mile.

ROWING AT ST. LOUIS.—The annual four-oared race for the championship of the Mississippi was rowed October 6. Distance, about five miles, most of it down stream; water rather lumpy, the mark boats drifting from their moorings. Modoc Rowing Club—J. Cummings (bow), D. W. Gindler, J. Stump, W. Keller (stroke), won in 32m. 30s. St. Louis Rowing Club—B. F. Brand (bow), L. Stocker, D. Newell, L. Edol (stroke), second, 33m. Western Rowing Club—J. Spires (bow), G. Hoffman, H. Sicken, T. Hilliker (stroke), third, 36m. Mississippi Rowing Club—J. Hamm (bow), E. Moses, L. Fenteberg, H. Clark (stroke), fourth, 36m. 40s. The boats did not start in style, some being out of the wind and the darkness caused much wild steering.

ROWING AT PORTSMOUTH, VA.—The Hope and Brisk four-oared crews pulled a race at Portsmouth, Va., October 2. Hope—M. Ellis (bow), William Miller, Julian Pace, S. Ballantine (stroke), and S. Hope (cox.), won in 12m. 13s. Brisk—Millard Brennan (bow), William Ridgewell, R. McClain, Geo. Gwin (stroke), and Ed. Summers (cox.), second.

DAVIS-REAGAN MATCH.—These two Boston oarsmen met on Silver Lake, near that city, Oct. 8. Reagan was the favorite, pulling in a new ship, by Elliott, of Greenpoint, L. I., 30ft. long, 11in. beam and 27½lb. weight. Davis was seated in a "down-east" shell, from the shop of Stevens, of Lynn, Mass., 29ft. long, 10in. beam and 27½lb. weight. The scales at the extremely light weight of 24½lb. At the start "Go," both men got away well together, at a stroke of about 33. Reagan showed to the front slightly, but when the half mile was reached Davis had the best of it by half a length. He then quickened his stroke and spun out his lead to a clear three lengths at the turn. Time, 13m. 14s., the best on record. On the pull home the Portland sculler put in more good

work, and finally passed the line with nine lengths to spare, making the four miles in 25m. 7½s. Davis thus has made the fastest four-mile time on record, and his victory, though unexpected, was received with satisfaction. We think Davis a particularly good man, and one who will show to the front more extensively than heretofore. Poor Reagan's defeat was the least of his misfortunes that day. He was killed through an accident to the train in which he was returning to Boston. Faulkner, his rowing partner, was wounded, and the latter's wife met with her death, together with Mrs. Blakey, wife of the Cambridge boat builder.

ROWING RIFPLES.

Plaisted and Evan Morris will pull, Oct. 18, over the Hulton course at Pittsburgh, two miles with a turn. Morris is the better man of the two. On the last time, Ellis Ward beat W. Myers, of Philadelphia, over a three-mile course on the Delaware. The amateur championship of Mystic River, Mass., was won by Mr. J. H. Houghton, Oct. 5, who had a walk-over. Andy Seibert beat J. Burnett, at Wheeling, Va., Oct. 5, over a three-mile course in 23m. 55s. Hosmer and Frency Johnson will arrange a match. All the sporting fraternity who lost money on the paper champion of America are sure now the Courtney-Hannan race was fraught with dishonesty. Hannan, champion of America, will row no more races this season, but will leave for England this winter to try his luck abroad. Dr. Driscoll beat Sullivan and Corbett in a single scull race on the Merimac, Oct. 5, winning the Merimac River B. A. medal the third time, making it his property. Courtney proposes to prosecute his libellers. Riley has done a good deal of practice work for his five mile race with Davis, of Pound, to come off October 19, on Oswego Lake. Pacific Life offers for competition among its subscribers a fine \$800 barge and outfit.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME IN SEASON FOR OCTOBER.

MOOSE. *Tarandus vampifer*. Elk or wapiti, *Cervus canadensis*. Moose or elk, *Cervus americanus*. Deer or Va. deer, *C. virginianus*. Wild turkey, *Meleagris gallopavo*. Pinnated grouse or prairie chicken, *Tetrao canadensis*. Ruffed grouse or pheasant, *Bonasa umbellus*. Quail or partridge, *Ortyx virginianus*. Black-bellied plover, ox-eye, *Squatarola carolinensis*. Ring plover, *Agriolais semipalmatus*. Killdeer or Va. deer, *C. virginianus*. Sharp-shinned hawk, *Falco acuminatus*. Red-breasted sapsucker, *Sphyrapicus niger*. Woodcock, *Limosa melanotos*. Red-breasted snipe, or dowitcher, *Macrorhamphus griseus*. Red-backed sandpiper, or ox-bird, *Actitis macularia*. Greater yellowlegs, *Tringa melanoleuca*. Lesser yellowlegs, *Tringa melanoleuca*. Yellow-shanks, *Totanus fasciatus*.

"Bay birds" generally, including various species of plover, sand, snipe, quail, snipe-catcher, surf birds, *Actitis*, *Tringa*, etc., coming under the group *Lincoln* or Shore Birds.

This table does not apply to all the States. It is meant to represent the game which is generally in season at this time. State regulations may prohibit the killing of some species of game here mentioned.

GAME IN MARKET.—Pinnated grouse (prairie chickens), \$1 to \$1.25 per pair; partridge (ruffed grouse), 90 cents to \$1 per pair; mallard ducks, 75 cents per pair; black do, 75 cents per pair; wildgeon do., 60 cents per pair; broad bill do., 60 cents per pair; teal do., 60 cents per pair; Wilson snipe, \$2.50 to \$3 per doz.; plover, \$3 per doz.; bay birds, large, \$3 per doz.; do. small, 60 cents per doz.; red birds, \$1 to \$1.25 per doz.; wild pigeons, stall fed, \$1.75 per doz.; Philadelphia squabs, \$3.25 per doz.

Poultry.—Philadelphia and Bucks County dry picked chickens, 18 to 22 cents per pound; do. fowls, 16 to 18 cents; do. turkeys, 16 to 20 cents; do. ducks, 16 to 20 cents; do. geese, 14 to 16 cents; State and Western chickens, 14 to 16 cents; do. turkeys, 14 to 16 cents; do. fowls, 13 to 15 cents; do. ducks, 12 to 15 cents; do. geese, 10 to 12 cents.

COOT SHOOTING AT SHELTER ISLAND.—Under date of Oct. 11, our correspondent, Mr. Isaac McLellan, writes from Shelter Island, L. I.:

There has been so far but few coots up this part of the bay, as they have been collecting in Gardiner's Bay, several miles below. But this rough northeasterly storm which is raging here to-day, will probably drive the birds around these shores. We have seen several flocks of them this morning flying along the shore, seeking a more sheltered place for rest and food. Last fall and winter, as you know, were remarkably mild and moderate, so the coots and old squaws were very plenty on the flats east of this island, and were easily killed by sailing on them or by battery. It is to be hoped they will be as plenty this season, and by the latter part of this month, or in November, they may afford good sport. In some years these fowls are very numerous here, but in others they are comparatively scarce. There was good coot shooting last fall and all through the winter until March. They were very abundant and a single battery in a few hours would kill as many as sixty or more. The shooter lies in a small boat, with his decoys around him, and his comrade in a row-boat picks up the birds.

NEW JERSEY.—Hammonton, Oct. 13.—On Friday I started from Lower Bank with a worthy resident of that place—Mr. Steve Henry Adams—for Landing Creek. We paddled up the creek and through the branches and guts, and started a number of wood duck, of which Mr. Adams handled down to the north, but there was a fair tide running. So, accompanied by my trusty pusher, James Kramer, we started for the meadows. The birds were plenty, but hardly enough water to pursue them successfully. I have heard some sportsmen say that a rail at all times is a dull, sluggish bird, and that any tyro can kill them; but if they could have seen the rail yesterday get up before the wind and twist and turn and go like a rocket, still winging his way, and then see him twist and turn to play to break them down. But with all the high wind and poor tide, I managed to beat sixty-four as fine birds as I ever saw. I killed a number that it was impossible to boat, which, of course, I did not count. The wind was so strong at times as to force us to sit down in the boat; but we had a

good time and was well pleased with our success. If sportsmen would like to have sport among the black ducks and mallards, let them go by rail to Bag Harbor City, and then by stage, seven miles, to Lower Bank. L. W. B.

DEER STALKING IN BLOOMING GROVE PARK.—The Blooming Grove Park Association owns a tract of some 12,000 acres of land much diversified. Included in this territory is a breeding paddock one mile square for deer and elk, which is inclosed by a high wire fence. At the present time the number of deer in the inclosure is quite large, and bucks especially have become superfluous. Among the rest a few old reprobates which are obnoxious to the gamekeepers, for some reason, and it has been determined to hunt them out of their coverts and kill them. To do this successfully, and afford amusement to members of the association, there will be a hunt for them on the second day of next November, when self-styled hunters will be enabled to exhibit their woodcraft and skill with the rifle. No dogs will be used, and the efforts of the hunters will be to jump them from their cover and hit them on the fly. That's what's the matter. The Executive Committee have requested us to urge those intending to take part to address Dr. E. Bradley at the Hoffman House, so that if the numbers warrant a special car may be engaged to leave New York on Friday, November 1, at 8:45 A. M. Invited guests of the association will share the privilege.

The winter sports of the association are bear and deer hunting, the shooting of ruffed grouse, ducks, wild pigeons, hares, rabbits, foxes, squirrels, mink and otter, and fishing for pickerel and black bass. Deer and ruffed grouse are especially numerous, and combined with the exhilarating atmosphere peculiar to the region, cannot but afford rare sport and enjoyment to those fond of out-door pastimes. Tickets to Millville Depot and return ("access to the park," \$5, and the privilege to be had only at the Erie R. R. office, corner Broadway and Twenty-third street. Time, 4 hours 11 minutes by rail, and 1 hour and 15 minutes by stage.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Charleston, Oct. 12.—A very pleasant hunt came off a few days since near Summerville, the charming resort of a large number of Charlestonians, about 23 miles from the city. A large number of deer were started, and a couple of fine ones brought home. Governor Hampton, who was one of the party, bagged a fine buck in handsome style. The Governor is a capital shot, and is very fond of hunting, but has had few opportunities of doing so in any sport for the last three years. From August 1 to this time 56 deer have been brought home by the Summerville sportsmen. They report deer very abundant, and have had magnificent sport.

FLORIDA.—St. Augustine, Oct. 10.—Wilson snipe have appeared much earlier than usual this season. Good bags have been made.

VIRGINIA.—Blacksburg, Oct. 8.—Quails very plenty. A good many ruffed grouse have been killed. A few scores to be seen about wet places and springheads. M. G. E.

The Petersburg Index says that partridges are as abundant in the adjacent counties as sparrows. The coverts are large and numerous and the birds tame.

MICHIGAN.—Bears are numerous in Lapeer County. A 300-pounder was the trophy of a party near the town of Lapeer last week.

IOWA.—Pomeroy, Oct. 5.—Sport is prime here now; ducks are coming in all the time; geese in fair quantities. Doc and I drove out a couple of miles Tuesday evening and I bagged a pair of blue jays, making a clean double the first of the season. I walked up behind some stacks and took care for them, cutting them down clean at 80 yards with my 12 gauge. What No. 10 gun could do better? Glass ball shooting is on the decline here since the opening of the season. A party leave for Spirit Lake next week on a ten days trip from Dubuque. Any friends East who may wish to visit Iowa for sport will be aided as far as possible, and any questions will be cheerfully answered if they will address me through your office, as I am ever ready to lend a helping hand to brother sportsmen whenever an opportunity offers.

ARK DACOTAH.

MINNESOTA.—St. Paul, Oct. 8.—Ducks are beginning to fly pretty well and every one is out now on the war path. I have been out and "purchased" a few myself. C. P. M.

WILD PIGEONS.—Washington, D. C., Oct. 12.—Wild pigeons are numerous in Montgomery, Maryland and Fairfax Counties, Va., and the region thereabouts. A great many have been killed along Seneca Creek in the first-named county, twenty miles west of Washington, and the shooters have had rare sport. The birds are in good condition and fly low. They are feeding on buckwheat and acorns, and seem to be moving to the West. CHIEF.

—Wild pigeons are here (Blacksburg, Montgomery County, Va., Oct. 8) in some considerable numbers, as is the case every year in September and October, moving apparently southwest along the mountains. M. G. E.

A GENEROUS OFFER AND A RARE CHANCE.—Here is an offer from a merchant in Pennsylvania which we think some of our readers will be delighted to accept; but if disposed to do so write to the principal and not to us:

PINE GLAN, Centre Co., Pa., Oct. 6, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

I keep no hotel, nor do I run for one, that my object to induce parties to come to my hunting ground would be to make some money. I do not hunt for the market; I hunt because I enjoy it. I have several friends from the East who come up every season. I expect some, if not all, this season. Our principal hunting is for deer. We break them with dogs. We have a great many pheasants, and this season black and gray squirrels are very plenty. I expect to set my camp on Nov. 1 and stay until Dec. 15. I camp and hunt on my own and grounds that I am interested in. We camp in regular hunters' style, keep a man all the time at camp to cook and do the work. Where we hunt we can hear the whistle of the locomotive from the P. & E. R. R. on one side and Snow-Shoe on the other. Snow-Shoe is my railroad station. Now, I will take one or two good fellows and I will give them all they hunting they may want. I will assure them good, warm quarters while they are here. I will meet them at the depot and see they get to camp; see that they get game to take home, and if you, or any of your friends, may want to accept let them write to me and I will give them all the particulars. GEO. R. BOAK.

LONG BRANCH GUN CLUB.—At a meeting of the club in this city last Saturday there were elected about one hundred new members, who came from the Boston, Narragansett, Philadelphia and Baltimore Gun Clubs. The club as newly organized propose to hold a series of matches at Newport next summer, in which the best shots of the country will partici-

one has broken "out of about one hundred" sold by him, whereas he thinks I cannot know so much about bows as he. I will only suggest to him that I have used up, worn out and broken more than one hundred bows in the last shooting, and I think in that time I have learned something about them. I have no doubt "W. H." has used an Aldred bow for five months, and if he has I will say positively without any information on the subject, that his bow does not pull fifty pounds. It may be marked fifty, but will not weigh fifty. The reason I say this is that my experience is that little, weak bows will endure three times the shooting that strong, quick bows will. The reason is that the powerful recoil of the stronger bow more quickly affects the texture of the wood. Another reason why I think "W. H." shoots a weak bow is that he publishes no scores of his club at greater range than thirty yards. He says one might as well shoot at a barn as a regulation four-foot target at twenty yards. True, but why shoot at twenty? It would surely be of great interest and benefit to archers, and of comfort to publishers, if all clubs would shoot at the regulation target, so that all that would be necessary for the reporter to say would be simply: "Each archer 30 arrows; W. Tell, 50 yds., 150; 40 yds., 190," etc., in reporting scores.

To show the difficulty of discovering the actual value of the score published by "W. H." as made by the "Ortland Archers," in your paper of the 20th of Sept., I accompanied Mr. Maurice Thompson to the target ground of our club, and drawing a face upon a paper of a 24-inch target, with a 44 inch gold and 2 1/2 inch rings, we placed it on the front of our regulation 4-foot target, and shot the same number of arrows, &c., 11 ends of three arrows each at 30 yards, with this result:

	Ends.	Hits.	Score.
Maurice Thompson.....	11	83	175
Archer.....	11	33	137

Now, few archers care to take the trouble to make a new face for every size target they find being shot at by others, so it is very desirable that we have uniformity of targets. Then let the reporter give the score just as I gave the score of the contest at Indianapolis on the 1st of Oct., for the prizes offered by the State Board of Agriculture, adding, if he desires, the number of golds made by each archer. Will not other archers respond and discuss this question, for surely we ought to know at a glance how the score of any archer compares with our own. I have before me the English "Archery Register" for 1878, giving the names of all the clubs in England, and the scores made by each archer for the past year. What a fine thing it would be if every club would report their scores at a regulation target to the FOREST AND STREAM, and then a year's issue, bound, would hold the history of archery in this country for the year. I would not take \$100 for such a book if I could not replace it.

ARCHER.

ARCHERY SCORE CARDS.—We have received from Messrs. Holberton & Co., of 117 Fulton street, samples of two styles of archery scoring cards—one plain, and the other colored. These cards are somewhat like the scoring cards in use in England, and experience has shown that they are the simplest and best. The complete score of twelve persons, or one person twelve times, can be kept on this little card; all that is required is to prick the hits, under their respective colors, with a pin, so that at a glance the archer can see where he has hit and the value of the shot.

ORTLAND ARCHERS.—Hockensack, N. J., Oct. 13, 1878.—A 30 yards, 24-inch target, 13 ends;

Hits.		Value.	Hits.		Value.
Capt. Gardiner.....	14	44	Capt. W. Holberton.....	15	59
B. Wells.....	4	10	Miss Ward.....	18	58
Mrs. W. Holberton.....	20	84	Miss Gardner.....	9	31
Miss E. Hopper.....	4	20	Miss N. Hopper.....	8	13
Miss A. Sherman.....	6	30	Miss Dougherty.....	0	0
		188			190

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A regular meeting of the Ortland Archers was held at the house of Mr. Gardiner, Hockensack, N. J., Mr. Holberton in the chair. A report was read by the Secretary, showing the club out of debt and a balance in the treasury. It was voted to continue the outdoor meetings as long as the weather permitted, but the proposition to shoot at short range indoors during the winter was voted down. The club have in use three American bows, two Highfields, three Fetham's, and six Aldred's make. There are been in use since May a new bow broken. Some of the members have been regular in attendance, and in consequence their scores have increased in a very satisfactory manner. Next season they hope to measure their skill with some of the neighboring clubs. It is a pity that the numerous rifle ranges do not furnish butts for archery practices; it would pay, as the expense would be very slight. The Brinton and Columbia ranges are particularly well adapted to this pastime.

W. H.

BUFFALO ARCHERY CLUB.—Sept. 28.—24-inch target at 20 and 30 yds.; 42-inch target at 40 yds.; 10 ends at each 20 and 30 yds.; 20 ends at 40 yds.

Hits.	Value.	Hits.	Value.		
Sidway.....	79	347	Spaulding.....	52	188
Davis.....	80	349	Smith.....	67	289

Score of Mr. G. B. Hayes, of same club, Oct. 2, 1878, 30 yds., 24-inch target, 13 ends, strong cross wind: 27 hits; value, 147. This is the best score we have yet seen.

New Publications.

THE MANAGEMENT AND DISEASES OF THE DOG. By John Woodruff Hill. New York: Albert Cogswell, Publisher, 24 Bond st.

We are not so abundantly supplied with dog literature but that we can welcome Mr. Hill's book as a useful addition to what we already have on the subject. The copy before us is an American edition of what we judge to be, from the favorable notices we have seen of it, a popular work in England. In fact, we can recall no other since "Mayhew," which goes so extensively into the diseases of dogs, and it has the advantage of the light of modern science. If we have a fault to find, it is in the too frequent use of scientific terms in place of others that would be intelligible to the average, or even ignorant, reader. Aside from this we should consider the book a most valuable addition to the sportsman's library.

THE NUTTALL BULLETIN.—As the early days of October bring to us the fourth number of the Bulletin for 1878, we notice with pleasure that the year has been a successful one for the Nuttall Club's publication, and that the prospects for its success in the future are brighter than ever before. At the beginning of

the year the size of the Bulletin was doubled, and the subscription price correspondingly increased; yet, notwithstanding these changes, the subscription list has been steadily growing larger all through the year. Although the increase in the size of the Bulletin was supposed to be from twenty-four to forty-eight pages, we find by looking over the numbers for the year past that they average fifty-four pages each. The magazine calls for the support of all ornithologists, whether professional or amateur; and in the advertising sheets, which it is now proposed to issue with each number, the collector and taxidermist will find a most advantageous method of introducing their wares to the class which makes use of them. The Bulletin for October opens with a delightful bit of bird biography treating of a species of which our knowledge has been very slight, the "Prothonotary Warbler (*Protonotaria alba*)," by Mr. Brewster. This is followed by some extremely entertaining "Notes on Birds Observed at Mount Carmel, Southern Illinois," by Mr. Ridgway, the observations having been made during the past spring, while the author and Mr. Brewster were collecting in company. Mr. A. Purdie's article on "The Nest and Eggs of the Yellow-bellied Fly-catcher (*Empidonax flaviventris*)" is of great interest, but his observations differ widely from those of Mr. S. D. Osborne in this same number. "A List of the Birds Observed at Coosada, Central Alabama," by Nathan Clifford Brown, and a continuation of Mr. Brewster's "Descriptions of the First Plumage in Various Species of North American Birds" conclude the longer articles of this number. Recent Literature is exceptionally full and interesting; but we must confess that it is to General Notes that we always turn first when we receive the Bulletin, and the Notes in this number are not less interesting than is usually the case.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Communications.

CORINTHIAN, N. Y.—Please send address to this office.

J. O. N., Littleton, N. C.—Bogardus uses Dittmar C powder.

R. W. McC., St. Johns, N. B.—See answer to "W. G. P." in this column.

H. R. B., Canton.—Was there ever a repeating gun made known as the "Sharps?" Ans. No.

PHILO LOGOS, Athens, Ga.—The word *loater* is probably a contraction, or synonyme of the words low fellow.

H. V. W. M., Newark, N. J.—Subscription price to Hunt's *Yachting Magazine* is \$6. Can procure it for you.

J., Baltimore.—The Dover's powders recommended are those containing one grain each of opium and ipecacuanha.

A. B. G., Boston.—A 10 gauge and a 12 gauge will shoot equally strong. A 10 gauge is preferable for marsh shooting.

C. T., Belleville, Ill.—For game on St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern Railway see answer to L. W. B., last week.

S. M., Chicago.—Can forward working plans, pig, specifications and building directions of home-made catamaran upon receipt of \$4.

BROOKLYN.—The guns are not so good. See advertisement of the powder in our advertising pages. Sport in Virginia is excellent this fall.

J. J. B., Petrolia, Can.—The firm we believe to be respectable. We know nothing of the article advertised. The Dobson is of the Sialian family.

FAIR SHOT, Chicago.—There is no difference between paper and brass shells in the leading of gun barrels. Perhaps your shells do not fit the gun.

CONSTANT READER.—Common sense should tell you that your complaint against officials, unaccompanied by your name, cannot receive attention from us.

I. C., Philadelphia.—Heed birds have been seen up the Hudson as far as Hudson. If there is food for them there their presence would be not at all remarkable.

W. P. B., Lynn.—The gun is too light for partridge and duck shooting. A proper charge for it is 2 1/2 drs. powder, 1 1/2 ozs. shot. For duck shooting, use shot No. 6.

BLUESOON, Halifax, N. S.—You will find all about sheep and cattle raising in Texas in the book "A Thousand Miles through Texas," price \$1.50. We can send you a copy of it.

W. F. P., Heppner, Oregon.—Can you tell me of any good house in Philadelphia or Baltimore that deals in milk, martin and beaver hides? Ans. L. Gerber, Phila., and N. C. Helsky, Phila.

J. N. B., Warren, Mass.—We do not know of any one whom you could engage with in cattle raising in southern Kansas. You might possibly find the right party by addressing W. N. Byers, Denver, Col.

D. H. B., Live Oak.—The black bear produces its young in the spring bringing forth one, two or three at a litter. You will find some interesting discussions of the question in some of our former numbers.

Ko., West Chester, Pa.—What kind of game is found in the southwestern part of Kentucky in the latitude of Watney County, about fifty miles from the mountains? Ans. Quail, rabbits and small game.

J. M. S.—The guns you ask about vary in choke, and some are not choked at all. The best book on gun bores is "Modern Breech-Loaders," by W. W. Greener. We can send it to you. Price \$3.50.

R. J. G.—There is no peculiarity about the Creedmoor manner of load ing, except that extreme care is exercised to see that everything is perfectly right. The Remington and Sharps 550 grains special bullets are used.

J. H. T. B. B., Cazenovia.—Kemp's book will be received shortly. Delay owing to negligence of Importers. For Boston Yacht Club book write to Mr. Thomas Dean, Boston, who may accede to your request for a copy.

S. E. F., Princeton.—You may procure gamullets for cold weather shooting any of the dealers in sportsman's goods advertised in our columns. You ought to know more about the game of your own neighborhood than we do.

E. N., Cambridge, Mass.—The catalogue we think is sent free. The ride is a good one. For description of Express bullet see our ride columns. The particulars regarding Blooming Grove Park Association are also given in today's paper.

E., Elgin, Ill.—Where can't I get a book that is authority on hunting and trapping; such a book as one would need in his travels in Montana?

Ans. "Hallow's Sportsman's Gazetteer" is very complete on hunting animals and birds. For trapping buy Batty's "How to Hunt and Trap." We can furnish you with them.

J. S. T., Oriskany, N. Y.—Cost of engine, boiler and fittings for 25ft. launch will be about \$600. Write to N. Y. Safety Steam Power Co., 30 Corliss st., N. Y. Second-hand engines, etc., in good condition, 25 to 33 per cent. less. Can procure you one, if desired.

W. F. P., Va.—Will you please let me know if I can procure any prepared food suitable for gold fish kept in an ordinary two quart globe? Have heard of an article made from rice paper for the purpose. Ans. Send to any dealer in aquarium goods for wafers for gold fish.

E. P. G., Washington, D. C.—The proper load of a 16 bore 29 inch barrels breech-loader, for quail and ducks, is 2 1/2 drs. powder, 1 oz. shot. Dittmar powder is not injurious to gun barrels. Use your wire brush to scrape the lead out of your gun as often as the lead gets into your gun.

JOHN PHENIX, Richmond.—Is it true that placing the bed with its head to the North promotes sleep? Ans. The best way to test this question is to try the experiment. Some persons possess more animal magnetism than others. We believe that it makes a great difference to some people which way their heads are placed.

DELAWARE, New Castle, Del.—Cartridge should fit chamber of gun. A good general rule for pattern is that your target should show one-half the number of pellets in the charge. Seventy-five dollars will not buy a first-class gun, but will buy a very good gun. The cartridge holders are as represented, so far as we know. Browning gun barrels ought not to injure them.

H. H. B., Pontiac, Mich.—The insect you sent as belongs to Hymenoptera, and is known to entomologists under the name of *Pelecinus polygaster*. It is not uncommon in many parts of the United States, and is found in the neighborhood of New York, mostly in shady woods clear of underbrush. The elongated abdomen is undoubtedly used to place its eggs in a place of safety.

E. B., Pittston, Pa.—Two weeks ago my setter's throat commenced to swell. In four days it broke, and discharged freely—it broke both inside and out. It is now healed up, but there is a hard lump left about the size of a shell walnut. What must I do for her? Ans. Let the lump alone, and it will probably disappear. If it does not, touch it lightly on the outside with tincture of iodine.

W. H. M., Bellevue, O.—The insect sent is the large water bug (*Belostomatidae*) of entomologists. It is not uncommon in ponds, ditches and stagnant pools. It is a voracious insect, and feeds on all water insects indiscriminately. It seizes them with its powerful claws, pierces them with its sharp beak, and sucks the juices from them. It is a dangerous insect in the aquarium, as it will destroy all the fish and other living animals.

H. W. H., N. Y.—I have the choice of two bitches, one a setter, and the other a pointer—both imported, with full pedigrees, and will score about the same number of points each. I desire to use my purchase for breeding purposes. Will you kindly answer which is the most desirable? Ans. For breeding purposes there is no choice beyond that of taste; for sporting purposes much would depend upon the part of the country in which you proposed to shoot.

W. G. P., Montrose, Pa.—My setter dog has-red mange. Have been referred to you as an authority in this matter. Ans. A very good remedy for red mange is the following: Sulphur, 8 oz.; white oil, 8 oz. oil of tar, 5 oz. Apply thoroughly to all parts of the body, after first washing the dog with warm water and soft soap. After three days wash off, and apply again. Give at the same time eight drops of Fowler's Solution of Arsenic twice a day for a week or ten days.

W. S., Jefferson, Ohio.—A Gordon setter dog, eighteen months old, does not seem to have any nose whatever. It runs over partridges in places where a dog with only an ordinary nose ought to smell them. Is there anything that can be done for him? Ans. If your dog has no nose we can suggest nothing to give him one. But we should hesitate to condemn him without further trial. Have you attempted to develop his powers of scent by making him understand what is wanted of him, or by trying him on other game?

W. VAN A., Mt. Sterling, Ky.—The specimens you sent us are commonly called bee-fies. They belong to Diptera, or insects having two developed wings, and are known to naturalists as Bombyliids. This group contains a number of genera, and a large number of species with wide geographical distribution. The specimens you sent are undoubtedly *Laphria (tergula)* (Str.), *L. thoracica* (Fab.). They are voracious insects, and seize on any insect that comes in their way, pierce it with their sharp beak, and suck out the juices. One small species of this group often comes into houses in search of flies, and is commonly called a mosquito hawk.

L. N. P.—Previous to Sept. 15 I caught a great many small striped bass with shrimp. Since then have been unable to catch any. Do they leave the creeks as early as that, as what I caught were caught in creek; or is different bait necessary? I have tried soft crab, but with no success. Ans. All fish are capricious and their movements cannot be always accounted for. The striped bass season is usually over by the end of October. They have probably left the creeks and will not be found there again until early spring. Good baits for striped bass are made of longitudinal strips of the menhaden, or mossbunker; of a wedge-shaped piece cut from the stomach of the bass, or from pork skin; sand eel, squid, mud worms and mussels.

CAMPER, Cambridge.—For roughing it you must assume rough clothes. There is solid comfort in an old soft hat and a well-worn pair of stout boots. You will need a tent, a camp stove, and such kitchen utensils as may be conveniently carried. Some warm blankets, soap, needle and thread, extra shirt buttons, etc. As we do not know whether you are going to hunt, fish, or gather chestnuts, we cannot be more definite. If you have your implements carried to the spot with a team, we should advise it. For provisions go to the nearest farmhouse in the day. Remember that it takes years of practice to be able to crawl up to a chicken roost in the night without raising a rumpus. For practical instructions on how to "rough it," visit us at and how to cook it, buttonhole the next tramp that stops at your door for a repast.

STATISTICS, Monticello, Wis.—Where is Tomoka Creek; and what fish does it contain? How is it reached? Ans. Tomoka Creek enters the northern part of Halifax River; it is well supplied with the same fish as Spruce Creek, but of a larger size, especially the black bass, which have here been taken weighing from 12 to 15 pounds. It is a stream of large volume and has good hunting grounds on its banks. Guides and boats would be taken from New Smyrna. Last winter there was a steamer coming from Jacksonville to Halifax Inlet and New Smyrna, fare \$5.00. Also one on the Halifax and Hillsboro Rivers connecting with the other boat. At New Britain, Daytona and Port Orange, on the Halifax, are comfortable hotels and boarding houses; terms \$3 per day. The best fishing is near the Inlet, where B. Pacetti has a neat cottage, with room for six or eight boarders. Mr. Low, at New Smyrna, has enlarged his house to meet the increasing demand for that pleasant retreat for sportsmen.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INDOLENT IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1878.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guaranty of good faith and be addressed to THE FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous communications will be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for dereliction of the mail service if money remitted to us is lost. NO PERSON WHATSOEVER is authorized to collect money for us unless he can show authentic credentials from one of the undersigned. We have no Philadelphia agent.

Trade supplied by American News Company.

CHARLES HALLOCK, Editor.

T. C. BANKS,
Business Manager.

S. B. TURKILL, Chicago,
Western Manager.

THE YELLOW FEVER FUND.—We sent to Mayor Ely, October 14, seven dollars, received for the "Sportsman's Contribution." Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Skinner, of Gananogue, Canada, \$3; Subscriber, Orange Co., Fla., \$5. Total received by us, \$400.

ITS MISSION PERPETUAL.—Dr. J. A. Henshall, of Cynthia, Ky., whose favor and support our Journal has enjoyed from its beginning, sends the following congratulatory words:

"I must congratulate you upon the constant improvement in FOREST AND STREAM. It has gained a prestige that it can never lose. It is now a matter of wonder how we ever did without it, for it has so worked its way into our daily life that it seems to always have been. May its prosperity increase, and its mission be perpetual."

Mr. J. C. Burnett, of the U. S. Treasury Department at Washington, says:

Your discussions of questions of natural history are alone worth all that the paper costs, not to mention the various chronicles of yachting, shooting, exhibitions, fish culture, etc., etc., all of great interest and benefit to those who are interested in particular studies and recreations. It seems to me you do everything in your power to make a paper to please every true sportsman and real lover of nature.

HALLOCK'S SPORTSMAN'S GAZETTEER.—Fourth Edition.—Forest and Stream Publishing Company have just issued the Fourth Edition of this most valuable work, with important emendations and additions, including a Glossary of common words in local use. The ichthyology of the Pacific Coast, specially revised by Prof. Gill, of the Smithsonian Institution, is very full. The work now comprises 909 pages, and constitutes the most complete and comprehensive encyclopedia of sport extant. Prof. T. V. Hayden, of the U. S. Geological Survey, says: "It is a most interesting and instructive work, containing much information with which I was not previously familiar."

The patronage which the book has so far received shows the popular estimation in which it is held. For sale at this office, price \$8.

FIELD TRIALS.

PROFESSIONALS VS. AMATEURS.

WE learn from a letter which appears in a contemporary that the Tennessee Field Trials will be held as usual this fall. The proposed Maryland Field Trials have been definitely abandoned. It occurs to us that there is room for much discussion as to the mode in which these trials should be held in this country in the future; whether there are not abuses to be corrected; whether a gentleman who may choose to break and handle his own dogs, and who works them in the trial as he would in the field, is not heavily handicapped as against the professional breaker who handles his dogs with a view to "trials" alone. If the latter proposition holds, and we apprehend that it will meet with assent from many who have witnessed Field Trials, the question arises as to whether the "Corinthian" should not have some opportunity shown him as well as the professional. In all contests of this nature it is supposed to be the desire of every one that the "best" may win, but certainly in Field Trials this does not always occur. The slow, pottering dog, who makes no mistakes simply because no opportunity is afforded him of making them, is ranked as better than the high-spirited, wide-ranging dog who works as nature and his master intended him to, merely because the judges cannot, or do not care to keep up with the latter. No better instance of this can be cited than one which occurred at the late Minnesota Trials, when one dog, doubtless a good one after a fashion, was allowed to consume nearly all of one day and part of another in her trial rather than be permitted an opportunity of making a flush, or a false point. In the hands of a skillful breaker, and one more particularly skilled in the ins and outs of a Field Trial, who scarcely allows his dog to go beyond the reach of his hand and voice, such a thing is very possible. We have received many letters on this subject, and it is one worthy of attention, and regarding which we shall be glad to have the views of our readers. If Field Trials are to become popular and universal it is necessary, first, to guard against anything like unfairness, or favoritism; and, second, against a system of breaking which will ruin dogs for general field work. Gentlemen sportsmen do not keep dogs for the sake of winning trophies or dollars at Field Trials, nor are they, as a rule, anxious for a record which will enable them to sell their stock. Neither have they their own reputations as breakers at stake. The professional is interested in all of these points, and if these "trials" are to be run for, or by them, it is better that they should be abolished.

A RIGHT GOOD BISHOP.

WE took occasion some time ago to express our approval of the direct usage of physical force in the individual, regardless of his cloth, when in defence of himself, his own reputation, or the fair fame of others. We cited how Mr. Trollope, in a recent book of his, places a clergyman of the Church of England in such a position that he falls to the ground a blackguard who has cast foul imputations on his daughter. We hold to the idea, without being of the sword-and-pistol school, that even in good society, if the fact was perfectly well understood that a knock-down would infallibly follow a coarse word or a shameful innuendo, men would be more guarded in their expressions, and causes of dispute of a frivolous character be less frequent. We honestly admire English and English gentlemen and society for this fact. Less overbearing than the French, by no means inclined to effervescence, somewhat indifferent to that polished glaze of manner which is but at the surface, your Englishman, positive as to his rights, is not to be bullied by word or gesture. The true bull-dog instinct is in him. Rouse his ire by direct insult and he seeks, not with pistol and knife to defend or to attack, but with that good strength of fists which nature gave him. Here is a case in point, and the clergy all over the world may be proud of one of their own cloth:

The Rev. Rowley Hill, Bishop of Sodor and Man, is driving out with his wife on the Isle of Man. A coarse fellow hurls an insult at the Bishop and his wife, and ends by throwing a stone which inflicts a scalp wound on the Bishop's wife. "Now," says the *London Telegraph*, "a good many laymen would in these circumstances have driven rapidly on to avoid a possibly worse assault." Let us add that quite possibly a large majority of American clergymen would have done precisely the same thing. Not so with our staunch Englishman. He stops his carriage, leaps out, collars the dastardly hound, and when the latter breaks away and runs the Bishop is close at his heels. A flying navy and a doughty clergyman of course might have been an unusual sight. The ruffian draws a knife, flourishes a club, but the Bishop is not a bit frightened and, having a better pair of legs, corners him. Between the two there can be no doubt but that, indifferent to the weapons, the Bishop would have mastered his man; but somebody comes to the help of the Church and the beast is captured. We clap our hands and cry out: "Bravo! to you, Right Rev. Bishop. You are a Christian gentleman and all the better for being muscular." Certainly, with that pluck you have, there is tenderness and mercy in your soul.

Now, what is the upshot of all this? It must mean that this English gentleman has legs than he can run with, and arms and fists that he can strike with. He belongs to no mauling type of man. When he was young, either at Eaton or Harrow, he had been taught, perhaps even by the great Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, to be true and honest and fearless, and at the same time to develop not only his brains, but the thews and sinews the Lord gave him. It was long ago that we thought that

physical exercise was useful to clergymen. We pride ourselves in the fact that the FOREST AND STREAM was among the very first to teach what was before our time considered heresy. We do not want O'Leary clericals, nor fox hunting deacons, but we must ever inculcate the idea that rational amusements, where health and strength are afforded, are of as much benefit to clergymen as to laymen. We are quite sure from the many examples we see in the United States that our doctrines are believed in, and we entertain the hope that good heaven will quicken all masses of society. It is altogether exceptional when the consciousness of strength develops brutal instincts: it rather tends to temper them.

CORINTHIAN SENTIMENTS.

BUT a few years ago the idea that American yachts were unfitted for cruising, and built entirely with a view to racing, at a sacrifice of almost every other desirable quality, would have been rejected with scorn and the announcement received as high treason. Did not *America* run a British fleet hull down? Did not *Vesta*, *Fleetwing* and *Henrietta* cross the Atlantic and bravely meet blow after blow and towering seas? And is not *Siaphia* a match for anything afloat, be it in a gale or zephyr? Have not other American schooners faced the dangers of the deep off soundings, and reached a home port again with the same spars they carried out? And who, in the face of such evidence, could venture to maintain that in model, staunchness, outfit and seamanship we were one whit inferior to our British cousins across the sea? All this is very true. Our large schooners, or rather some of them, are able sea boats, and have for skippers men who have trod the quarter-deck of square rigged craft for many a year, and who can, if need be, keep a day's reckoning, take an altitude and work out a sight without landing themselves on the prairie or in the middle of Africa. But what applies to our largest schooners unfortunately cannot be said of the smaller craft, in which most of the rising generation receive their first induction into and acquire their first taste for seamanship and a life at sea. There was a time not long ago when we stood alone in these assertions; but knowing something of the sport in the old country as well as in the new, and feeling convinced that the cruising spirit would in time develop among us as it had abroad, and that sooner or later a class of sailor graduates would naturally spring from among the racing members of the yachting public, our efforts have been directed in the first place to calling attention to the difference between racing machines and jockeying, as a means of excitement and passing pleasure, and the nobler phase of the sport, as embodied in the cruising yachtsman, master of a sea-going clipper, captain of his own ship, and all which that implies; and in the second place to pointing out the most ready course by which the aspiring tyro could steer in the wake of his leaders and climb the rungs of the ladder of proficiency, until he himself in turn shall have reached the pinnacle of the Corinthian profession. That we struck the current of the popular inclinations is becoming more and more evident with the advent of every season. This is what the committee having in charge the recent "cruising trim regatta" of the Dorchester Yacht Club say in their circular:

"Inasmuch as the tendency of the usual practice of regattas is to develop the 'racing' at the expense of the 'cruising' model, which latter, in fact, resolves very little, if any, encouragement at all, the promoters of and subscribers to this race have instituted it and opened it to all yachts large enough for cruising purposes, in the hope and expectation that 'cruising' yachtsmen will appreciate the effort, and that the result will appear eventually in the multiplication of sea-going models, and the correspondingly diminution of the 'skim dish' and 'sailing machine' variety of yachts, which have been so long, and are yet for a while, in favor. The fact that so many of the larger craft are hauled into winter quarters before weather liable to test their abilities can be looked for, speaks for itself, and demonstrates without words the need of the stimulus it has been, and is, the aim of this regatta to supply. The month for this race (October) has been chosen as being the more likely to furnish the desired weather, and as also less likely to bring to the starting line craft which are unfitted to compete."

We need hardly add that they strike the nail on the head, and that ere long we expect to hear others speak in the same strain. The influence upon model and rig can only be to the good of the sport.

THE BISHOP CLUB.—Gen. R. U. Sherman, of Onondaga County, whose sketches have frequently enriched the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, has associated himself with Lynott B. Root, H. Lee Babcock, Henry J. Cookeham, A. T. Goodwin and James W. Husted (the "Bald Eagle of Westchester") and incorporated the Bishop Club, for the purpose of hunting and fishing in the Northern New York Wilderness, and have leased some 7,000 acres and built a lodge in the neighborhood of the headwaters of the Moose and Black Rivers, in Herkimer County. Their Arcadia is reached from Alder Creek Station, on the Utica and Black River Railroad, by a wagon ride of twenty-one miles, a row of three miles across Woodhull Lake, and a walk into the woods, about a mile beyond. The membership of the club is limited to twenty, and parties visiting the lodge must provide their own supplies and service. With regard to the nature of the supplies, we notice by the club pamphlet before us, that Gen. Sherman recommends baked beans, and Secretary Root, sardines, both very good in their way, and seldom known to be in any one else's way. We wish the club success.

P. S. There is fishing up there, they say.

each range. Prize: A badge presented by Colonel W. H. Sterling, State Inspector of Rifle Practice:

Capt Geo Grath...	4 4 3 4-18	4 2 5 4 6-20-35
Wood...	4 5 4 4-22	4 3 4 4 4-16-33
Malague...	5 5 4 4-19	2 0 3 4 4-18-32
Greene...	4 3 3 4-18	0 2 3 4 2-19-30
McNair...	4 3 4 4-18	0 2 3 2 1-19-30
Smith...	4 4 4 4-19	3 2 4 3 5-15-24
Malmeider...	4 3 3 4-18	2 2 3 2 5-19-30
Way...	0 0 0 3-6	0 2 0 2 0-4-10
Gibson...	0 3 0 2-6	0 0 0 0 0-0-5
Dezman...	3 0 0 0-5	Retired.

The McClellan Badge, presented by His Excellency, Geo. B. McClellan, Governor of New Jersey, will be awarded to the individual making the highest aggregate score in the military team match, the headquarters N. G. match, and the match for the "Sterling Badge." The badge to remain in the possession of the winner until the next Fall Rifle Meeting of this Association, when it will be placed in competition as may be then directed. Won by Lieut. W. P. Wood.

Spirit of the Times long-range match, open to all comers; weapon, any rifle; distance, 1,000, 1,100 and 1,200; fifteen shots at each distance; position, any without artificial rest; entrance fee, \$5; the rules of the National Rifle Association to govern in the match, except where modified by the special conditions herein set forth; no sighting shots nor previous practice on the day of the match; no coaching allowed by competitors or outsiders, and no assistance allowed to any competitor in keeping score books. "Spotting" shots, giving or receiving any information, to debar the competitor so offending from further competition and from the receipt of any prize; a rope will be drawn twenty feet in rear of the firing points, and but two competitors at one firing point will be allowed within the rope at the same time. No. 2 entering the inclosure while No. 1 is in the act of firing, and No. 3 not entering until No. 1 comes out, and so on. No conversation allowed between competitors while within the ropes. In addition to the scorer, a spotter will be at each firing point, who will note the shot of each competitor. A competitor may look through the "spotter's" glass and locate the shots for himself, if he so prefers. No telescopes or field glasses, except those in use by the spotters, will be allowed in the match. First prize, gold, \$100; second prize, \$25; third prize, \$15; fourth prize, \$10; fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth prizes, \$5 each.

Frank Hyde.	3 5 4	5 5 5 5 5 5 4-62
1,000...	3 5 4	4 5 4 5 5 5 4-65
1,100...	3 5 4	4 5 4 5 5 5 4-65
1,200...	3 5 4	4 5 4 5 5 5 4-65

I. Allen.	0 4 4	4 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5-37
1,000...	0 4 4	4 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5-37
1,100...	0 4 4	4 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5-37
1,200...	0 4 4	4 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5-37

W. M. Farrow.	0 4 4	4 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5-37
1,000...	0 4 4	4 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5-37
1,100...	0 4 4	4 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5-37
1,200...	0 4 4	4 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5-37

Wm Hayes.	0 4 4	4 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5-37
1,000...	0 4 4	4 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5-37
1,100...	0 4 4	4 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5-37
1,200...	0 4 4	4 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5-37

E. A. Perry.	2 2 2	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5-34
1,000...	2 2 2	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5-34
1,100...	2 2 2	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5-34
1,200...	2 2 2	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5-34

W. H. Jackson.	0 0 0	0 0 0 4 5 5 5 5 5-41
1,000...	0 0 0	0 0 0 4 5 5 5 5 5-41
1,100...	0 0 0	0 0 0 4 5 5 5 5 5-41
1,200...	0 0 0	0 0 0 4 5 5 5 5 5-41

A. H. Jocelyn.	2 4 4	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5-39
1,000...	2 4 4	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5-39
1,100...	2 4 4	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5-39
1,200...	2 4 4	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5-39

M. J. Graham.	0 2 2	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5-49
1,000...	0 2 2	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5-49
1,100...	0 2 2	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5-49
1,200...	0 2 2	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5-49

H. Fisher.	3 3 3	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5-62
1,000...	3 3 3	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5-62
1,100...	3 3 3	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5-62
1,200...	3 3 3	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5-62

F. F. Saunders.	2 2 2	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5-42
1,000...	2 2 2	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5-42
1,100...	2 2 2	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5-42
1,200...	2 2 2	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5-42

G. L. Morse.	3 3 3	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5-42
1,000...	3 3 3	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5-42
1,100...	3 3 3	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5-42
1,200...	3 3 3	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5-42

J. A. Harty.	0 3 3	0 3 3 0 0 0 0 0 0-12
1,000...	0 3 3	0 3 3 0 0 0 0 0 0-12
1,100...	0 3 3	0 3 3 0 0 0 0 0 0-12
1,200...	0 3 3	0 3 3 0 0 0 0 0 0-12

EXPRESS RIFLES AND EXPRESS BULLETS.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Having had numerous inquiries in regard to Express bullets, referring to an advertisement in your paper, we asked Mr. Hobbs, the Superintendent of the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., to make some adapted to our mid and long-range rifles, and the first installment came to hand last week. The .44 cal. are 7-inch long; are flat across the base; are hollow from the point to within 7-32 of an inch of the base. This hollow is 20-100 of an inch in diameter, and the air is kept out by a thin copper tube like an empty cartridge case, which is inserted so that its closed end comes just flush with the end of the bullet. They weigh 280 grains. The .40 cal. are made on the same principle, are 7 of an inch long and weigh 225 grains. The composition is 1 part tin to 100 parts lead, and they are packed in the same manner as the ordinary or mid-range bullets. I had great curiosity to see how so light a bullet would work with so large a charge of powder as our English cousins say is necessary to develop the Express principle; and yesterday I took one each of our long range and mid-range rifles to the Blackstone Range to experiment.

When last in New York I had obtained some of Curtis & Harvey's Diamond Grain No. 6 powder for this very purpose, and had loaded my shells with 105 grains C and H in the .44 cal., and also some with 115 grains of Ladin & Rand Creamhorn No. 7. The difference in the specific gravity of the above powders is shown by the fact that the shells were full to within 1-16th of the top in each case.

The only point I expected to settle at the range was how far this charge could be depended on without change of sights.

I commenced at 100 yards, using a cardboard target and a 6-inch bull's-eye, and used the open lead front sight, and shot in my Creamhorn position, being careful to have the bull's-eye central cross shot. After shooting 12 or 15 shots into the bull's-eye I retired to the 200-yard point and shot an equal number, shooting 15 shots of each kind of powder before going to 200. I marked all the first shots, and had changed the bull's-eye for an 8-inch one, being careful that their centres should be in the same place exactly. I had a man at the target to note each shot, and when done there was no mistaking the range or the kind of powder each hole was made with. The average drop of the shot fired with the 115 grains Ladin & Rand was nine inches between 100 and 200 yards; of the 105 grains Curtis & Harvey, seven inches. I then tried the Curtis & Harvey at 250 yards, and found that the drop was an average of 12 inches from those shot at 100 yards. The Ladin & Rand dropped at 250 yards, an average of 14 inches from those shot at 100 yards. I then took a long-range cartridge, 109 grains Ladin & Rand and 540 grains pointed bullet, and it struck full 2 1/2

feet below where the lowest of the Express bullets had done. I then took the .40 cal. mid-range rifle, 30-inch barrel, and tried it at 100 yards, taking a new target. The powder charge in this case was 72 grains of Curtis & Harvey, and 78 grains of Ladin & Rand. Both kinds shot into the same 4-inch group at 100 yards. At 200 yards the Curtis & Harvey dropped 8 inches, and the Ladin & Rand averaged 11 inches drop. About 50 shots were fired with the .40 cal. gun. The sights and the holding were the same as in the trial of the .44 cal. gun, the object being to get the exact drop of the bullet between the ranges. Mr. F. J. Rabbeth, the well-known rifleman, was on the range a good part of the time and rendered valuable assistance, and did a portion of the shooting. Mr. R. tried his 24 cal. Winchester, model 873, on an adjoining target while the .40 cal. gun was being tried, and found that the average drop of about 20 shots between 100 and 200 yards was 24 inches.

My conclusions are, from the above experiments, that Mr. Rigby is correct when he says that with the Express sights and such a charge and bullet, that for ordinary hunting purposes no change of sights is necessary between 100 and 250 yards, beyond taking a very fine sight at 75 to 100 yards and a minor course one from 175 to 200 yards, to bring down a deer, antelope, or any other game worthy of being shot with an Express bullet.

Now, for some experiments showing the effect of such a bullet with such a charge of powder, I find the .44 cal. bullet, with either kind of powder, will go through 12 to 14-inch solid pine, but that only 3 to 4 of the weight of the lead will get through, the rest being left on the way among the fibres of the wood. The first .44 cal. I fired was into a block of pine 9 inches thick, at a distance of 50 feet. Of course it came through, but when I looked at the hole where it came out I was greatly disappointed, for it was only 7/8 diameter. After a while it occurred to me to split open the block and see what had been done on the way. At 2 inches from where the bullet entered the hole was 1 1/2 inch in diameter, where the wood had been carried away clean and clear, and from that it gradually tapered off to the exit. By the time the bullet was into the wood its length the hole was over 1 inch in diameter. The .40 cal. bullets have a penetration of about 9 to 10 inches in solid pine, and expand just as rapidly on entering as the .44 cal. On shooting one at 50 feet at a block of pine, 5 inches diameter across the grain, the hole at the exit was nearly as large as the hole made by the .44 cal. in the case above mentioned, and on shooting one at two pieces of 1 1/2-inch black-walnut planks, very dry, and placed 2 inches apart, the exit on the first one measured 1 1/2 inches across the grain and 1 1/2 lengthwise of the grain in diameter, and it started into the second plank on the same scale, but came out only about a 3/4-inch hole. From the shape of the bullets when caught and the appearance of the track left through soft woods, the air in the front of the ball when it strikes and begins to upset forces out the hollow portion until it is turned back upon the base, being in fact, turned in soft pine wood completely wrong side out in going in 8 to 4 inches, or even less; and as the bullets keep their rotary motion as long as they do their forward motion the effect on any living animal must be simply terrific. And I am prepared to believe all that has been stated about game being dropped in their tracks at 250 yards by a shot in the flank when a bullet of this kind is used. We are now prepared to furnish rifles either long or mid-range, with the long-range and Express sights, so that they can be used either at the target or on the plains with equal effect.

Geo. W. Davidson,
Supt. Sporting Rifles, Prov. Tool Co.
Providence, Oct. 9, 1878.

AN ENGLISH OPINION ON THE PALMA.—Under date of September 22 Sir Henry Holford writes from his seat at Wistow, Leicester, to Capt. L. C. Bruce, of last year's team, about the future of the Palma matches as it is regarded in England. His letter is worth study on the part of our National Rifle Association Directors, as it puts the whole matter in a full, clear light. Sir Henry says:

"I do not think that I have much to add to my often-expressed views as to best course to be pursued to keep up the interest in the great international rifle matches, for I still think that, to make them a success, they should not be open to more than (among others) one team from the old country. Your N. R. A., however, were so adverse last year to any restrictions upon separate teams from Ireland and Scotland that our N. R. A., in view of the opinion that there should be only one team representing Great Britain and Ireland, would not consent to countenance any separate teams, whether from England, Ireland or Scotland. Nor do I think it likely that a purely English team will ever be formed to contest the Palma. The match for the Elcho Challenge Shield shows that it would not be possible to get a team from any of the three countries separately which would have a chance of competing with the best team from the closest of the best shots in the United States; for, as you will remember, the winning team—the Irish—made only 1,010, though the best eight men in the three teams made 1,063. I fear, then, as long as the present rules are in force that you will in future only have, as this year, no match, or only Irish or Scotch teams to contend against. We, of course, have no right or wish to dispute the terms for the shooting for a prize given by the American people. It is simply a matter for us to choose them or leave them alone; but, in doing the latter, it is certainly a matter of re-

gret that the terms should be such as to practically preclude us from entering.

"With regard to your team having a 'walk over' the course, we shall look with much interest for the scores made, though there is no necessity for their shooting at all. The Palma is yours as much when challenged as when you have gained a victory.

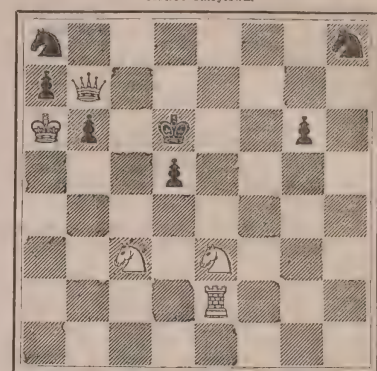
"With kind remembrances to my friends in America, I am yours very truly,
H. St. J. Halford."

The Game of Chess.

NOTICE.—Chess exchanges, communications and solutions should be addressed to Chess Editor FOREST AND STREAM, P. O. box 54, Wolcottville, Conn.

Problem No. 27.

Motto: TARRYTOWN.



White to play and give mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS—NO. 23.

1-Kt to P 1-K-Kt 1-K-Kt
2-Kt-B5 2-Kt-K4 or K-Q3 2-Kt-K5
3-Bt-K4 or Kt-Kt mate 3-Bt-K4 or Kt-Kt mate

Game No. 77.—EVAN'S GAMBIT.

Played by correspondence between the Italian problemists A. Seglieri and G. B. Valle:

White. A. Seglieri.	Black. G. B. Valle.	White. A. Seglieri.	Black. G. B. Valle.
1-P-K4	1-P-K4	13-B-Q3	13-B-Q3
2-Kt-K3	2-Kt-K3	14-K-Q3	14-K-Q3
3-Bt-K4	3-Bt-K4	15-Kt-K4	15-Kt-K4
4-P-K4	4-P-K4	16-Q-K2	16-Q-K2
5-P-B3	5-P-B3	17-Q-K2	17-Kt-K4
6-Q-K3	6-Q-K3	18-B-K3	18-B-K3
7-Castles	7-Kt-K3	19-B-Q3	19-Q-K2
8-B-Q3	8-P-Q3	20-Q-K5	20-P-K4
9-P-Q3	9-P-Q3	21-Kt-K5	21-P-K4
10-B-K5	10-B-K5	22-Kt-K5	22-P-K4
11-P-K4	11-P-Q3	23-Bt-K5	23-Bt-K5
12-Q-K3	12-P-Q3		

CURIOUS JOTTINGS.

—Chess editors will please address exchange copies to "Box 54, Wolcottville, Conn., U. S. A." We have added several of our chess contemporaries to our list, and expect that they will comply with the above.

—The report of the Judges of the sets of problems entered in the first tourney of the British Chess Problem Association awards the prizes as follows: 1st set prize ("Ex Sudore"), J. H. Pinnaison; 2d set prize ("Anybody"), F. E. Lamb; 3d set prize, not awarded; best four-move problem ("A Glebe"), C. Callender; best three-move problem ("Que assemblage"), J. W. Coates; best two-move problem ("Home, Sweet Home"), J. Paul Taylor.

—The following is the latest score in the International Tourney, British winners—J. Coppinger, J. T. Palmer, Wm. Nash, E. Palmer, H. Monck, R. H. Philip and H. Brewer, one each; J. Parker and Color-Sergeant Woods, two each, making a total of eleven British wins. American winners—William Olcott, T. H. Forster, L. S. Atkinson, J. Froch, D. C. Rogers, and L. W. Davis, one each; L. T. Brown, two, making a total of eight American wins. H. Holmes and F. H. Curtis have drawn one each.

—The following list embraces all problems entered for competition in the Forest and Stream Problem Tourney:

1. Excessively Advise Knowledge.	23. A Test Case.
2. Success to Literature in Chess.	24. Festina Lente.
3. Talk Enough—Gossip.	25. Nota Bene.
4. Furious Duo.	26. Endeavor to Excel All.
5. O to Richmond.	27. Diligence Ensures Success.
6. Ant Wredersheim.	28. Loin and Reel.
7. Sir Quickly Understand and Remember.	29. Conclude to Excel All.
8. Remember Ever Chess is Royal, Chess Lives Eternally.	30. Live Europa.
9. Study Each Move Carefully, and Only for Position.	31. Success Will Follow.
10. Forget Me Not.	32. XIII.
11. Down on Knives.	33. I Press toward the Mark for the Prize.
12. Tarrytown.	34. Q. 707.
13. Blue Bells of Scotland.	35. Valid and Strong (1st).
14. Silver Bells.	36. Valid and Strong (2d).
15. Deal with Us Gently.	37. Wald and Strom (2d).
16. Forgiveness and Forbear.	38. Marmite.
17. On Hand.	39. Fifteenth Amendment.
18. Tokkare.	40. He who dares these problems, choose.
19. Wallenstein.	41. He who dares these problems, choose.
20. Just So.	42. He who dares these problems, choose.
21. A Long Look Ahead.	43. He who dares these problems, choose.

—The following are entered for competition in the Photograph Tourney:
1. What is hope? The beautiful 2 Beauty in Simplicity.
3. What colors all it shines upon.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 25, 1878

H. C. SQUIRE, Esq.

Dear Sir—In reply to your favor of the 21st, would say that Dittman Powder is undoubtedly a superior explosive, and having been with Dr. Carver during his entire public career as a marksman, I have taken pains to observe closely its efficiency. Load your cartridges according to the formula you have given, and in no single instance does it err. At the conclusion I am in no little satisfaction to enjoy cleanliness as a result, to say nothing of no smoke.

Yours truly,

E. G. HATNEX, Agent for Dr. Carver.—Adv.

THE AMERICAN CARRIER-CAT CORPORATION, LIMITED.—The idea was borrowed from Belgium. The Belgians have turned their attention to utilizing the feline instinct of direction, and the good people of Liege, encouraged by the successful issue of recent experiments, propose to establish, at an early day, a regular system of cat communication between that city and the neighboring villages. Having caught the idea the A. C. C. L.'s agents are now catching the cats and training them to their work. The prospectus of the company, now before us, shows that the whole North American continent is to be cobwebbed with ramifications of cat-carrier lines, radiating from all the principal cities and reaching from the everglades of Florida to the snowy wastes of Alaska. The advantages claimed over the present mail service arise principally from the increased speed of communication. Every one knows that a cat can outrun a railroad lightning express. By an application of the tin-pan-caudal-attachment-patented it is estimated that the natural feline speed will be quadrupled, and thus letters may be forwarded at least five times faster than under the present system. We cannot yet give full details of the enterprise, as they have not been perfected. Suffice it to say that at each station of the A. C. C. L. cats from all the neighboring stations are kept in constant readiness to set out for their homes, where cats from other stations take the messages which are thus forwarded. An important advantage claimed by the originators of this scheme is increased safety in the carrying of valuable messages. Express trains may be robbed by road agents; floods and storms are elements with which Uncle Sam cannot cope; but a cat will carry the mails through. Road agents may pepper away with their rifles. Did any one ever know of a cat being harmed by bullets? The elements may do their utmost. Did any one ever hear of a cat struck by lightning, drowned in a flood, or blocked up in a snow storm? The rolling stock of the A. C. C. L. is enormous. It is estimated by the New York Superintendent that this city alone will furnish at least 40,000,000 cats, male and female, and a proportionate supply is to be found in every city and town in the Union, making the total number wholly incomprehensible. The well-trained "courier and scout-cat" department is another branch of the same service. The company have already taken a Government contract to supply several hundred extra-tough cats for use on the frontier. Among the modes of employment is that of transporting, by a circuitous route, the cat which has become domesticated in the camp to a point such that the Indian enemy shall be between the cat and the United States forces. When released the cat, with its message and tin-pan attachment, makes a bee-line—or, as the technical term is, a feline—for headquarters and dashes at quadruple-streak-of-lightning speed through the camp of the Red-Skin. The R. S. is either too much amazed by the supernatural vision of flying Tom to do ought save grunt in open-eyed awe; or else he lets fly his winged shaft and transfixes the rapidly-disappearing apparition, and Tom, nothing dismayed, appears in camp bringing two or three arrows with him. The hero of a thousand scalps as he draws forth each arrow, can distinguish from its peculiar form just what tribe it belongs to, and thus information is obtained which is worth more than a fortnight spent in beating about the bush.

A VIRGINIA BIRD STORY.—This is the story told by the Petersburg Index-Appal:—Some time last week Mr. William H. Walton, a farmer of Greensville county, was seated on a fence near a stack of oats, watching the operations of his field hands who were at work. While seated on the fence a small bird alighted on his shoulder and remained there until frightened away by a blow aimed at it by Mr. Walton. It flew off but a little way and returned to be treated as before, and repeated this feat until the gentleman concluded to allow it to remain on his shoulder in order to ascertain, if possible, what induced it to act as described. The bird moved close up to Mr. Walton's face and deliberately commenced to pluck a mouthful of gray hairs from his beard, after which it flew away to the hay stack and disappeared in the crevices between the sheaves of oats. Examination of the stack disclosed the fact that the bird was building its nest and had used the beard for the purpose of making a lining for the same. The bird is said to have been of the wren species.

Tiffany & Co., Silversmiths, Jewellers, and Importers, have always a large stock of silver articles for prizes for shooting, yachting, racing and other sports, and on request they prepare special designs for similar purposes. Their TIMING WATCHES are guaranteed for accuracy, and are now very generally used for sporting and scientific requirements. TIFANY & CO. are also the agents in America for Messrs. PATEK, PHILIPPE & CO., of Geneva, of whose celebrated watches they have a full line. Their stock of Diamonds and other Precious Stones, General Jewelry, Artistic Bronzes and Pottery, Electro-Plate and Sterling Silverware for Household use, fine Stationery and Bric-a-brac, is the largest in the world, and the public are invited to visit their establishment without feeling the slightest obligation to purchase. UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK

Miscellaneous.

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Japanese and Chinese Curios, old and modern Lacquers, magnificent Bronzes, Porcelains, Pottery, Wood and Ivory Carvings, Textile Fabrics, Indian Arms, Idols, etc., etc., forming a complete museum of rare curiosities. The above comprise in part the stock of the well-known old curiosity shop, 630 Broadway, the entire contents of which will be sold at auction by BARKER & CO., commencing on WEDNESDAY, Oct. 23, and continue daily till ALL is sold.

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W. W. Greener's Champion Treble Wedge Fast, Breech-Loader.

THE WINNING GUN.



At the international pigeon shooting, Monaco, Feb. 1878, the Grand Prix de Casino, an objet d'art valued at \$100, and a money prize of \$105, this the greatest prize ever shot for at Monaco, was competed for by sixty-six of the best shots of all nations, and won by Mr. Chomondy Pannell, with a full-choice over Mr. Wedge-Fast Gun by W. W. Greener, killing 11 birds out of 12 at 23 yards and 1 foot and 9 3/4 yards. He also won the second event, killing 8 birds in succession at 25 yards, making a total of 19 birds out of 20. This is acknowledged to be the best shooting on record. The winning gun at the above-bore match, 1877, beating 17 guns by the best London makers, and winning the silver cup, valued at 50 guineas, presented by Mr. J. Purdie, this gunmaker.

The winning gun also at Philadelphia, 1876, in the pigeon shooting match between Capt. Bogardus and Mr. South for \$500 a side, Phil killing 88 birds out of 100, using one barrel only. The winning gun also who great London Gun Trial, 1878, beating 102 guns by all the best makers of Great Britain and Ireland. THE PATENT TREBLE WEDGE FAST BREECH-LOADER is the strongest and most durable ever invented, and the most successful gun of the period. Patented in the United States, Oct. 9, 1875; No. 163,593. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS OR IMITATIONS.

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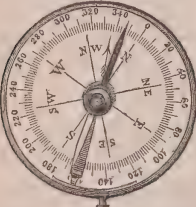
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This barrel can be placed in a gun ready for use in a second of time with the same ease as a cartridge, and can be removed just as expeditiously. There is no wear on the rifle barrel, nor on the shot-gun, and it cannot get out of order. With this Auxiliary Barrel, which weighs about one pound, almost instantly a breech-loading shot-gun can be converted into a most accurate rifle. The AUXILIARY BARREL will fit any standard make of gun of 10 or 12-calibre—calibre of rifle \$2, ss. or 44, as desired. Length of barrel, twenty inches. The shells used with the best advantage are the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.'s cartridges, No. 22 and 23, extra long, and No. 44, model 1878. Send for Circular and Price List.

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NEW HAVEN, CONN.

221. "OLD RELIABLE" 221.

(TRADE MARK.)

STILL TRIUMPHANT.

In Fall Meeting of N. R. A., at Creedmoor, Sharps Rifles were entered in sixteen matches; took first prize in twelve of them, and good prizes in the other four. Among them the

Inter-state Military Match.

The New York State team, using the Sharps Military Rifle, won with a score of 974. Best score by any other rifle, 960.

The International Military Match.

New York State Team, with Sharps Military rifle, 1,044. Best by any other rifle, 903.

The Inter-state Long-Range Match.

Average per man with Sharps Rifles, 213. Other rifles used averaged respectively 193 and 197. The WIMBLEDON CUP, won by Mr. Frank Hyde with a Sharps Rifle with a score of 143 out of a possible 150 at 1,000 yards. The IRECH CUP, won at Spring Meeting with a score of 205. Best other rifle, 197. For the Grand Aggregate Prize at Fall Meeting, three competitors each, with Sharps Rifles—Mr. Frank Hyde, Col. W. H. Clark and Capt. W. H. Jackson—fired on a score of 300 points. THE LONG-RANGE MILITARY CHAMPIONSHIP, won by Capt. J. S. Barton, with a Sharps Military Rifle. All prizes in this match were won with Sharps Rifles. AMERICAN TEAM WALK-OVER (First Day).—J. S. Sumner made, with a Sharps Long-Range Rifle, the extraordinary score of 221 points out of a possible 225 at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards.

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New York Warerooms, 177 Broadway.

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Are Hard to Beat for Quality, Finish and Shooting Powers.

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FINE TRIPLEX 12-GAUGE BREECH-LOADER, MADE BY
W. & C. SCOTT & SON.

[From CAPT. A. H. BOGARDUS.]

W. & C. SCOTT & SON: Gentlemen—Before leaving England for my home in America, I wish to express my fullest satisfaction in the terrific shooting power of your choke-bore guns. I now possess two heavy 10-bore, each with extra 12-bore barrels; also a light 12 and 16 bore; all of your make, which cannot be excelled in the shooting qualities, and impossible to beat in the solidity and power of your patent Triplex Action. I used your gun in my two recent matches with Mr. Penell, June 23 and July 23, at which time I scored 70 and 71 in each match, winning by two birds; also in my match with Capt. Shelley, July 29, at which time I scored 84, "the highest score on record," and in the International Match with Aubrey Coventry, Esq., at Brighton, Aug. 6, for £1,000, which I won by killing 79 out of 100. All of the above matches were at 100 birds each, 50 yards rise. As evidence of the durability of your gun, I have shot one 10-bore over 50,000 times and it is still in good condition.

Believe me, yours very truly,

A. H. BOGARDUS, Champion Wing Shot of the World.

[From COL. JOHN BODINE, New York.]

W. & C. SCOTT & SON: Gentlemen—I have received the Premier quality choke-bore gun, No. 8,696, in good order, and am pleased to say that its performance exceeds my expectations, while its symmetry and detail in all that the most fastidious could desire. It fits ones up to specifications of order, both in finish and shooting qualities. I have disposed of my two guns by other makers.

SILVER MEDAL AWARDED PARIS EXHIBITION, 1878.

ESTABLISHED, 1811.

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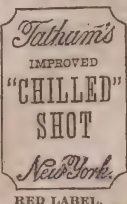
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FIRST PREMIUM, CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION—REPORT—"Exact, uniformity of size, truly spherical form, high degree of finish and general excellence."

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LIVE QUAIL—I will sell a choice lot of live quail on and after November 4 at \$1 per pair. Orders received now. Address CHAS. FREDRICKS, 73 Manter street, Brooklyn, B. D., New York. oct11 11

FOR SALE—One fine trout rod, nickel click reel, 200 feet cast-iron line, leaders, flies, etc., folding loading-net, all perfectly new and never used; original cost \$25. Price \$10. One Weissen rifle, with cartridges, etc., in perfect order. Price \$12. Address A. G. G., Box 5, 153, Boston. oct11 11

FOR SALE—A composition ball (patented). The inventor having other business requiring his attention, cannot devote the necessary time to the manufacture, and wishes either to sell outright, or will take a half interest. This ball can be made cheaper than glass. Address A. H., Forest and Stream Office. oct11 11

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Hazard's "Electric Powder."

No. 1 (fine) to 6 (coarse). Unsurpassed in point of strength and cleanliness. Packed in square canisters of 1 lb. only.

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No. 1 (fine) to 5 (coarse). In 1 and 6 lb. canisters and 6½ and 12½ lb. kegs. Burns slowly and very clean, shooting remarkably close and with great penetration. For use in water shooting, it ranks any other brand, and it is equally serviceable for muzzle or breech-loaders.

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FFG, FFG, and "Sea Shooting" FFG, in kegs of 25, 12½ and 6½ lbs, and cans of 5 lbs. FFG is also packed in 1 and 6½ lb. canisters. Burns slowly and makes. The FFG and FFG are favorite brands for ordinary sporting and water shooting. FFG is the standard rifle powder of the country.

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The best for rifles and all ordinary purposes. Sizes, FG, FFG and FFG, the last being the finest. Packed in wood and metal kegs of 25 lbs., 12½ lbs. and 6½ lbs., and in canisters of 1 lb. and 6½ lbs. All of the above give high velocities and less resistance than any other brands made, and are recommended and used by Capt. A. H. BOGARDUS, the "Champion Wing Shot of the World." BLASTING POWDER AND ELECTRICAL BLASTING APPARATUS. ALL ITALY POWDER of all kinds on hand and made to order.

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Lake, N. J., open until Dec. 31 for the accommodation of sportsmen. Quail are abundant this year, and it is but a short distance to the head of Barnegat Bay, where there is good duck and goose shooting. Take the Central Railroad, foot of Liberty street. H. W. ABBOTT, Proprietor. oct10 wt

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Snarteman's Guide

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Safe to handle, WILL NOT GUM, and will keep in
any climate. Sportsmen everywhere in the United

States pronounce it the best gun oil in the market. Judge Holmes, of Bay City, Mich., writes: "It is the best preparation I have found in thirty-five years of active and frequent use of guns."

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Ronan's Metal Shell Cleaner.
Cleans fifty shells in ten minutes. No water used.
Knives elastic, self-adjusting, prevent the slipping

of wads. Is unequalled as a breech wiper by covering with an oiled cloth. For sale by all gun dealers, or sample sent free by mail on receipt of price, \$1.50; 10 and 12 bore. J. F. RONAN, box 34 Roxbury Station, Boston, Mass. Liberal discount to the

trade. Sept 23 3m



No. 20, Oil Finished Grain Leather Hunting shoes, broad, heavy, soles and Spring Heels, with or without nails; English watertight tongues,

adapted for hunters and pedestrians. Price, \$75 000.
extra by mail. Send stamp for illustrated Catalogue.

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FOREST AND STREAM

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

Terms, Four Dollars a Year.
Ten Cents a Copy.

NEW YORK THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1878.

Volume 12.—No. 11.
No. 111 Fulton St., N. Y.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun. LONG ISLAND IN LATE OCTOBER.

OCTOBER'S flaming banners, of purple and of gold,
O'er all the bowery woodland, are faintly unrolled;
Now glow with brightest blushes, suffused with Autumn's smile,
O'er all thy realm, Long Island, from clouds that sail the skies.
Thy woods of elm and chestnut, so emerald-green are white,
Now glow with brightest blushes, suffused with Autumn's smile.
The maples of the uplands are flamed with royal red,
And robins and garlands golden o'er the pasture-oaks are spread;
The sunbeams by the roadside now wear a scarlet crown,
The bayberry bushes by the beach are o'er in russet brown;
The apple orchards, late despoiled of all their ruddy globes,
Tinct with the frost are all arrayed in vari-colored robes;
And low in swamps and thickets of cedar and of pine,
The woodbines reddened, and the lilhe, high-clambering grape-vine.
And there the village children come, the purpling grapes to glean,
Whose clusters load the alders that o'er the streamlets lean.

The grass of summer uplands, where far the sheep-dock strays,
The lush grass of the meadows, where wading cattle graze,
So green are while, are withered now, and thro' their thin brown leaves
The sorrowful breeze is sighing, like ane in pain that grieves.
The bubbling brook, whose currents glide through banks of living green,
So clear that in the crystal deep the spotted trout were seen,
Creeps brown and turbid now, all choked with foliage sere—
A clouded mirror now, are white transparent clear;
Nor more the angler comes with tapering rod to sweep
The brook or limpid pond where dark tree-shadows creep.

I stand high up a hillside, where far as eye may reach,
Stretch out fair woodlands and the sandy, yellow beach.
The harvest crops are garnered, the fields lie brown and bare,
The threefold rail in distant barns, resounds upon the air;
I hear the cow-boy's call, the whistle of the bird,
And all the joyous sounds of rural life are heard,
I hear the piping quail and the gunner's weapon ring,
And see the startled coveys burst forth upon the wing;
I hear far overhead, in the upper reaches of air,
The honking of wild geese, as onward swift they fare;
And in the salt bay meadows I see the fowler's bait,
I hear his gun, I see the smoke above his ambush dight;
I see the platoons of the coot, the squadrons of the brant,
And hovering black ducks, the shallow coots that haunt,
The sheldrake and the broad-bill, and all the feather'd flocks
Watch haunt the ocea bays and wheel o'er ocea rocks.

Fair scenes! bright scenes, enchanting scenes, that fill
The heart with o'erflowing joy, and the life pulses thrill,
So fair in all your Autumn pomp, in all your summer green,
When woods are bright, skies full of light, and waters smile serene!
Shelter Island, October. —ISAAC MCLELLAN.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

The "Indian River," Florida.

THE writer, in company with Mr. H. C. Price, of Brooklyn, left Titusville in the early part of last February for a cruise on the beautiful sheet of water known as the Indian River. Only those who have taken this trip can form any idea of the charm of sailing and camping in those waters. Extending for over 150 miles, averaging two miles in width fed by various inlets from the sea, it becomes a miniature land-locked ocean. The water perfectly salt, and at night sparkling with phosphorescent light, teeming with fish of many varieties and containing numerous beds of luscious oysters. Its banks alternate between high bluffs of pine lands and palmetto hammocks (where quail, wild turkeys and deer are found), with dark and gloomy swamps, in whose tangled recesses lurk the panther and wild cat, and glide the alligator and moccasin snake. The perfect days and delicious nights all combine to make this a most desirable resort.

At Titusville we chartered a small flat-bottomed sloop, about 30 feet in length and about four tons burden. A water-proof tent, arranged to go over the boom and fasten down, under the sides of the boat, made us a comfortable and dry tent at night. A small galley stove, fitting in snugly under the forecabin, a good colored man as "chef," and plenty of corn meal, "hog and hominy," with ceteras, sufficed for the wants of the inner man. Rifles, choke-bore breech-loaders, fishing tackle of all kinds, with plenty of ammunition and metal shells, and last, but not least, a couple of staunch seters completed our equipment.

After leaving Titusville our first stopping-place down the river was at a noted orange grove: here we laid in a supply of splendid oranges, lemons and limes. The kind old gentleman owning the grove allowed us to pick our oranges from the trees ourselves, which made it more romantic. It was a pleasant sight to see the long rows of orange and lemon trees with their golden fruit gleaming amid the dark-green, glisten-

ing foliage, while all around them, standing as sentinels, clustered the "wind brakes" of graceful palmetto.

We next ran across the river to Merritt's Island, where we found the quail very plentiful, starting sometimes a dozen coveys in the hour. But alas, every "rose has its thorn." The mosquitoes were so numerous here and so vindictive in their attacks that shooting became almost a martyrdom, and the thick palmetto scrub told heavily on the dogs. We remained here some time. Our boat anchored in a little quiet cove, the surrounding banks fringed with palmetto and huge live oaks, their every branch festooned with a drapery of Florida moss, hanging gray and dead like old men's beards, as if a race of long-forgotten ancient Neptunes had been doomed to stand there in guard forever, the limpid water revealing in all clearness the white and pebbly bottom, where the channel bass, mullet and cavalli darted swiftly to and fro. Over all, the glorious sunlight and blue sky of Florida, the air musical with the calls of quail, the whistling of the red-bird, and the shrill cry of the sea-gull, while the deep booming of the surf (only half a mile distant) broke in with its heavy monotone.

We made frequent trips over to the Banana River, where wild fowl were found in great abundance, and a few Wilson's snipe. Our next halt was made at Crane Creek. Here we found plenty of quail and many curious and beautiful birds, among them white and blue herons, pelicans, parakeets and cormorants. Higher up the creek we saw many alligators.

One day, when paddling quietly up the creek on the look-out for "gators, a large flock of wild turkeys suddenly "broke cover" from a palmetto swamp. We both discharged our rifles at them, killing one fine gobbler. From Crane Creek we sailed down the river and made our next camp on the opposite side. Here a narrow neck of land about a half mile wide and covered with heavy palmetto scrub, divides the river from the ocean, and here we remained some time enjoying a daily surf bath, deer hunting, and shooting beach snipe and pelicans.

One day while crossing over the beach one of the dogs was observed to act very strangely. He came to a halt point on something in the scrub, and then ran to us apparently much alarmed. We retraced our steps, thinking it might be either a fox or snake, when suddenly, almost beneath our feet, up sprang a couple of deer. My companion brought one down with a charge of buck shot, and the other fell a victim to a Sharps rifle ball. After securing the game we had a good laugh at the novel idea of a setter dog pointing venison. During our stay here we killed three deer, and were thus enabled to gladden the hearts of some of the settlers by donations of fresh meat. And thus the happy days and weeks glided by. Sometimes we camped at the mouths of little creeks and inlets whose (to us) unknown waters we explored in a small skiff, sure to find good sport shooting alligators, deer and wild turkeys. The "casi-net" at night supplied us with mullet for the table and bait for channel bass fishing. It was grand sport catching these immense fish on hand-lines or with a stout boat rod and large salmon reel. Sometimes, too, we would hook a "tarter" in the shape of a shark, when the total loss of hook, and general demoralization of the tackle would be sure to follow. Higher up the different creeks and fresh water rivers good sport could be had with trout rod and flies.

At the St. Sebastian River we remained some time, and here an accident befell which bereft the writer of a favorite setter. Poor Dash could not resist his instinct to retrieve, and while swimming the river one day in hot pursuit of a crippled duck, and deaf to all remonstrances of his master, a huge alligator rose to the surface.

A yell of terror from the doomed dog; the deadly sweep of the reptile's tail; the metallic clash of its jaws; a splash; a struggle, and poor old Dash sank to rise no more. Peace to his body! He was a good dog and faithful friend, and may his spirit find some canine paradise where bones and birds abound and gators exist not. It was also here that the surviving setter distinguished himself by a panic. While hunting quail one afternoon, about a mile from the boat, Don concluded to investigate a tangled swamp. In a few minutes a howl was heard, almost human in its sound, and an arrow from the fretful porcupine, and, regardless of its master's appeals, sped frantically to the boat. Close behind him came a panther. Whether the panther would have caught the dog or not, must remain a mystery, for a couple of loads of bird shot, poured into the animal at short range, turned its course, and it slunk away into the thicket. As it was nearly dark, and no buckshot handy, the writer decided to "allow;" but it was many days before poor Don recovered the tone of his nervous system.

The fishing in Jupiter Inlet was simply superb, and sometimes we amused ourselves by baiting a large shark hook and, fastening one end with a heavy rope to a mangrove root, we generously contrived to hook one of these wicked gentry before morning. One of the most interesting sights of the river was Pelican Island. This is a small mangrove island on the east side of the river partially covered with water, and is the abode of myriads of these curious birds. Every tree is crowded with their nests, and pelicans of all ages and stages of development, jostle and tumble over each other on every branch. The noise is deafening and the smell far from that of Araby the Blest. Funny little pelicans, with great staring

eyes and long beaks, their ungainly sprawling limbs clad in sort fuzzy down, stare curiously at you, while solemn old birds, their pouches hanging down, gaze reproachfully upon you. Little tiny, half-fledged pelicans, with hardly any beak to speak of and no clothes, peep out over their nests to see what is going on, and, topping over, come fluttering to the ground.

But your space will not permit of a full description of all the sights, pleasures and exploits of this genial winter resort. Not least among its attractions may be counted the graceful hospitality of its inhabitants and the deliciously flavored oysters and oranges. And when we found ourselves, about the first of April, back again at Titusville, brown as berries, fat as seals, and with fearful and wonderful appetites, we bade adieu to the *Rover*, our floating home, with regret, well pleased with our trip and already looking forward with joyful anticipations to next winter, when we propose, *D. V.*, to try it again.

There is a railway, with a comfortable car, running from Salt Lake on the St. John's River, and I am told by the general manager that by next winter the road will be completed to Lake Harney, so that travelers can then reach the Indian River direct from Jacksonville without change of boat. Sponsoring the Jacksonville will be cordially received and taken care of by the gentlemanly superintendent of the railway, Mr. Churchill. By next winter a large hotel will be opened for guests. W. E. C. M.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

SNIPE SHOOTING AT CHATEAU RICHER BEACH.

THE first of September brings gladness to the heart of the sportsman, for on that day snipe, woodcock and partridge shooting commences, and the woods and beaches are resonant with the sound of the fowling-piece, the whistle of sportsmen and the barking of cockers, and the proprietors of sportsmen's resorts prepare their salons and their chambers a *coucher* for the *messieurs de ville*. The fierce rays of the summer sun are somewhat tempered, and one feels in the early morning and evening twilight a suspicion of coming cold. The fields have been shorn of their waving crops, and the green leaves of the maple, the birch, the beach and the oak have changed to pink, to purple, to orange, to brown, and in fact to all the colors of the rainbow, while fruit trees luxuriate in myriads of blue and white plums and rosy and russet colored apples.

It was in the afternoon a few days ago when myself and friend, seated in a four-wheeled dog-cart, laden with the complement of fowling-pieces, ammunition and the superficial seltzer and drinkables not procurable in country villages, and drawn by a strong Norman pacer, whose steps varied not on the level road or on the ascent or descent of hill, drawn over the Dorchester Bridge, leaving the city of Quebec with his countless tin-covered roofs and mountain-pitched edifices behind, to pass a day or so at the village of Chateau Richer and try our luck at snipe shooting on its famous far-stretching beach. Quietly smoking our cigars, while our two pointers incessantly lay at our feet, we could not help feeling some of the enjoyability of life, which no other and then repays one for its ups and downs, its disappointments and its cares, its losses and reverses.

We passed through the village of Beauport, with its white-washed lime-stone, vertically twisted cottages on each side of the road cropping up one after the other for miles. Down to the right swept majestically past the great St. Lawrence, lavishing its waters the base of the rock built city of the heights of Lewis and the shores of the Isle d'Orleans. On this village site, nearly one hundred and twenty years ago, the brave Wolf was defeated by the chivalrous Count de Levis, with the loss of several hundreds of men in killed and wounded. The English afterward revenged the defeat by carrying fire and sword through all the villages of the north, from Beauport down. Soon we passed over the rushing, setting Montmorency River, and from the bridge we saw the fleecy cloud of misty waters the base of the rock built city of the heights of Lewis and the shores of the Isle d'Orleans. 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FOREST AND STREAM.

unload our vehicle and put up our horse, who trot for fifteen miles did not seem to have fatigued him in the least; his *bonne femme* had aired the beds, put the rooms in order, and soon had a good substitute for dinner in the shape of fowls, eggs, potatoes, toast, coffee and tea; the little *ceteras* we had brought from the city rendered everything complete and insured for us a comfortable and pleasant country sojourn. As the day advanced, the sun shone brightly, and we were anxious to hear the news of the beach from our host, who cheered our hopes by his reports of abundance of snipe. His benevolent-looking face beamed with enthusiasm as he related to us the wonderful shots he had made, of the bags he had filled, of the *grands messieurs* whom he had had the honor to meet, and the magnificent wood-pieces in which his good fortune had been displayed. He had a bushy-headed, red-faced, unbowed, as was also his praise of the contents of our flask; but he prided himself in regard to the latter in possessing such rum as could not be purchased in Quebec, and in proof thereof brought forth a bottle of it. It was certainly the best we had ever tasted, and had been in his father's house for many, many years. In former times, when the West India trade with Quebec was at its height, more than thirty thousand barrels of rum were imported direct from there, and many captains took advantage of the extended length of ungarded river coasts to carry on a profitable trade with the farmers, many of whom laid in a stock which to this day still remains unfinished. Of such a stock was the rum which Pierre Garneau gave us to sample. As the evening advanced and his vivacity increased with additional potatoes, he related to us the burning and desecrating of churches, of the desolating of whole villages, and the entire destruction of harvested crops by the English; of the cruel mode of warfare, in scalping the dead and murdering the wounded, and even their prisoners. His own grandfather and grandmother had narrowly escaped death by taking refuge in the woods and what birds, squirrels and hares they could kill. "But," he continued, "*nous avons change tout cela*, and the English are our good friends, and much better than the French," whose atrocities during the reign of the Commune seemed to have horrified the old man. "Ah!" he said, "we have better laws than in France, and we can attend our church and listen to our cure without fear or danger, and we are not obliged to go to *la messe*." "And you, who will cure us of all diseases and make the lame to walk and the blind to see." Our good host became quite eloquent over the miraculous cures effected by *la bonne Ste Anne*, and resented any doubt of her superlative powers. The village of St. Anne is about seven miles below Chateau Richer, and is under the patronage of St. Anne, the mother of the Virgin Mary, and a patron saint of the sick. The village is a little party school, and is considered most holy relic, capable of curing any suffering by the simple touching it. This church was lately created by the deceased Pope Pío IX. a shrine of a high order, and it is estimated that over thirty thousand pilgrims from all parts of the continent yearly visit it. It has certainly been of great advantage to the inhabitants and caused the circulation of a large amount of money, and the employment of many hands. As we were about to leave, we were spent there. We at last confessed our faith in St. Anne, for our host was becoming argumentative, and we had to be out early on the beach.

It was between four and five o'clock the next morning when we heard our host calling us to get up—just the morning twilight, when one feels more than at any other time the desire for a little more slumber and folding of the hands. But the sportsman's life is not one of laziness, and we sprang from our beds to enjoy a bath in the spring water, which ran at that early hour of the day, as cold as ice. Cold and invigorated we took our blood to a proper temperature and refreshed and invigorated us for the exertions of the day. After taking a hearty breakfast of eggs and bacon and hot coffee, tempered by the richest of cream, we put on our *bottes sauteuses*, which reached up to our thighs and were fastened round our waist, and rendered impervious to water by thick coats of neat's foot oil, we let loose our dogs, shouldered our guns and, with the fish-bag, took the water by a sharp and the great red sun was just peering over the Island of Orleans, as through the wet grass we made our way to the beach, up which an easterly wind was beginning to blow. It had not yet begun to ruffle the surface of the River St. Lawrence, down which was quietly floating a *bateau* laden with pine dials, while the helmsman, in his shirt sleeves and wearing a *bonnet rouge*, was lazily sitting on the inner edge of the gunwale. The water was calm, the sun was over turned up fields, and by solitary paths in woods of autumnal tinted trees, we passed till we came to a large hedge of haws and stunted oak trees, in which we found an opening, and gained the beach. Here was our shooting-ground. We were almost on a level with the water and the beach stretched for miles before us, while to the right rolled on forever the great St. Lawrence, and the water was in waves of foam, and the clouds and the water seem to us as upon the ocean. To the left were the variegated colors of the Canadian forest, dotting the land as with raiment of costly workmanship; and far upward rose the ranges of the Laurentian Mountains, whose tops were still covered with the heavy clouds of night. Not a sound was heard, save our own hushed voices, as with poised guns and dogs at heel we carefully took upon the slinking birds which were so numerous, and which were so easily pointed, a whirr, whizz in the air, and the rapid discharge of four barrels. Down charge, and the birds were found—two brace and a half out of four brace. But old Garneau had marked the fugitives, and again we pushed forward. Another whirr and my gun brought down a bird, making three brace. A strange gun now appeared on the ground and flushed a bird which had escaped us; but we were careless as we were on comely ground, and the birds were careless as to who shot them, if such were to be their destined fate, which, so far, seemed most probable.

As we cautiously advanced we approached a small rivulet, and while looking for a safe crossing, rose a flock of wild ducks. Then our breech-loaders came into good service, for in eight discharges we were able to bring down five brace. By the time we had retrieved our birds the beach had become livelier and the reports of fowling-pieces were heard continually. The east wind continued to freshen, and this was a good omen, as it would surely bring up more birds, and in fact in a short time my friend and myself, having been somewhat separated, could again meet in the same happy hunting ground. The rushing of the snipe was glorious sport, and although walking in two feet of water is not pleasant, and laboring in as many feet of sinking, marshy ground is much less so and very fatiguing, the time flew rapidly, and it was a matter of surprise when looking at my watch I found it was past twelve—the hour agreed upon for our *al fresco* lunch. I decided my friend at a distance standing on a small

hillside waving a hankerchief to me, while Garne stood by his side. I hastened to him, anxious to show my prizes and to see his, and was envious enough to begrudge him the difference of one which he had gained on me. Some fowl and tongue sandwiches, washed down by Hennessy's best, dissipated all jealousy, and, finding a dry and comparatively soft spot, we lay down to enjoy the ever-consoling nipe. Evidently our fellow-sportsmen had followed our example, for there was but a sudden cessation of all noise; even the snipe must have gone more vigorously to work in robbing the forest with their long bills, for not a whirr disturbed the serenity, broken solely by wind through the long marshy grass and the purring of a spring near by which supplied us with water to soften the Hennessy. Our hunger satisfied, and our *siesta* over, we resumed sport with renewed vigor, and again the beach was alive with gun reports and terrified snipe. Steadily we pushed onward, dealing destruction in the most orthodox manner, and making good bags, and were beginning to grow a little homesick for the conveniences of the city, when a small party of hunters, the greater portion of old Garneau, who followed us and seemed to enjoy the sport as if participating in the killing himself.

We had reached the village of St. Anne, and he would not let us pass without our witnessing the truth of what he had asserted the evening before concerning the miraculous powers of the saints. So we went up to the church and entered it. A young girl was on her knees in the aisle, devoutly counting her beads, and she was so intent upon her devotion that she did not even notice our entrance. We waited until she had finished, or our examination of the piles of crutches which filled the sorts of nooks and corners in this favored edifice. With such proof before our eyes we could, of course, admit all the statements, however extravagant, of our credulous friend. We did not, however, see the relic; had we done so, it might probably have dispelled all our doubts. After the visit to the shrine we returned to the worship of Diana on our return tramp to Chateau Richer to the beach, and she was certainly as propitious then as before, for the birds naturally seemed to rush in our way. When nearing the village we took a start upward, and, crossing the road, reached the mountain path, and were lucky enough to add a few brace of partridges to our bag. On going along the shore we were again surprised and refreshed our questers, when I found a telegram which required my departure for the city early next morning. In fact had we not been so tired and hungry I would have left that evening, but it was with a delicious sense of comfort that, after divesting ourselves of our hunting gear, and performing a much needed ablution, we sat down to a comfortable dinner, and then, after a few minutes' rest, we retired. I had not tasted apple pie, not to mention the extras brought from the city. Our long walk was not an incentive to any lengthy discussion with our host, nor did he himself seem more inclined to it than ourselves, so we retired early and rose early the next morning quite prepared, if such were possible, to meet the tramp of the previous day. When I say possible, I mean that I had no doubt that I should have been able to get up early rising, when there are no fish to be caught nor snipe to be shot.

After a hearty breakfast, and a kind farewell to our friends, we started for Quebec with our booty—thirty-five birds—and arrived there to astonish the citizens with what could be found on Chateau Richer beach.

Fish Culture.

THE DOINGS OF THE U. S. FISHERY
COMMISSION AT GLOUCESTER.

One of our editors spent two weeks at Gloucester, Mass., lately, gathering information regarding the operations of the U. S. Fishery Commission there the past summer, but, having failed to furnish us the result of his observation, we are pleased to reprint from the columns of the *New York Herald*:

The operation of the Commission at Gloucester, as conducted for the past three months, have just been brought to a close, so far as the investigation of the fishes were concerned. Many eminent gentlemen had embraced the facilities furnished by the Commission, including Professor Verrill, of Yale College; Dr. Farlow, of Cambridge; Professor Asa Gray, Mr. Clarence King, Mr. Sanderson Smith, Professor G. Brown Goode and others, who were present the greater part of the season. It was, therefore, a Government school, and has been in command of the Commission for the purpose of making investigations of the "grounds" and "banks," determining the extent and boundary of those already known and searching for new ones.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

Many important additions to the present knowledge of the subject have been obtained. A large flounder, closely allied to the English turbot and not inferior to it in excellence as an article of food, was discovered. "Strange to say, however," said Professor Baird, "it proved to be entirely unknown to the oldest fishermen on the coast, and was traced to the fact that the fish was taken in the barge and trawl—a fishing implement used alone by the United States Fish Commission and by Professor Agassiz in the United States, although extensively employed in Great Britain for the capture of market fish. The fish in question has so small a mouth that one two feet in length would be unable to swallow an ordinary baited hook, while a small hook would not be supposed to catch a fish of this size." The fish is so common that several tons could be taken daily by small schooners suitably equipped. Specimens of the fish submitted for critical examination to several well-known *restauranters* of Boston were pronounced by them to be excellent food fish. Besides the food fish just referred to, about 150 specimens of fishes were added to the list of species inhabiting the waters of the United States, some of which were new to the world. Among the more curious, however, from such distant localities as Madeira, the deep sea off the coast of Portugal or the waters of Greenland.

Many observations were taken of the temperature and density and chemical composition of the water at various depths up to 200 fathoms, with the special object of determining the physical conditions which influence the movements and migrations of the cod, of the mackerel, the menhaden and the herring. A most important scientific discovery was that of a new geological formation of the tertiary period of the coast. Masses of rock containing characteristic masses of fossils from all the best fishing localities, some thirty species in all, were secured, a considerable number being unknown to science. A large mass of information was also secured in re-

* Caught at Sault a la Pieve, a short distance to the north of Chateau Richer.

gard to the rise, progress and present condition of the great sea fisheries, which have rendered Gloucester so famous, this information relating more especially to the cod, mackerel and halibut.

QUESTION OF ARTIFICIAL PRODUCTION

Perhaps the most important work of the commission, in the opinion of Professor Baird, and upon which it is still engaged at Gloucester, is the series of experiments in reference to the artificial propagation of cod, mackerel and other kinds of fish. Should these prove successful it is easy to estimate the value to the country of an organization which hopes, by the aid of science, to increase the supply of hatchery and annually hundreds and perhaps thousands of millions of these fish at a very moderate cost. In addition to its labors in connection with the sea fishes of the United States the commission has continued the work of propagating shad and salmon on a very large scale. Twenty-three millions of shad were procured at the station in Albermarle Sound and at the station in Havre de Grace, in the State of Maryland, and were sent to every State in the Union. Twelve and a half millions of the California salmon, obtained at the United States Salmon Fishery Reservation, on the McCloud River, a tributary of the Sacramento, have also just been distributed throughout the United States. Generally the portion coming East would fill the regular packing cases, two large freight cars. The original cost of the eggs was about one cent per egg, and two hundred bushels, in referring to the importance of his mission the Professor said that the investigation of the sea and its bottom was important and essential as the investigation prosecuted in the West by Prof. Hayden, Major Powell, Lieutenant Wheeler, Clarence King, and many others. The production of food was considered one of great importance in an economical and political point of view, and the investigation of the sea required only the planting of eggs, while the raising of cattle and other kinds of food entailed a large expense. The population of the country was rapidly increasing, while the means of producing animal food on the land was decreasing in almost like proportion, and it was the artificial increase of food fishes alone that the country could look forward to with any degree of certainty. The season for the propagation of shad and of the rivers are over for the season, but the operations connected with the extensive propagating of mackerel, cod and herring are in progress at Gloucester, under the direction of Mr. James W. Milner, and will probably continue for several months. The extensive steam apparatus required has been erected on one of the wharves, and the prospect of success is very bright. The season for the propagation of shad will close between six and seven o'clock in the morning and will about the same hours in the evening.

The professor paid a compliment to the fishermen of Gloucester for the interest which they had taken in the matter, they alone having contributed over two hundred valuable collections. They are, in the opinion of the Professor, a very commendable class of citizens, and he will kindly refer to them in his official report. He has taken them repeatedly out on the steamer in order that they might see the wonderful mysteries of the sea as brought to light by a thoroughly scientific apparatus.

In referring to the *Herald's* Arctic expedition Professor Baird said that it was one of the most important enterprises of the age. He remarked that it was "an admirable opportunity for making scientific observations. And it is to be hoped," said the gentleman, "that the opportunities that will be offered will be utilized in the interest of natural history and of physical science as well as of geographical discovery."

THE TREATMENT OF ADHESIVE EGGS.—In our remarks concerning the translation of circular No. 4, of the Deutsche Fischerei Verein, we mentioned the fact that Prof. James W. Milner, Deputy U. S. Commissioner on Fish and Fisheries and his Assistant, Mr. F. N. Clark, had treated adhesive eggs by the dry method, as mentioned by Herr von dem Borne. Since that was published, we have learned that the gentleman mentioned hatched some two hundred thousand alewives, in the following manner:—After drying, freeing them from their stickiness by repeated washings, after impregnation, which was performed dry. Ten of the State Commissioners have tried to hatch this truly valuable fish, on account of the difficulty of handling the eggs, which have a tendency to mass together in large numbers, but the U. S. Commission has been successful, so far as they have had occasion to use them. In nature, these eggs are scattered by the tail of the fish, and adhere to weeds, silks, etc., with which they come in contact, either singly or in small clumps that are very difficult to prevent from reaching most of them. The Germans are very anxious of introducing this fish into their river, and we have had several letters from Herr von Behr on this subject.—*Frederick Mather in Chicago Field.*

STOCKING THE STREAMS.—The Fish Commissioners have made extensive preparations to continue to stock the different streams of this State with salmon during the approaching fall and winter. The Commissioners have received from Prof. Spencer F. Baird, U. S. Fish Commissioner, half a million eggs of the California salmon. They have made arrangements to hatch and distribute in suitable waters throughout the State two hundred thousand brook trout during the coming winter and spring. —*Easton (Pa.) Free Press.*

TENNESSEE—Columbia, Oct. 12.—It is now stated that Geo. F. Akers, State Fish Commissioner, will receive a large number of salmon fry for depositing in our several streams. We look forward with delight to the time when we can catch salmon from the Suck. VAL.

MASSACHUSETTS FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.—The first fall meeting was held at their rooms, 608 Washington street, Boston, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 16, the President, Dr. John P. Ordway, presiding, and was of a very interesting character on account of the several reminiscences related by members concerning the sport enjoyed by them with rod and gun during the close season of the Association.

MR. H. C. SQUIRE:

Dear Sir—The Dittmar is splendid. I consider it a valuable discovery for the sportsman. I shall use no other.

Yours truly

MIDDLETOWN, Pa., Oct. 10, 1878.
 Dear Sir—Blitzmar is the powder for wing shooting—clean, strong
 no smoke, and nothing watering at your shoulder. Using Blitzmar
 you never have to ask the "other fellow," "Did I hit that bird?" You
 can see for yourself. Yours, etc.,
 FISKE & SON.—(Ad.)

ATLANTA, Ga., Oct. 16, 1878.

MENTINGDON, PA., Oct. 10, 1878.

FIGURE & SON.—[Adv.

Natural History.

ANIMALS RECOVERED AT CENTRAL PARK MENAGERIE FOR WEEK ENDING OCT. 19, 1878.—One belted kingfisher, *Ceryle alcyon*, presented by Mr. James P. Swain, Jr., Bronxville; six black swans, *Cygnus atratus*, born in Menagerie. This is the second brood of cygnets raised by the same swan this summer. One red-tailed hawk, *Buteo borealis*, presented by Mr. Guso Rischewsch, N. Y. City; one collared plover, *Diospyros tojocu*, presented by Miss Emma L. Jacoby, Mamaroneck; one gray fox, *Urocyon virginianus*, presented by Mr. Harry N. Watts, N. Y. City; one American bittern, *Botaurus lentiginosus*, purchased.

W. A. CONKLIN, Director.

MICROPTERUS SALMOIDES AND M. NIGRICANS.—Under the revised nomenclature of Gill and Jordan, the big-mouth, Oswego, or grass bass, as it is variously called, will be known as *M. pallidus* instead of *M. nigricans* as heretofore. As the true black bass, known as *M. salmoides* is really the darkest in color, we are pleased with the change which marks the distinction between it and its cousin *pallidus*, or pale.

—Two California squirrels have recently been turned loose on Capitol Square, in Richmond, Va. They are larger and stouter than the gray squirrel of Virginia.

THE HAYDEN EXPEDITION.—Prof. Hayden's Surveying Expedition is officially reported at Washington all well. With the exception of some mules stolen from the Wilson detachment no losses have occurred to the survey during the summer. He reports that the work of the survey, though interrupted from time to time by storms, has gone on steadily, and that two tons of specimens are on their way from Bozeman.

EEL SPAWN.—Mr. Eugene Blackford has been exhibiting this week what appears to be eel spawn under the microscope. Prof. Baird has pronounced it. Having fixed the spawn we await the next stage in the development of this interesting question of reproduction.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.—The Linnean Society held its first meeting of the season on Saturday evening last with a good attendance. Mr. Merriam spoke of having found the past spring the nest and eggs of the black-backed woodpecker, *Picoides arcticus*, in Lewis County, N. Y. This is the first authenticated instance of the finding of the eggs of this bird. Both parents were taken. The change in the habits of the horned lark (*Eremophila alpestris*) were also spoken of, they being found much more abundantly in this State during the breeding season than formerly. Mr. Osborne also related his experience in finding the nest and eggs of the yellow-belly fly-catcher (*Empidonax flaviventris*) at Grand Canyon, N. B., imbedded in a tangle of moss and entirely hidden from view, and was only discovered by his almost desperate search and starting the female off. Several new members were proposed, and great interest was manifested in the winter's work to come. The fact of two of its members having each added a set of eggs before unknown to the record of science is one for which they are to be congratulated.

CARE OF YOUNG PIGEONS.—A considerate contributor sends the following:

Ma. Editor—I have made a little discovery with regard to feeding young pigeons. It is entirely new to me, though it may be an old story to some. A short time since, a pair of my old pouters neglected one of their young, feeding only one and starving the other. I was anxious to save the bird and make an experiment too. I mixed some suitable food, and putting it in a cup stretched over it a piece of thin rubber, through which I made a hole about one-half inch in diameter. After two or three attempts to feed him through the hole, the youngster began to see my meaning and would gorge himself freely. He was raised successfully, and I am proud of my success, for the hand-fed bird is as large as the other, and able to take care of himself. It is considerable trouble to feed a hungry bird four or five times in a day, but it may sometimes be desirable.

F. W. KIRCHELL.

Milburn, N. J., Oct. 17, 1878.

WHEN DO DEER FEED?

October 21, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Let me "correct proof" in your last, where you have *Ametele*, instead of *Ametele* Keys; and then let me say in regard to the article headed as above in your last—something. Paul Canovas, born in St. Augustine, and long a resident of Jacksonville and its vicinity, was regarded by all who knew him as the best and most successful hunter of his day. I knew him well, and was related to him by marriage. He held the "Florida belief" that deer always came out from the hammocks to feed at moonrise, and killed many on their feeding grounds by moonlight. My own experience in Florida, Georgia, the Carolinas and Virginia; in New York, Pennsylvania, Maine and Vermont; and West, from Illinois to the Pacific, is that they feed when they are hungry and are on good feeding ground. How many of us who used to be up early for trout along the lakes and streams in the Adirondacks have started them at dawn as our boats dashed along the shores? How often at sunset have we watched them cropping the tender grasses on the glades near by our camps. With the Editor of FOREST AND STREAM I hold it peculiarly as a Florida belief, because I never heard it elsewhere.

One word of thanks from one of the "old ones" to "H. W. D. S." whoever he may be, for his kindly words to us whose tramping, camping, fishing days are nearly over, but who yet dearly love the old camp fire, the song and yam of liver, happy days. NED BUNTLINE.

In districts where deer are much hunted they feed mostly at night.—Ed.

QUESTIONS ABOUT SHORE-BIRDS.

Boston, Mass., Oct. 14, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Having last September had a crack at the shore-birds in New Brunswick, there are some points with regard to which I should like to get information. I am, of course, referring to the name of a bird of the plover family of which I shot a great many. They were flying with the golden plover, dough birds, ring necks, etc., or, rather, I should say,

flying at the same time—generally in bunches of from five or six to a couple of dozen, but also a good many single ones, which always made a good deal of whistling—a single sharp note. They looked when flying more like a ring neck than anything else, although somewhat larger; but when picked they were almost as big as a golden plover, and most delicious on the table. The amount of meat on them, compared with their apparent size with the feathers on a truck was very marked. They had a short neck of a dark, yellowish color, some black about the neck, quite variegated back, with rich reddish brown, black, etc., and orange legs. I thought at first that they were chicken plover, until I shot one of the latter, and saw that there was a difference, they being larger and more black about the neck. I think it a strange that a bird that is so plenty here should have never come under my observation on our coast. If I am not mistaken, when flying their backs look with two white angular lines on the wings like inverted Vs.

There were also some birds exactly like peeps, only smaller, but, if not three, times as large, and very good they were. I compared the two often, and could see no difference except in size; but they were not mixed up together—some flocks being of the one, some of the other kind.

One other point—Is there any (to the unscientific eye) difference, except that of size, between the Jack curlew and the Esquimaux curlew or dough bird? I shot many certainly of the latter, as they were mixed up with the golden plover, and also some that were in flocks by themselves that were nearly half as large again; but as far as plumage goes, I could see no difference.

Some of the golden plover had very black breasts—not the beetle-head or black-breast, as I got those also, and know the difference in shape of head—to say nothing of the absence of even a rudimentary joint toe in the golden plover, but undoubtedly golden plover. If I remember rightly, when I was a youngster shooting around our harbor, the gunners used to say that the young birds for the first year had black on their breasts. These, however, seemed always to be the largest and plumpest, if there can be any difference in plumpness where all are in a ball of sweet, fresh butter.

The natives on the coast of New Brunswick can give no information as to the different varieties, as in the English-speaking communities they call all shore birds snipe or curlew, while the French lump them all under the term *alouettes* (arks), and do not consider them worth a charge of powder and shot. I noticed, however, that they were very glad to get them when I got more than I and my canoe men could use.

One more question—Is the large heron or crane that is so plenty here the same as the crane of the Western prairies which is said to be good eating? I was told that it was very good, but did not like the looks of the meat.

Doctor.

Judging from the description of the plover mentioned in our correspondent's first question, we should suppose the birds to be killdeer plover (*Spizella vociferous*) the rich reddish brown of the back especially points toward that species.

The large "peeps" were perhaps *Tringa Bonapartei*—the whiterumped sandpiper—though we should not like to say positively without a fuller description.

With regard to the Esquimaux and Jack curlew, we may say that size is the most apparent characteristic of the two species; otherwise they resemble each other quite closely.

Finally, the large heron of New Brunswick is a true heron (*Ardea herodias*), while the crane of the Western prairies is equally a true crane (*Grus canadensis*). In the vernacular the former is called the great blue heron and the latter the sandhill crane.—Ed.

The Kennel.

BREEDING FOR SEX.

BY MOHICAN.

IMPREGNATION is due to the spermatozoon (plural spermatozoa) of the male vivifying the ovum (plural ova) of the female. The ovaries—the organs which are removed in spaying—contain the ova; these latter are given off only at the time when the bitch is in heat, and find their way from the ovary through the fallopian tube to the uterus or womb, where, if impregnated, they are developed into perfect embryos. The spermatozoa are secreted by the testicles and are contained in the seminal fluid of the male, and under the microscope resemble so many little tadpoles. One or more of these spermatozoa may be necessary to impregnate an ovum.

Dr. Carl Weitman has propounded the theory, that if one, or possibly a few, reach an ovum, the female element will be in excess, and the result a female; if many, the opposite will hold true and a male be produced.

If coition takes place at the beginning of "heat" the ova will be at or near the ovary and few spermatozoa will reach the ova; but, if coition be delayed, the ova will be further down and more spermatozoa will come in contact with them. From the foregoing we deduce the following rule: To produce females coition should take place at the earliest moment possible; for males it should be delayed until the very end of "heat."

So much for theory; let us see how facts bear us out. Gentlemen have told me that if a cow is not served by a bull at the earliest moment after she is found to be in heat, the result is usually a bull-calf. One of our most successful breeders of blue blooded dogs, recently, in answer to my question, "When do you serve your bitches?" replied as follows:

"The sixteenth day; they usually bleed nine days; I wait a week longer unless I want a litter of bitch pups. C. (a noted breeder) once told me my idea was all humbug; so, contrary to my own judgment, formed from experience, I followed his advice and had a litter of five bitches."

A fact which seems to me to bear out the theory, is that in herds of wild animals the number of females is greatly in excess of the number of males. This is a provision of nature, as one male can of course impregnate many females, and is to be accounted for by the reason that the males serve the females at the first opportunity, the exceptions occurring often enough to preserve the breed.

This rule has been tested in human beings by Dr. J. B. Swift, who has reported in the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, 20 Sept., 1878, twenty-two cases, in eight of which the facts bear out the theory, and in the remaining twelve the sex was correctly predicted before delivery. Of course the few cases reported are too few to furnish an unerring rule, but they are very interesting and warrant further investigations, which, in regard to canines, can be easily made by the owners of kennels. We should be pleased to hear from our well known breeders giving their experience in the past, if they have any reliable data, and from all who will take the trouble to fully record any authentic cases which may occur in the future.

[We would add to "Mohican's" article above, a statement that our own experience carries out the theory mentioned. On one occasion we bred a bitch so late in her season that we fancied we had delayed even too long. The result was a litter of six dog puppies.]

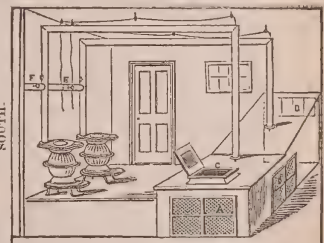
TENNESSEE FIELD TRIALS.—We are requested to announce that these trials will be held on Dec. 2, at Nashville, and that the programme will be about the same as in 1877, including trap shooting. The purses for champion, brace, puppy and under twelve months, will be attractive and graded. For particulars address Mr. H. Clarke Pritchett, Secretary, Nashville, Tenn., from whom programmes may be had. At present the judges are (unless they cannot attend): Gen. Wm. H. Jackson, of Nashville, Tenn.; Gen. Churchill, of Little Rock, Ark., and "Guyon" (Dr. Rawlings Young), of Corinth, Miss. Birds are plentiful and perfectly protected, and entries from Boston, St. Louis, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Canada, Michigan and other points insure a full and enthusiastic meeting.

HUMANE METHOD FOR DESTROYING DOGS.

AS the safety of the community requires that the harmless and friendless dogs that infest our streets—the curs and mongrels without character or kind—should be destroyed, it behooves us that the mode by which they should be put to death should be as humane as possible. The method now used at the dog pound in this city is by drowning through the medium of a large iron cage, which, after being filled with dogs, is submerged. It is claimed that this plan is accompanied by a certain amount of cruelty, although if the generally received theory that death by drowning is painless, we cannot see where the cruelty comes in. There are other methods in use for this same purpose by which death is produced more rapidly, and we are indebted to *Our Dumb Animals*, of Boston, for the following cuts and description of the plan adopted by the Penn Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of Philadelphia and which has been in use since 1874:

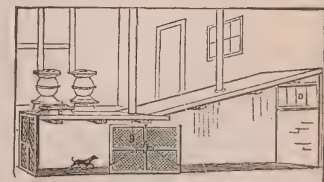
WEST.

No. 1.



EAST.

No. 2.



"In this instance death is caused by the use of carbonous oxide gas."

The woodcut represents the interior of a small brick building, nearly square, containing two rooms, one on the ground floor and one above it. The walls on the north and east are omitted in the pictures to allow a view of the inside.

Cut No. 1 shows best the upper room (from the east side); No. 2, the lower room (from the north side). The building is 12 feet 6 inches long, 11 feet wide and 12 feet high. The lower room runs along the whole width of the building, 11 feet, and is 4 feet 5 inches broad, a partition of brick separating it from the rest of the space between.

At the east end (marked A) it is 2 feet 8½ inches high, its roof or top being a little higher than the floor of the room above; the incline of the roof upward to the window D makes that end of the room 4 feet 4½ inches high; the incline was made to allow more light and an examination of the process, but window D could be made lower in the new building and the roof be made straight instead of inclined. Window D is 4 feet 3½ inches long and 1 foot 5½ inches wide. Windows A and B are 3 feet 5½ inches long, and 2 feet 6 inches wide; each of these windows has a sash of glass, and one of wire; the sashes lift in and out. Window C on the top is 1 foot 4 inches square. The floor is of brick, and the floor, ends and sides are covered with cement to make the room airtight.

In the two stoves in the room above the gas is generated. The stoves are known as the Rosebud pattern, No. 13, holding about 3 bushels of charcoal each; each has a pipe 22 feet 6 inches in length, with a cross-pipe running into the chimney. This length of pipe is necessary that the gas may be cooled before reaching the animals. There are four valves, or dampers, in the pipes, two at the end of the cross-pipe, and two just above them in the main pipes. There are also valves at the end of each pipe where it enters the lower room; these valves are opened and shut by the pulleys (which are not connected with anything else); they are "ground seat valves," six inches outside diameter, or in other words, to fit a six inch pipe; they are made of copper.

The mode of application is as follows:

Start the fire with a light substance, such as paper, and gradually fill the stoves with charcoal. Have the dampers turned on so as to send all the smoke and heat up the chimney. As soon as the fires are well lighted call the dogs into the lower room by window A or B, or at the wire sashes. As soon as the blue blaze appears on the fires shut all the windows of the lower room, reverse the dampers so as to cut off communication with the chimney, and send the gas into the lower room; also open the valves at the end of the pipes.

Not more than a minute ought to elapse before the dogs fall insensible. After that they will soon cease to breathe; leave them in, however, 8 or 10 minutes. After that time has elapsed open the lower windows to let the air escape that no one may breathe the injurious gas.

The theory of this method is based on the poisonous nature of carbonic oxide gas. This gas burns in the air with a blue flame, but when so burning it is converted into carbonic acid gas, which is not so deadly. When the fuel is in condition to burn on top with a blue gas, and then the upper part of the stove is closed, the gas can not get into the air, and the flame will be extinguished, and the poisonous gas will pass into the box through the pipes. The expense of this process is small.

FOX HUNTING IN NORTH CAROLINA.—Our correspondent, T. G. T., sends us from Gaston, North Carolina, the following graphic account of a fox hunt: "On the 4th of September I again crossed the Roanoke to repeat my sport after the red foxes. The old male I put to earth on the 2d had ample time to recover from the effects of that race, and I had secured his hole against future retreats. The morning was an exceptional one. The dew was very heavy, and about day the wind turned to the south; it became cloudy, and there was every indication of rain. I consequently prepared for it, and took along my umbrella. The party met me by appointment and to time. I had sent Lord Elgin around the day previous, so that I might have an animal not addicted to the bad habits of the old male, to be ready to start the first fox. We moved down the Roanoke and came right upon the fox without trailing him at all. He had hunted still lower down the river, and lay between the Sturgeon Hole (my crossing point) and Dr. W. W. Clement's. We witnessed the start. Logan raised his head as we approached a high fence, gave mouth as he did so, and leaped it, and was off in a second. Every dog soon was in place. I hesitated, and did not dash after the pack. I feared I might have started a deer, as he was as fond of that game as of the red fox. I went leisurely along until I came to the road on which the pack had gone, and there saw the track of the red. This delay placed me under great disadvantage. The fox went before the wind and up the river toward the Sturgeon Hole. The pace was rapid, the contest fierce and furious. It lasted but a short time. No fox could stand long such a press. He threw up the sponge before he was half way to the hole. The run was more off the river, rounding the bend, and the fox was seen in the distance. I ended the life of the mule. I rested, as usual, one day, and on the 6th crossed the Roanoke again, making the same arrangements with the party as before, and all were to time. We set out up the Roanoke for Curt's Hill, but struck a trail in the Allen field, which carried us immediately there. It was too warm a trail to be enjoyed in noting the varied maneuvering of the pack. You know the trail of a red fox is always faster and more direct than that of a gray. Every practiced huntsman from this fact readily distinguishes the game. Nor can it be mistaken for that of a deer. The hound never smells on the twigs and underwood unless the track is that of a deer, and then he invariably does. We trailed over Curt's Hill, and half a mile above in a dense forest we started. The race was a short one, too short for sport and not enough varied to justify a description. It was straight and true, and the red fox was seen in the distance as was the case when I crossed early in the morning, and in a few hours it was impossible. Being water-bound, I accepted the hospitality of my friend Hardy to remain with him until the water fell. In the evening he proposed to go some three miles off and hunt a gray. I consented, and about 4 o'clock we arrived in a large body of woods, a favorite resort of gray foxes. We hardly got fairly into the woods before Comet struck a gray, and very soon he was up and off; but, like the red in the morning, he soon came to grief, and in a brief time. Both were young foxes. T. G. T."

Gaston, N. C., Oct., 1878.

FLEAS AGAIN.—The Manufacturer and Builder claims that the oil of pennyroyal will drive away fleas without fail, but, it says, where the herb grows it is cheapest to make a decoction of it and dip all your pets in it once a week; but let the decoction get cold before you dip them. You may also gather the herb and put it in their nests, or scatter it in the pig pens once a month. If you can get the herb, scatter it about the oil and the them around the necks of your pets, not too tight, and pour a little of the oil on their backs and around their ears. In about a fortnight the fleas will have disappeared. It is a common remedy against lice in horses to tie such straws in a day around the necks and tails of horses. Another remedy against fleas in the house, it is said, is to put camomile flowers in the beds and on the carpets. Snuff has also some reputation in this respect.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

A few weeks since a friend of mine here gave me a young hound puppy, probably a month old. The little fellow was literally covered with fleas. The young lad who brought me the dog cautioned me about the fleas and said, "Rub him with coal oil; that's the way father does." As soon as the lad had gone I took the puppy in one hand and oil can in the other to the yard and thoroughly soaked the dog's hide with the oil (it was Canada petroleum as used for lighting purposes) taking care of the eyes, nostrils and mouth. The oil remained on about five minutes, when I took warm rain water and the ordinary laundry soap, washing out the petroleum as well as I could, and then rubbed the dog dry. The

fleas were still there and seemed to have a death grip, as it was almost impossible to pull them out. They showed no signs of life, however. In the course of a few hours I examined the dog and found one live flea, but have been unable to make a like discovery since. I believe the oil did the business completely. Yours very truly, C. A. Post.

Peterboro, Canada, Oct. 17, 1878.

We believe that petroleum is sure death to fleas, but it is dangerous to use unless washed off immediately as in the case mentioned by our correspondent.—Ed.

FLEAS ON DOGS.—A correspondent sends us the following recipe for removing fleas from dogs: "My dog was infested with these pests (fleas) to such an extent that by constant scratching most of his hair came out, and making his skin very sore. I use Buchan's carbolic soap for dogs and a solution of about 4 oz. pure carbolic acid, with 1 oz. glycerine added to a pint about half-full of water. With this solution and the soap I produce a copious lather all over the dog and rub it thoroughly in the hair. Now, the main thing is to leave the lather on the dog for about an hour, or until it is thoroughly dry, and then sponge it off with pure water. This will not only remove the fleas but will kill them. The action of the carbolic acid produces a healthy skin, removes all dandruff, scales, etc., and brings out a beautiful glossy coat. This I have tested on several dogs, especially on my red Irish setter, Grouse. His coat, formerly a dull yellow, is now a beautiful dark chestnut. He still the kennel he is infested with fleas, by using the remainder of the solution and washing it thoroughly with this it will effectually banish them and disinfect the kennel. Yours truly, G. L. W."

[For an occasional application this will do very well, but we believe that the frequent use of carbolic acid is very injurious to a dog's coat.—Ed.]

FRIEND.—The Dayton, Ohio, Journal publishes a long description of the red Irish setter bitch Friend, winner of the champion stakes at the Minnesota Field Trials, from which we take the following:

"She is a very handsome bitch, of dark, rich blood-red color, eyes solid brown, well set and full, intelligent. The only mark about her is a white blaze in the face. She was bred by the Rev. J. G. Leigh, of Liverpool, by his well-known Flash, out of his Stella, both Irish setters of undoubted purity, and their pedigrees are clear and unbroken for many generations, and recorded in the kennel registers of England and America. The strain is well-known, having won many prizes in England and Ireland. Being a true type of this best strain, she is entitled to her position."

In stating Friend's winnings, the writer of the article is in error in stating that Rory O'Moore, one of her get, tied with Paris for the prize for the best setter in the show at New York in 1877. There was no tie about it. The four judges were divided, and, an extra one being called in, he decided in favor of Paris. Nor can we understand why, if her first and only litter was sired by Rufus, as the article states, how she could have been shown at St. Paul with two pups by Bob.

WORMS IN PUPS.—A Pennsylvania correspondent recommends some milk for worms.

BREEDING NOTES.—The pointer bitch Gipsy (Col-Psyché), the property of Messrs. Linsman & Heston, of Warren, Mass., whelped on the 21st ult. eight puppies, sired by Champion Snaphot.

—Dr. Wm. Jarvis' imported red Irish setter bitch Rose (Palmerston-Flora) whelped, on the 11th inst., six puppies, four dogs and two bitches.

—D. Edward J. Forster, Boston, has bred his black setter Daisy, to Luther Adams' Drake (Prince-Dora) 16th October, 1878.

—Mr. A. O. Waddell's (Topeka, Kan.), smooth-coated black and tan birdette cocker spaniel, Jessie, has been bred to Mr. J. H. Whitman's cocker dog, Doctee (first prize at St. Paul, September, 1878). Doctee is black and white and heavily feathered.

SALES.—The Llewellyn setter dog Brussels has been sold by Mr. T. Donoghue, La Salle, Ill., to the Topeka Kennel, Topeka, Kansas. Brussels was bred by L. H. Smith, Strathroy, Canada, out of his colored bitch Dart, by Leicester, an imported brother to Mr. Smith's Paris, Pride of the South, Strathroy, etc., the latter a winner at St. Paul field trials. Brussels is a large, well-developed dog, and will be placed in the stud. Color, black, white and tan, and blue belton.

—Mr. W. T. Irwin has sold to Mr. A. C. Waddell (now of Topeka, Kansas) a fine black and white bitch puppy, of the Pedigree (now dead)—France litter.

—In our issue of Oct. 10, in a notice of sales made from the kennels of Mr. G. H. Goodrich, the address was given as Toledo, Ohio, when it should have been Toledo, Tama Co., Iowa.

NAMES CLAIMED.—Mr. W. M. Tilston claims the name of Stanley for a black and tan setter puppy bred by Wm. Stanley, Esq., and out of his imported Belle, winner of 1st prize at N. Y. Dog Show of 1877, and sired by Young Jock, he by old Jock (imported) out of Emerson Foot's Mab.

—Mr. Henry Smith, of Boston, claims the name of Rufus 2d for a four months old setter dog puppy, out of Mr. D. T. Charles' (of Albany) bitch Nina, and sired by Mr. Adams' Rock.

—Dr. J. W. Downey, of New Market, Wis., claims the name of Grouse II. for a black and tan setter puppy, whelped September 7, out of Mr. Tilston's Lou by Mr. Jerome Marble's Grouse.

—Mr. Arthur W. Leroy, of New Durham, N. J., claims the name of Young Lark for his orange and white setter puppy, 10 months old, by Mr. P. H. Morris' Lark, out of his June II.

—Mr. H. C. Glover, of the Imperial Kennels, Toms River, N. J., claims the name of Vista for a black and tan bitch puppy, whelped Sept. 7, out of Mr. Tilston's Lou by Mr. Jerome Marble's Grouse.

—Dr. Edward J. Forster claims the name of Neptune for his bull pup, whelped August 12, 1878, by Barnard's Tom (Eph-Nelle) out of Barnard's Kate.

—Mr. O. W. Donner claims the names of Lassie II. and Quince for two liver and white English setter puppies, sired by his imported Ranger II. (by Mr. Macdonald's champion Ranger) out of Lassie I.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME IN SEASON FOR OCTOBER.

Moore, <i>Alex machis.</i>	Black-bellied plover, <i>ox-eye</i> , <i>Syn-</i>
Caribou, <i>Tarandus ramosus.</i>	<i>tarbia borealis.</i>
Bik or vaupe, <i>Cervus canadensis.</i>	Ring plover, <i>Egallitis semi-palmata.</i>
Hood or deer, <i>C. virginianus.</i>	<i>torquatus.</i>
Squirrel, red, black and gray.	Sh. or long-shanks, <i>Himantopus</i>
Hares, brown and gray.	<i>virgatus.</i>
Heed or rice bird, <i>Dolichonyx oryz-</i>	Woodcock, <i>Phalaropus</i>
<i>toratus.</i>	<i>hudsonianus.</i>
Wild turkey, <i>Meleagris gallopavo.</i>	Red-breasted snipe, or dowitcher,
Plumaged grouse or prairie chicken, <i>Capidonia cupido.</i>	<i>Macrogamphus griseus.</i>
Ruffed grouse or pheasant, <i>Bonasa umbellus.</i>	Red-backed sandpiper, or ox-bird,
Quail or prairie, <i>Ortyx virginiana.</i>	<i>Macrogamphus griseus.</i>
	Willie, <i>Totanus semipalmatus.</i>
	Tattler, <i>Totanus melanoleucus.</i>
	Yellow-shanks, <i>Totanus flavipes.</i>

"Bay birds" generally, including various species of plover, snipe, snipe, curlew, oyster-catcher, surf-bird, phalaropes, avocets, etc., coming under the group *Linnæus* or Shore Birds.

†† This table does not apply to all the States. It is meant to represent the game which is generally in season at this time. State regulations may prohibit the killing of some species of game here mentioned.

GAME IN MARKET.—Pinnated grouse (prairie chickens), \$1 to \$1.50 per pair; partridge (ruffed grouse), 50 cents to \$1.25 per pair; mallard ducks, 75 cents to \$1 per pair; black do., 50 to 75 cents per pair; wildgeese do., 50 cents per pair; broad bill do., 50 cents per pair; teal do., 50 to 75 cents per pair; red head ducks, 75 to \$1 per pair; wild turkeys, 20 to 25 cents per pound; Wilson snipe, \$2.00 to \$2.50 per doz.; plover, \$3 per doz.; bay birds, large, 50 cents per doz.; teal birds, 30 cents to \$1 per doz.; Philadelphia squabs, \$2.50 per doz.

Poultry.—Philadelphia and Bucks County dry picked chickens, 10 to 22 cents per pound; do. fowls, 16 to 18 cents; do. turkey, 15 to 20 cents; do. ducks, 15 to 18 cents; do. geese, 14 to 16 cents; State and Western chickens, 15 to 16 cents; do. turkeys, 15 to 16 cents; do. fowls, 13 to 16 cents; do. ducks, 12 to 15 cents; do. geese, 10 to 12 cents; Boston green geese, 12 to 20 cents.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Colchester, Oct. 19.—Cool shooting for the past two weeks has been fine and weather all that could be wished. High line for one man, 33; two men in boat, 47. The law being off, quails were about all killed this week about here. Have not heard of over six to one man.

S. K., Jr.

—From Connecticut, where the close season for woodcock, quail and grouse expires simultaneously, we hear that in some localities the woodcock shooting has been remarkably good, while in others, owing to the absence of frost, the cover still remains too thick to permit of good shooting. We also are informed that in certain districts in that State snaring has been carried on to such an extent as to entirely destroy all the birds. The game protective associations should look to this.

Shelter Island, Oct. 19.—The weather has been too warm for the sea fowl, still some have been killed. Early this week two boats were in the bay, off the shore, waiting for them. One boat got nine and the other one six. Some few fowl, chiefly loons, are flying in the morning over the beach. If the cool shooting here is as good as it was last fall and winter I will duly inform you of the fact. Yours very truly, ISAAC.

—The warm weather has interfered with duck shooting, although we have heard of one or two good bags of broad-bills being made at Good Ground. There has also been some fine cool shooting at the Thimble Islands, in Long Island Sound, but some cold weather is much wanted before the ducks will fly well, and until then, shooting over decoys, in this vicinity at least, is almost labor lost.

SHUTE! SHUTE!—Present weather appearances indicate that the regular fall flight of English snipe will soon be along. In fact there was a small flight last week, but the birds were very wild and neither dogs nor sportsmen had much chance with them. On the Hackensack meadows, up to the time of writing, there has been fair sport, considering the little grass that was cut, but there has been no shooting whatever on the Pine Brook, Hanover Neck or Whippany Meadows. Shooting has also been poor on the Newark meadows. Such birds as have appeared are in small wisps, but by the time this paper is in press the birds should be flying singly and the shooting better. For several weeks there have been scattering birds, and the Von Lengente Bros. have killed over their dogs—the "Jerseys"—about 100 birds.

—The rail are lingering in their favorite localities, notably on the Hackensack, and quite a number of late birds have been picked up by local gunners. Apropos of rail, we have had a number of specimens sent to us this season which were killed in mountainous districts, probably in localities where they were attracted by swampy ground, with small streams lined with rushes. Although the appearance of this bird at such high altitudes is undoubtedly of rare occurrence, yet the rail is a visitor to extremely high latitudes, as they are found in large numbers even beyond St. Paul, Minnesota, and other places equally far north.

PENNSYLVANIA.—McVeytown, Oct. 19.—As all game could be legally shot on the 15th inst., the hunting season has but rightly opened. Seven or eight deer have been shot in Licking Creek Mountains since the 1st. Wild turkeys are very numerous, and quite a number have been shot since the 15th inst., one man shooting two inside of an hour or two. Rabbits, partridges and other small game are being shot in abundance. After the election in November a large party are going on an extended hunt into the Seven Mountains, a few miles west of this town, and a famous deer resort. Upon their return I will give you a full report. Parties are leaving every day for the mountains, and the sport is getting interesting. I was out to-day and stirred up two large coveys of partridges, but it being very windy, and having no gun, I was unable to secure any. E. J. S.

Bloomersburg, Oct. 16.—Shooting fair with the weather quite dry; made a fine bag to-day—thirteen woodcock, five partridges. M.

Winterton, Oct. 20.—The prospect of quail hunting is very good. Our mountains are well stocked with deer. From all reports woodcock hunting was a failure.

Willis, Oct. 17.—Game will be plentiful in this county this season: splendid mall. We are having a good time hunting deer, which is our principal game. Bear will be very fat also this winter; great many here.

MARYLAND—Hagerstown, Oct. 18.—Sportsmen will, no doubt, be glad to learn that the rabbit "crop" will be larger than usual this season. There was so little snow on the ground last winter that hunters were unable to track them, and the number killed was not as large as usual.

VIRGINIA—Richmond, Oct. 19.—The close season for quail ended on the 15th, and now the voice of the hunter is heard in the land. Birds are quite numerous in the counties adjoining, but a great many are not grown. I found seven coveys last Wednesday, and only two were grown. Some of them were so small that they would fly about fifty or twenty yards and light, and you could catch them with a dog. I have seen some men who call themselves sportsmen, shoot the small birds, and brag on the size of their bag. Would you let me call them pot-hunters. If you don't, you should. Deer are quite numerous in the neighborhood of Chesterfield Court House. I understand that several have been killed within the last two weeks. Blackbirds are plenty on the flats opposite "the pond," and the "B" wharf, and from there all the way down the river. The farmers do not object to parties shooting them; in fact they are glad to have them killed, for they damage the corn a great deal. A party of four or five can have as much shooting as they want by going in the corn and taking them as they come over. One man killed twenty-two at one shot a few days ago. Yours truly,

Norfolk, Oct. 16.—Yesterday was the opening day for quail shooting, with us, and a great many parties were out. Best bag reported, 35; smallest, 6. Weather warm, weeds rank and high, and in some coveys birds not fully grown. Want two or three heavy frosts to make shooting perfect. Some few ducks in market.

—Our old subscriber and advertiser, Mrs. V. Slyck, has recently married Mr. D. B. Nye, Van Slyck's Landing, Currituck County, N. C., who respectfully informs his many sportsmen friends that he will turn out with board, skills and stool ducks. Duck, goose, partridge and snipe shooting. All grades of powder and Nos. shot kept on hand. Steamer *Cygnet* from Norfolk runs daily from Van Slyck's Landing Mondays and Thursdays at 6:30 A. M.

"HIT OR BREAK."—One hundred and eighty-five dollars were contributed to the Armstrong Relief Fund through the efforts of the "Hit or Break" Gun Club, of Columbia, Tenn., assisted by the ladies of that city. The club furnished the game for a game supper, and the ladies furnished the other delicacies, and superintended the cooking, arranging, etc. Over 600 quail were cooked, besides squirrels, rabbits, hares, ducks, turkeys, venison, etc., including the indispensable "possum an' sweet taters," a dish that has the true authentic flavor for the Southern sportsman. Our members contributed oysters, fish, hams, celery, cheese, "white sauce," etc. Wednesday evening, October 2, the doors of the Nelson House dining-rooms were thrown open and guests invited to the "spread." After partaking of the bountiful repast they mingled with the merry party within, and the contest between wit and beauty continued until the "wee ones' hours." The receipts, \$185, were given to the widows and children of the late Capt. J. B. Armstrong, who died in the service of his country in Memphis of the yellow fever while discharging his duties.

TENNESSEE—Columbia, Oct. 12.—Breech-loaders, muzzle-loaders, old muskets and their respective owners are seen in every direction, following the dogs in search of quail, and as a general thing with good success, as many large bags have been taken. Squirrels and rabbits are also numerous, and it is claimed by old hunters rabbits are more plentiful than for many years previous. Wild fowl shooting will be very good this winter.

GEORGIA—Rome, Oct. 17.—We have a better shooting season in prospect than I have known for years. From every direction comes in the cheering news of a big quail crop. I walked out a few days ago, after closing office at five o'clock, and got up two coveys, bagged seven birds by nightfall. How is that for shooting within a mile of a town of 6,000 population?

ALABAMA—Mobile, Oct. 18.—We are looking for frost soon, as it is quite cool this A. M. A member of our club killed last evening a *Sceloporus villosus*, weighing 5½ oz. Is this not unusually large for this bird, as I have shot large numbers, and can remember ever seeing one so large. With cold weather, we will have a digit of ducks, for which we are prepared and anxiously waiting.

Your woodcock is heavy. We have seen them weigh 8 ozs., however.—Ed.

LOUISIANA—Opelousas, October 10, 1878.—A few snipe made their appearance here about September 10, when we had some cool weather, with north wind, the thermometer falling to 46 degrees. Since then the weather has been quite warm, and the snipe have not arrived. I killed sixteen prairie chickens in fifteen shots on the 30th ult. or my better bitch; she did not make a single flush or false point. The time for hunting them here, though, is after frost, and we shoot them through the entire winter. They do not become so wild as they are said to do in the Northwest after winter has set in. If the snipe and woodcock visit us in sufficient numbers this season, the geese and ducks, they, together with the quail, will be a more important article than squirrels, turkeys, deer and bear, we already have here, would furnish a sufficient variety to please all. In the caber brakes of the swampy country between the Atchafalaya River and Bayou Courtaubeau, not far from here, are plenty of bear, and frequently in November (the best time to hunt them) that whole region, though subject to overflow in the spring, is so dry that water is scarce for fish and beast. It is the primitive forest, without human habitation; uninhabited by panthers, wild-cats, bears, deer, raccoons, opossums, etc., and some mosquitoes in warm weather. At a short distance on the north and west we have pine woods, with deer and wild turkeys, and clear streams, the home of black (green) bass. For a hundred miles west and southwest we have prairie, interspersed with timber along the streams, and southward to the marshes of the Gulf. In these prairies are the mounted game, also snipe, ducks, geese, etc., in their season, and formerly deer. Partridges (Bob White) are over the whole country, and in our prairie fields we have much

better sport shooting than in fields surrounded by woods. In the marshes near the Gulf thousands of geese and ducks are killed simply for their feathers. From here to Grand Lake, in Calcasieu Parish, is about two days' drive through the land of the prairie chicken, and snipe during the season; from there to the mouth of the Calcasieu River by sail-boat is only a few hours; and the game there is an abundance of red and other fish, oysters, ducks and geese, and, returning, prairie chicken and snipe. More can be combined in such a trip, through prairie and woodland, through fresh water to salt water, than in any other one from this point. Two weeks or three will cover it, and afford sufficient time for pleasure.

TEXAS—Galveston, Oct. 12.—On account of the mildness of the weather our shooting this fall has not been as good as usual. The army of water-fowl are waiting, no doubt, to avail themselves of the strong northerly that usually occur at this season—of four or five days duration—to assist them in their migratory flight. A few jack-snipe have been bagged, and some fat, delicious teal may be found every morning in the market. The Galveston Club appears to have four or five members. They are associated together as much for reduction of expenses of shooting as anything else. They will, no doubt, take pleasure in putting you or any other gentleman sportsman in the way of some sport should you chance to visit this city in game season. Some of the members are trying to get a fast steam yacht for hunting about the bays. On account of worms, she should be coppered, and should not draw over two and a half or three feet of water, with say fifteen persons on board. Then many of the best shooting points could be visited that are now inaccessible on account of distance, and being out-of-the-way places. More anon.

DR. FERBER'S LITTLE HUNT.—Last week came into our office Dr. Furber fresh from the Rocky Mountains, where he had been hunting in company with Mr. Otto Franck, of this city, and a few days afterward Texas Jack, who was guide and companion to these gentlemen, followed. The Doctor has promised a full account of his adventures for our columns, not the least important of which was the narrow escape of his party from the Bannocks, who were on the war path, murdering all the whites they encountered. We are always pleased to contemplate the tall, lithe and graceful form of our friend, Mr. Omohundro. Those who look at him critically from a standpoint of brute force would hardly believe that there was so much latent strength and courage beneath his placid and handsome exterior; but we believe that any lady who would calmly lift her eyes to meet his gaze would unhesitatingly select him for her cavalier. Dr. Furber speaks in highest terms of Jack's qualities as a guide, cook and circumventor of Indians. Of his own exploits and attributes Jack seldom speaks, except in a general way. He says that Dr. Furber's party was too fond of scenery to hunt much. Their love of the picturesque took them into dangerous ground, where scalps were not insured, and into the very heart of the Mauvais Terres or Bad Lands, where Indians were as thick as horned frogs on the sand plains of Arizona. But of this we shall hear anon.

After leaving his charge at Chicago Texas Jack joined Dr. Carver at Pittsburg and assisted him in giving an exhibition. The Doctor was received with *clat*, and captured a large gold medal, illustrating one of his shots at glass balls with the rifle. Dr. Carver is now starting it throughout the South. He exhibits to-day (Oct. 24th) at Macon, Ga.

CAPTAIN BOGARDUS' INTERNATIONAL TROPHY.—This is a beautiful jewel and a valued addition to the Captain's brilliant trophies. It has just been received, and was accompanied by the following letter:

TO CAPTAIN BOGARDUS:
SIR—By this mail I have much pleasure in forwarding to you a gold medal of International Gun and Plo Club, as a memento of your victory in the contest with Mr. Aubrey Coventry, at Brighton, and your straightforward and gentlemanly bearing throughout the match. Kindly let me know whether you receive it all right.

I am, sir, yours faithfully,
HENRY DOTT,
Sec. I. G. and P. C.

Captain Bogardus has just returned from a very successful trip through the West.

—Mr. Ira A. Paine was shooting week before last at the Academy of Music, Pittsburg, with good success. Last week he was at the Volks Garden, Brooklyn, and has engagements on hand for almost the entire season. During December he will give exhibitions at Harrigan & Hart's Theatre in this city.

—Messrs. Pooler & Jones, of Serena, Ill., have for sale a very light and convenient belt for carrying cartridges. With 30 cartridge holders the belt weighs only one pound; it is easily adjusted by a strap and buckle, and the cartridges are moved at pleasure. Worn either outside the coat or inside it. See advertisement.

—Collectors wishing fine specimens of North American birds are referred to the advertisement in our columns this week.

CLEANING BRASS SHELLS—Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 20.—To thirty shells or less, thrown in a dish, add about two ounces of oxalic acid in hot water enough to cover them; let stand half an hour to one hour. They will then appear streaked, after stirring them with a stick. Take each one and wipe off the outside, place on a tin pie-plate and put them in an oven and let stay till hot and dry; lay one side to cool; when cold, prime, and they are ready for loading. Those living in the country may go to any drug store and get (if they have no oxalic acid) 4½ commercial muriatic acid, add this to the water covering shells, and after effervescing has gone on for a minute, place dish containing shells under a pump and let water run to them, put on a pie-plate and heat dry as before. The great cause of brass shells missing fire is, according to my experience, the priming them before thoroughly dry around the anvil. I have had miss-fires ten days after shells were primed, and, on removing the primer, found the anvil moist; but it does not do to blame our own carelessness, we must blame the manufacturers of shells and primers.

C. T. S.

MICHIGAN—Detroit, Oct. 18.—Abner Price and Harry Hawkins, the famed pigeon shooters, went to the Chair and Oct. 16, for a season of duck shooting. C. D. Brown, of Kinderhook, shot a blue crane last Saturday on the south shore of Coldwater Lake, which measured six feet from tip to tip of wings, was five feet and three inches from end of bill to end of toes, and its bill was seven and a quarter inches long. It was a beautiful bird. A bald-headed eagle, which measured four feet and two inches from tip to tip of wing, was also shot in the same township the same day.

CANADA—Toronto, Oct. 11.—There were 23 shooters, 15 birds each, of three classes: First class—John James, 13; B. Moore, 13; H. Miller, 13; J. Barnett, 13; J. C. D. Brown, 13; John Maughan, Jr., 13. Second—A. A. Deacon, 13; E. Wilson, 12; W. Kennedy, 10; Old man, 65 years, 10; T. Winfield, 10. Third—F. Lucas, 13; R. Wilson, 11; G. Monro, 8; J. Douglas, 11; C. Callaghan and R. Morrison, 10 each. In the shoot-off ties at 26 yards: First class—Miller and Barnett killed 5 each and divided. Maughan and Smith also divided, having killed 4 out of 5 at 20 yards. Second—Deacon, 1st; Perryman, 3d; Old man, 4th; Wilson, 5th. Third—F. Lucas, 1st; Douglas, 2d; Wilson, 3d; Morrison, 4th. The prizes were \$25, \$15, \$11, \$9 in each class. Old 65 is the nickname of a member of that age, who declares he can beat any breech-loader made with his muzzle-loader, either for distance or penetration.

DUCK SHOOTING ON LAKE ERIE.—On a certain bay on Lake Erie, not very far from Cleveland, which the writer of the rough sketch herewith appended requests shall be private, are the headquarters of a famous shooting club. The bay is three-fourths of a mile wide, skirted by marshes. On the 16th of September our friend put out his decoys in a favorable opening, and by dusk scored 23 ducks, of which two were wire-wings and the rest blue-winged teal. His narrative goes on to say: of the second day:

"Selecting a good position for blinding, I put my half dozen decoy teals about twenty-five yards down wind from the place I expected to shoot from, then, pushing my boat broadside to the decoys into a point of deer tongue, I patiently waited. It was now a quarter before five, and the cast showed signs of early daylight. I had the promise for a fair day. I could now hear the splash of the ducks as they came in singly and settled on the water, but could as yet see none. As it grew lighter I could see the ducks passing at a two-mile-a-minute gait, and soon had a half dozen down. These I set up on sticks for decoys, making a dozen, which were all I wanted. I now had sport in earnest, knocking down the blue-wings right and left, as they came on singly, in pairs and by the dozen at a time, getting at one once six with two barrels. My light gun became so hot that I was obliged several times to put the barrels in the water to cool. The little ponds, about fifty yards in diameter, were covered with dead ducks. I now cooked my large gun and laid it across the boat ready for use. Seeing four teals coming for my decoys with wings set for lighting, I waited. Now two of them are on the water, and after a wheel the others are pouring over the decoys ready to light. Bang! bang! goes the gun, and the two in the air lie dead on the water; the other two, having to rise toward me, present a fair shot. I quickly pick up my second gun, and they too are killed. Being in deer tongue about ten inches higher than my boat, I am obliged to be on my knees and to bend low until the ducks are near enough to shoot, and when I rise up they scatter like a covey of quails, and the shooting of them is not very unlike that of quails. About ten o'clock the birds quit. At noon, and at half-past ten I picked up, piled to the bay, set my large green umbrella and sailed direct to our dock. On counting my ducks I had ninety-nine. The evening shooting was nothing to speak of, as I got but fifteen, making a total for the day of 114 ducks, 108 being blue-wings, five green-wings and one widgown.

The next morning at five o'clock I was again on my way for the marsh, but this time I left my house instead of across the bay. The day being very warm, the ducks were not moving very much, and by ten o'clock I was back to the house with sixteen. Toward evening I again went out and bagged seventeen, making thirty-three for the day. The next morning at eleven o'clock I was home, having for my two and a half days' work 169 ducks. (Of course I don't cite this as an every-day occurrence, for it is not; it is an extraordinary case, the ducks being very plentiful on Tuesday mentioned.)

DUCK SHOOTING BELOW NIAGARA FALLS.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: It occasionally happens that immense flocks of ducks and geese, in flying up the gorge below Niagara Falls at night, strike against the cataract and are carried back to the river below, where during the next day they afford splendid sport for the local sportsmen, who, posting themselves on the banks with their guns and dogs, or cruising about in boats, pick them up in the eddies. The birds are easily approached, as they seem bewildered by the noise and spray, and when they fly do not rise high enough to see the river above the Falls, and, being lost to leave the water, soon return and are shot to the last one. Early Saturday morning (the 13th) the news came that the next day was full of ducks. There was an immediate scurrying home for guns, and some of the rocky cliffs echoed with such a fusillade as had not been heard on the banks of Niagara since the battle of Lundy's Lane. Hundreds of ducks were killed, nearly all butternuts. One boy with an old muzzle loader killed 22 in an hour and a half, and said if he had had one of them "even breech-loaders" he could have made a hundred. John Conroy, the famous Niagara guide, took the writer and a friend out in his boat about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when the fun was nearly over, and we shot 20 in about an hour.

Niagara Falls, Oct. 16. ONYKARA.

IS DITTMAR POWDER SAFE?

WILKES-BARRE, Pa., Oct. 17, 1878.
EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:
Knowing how great an interest you take in making reliable answers to letters of inquiry, and having noticed your reply that "Dittmar" is a safe powder, I wish to call your attention to the injury caused to three valuable guns at a trap shoot near Catasque, Lehigh Co., this State. The owners of these guns are well known to be men of truth. I give you the names of two of them; the third I have forgotten. The two are A. T. Everhart and D. Tomblar. The third, who lives at Albion, shot a Parker gun, which was completely ruined. While Everhart and Tomblar shot Scott guns which, while not completely ruined, were so shattered as to destroy confidence in their saltness for future

Yours truly, B. F. DORMANCE,

We regret that our correspondent did not send us more particulars as to how the Dittmar powder was used when the guns in question were injured, whether the charges were not excessive and whether the directions for loading were fairly complied with. Until we have these particulars we are not prepared to recede from our position as to the safety of the Dittmar powder. In referring to this powder we also desire to be understood as meaning the powder as at present made. Some of that manufactured by the old Neponset Company may not have been so safe. If Dittmar powder is unsafe, or injurious to guns as our correspondent would assume, how is it that Bogardus, Paine and Carver, who use it almost exclusively in their exhibitions, have never had a gun injured, or an accident of any kind?

PIGEON MATCHES

New York.—Dexter's Park, Cypress Hills, L. I., Oct. 22, 1876.—Monthly shoot for a gun presented by the Brooklyn Gun Club, open to members of the club only; to be shot at for 10 birds each from five traps, 75 yards rise, 80 yards boundary; the winner in each previous contest was disappointed by a bad rate gun trial; the first of the number being winning it three times; Brooklyn Gun Club rules:

W Wynn.....	25 yds.	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Baker.....	"	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Gibson.....	"	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Gidlersleeve.....	"	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Willard.....	"	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	1
Hughes.....	"	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Madsen.....	"	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1
Khaw.....	"	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Broadway.....	"	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Rice.....	"	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	1
Zellner.....	"	0	1	1	0	0	1	1	0
Race.....	"	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Dunham.....	"	0	1	1	0	0	1	1	0

On shoot-off Wynn won.
Sweepstakes shooting nulshed the day's sport.

NEW JERSEY—Metascon, Oct. 15—Midway Shooting Club; for the club badge; 10 birds each, 1½ ozs. shot, 11 and 12 trap, handicaps:

Wm A Dinslow.....	26 yds.....	1	1	1	0	0	1	0	0	—
James VanRoche.....	26.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—
Chas Brown.....	23.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—
James VanRoche.....	23.....	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	0	—
Chas Brown.....	23.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—
James Terhune.....	22.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—
Charles Applegate.....	22.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—

..... 11 and 12 trap, handicaps:

James Terhune.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—
Charles Applegate.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—

..... 11 and 12 trap, handicaps:

James Terhune.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—
Charles Applegate.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—

..... 11 and 12 trap, handicaps:

James Terhune.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—
Charles Applegate.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—

..... 11 and 12 trap, handicaps:

James Terhune.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—
Charles Applegate.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—

..... 11 and 12 trap, handicaps:

James Terhune.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—
Charles Applegate.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—

..... 11 and 12 trap, handicaps:

James Terhune.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—
Charles Applegate.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—

..... 11 and 12 trap, handicaps:

James Terhune.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—
Charles Applegate.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—

..... 11 and 12 trap, handicaps:

James Terhune.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—
Charles Applegate.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—

..... 11 and 12 trap, handicaps:

James Terhune.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—
Charles Applegate.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—

..... 11 and 12 trap, handicaps:

James Terhune.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—
Charles Applegate.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—

..... 11 and 12 trap, handicaps:

James Terhune.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—
Charles Applegate.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—

..... 11 and 12 trap, handicaps:

James Terhune.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—
Charles Applegate.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—

..... 11 and 12 trap, handicaps:

James Terhune.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—
Charles Applegate.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—

..... 11 and 12 trap, handicaps:

James Terhune.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—
Charles Applegate.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—

..... 11 and 12 trap, handicaps:

James Terhune.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—
Charles Applegate.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—

..... 11 and 12 trap, handicaps:

James Terhune.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—
Charles Applegate.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—

..... 11 and 12 trap, handicaps:

James Terhune.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—
Charles Applegate.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—

..... 11 and 12 trap, handicaps:

James Terhune.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—
Charles Applegate.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—

..... 11 and 12 trap, handicaps:

James Terhune.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—
Charles Applegate.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—

..... 11 and 12 trap, handicaps:

James Terhune.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—
Charles Applegate.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—

..... 11 and 12 trap, handicaps:

James Terhune.....	1	1	1	1	
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JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS GUN CLUB—*Marion, N. J., Oct. 19.*—For badge: double balls, shot from two traps, one Bogardus and one Marshall trap, 40 feet apart, both sprung at same time. A. H. Heritage carried off the badge by winning it five times. Score:

Johnson.....	00	10	01	11	11	01	01	11	01	01	15
Eaton.....	01	10	10	11	10	01	11	11	01	15	
Burdett.....	10	11	00	01	10	10	11	00	00	15	
Cunningham.....	10	01	10	00	10	11	10	01	00	15	
Fowler.....	10	00	01	11	00	01	10	00	00	15	
Newham.....	10	11	01	10	11	01	00	00	10	15	
Heritage.....	11	11	10	00	11	11	11	11	00	15	

JACOBSTAFF.

MARYLAND—Baltimore, Oct. 21.—Howard Ridgely and Geo. C. Potts, at grounds of Baltimore Gun Club. Conditions—\$100 per side, 50 birds each, 26 yards rise, 1½ ozs shot. Ridgely used a Purdy gun weighing six pounds forty-two ounces, his charge of powder being 3½ drachms. Mr. Potts shot with a ground gun made by Scott, of London, choke barrels, using four drachms of powder. The Baltimore Gun Club rules governed the match:

Ridgely—1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1
1 1 1 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 1 0 0 0 1 1 1 1 1—42.

Potts—1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1
1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1—40.

Shooting for a Cup.—After the match a sweepstakes was shot, in which, among others, Messrs. Carroll Livingston and John Heckscher, of New York, took part. Then followed a handicap sweepstakes for a cup presented by General Grubb of New Jersey. There were eighteen entries for this event:

J. P. Easter	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1-0
J. T. Norris	29	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0-8
H. W. Knibbold	23	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0-8
J. Swan Trick	31	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0-8
Donnet Swann	30	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0-8
W. H. G. G. G. G.	25	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0-8
C. D. Fisher	29	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	1-0
F. May	26	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0-8
W. H. G. G. G.	25	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0-8
R. C. Thomas	26	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	0-8
C. McDowell	25	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0-8
H. H. G. G. G.	25	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0-8
S. L. L. L.	25	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0-8
George Brown	29	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0-8
George J. Popple	29	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0-8
H. H. G. G. G.	29	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0-8
C. A. G. G. G.	29	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0-8
C. A. G. G. G.	29	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0-8

At the shooting of nine for a second prize, Messrs. Norris and McCasland tied and divided.

ALABAMA.—*Mobile, Oct. 18.*—Monthly shoot of Gulf City Gun Club for gold badge; 29 balls from three traps, screened; one straight away, one quartering to right and one quartering to left; 18 yards. Tontal and Holt having once before won the badge were handicapped three yards. Conditions—Badge becomes the property of the member winning it most times during the year. Owing to the plague of the South our attendance was small. The following is the score:

Tunstall.....	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Alexander.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Vass.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Allison.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Hug R. C.....	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Carré.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Barnes.....	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Rolt, W.B.....	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	0	0	0	0
Farley.....	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
Irwin Col.....	1	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0

Col. Irwin retains the leather medal, having won it last time.

MICHIGAN—*Howell, Oct. 19, 1878.*—The Howell Shooting Club were the recipients of a beautiful gold-lined silver cup, a gift from the well-known jewelry firm of W. S. Smith & Co., Detroit, to be shot for; to be won three times in succession, then owned as personal property. The following is the score:

Beach.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 10	Ira Holt....	1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1
Jud Holt....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 9	Jewett.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 10
Lee.....	1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 8	Fisser.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 10
C Holt.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 9	Rumsey.....	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 9
Hubert.....	1 0 0 0 0 1 1 0 0 4	Hogstad....	1 1 1 1 0 0 0 1 1 8
Angel.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 8	Swazer.....	0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 8
Widheim....	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 9		

Tie on ten.
 Beach.....1 1 1 0—4 Jewett.....1 1 1 1—
 Fisher.....1 1 0 w

The seventh contest for the Jewett revolver came off last Friday with the following result:

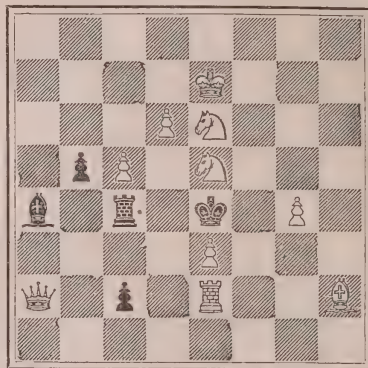
Beach.....	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	0	1	-	7	Angel.....	1	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	0	-	7
J Holt.....	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	-	8	Ira Holt.....	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	1	0	-	7
Lee.....	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	w				Fisher.....	1	0	1	1	0	0	1	1	-	7	
C Holt.....	1	1	1	0	0	1	0	1	1	-	7	Whelan.....	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	-	9	
Robert.....	1	0	1	1	0	1	0	1	0	-	6	Jewett.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	-	10	

GREGORY.

The Game of Chess.

NOTICE.—Chess exchanges, communications and solutions should be addressed "Chess Editor FOREST AND STREAM, P. O. box 54, Wolcottville, Conn."

Problem No. 28.
Motto: Silver Bells



White to play and give mate in two moves

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS—NO. 24

1-B-B4	2-Kt-Q3	1-	1-B moves
2-Q-Q3 B5 ch	2-K-K5	2-Q-B5 ch	2-Kt tks Q
3-B-B2 mate		3-B-Kt3 mate	

"R. H. S." sends the following solution:

1-Q-B7	1-Kt-B4	1-	1-Kt-Kt5 or Q3
2-Q tks Kt ch	2-R moves	2-Q-B5 ch	2-R moves
3-Q or B mates		3-Q mates	

1-	1-P-B7	1-	1-P-B3 or B m'vs
2-Q tks P	2-Any	2-Kt tks Kt	2-Any
3-Dual mate		3-Q mates	

Game No. 78.—ALLGAIER GAMBIT.

Played in Class I at the recent meeting of the English Counties Association:

White.		Black.	
Major Martin.	Mr. Fisher.	Major Martin.	Mr. Fisher.
1-P-K4	1-P-K4	16-P-B3	16-B-K3
2-Kt-K4	2-Kt-K4	17-Q-Q3	17-B-K4
3-B-K3	3-P-Kt4	18-Kt-K4	18-Kt-K4
4-P-K4	4-P-Kt5	19-R-B3	19-Kt-K5 (c)
5-Kt-K4	5-Kt-K4	20-Kt-K5	20-Kt-K5 (c)
6-Q-Q4	6-K-Kt B3	21-N-K3	21-Kt-K5 (c)
7-B-K4	7-Castles	22-Kt-K4	22-P-K3
8-Kt-K3	8-Kt-K3	23-Kt-K3	23-Kt-K3
9-Kt-K5 P (a)	9-Kt-Kt Kt	24-P-K4	24-K-K3
10-B-Kt Ch	10-Kt-Kt B	25-P-K-K3	25-Kt-Kt (c)
11-Kt-K4	11-Kt-K4	26-Kt-K4	26-Kt-K4
12-B-Kt5 (c)	12-P-K-K3	27-Kt-Kt	27-B-K3
13-Kt-K4	13-B-Kt Kt	28-Kt-Kt B	28-Kt-K3
14-Kt-K4	14-Kt-K4	29-Kt-Kt	29-Kt-K3
15-Kt-K2	15-B-Kt P	30-White mates in two moves	

NOTES.

- (a) This sacrifice appears necessary to keep up the attack, for if he retreat the Kt-K3, the answer is R-K.
- (b) Better than P-K5, to which Black could have replied with Q-K5.
- (c) Exchanges being in Black's favor he should here, we think, have captured the Kt, and followed it by P-K R4 and B-K3.
- (d) A weak move, but in truth it is hard now to find a good one. The best resource probably was Q-K Kt.
- (e) A fatal error; he still had a very defensible game by playing Q-K R4 or Q-K Kt, we believe.
- (f) Major Martin's conduct of this game with so much vigor and judgment, makes his announced retirement from the arena of chess tournaments the more regrettable. — *Chess Players' Chronicle*.

Game No. 79—RUY LOPEZ.

Played at Paris on July 23, 1878, between Herr Englisch and Mr.

Gifford:		Gifford:	
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
Her English.	Mr. Gifford.	Her English.	Mr. Gifford.
1-P-K4	1-P-K4	10-Kt Ks P	10-B-K3
2-Kt Ks B3	2-K-K B3	11-Kt Ks B3	11-P Kt K
3-K-K5	3-P Q K5	12-Kt Kt Kt	12-Kt Ks Kt
4-K-K5	4-Kt K K3	13-Q-K4	13-R-Q3
5-P-K3	5-P-Q3	14-P-K K5	14-Q-K B2
6-Kt-B3	6-R-K2	15-P-Q4	15-P Ks P
7-Castles	7-K-K2?	16-P-K B4	16-K-K2?
8-Kt Kt K5	8-K Kt K5	17-P-K B5 and wins	
9-B-K K5	9-R-Q4		

CURSORY JOTTINGS.

—A chess circle has been established at Middletown, Conn. Messrs Oldack, Fowler and Mylchrist are numbered among its best players.

—Mr. W. A. Shinkman, the famous problemist, declines, it is said, to accept the second prize awarded him in the recent tourney of the American Chess and Problem Association. Our contemporary's assertions regarding the management of that tourney should be replied to at once if they are untrue, as is claimed by parties not on the defensive. But give us facts in your replies, gentlemen, or reply not at all.

—The allegation of our contemporary that irregularities occurred in the management of the recent problem tourney of the American Chess and Problem Association, render it imperative that the officers of that Association investigate the truth of the same, and if found to be well founded, take such steps as will prevent their recurrence; and if any of the officers are involved, they should be deposed and censured. If the allegations have been publicly and, we hope, properly refuted, no loss will be sustained by the Association, and the powers that let of the Association, and a refusal to consider them will jeopardize the existence of that body. If we are not mistaken, competitors in that tourney also aver that irregularities occurred which certainly would justify an investigation. We are at a loss to account for the silence of Secretary McKim, and we in all candor suggest that he should either deny the charges, or, if he cannot do so, resign his office. If the "allegations" are neither to be frowned down nor will they allow the matter to rest unless an investigation be ordered, and we therefore say

"Let there be an immediate investigation." Mr. Loyd should also hasten to deny or explain the accusations made by Mr. Allen, otherwise his neglect so to do will be construed as an admission of the truth of the same. We are aware that Mr. Loyd attempted to do this by addressing a letter to the *Holyoke Transcript*, wherein we regret to state that abuse alone was prominent and intelligible. A general denial, instead of replying to each statement in detail is, in our opinion, insufficient to disprove the specific charges made.

Nighting and Boating.

HIGH WATER FOR THE WEEK

Date.	Boston.		New York.		Charleston.	
	H.	M.	H.	M.	H.	M.
Oct. 25.	5	09	2	46	2	31
Oct. 26.	6	15	2	46	2	23
Oct. 27.	7	20	3	56	4	31
Oct. 28.	5	17	5	05	5	28
Oct. 29.	6	06	6	00	6	18
Oct. 30.	9	57	7	43	7	43
Oct. 31.	10	46	7	43	7	43

GAINING GROUND.—With the object of encouraging sea-cruising and promoting seamanship, the FOREST AND STREAM has persistently taken ground in favor of a sea-going model in preference to the light displacement sloop, and it is a matter of satisfaction to us to note the prevailing tendency in the direction pointed out. Mr. Charles H. Contoit, owner of *Prospere*, is now having built by Messrs. C. & R. Poillon, of Brooklyn, a fine sea-going keel schooner, which, in dimensions, approaches very near to what experience, as well as theory, teaches to be the best form for easy qualities and safety in rough water. The new schooner will measure 240 tons carter's measurement, and about 175 tons N. M. She is being built from a design by Mr. A. C. Amy Smith, and bears some resemblance to the fast pilot-boat *T. S. Negus*, modeled, we believe, by Mr. Townsend, foreman of Poillon's. She is 95ft. on water line, with only 90ft. in. extreme beam, or less than 22 per cent. of the length against *Intrepid's* 24. This decrease of beam we look upon as a decided step in the right direction. It is intended to spar the new schooner for cruising only; had she been designed for racing she would have gained had her beam been kept down to 80 per cent. of the length, as a longer and rather full body insures displacement enough, and with lead on her keel would have given ample stability for all the canvas so easy a form requires to send her along at a good rate. On deck she measures 106ft., over all, including rake of English counter and overhanging head, 114ft.; depth of hold, 10ft. 6in. and 11ft. water; mainmast, 75ft., heel to head; foremast, 73ft.; mastsheads, 8ft.; diameter of spars, 10 and 18in. at partners respectively; topmasts, 30ft., heel to hounds, with 4ft. pole; bowsprit, 20ft., outboard with a 16ft. jibboom beyond the cap, and a 4ft. pole to finish off. Keel of white oak, sided 13in., molded 9in. Depth of entire keel amidships below rabbet, 2ft. 4in. The keel has been sided so large in order to aid in stowing the lead as low down as possible. Frames of Maryland white oak, hackmatack and locust stanchions. They are double 6in. on floors, and double 5in. at futlocks. Garboards of white oak, 3in. thick. Planking same, 2 1/2in. and 3in. at wales. Bulwarks white pine, oak rail. Keelson of white oak 10in. square, apron of locust, stem and sternpost white oak. Ceiling yellow pine, about 3in. thick. Deck beams yellow pine, sided 9in., molded 6in. Deck planking of white pine, 2 1/2in. thick. Deck fittings of mahogany, mast partners of oak. Flush deck, saloon amidships, a'f' *Angela*. As was to be expected, the ubiquitous expert is around again and has given his opinion of the new schooner before all her frames are up even. This wonderful person expresses himself as favorably impressed, and has imparted to sundry non-professional news-gatherers the astounding fact that, having a longer floor than *Intrepid*, less ballast will be required in the new schooner, and being lighter she will sail faster. Mr. Contoit is fortunate, however, in not having consulted the wishes or opinions of half-educated experts, and may be congratulated upon having secured the services of one of the best yacht designers of the day in his behalf. We hope to lay before our readers at some future time a mathematical diagnosis of this schooner's elements compared with those of other craft already tested.

OAR AND PADDLE

COURTNEY-HANLAN RACE.—After some very exhaustive searching among all possible sources, and after the fullest investigation in all directions, instituted by the Boston *Herald*, the same conclusion is finally arrived at which in these columns we first gave to the public in regard to the honesty of Courtney in the recent championship match at Lachine. There is simply no evidence to bear out any of the aspersions so lightly and profusely cast upon the American champion by giddy-headed detractors. The reason why Courtney was beaten was because he could not row fast enough, and that is the end of the whole matter. We believe we were among the first who detected in Hanlan far greater power and speed than he allowed himself to display in his races with the small fry, and our views are now being accepted by others as accounting for the manner in which he disposed of the Union Springs champion, in opposition to the universally received notions of Courtney's invincibility, so tenaciously adhered to on this side of the St. Lawrence for a long time after his defeat, and which some are not even yet prepared to renounce. But for all Courtney's honesty of action during the race, we are not prepared to believe the latest statement imputed to him, and which is just now going the rounds of the press. He is said to have attempted an explanation of his

defect by ascribing his poor finish to "hidden obstructions." This is a little too silly for any one to accept. If Courtney made any such statement he should be placed under a doctor's care as suffering from "hidden obstructions" on the brain. What has been the most objectionable side of his conduct in connection with the race, is his tendency to braggadocio, both before and after the race. He talks very freely, as though he had actually been the winner and not his opponent. To speak slightly of Hamilton's abilities in a boat is a grotesque assumption, and does little to restore him to popular favor.

THE AMERICAN MEDITERRANEAN.—As abroad our British cousins conscientiously make their annual pilgrimage to the Mediterranean in whole squadrons and fleets, so, too, American yachtsmen are becoming more and more alive to the beauties and pleasures of winter cruising in the South. The Florida coast and West Indian Archipelago bid fair to draw within their waters a constantly increasing number of our yachts every year. *Intrepid*, *Ambassadors*, Mr. Contoi's new schooner, a small ship from Boston, and a number of steam yachts suitable to the Florida waters and lagoons, are on the berth for warmer climes. As the many attractions, convenient distances and ports, different languages, customs and historic associations of the islands become more generally appreciated, and with the introduction of a more seaworthy model the annual migration southward promises to become more of a leading feature among the followers of the sea for sport, and the day may be not far distant when it will become as usual a thing to see in West Indian harbors the American yacht ensign peak, as it is even now to meet the blue Admiralty colors of British craft in all seaport towns of Europe's inland ocean.

YACHTING NEWS.

BOSTON OCEAN MATCH.—In the matches sailed off Boston, Oct. 9, there were entries in all four classes. First class, keels over 30ft. sailing length; second class, schooners over 30ft. and under 40ft. sailing length; third class, keels over 20ft. and under 30ft. sailing length; fourth class, keels under 20ft. The following is a summary of the sailing:

FIRST CLASS.			
Name	Owner	Actual Time	Correct Time
Viking.....	Gormann.....	2 10 38	2 21 13
Shadown.....	Whitling.....	2 11 38	2 22 13
Napoleon.....	Goodwin.....	Withdrewn.	Withdrewn.
SECOND CLASS.			
Breeze.....	Whitling.....	2 15 33	2 27 16
Mist.....	Weston.....	2 33 44	2 42 07
Nellie G.....	Hall.....	Withdrewn.	Withdrewn.
THIRD CLASS.			
Eateka.....	Fuller.....	2 01 20	2 10 12
FOURTH CLASS.			
Annie.....	Anderson.....	2 17 57	2 22 31
Qual.....	McDonnack.....	Withdrewn.	Withdrewn.

First prizes were awarded the *Viking*, *Breeze*, *Eureka* and *Annie*, and second prizes to the *Shadown* and *Mist*.

HAVENHILL YACHTING.—In a match sailed Oct. 10, *Lizzie Warner* (Capt. Titcomb) beat *Edipie* (Capt. Doane) in 1h. 2m. 25s., over a course on the Merrimac, from Havenhill Bridge to Groveland Bridge and return.

DROWNING CASUALTY.—While returning to the yacht *Julian*, off Peekskill, in a skiff, Mr. Tucker was drowned, owing to the filling and swamping of the skiff. Mr. Tucker was a nephew of Mr. Augustus Schell of this city, and his loss will be deplored by his many friends. Dr. May, owner of the *Julian*, who was in the skiff at the time, saved himself by swimming ashore.

HARLEM REGATTA ASSOCIATION.

The second regatta of this association was held on the Harlem, Saturday, Oct. 19. All events were one mile straight away, with stream, the start in the morning being from Florence's Dock to Gates', this order being reversed during the flood of the afternoon. The weather was unpropitious and the water rough. The events were promptly called, and as a whole the arrangements were of a decidedly satisfactory kind, order and authority prevailing all day. The results of the day were in some instances unlooked for, the Ariels of Newark winning, quite contrary to expectation, in the gig race, and the Nautilus pair were badly beaten by the Atlantas and the Gramercys. Mr. J. T. Goodwin acted as referee, assisted by Mr. A. G. Swan, of the Atlanta Club, and Mr. Julian Kennedy. The first race, called early in the forenoon, was the first heat for junior single sculls. Entries, B. S. Keator, Yale College B. C., Wm. Tomlin, Highland B. C., August Schneider, Friendship B. C., and Geo. Norion, Gramercy B. C., their stations being given from the New York shore. Keator took the lead and won with ease, 7m. 39ts.; Tompkins, second, 7m. 52ts.; Schneider, third, 8m. 74ts.; Norton, last, 8m. 35s. Second heat, entries: Irving A. Lyon, Dauntless B. C.; I. B. Kipp, Highland B. C., and James L. Gladwin, Nereid B. C. Lyon got the best of the start and maintained his advantage all day, winning in 7m. 52ts.; Kipp, 8m. 14ts.; Gladwin, 8m. 17ts. Single scull, entries: R. B. Hartsborne, New York R. C., Rathbone won as he liked in 7m. 42ts.; Hartsborne, 7m. 46s. Second heat, entries: E. Mills, Jr., New York A. C.; H. Livingston, Yale College B. C., and H. P. Dain, Highland B. C. Mills and Livingston made a start from the former down ahead of the latter, 7m. 73ts.; Livingston, 7m. 73ts.; Dain, 8m. 39ts. This finished the morning's work. At 2 p. m. the pair-oared race was called, entries: Atlanta B. C., W. K. Downs and J. E. Eustis; Gramercy B. C., T. Williams and H. Mills; Nautilus B. C., Fred. A. Levien and Wm. Childs. Atlantas went to the front with Gramercy second. Opposite the Athletic Club grounds the Nautilus pair put on a sport and fouled the Atlantas. Boat stopped rowing, and when they got clear the Atlantas outrowed their opponents, and came in first, time, 6m. 54ts.; Gramercy, 7m. 43ts.; Nautilus disqualified. Eight-oared shells, entries: Nassau B. C.—J. B. Robert, bow; J. Wells, J. G. Ganaway, C. G. Peterson, J. H. Abell, Jr., J. D. Foot, O. Badgely, W. Robinson, stroke; A. T. Kots, cox. Columbia College B. C.—R. T. P. Fisk, bow; O. Eldridge, H. P. Brown, P. D. Browning, J. B. Newberry, C. L. Boyd, H. G. Ridaback, P. Parsons, stroke; Coghill, cox. Nassaus took the lead and kept it in spite of the vigorous sports of the college crew. When Byd slipped his seat their victory became certain. The Nassaus crossed the line with a lead of three-quarters of

a length; time, 5m. 50ts.; Columbias, 5m. 68s. Final heat, junior sculls, Lyon and Keator. The latter led off, but was passed by Lyon at the quarter mile, who won in 7m. 40ts.; Keator, 7m. 50ts. Final heat, senior sculls, Rathbone and Mills. Won readily by the latter in 7m. 15ts.; Mills, 7m. 20ts. Four-oared shells, entries: Mutual B. C., Albany—C. E. Bulgar, bow; Henry C. Graves, Abram Mull, W. S. Mosely, stroke, Atlantas B. C.—W. H. Downs, bow; H. W. Rogers, H. G. McVickar, J. E. Eustis, stroke, Palisade B. C., Yonkers, N. Y.—A. Moffat, bow; J. Fraser, W. H. Guernsey, B. G. Jackson, stroke. Mutuals took the lead, and, in spite of wild steering, won in 6m. 83ts.; Atlantas, 6m. 15ts.; Palisades, 6m. 34ts. Double sculls, entries: Yale College B. C.—E. P. Livingston, bow; H. Livingston, stroke. Olympic B. C., Albany, N. Y.—J. H. Girvin, bow; Martin Monahan, stroke. New York A. C.—R. W. Rathbone, bow; R. L. Newton, stroke. At the quarter mile Yale and a slight lead, and a little further on Olympics went out of their water and fouled them, but both crews kept on. Athletics then fouled Olympics twice and Yale had it her own way, winning in 7m. 15ts.; Olympics, 7m. 23ts.; Athletics, 7m. 25s. Six-oared gigs, entries: Ariel B. C., Newark, N. J.—W. Trautz, bow; J. Bennett, W. Mack, F. Freeman, R. Ross, Jr., H. M. Jury, stroke; Frank Allen, cox. Atlantas B. C.—W. H. Downs, bow; J. H. Kent, H. W. Rogers, Eugene Conger, H. G. McVickar, J. E. Eustis, stroke; Edward Blake, cox. Columbia College B. C.—H. P. Brown, bow; O. Eldridge, J. B. Newberry, F. D. Browning, H. G. Ridaback, P. Parsons, stroke; Nathan, cox. Dauntless B. C.—Frank Gilligan, bow; H. W. Peckwell, O. E. Knapp, S. B. Pomeroy, H. W. Walter, David Roach, stroke; J. J. Duff, cox. New York A. C.—W. F. Shore, bow; G. W. Stowe, M. O. Patterson, W. G. Demarest, J. W. Carter, H. West, stroke; N. W. Rathbone, cox. Ariels took the lead, and, without being hardly pressed, won by nearly three lengths in 6m. 39ts.; Atlantas, 6m. 43ts.; Columbia, 6m. 48ts.; Dauntless, 6m. 53ts.; Athletics, 7m. 25s.

MEETING OF THE N. A. O. A.—At the meeting of the Executive Committee of the National Association, held at the Metropolitan Hotel, Oct. 19, a resolution of thanks to the Common Council of Newark was voted, also one to the Passaic boat clubs for the courtesy shown by them during the recent National Regatta. The Fairmount Rowing Association was reinstated as member. A committee was appointed to consider the proposal of cups to be rowed for by the colleges, which were offered by the Bunka, Triton and Passaic clubs. Application for membership by the Longueuil Club, of Montreal, was denied. Mr. O. M. Remington, of the Narragansett B. C. of Providence, R. I., was elected President of the Association, and Mr. Henry W. Garfield was re-elected Treasurer and Secretary.

VISION-GRACE MATCHES.—In the first match of these two schools, sailed Saturday, Oct. 15, *Grace* carried away her upper peak block and gave up. *Vision* snapped her bowsprit at the knight heads and put back for a new one. The wind was fresh with a moderate sea.

The race was sailed Oct. 23, in a light breeze and smooth water. Won by *Grace* in 6h. 39m. 23ts., beating *Vision* by 18m. 46s., or, with time allowance, 13m. 46s.

CORINTHIAN CRUISERS.

NEW YORK, October 10, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

As it seems to be in order, I will give you my ideal of a small cruiser needed by Corinthians in these waters, having had some little experience and what I consider sound reason for considering her the perfect vessel, and well adapted to the purpose intended. My object in giving my views is not to advise those who have ample time and money, as that they may experiment to their heart's content, but to aid the young yachtsman who loves to sail his own vessel, and most of the time cruises with but one companion, or at most one man before the mast.

To be perfect my cruiser must have strength, speed, stability, strong, handy rig, and plenty of room on deck and below.

In determining the size of this perfect Corinthian cruiser, we must keep in view the fact that she is to be run and handled by myself and man Friday. Our means being limited, and unable to indulge in many barrels of beef forward. At the same time, we must take into consideration that we always wish we had a larger vessel, especially when untended by one who is just a little too big for us; for if anything more than another makes us feel bad, it is to haul for a "bung nose" near us, and get warmed. Besides, at times we may wish to have some of our friends with us, all it is not pleasant at times to sail alone, especially when we as know some good fellows who enjoy it so very much. We will make our cruiser as large as can be easily managed by two.

Now we want four berths in the cabin, and room forward for a man. So, to get a house 13 or 14 ft. long, with 5 or 6 ft. in cockpit and room forward of mast, will require 30ft. keel; we will therefore make our keel that length, and put on a counter, making a total of about 34ft., over all. As to width, we want all we can get without hurting the speed of our vessel; and besides, width means room on deck and below, and ability to carry sail; I will give her plenty of a good thing, say 12 or 13 ft. As to depth, being rather lengthy myself, and knowing by experience how unpleasant it is to get into unmentionable while sitting; and as depth means, like width, power and sail capacity, and we need plenty of freeboard and only a low house, we will make her 4ft. 9in. or 5ft. deep, with crown of deck and house, and plenty of ballast low down, will give us about 6ft. in our house.

Now before going further, I know our good friends who are rather touchy on the "English diver," will say she will be a perfect caracava. "But," we answer, "we want depth and breadth for our purpose, and intend to have them in our cruising yacht."

Our vessel, as above described, as far as dimensions go, if properly shaped and calculated, will require about four or five tons of cast-iron ballast, placed as low down as possible, and will have a draught of about 3ft. 9in. aft without keel. The question of centreboard or keel comes up next. If I put a keel on this vessel she will have a draught of at least 2ft. more, making not less than 5ft. 9in., with a loss of say 10 per cent. of speed; but, as I wish at times to cruise in New York Bay, and visit places where I do not wish to engage a pilot, nor sacrifice what I consider indispensable, speed, I give the preference to the centreboard. My vessel, from her depth, being necessarily of sharp floor, will require but a short one, say 8 or 9 ft., which I will place well forward, so as to injure our room below as little as possible. Concerning the rig of this vessel, the question to my mind is easily settled. We have only to choose between the cutter or English rig and our ordinary schooner rig. Being short-handed, except on special occasions, I will rig

her as simply as possible, keeping in mind only strength and utility. I will put in a long mast with a short stationary topmast, short bowsprit, with all the canvas in mainsail and jib my vessel can carry with ease in our usual fresh southerly breezes. Will have club-topail, jib-topail and balloon-jib for racing purposes; a small storm-jib to be set "flying," strong ground tackle, and she is about complete.

Now let us see what we have. Our little cruiser has accommodation below for captain, three guests, and a man or boy before the mast. Our cabin is 14ft. long, 9ft. 6in. wide, and 6ft. high, with a clean width of 6ft. between the berths, clear floor aft of centreboard. This, it is true, cuts the forward end of our house in two parts, but we must have a table in either case, and it matters little whether we have daylight between the legs or not. Ample room for cooking purposes, stores, tanks, ice box, spare sail, etc. Rig of simplest kind, so that few mistakes can be made by the "greenhorns." Altogether we have a powerful, able vessel, which can be driven to win a cup occasionally in competition with vessels of her length.

Having determined size and rig of our ideal cruiser, we will say how she shall be constructed. In my list of indispensables I have first mentioned strength. She shall, therefore, have a keel of solid white oak, extending her length, which shall not be less than 10x12in. at centreboard, and beveled forward and aft to suit shape of vessel. The rabbet for garboard being placed near the outside, so that she may have a solid back-bone. The frame shall be of oak, 2½x4in. at keel, and 2½x3 at top, not more than 12 or 14 in. from centres, and each and every of these frames securely tenoned and bolted to keel, and, in fact, everything appertaining to the hull as strong as wood and iron can be put together; for how pleasant for us to know, when we are lying in our berth below in an open harbor, with our well-tried ground tackle diving into a heavy sea, or "cracking it out to her" in a hard race, we can cry out, "Let her rip, she's all oak," and not feel it were necessary to sound the bell. Beware of plank keels and winging racers. We know that a vessel sails by her shape and rig, and that "winging" qualities, however highly lauded by builders who construct such vessels, is all bosh! We've been there, and tried it.

Speed.—In this most important and indispensable particular we need experience and practice; and since speed depends greatly upon shape, the question is how we shall obtain that form most desired. We ourselves only know from experience that vessels of our length of vastly different shapes develop speed; sharp vessels like the *Nimbus*, and short vessels like the *Beecher*, sail remarkably fast and about alike, although exactly opposite in shape—the *Nimbus* narrow, the *Beecher* extremely wide and flat. In this consideration I think it best under the circumstances to consult some party who has been successful in modeling speedy vessels; give him my dimensions, and get best shape his talent may suggest. I then have a perfect draught made of this shape, and give it and specification to a builder to work from, and in no case the model. The draught alone being given, necessitates the vessel being properly laid down, and can be certified; thus you can get it at your wish, not merely an approximation by rule of thumb from a model. Of course, in getting such a model you will have a vessel of character, such as the party fancies most to whom you apply. But you may at least console yourself with the reflection that experience will not make a bad failure, and generally a success in the desiderata wanted.

Stability.—Our cruiser being 12 or 13 ft. wide, or nearly one-half her length, possesses great natural stability, besides being assisted by depth and ballast low down. But, let us ask, is it well to give my cruiser so much width, even if I do wish room on deck? Let us, for a moment, glance at our opposite, the vantaged, but as yet untried, *Muriel*. This vessel is about 40ft. water line, 9ft. beam, and 7ft. deep—no deck room there, nor below either, except a lane. Now, from her shape, necessary from her dimensions, she has little stability. In fact, it is probable that without ballast she would roll over and sink under spars alone; so she depends almost entirely upon ballast for sail-carrying power, and to utilize this ballast her angle of inclination must be such that you could not stand on deck without holding on even in a moderate breeze. These vessels being dependent greatly upon ballast for stability, must necessarily be made to sail upon their sides, since inclination is necessary to utilize ballast; whereas, in our vessel we have width, and therewith natural stability, so that she may sail upon her proper lines, and utilize her ballast in moments of extra sail pressure. We sail in our vessel standing up like a house in our usual southerly breeze, and our lady friend, if aboard, may walk our deck if so disposed; while our enter friend alongside in the same breeze tells their friends aboard, when their feet begin to slip and teeth chatter, not to be afraid, as she rolls very low before she lifts her ballast. And it is perfectly safe and theoretically correct, although they seem to have their doubts about the case as they glance toward our craft.

Rig.—I adopt the sloop rig in its simplest form, and make it as light as possible consistent with ample strength, for with it I can drive my vessel to windward faster, and shorten sail in one-half the time with the same crew, than with the English rig. In fact, I regard the cutter rig, with its reading bowsprit, hosing topmast, and multiplicity of blocks, cringles, eyes, stays, &c., and other tackle, as an abomination, invented by some good English soul simply to furnish aboard English yachts redundant employment for seamen. In fact, enter rig, your craft, go slow and double your crew, and I prophesy that said rig eventually die a natural death, except among harbor sailors in these waters.

Mr. Editor, it was my intention to take you a short trip in this ideal cruiser, in company with one of our modified cutters, that we could compare their adaptation to these waters, but I will postpone doing so until some future occasion. CORINTHIAN.

Our correspondent has evidently gone into the question of small cruising yachts categorically and with unbiased mind in a manner creditable to himself. We regret all the more, therefore, our inability to subscribe to his proportions and ideas, and request him to follow this line of reasoning. To drive his enormously wide and deep boat at fair speed, assuming for the moment that such were attainable, he will require an immense spread of canvas, a necessity which we cannot by any means approve, much as "Corinthian" seems to glory in the big sails his ideal cruiser will stand up to. On the contrary, does it not betoken higher skill to so model a craft that

she can be easily driven and will call for short canvas only? Most certainly, and if we remind "Corinthian" of the fact that his design will need an ugly big thing of a boom some 24 feet long and a corresponding mainsail, while a cutter model of the same size only, though narrower and longer, would be fitted with a boom and mainsail some 33 per cent. smaller, would he not prefer toying with the lighter spar in a little blow; and how much less trouble to him, when alone or with his man Friday, to hoist, reef, furl and handle the cutter's sail than that of his own unwieldy rig? And what applies to the mainsail the headsail may equally claim. As to the hull, let "Corinthian" lop off three feet beam, put the amount in some 6 feet of length, and would not the resulting craft give vastly more satisfaction than his own broad and chubby ship? In the first place, the longer boat would be very much faster under less canvas, especially in a seaway, would be vastly much easier in every respect, give valuable room in length for private stateroom or for pantry and W. C., would admit of higher freeboard without deteriorating from her beauty, for beam and freeboard are incompatible in this respect, and would keep crew forward and cabin aft more select. Such a craft would walk away from your full-bodied frigate in a style that would make "Corinthian" wonder, and that at a less expense in the time and muscle our beamy friend would find a terribly uneasy and slow affair in rough water. The only drawback the cutter represents would be a moderately greater angle of heel, and for our part we are always willing to put up with this in consideration of her many other excellencies. So far as mere out of canvas is concerned, it is by no means essential to the cutter rig, that the cut of the canvas be as in England. Retain, if you have a mind to, the small gaff of the sloop, though nothing is thereby gained, and make your topmanger lighter. Eventually you will probably come to adopt the cutter style in its entirety, anyhow. The multiplicity of gear, which harasses "Corinthian," consists of one halliards and a light downhaul. The fore-sheet may be worked automatically. We think "Corinthian," when tired out and hungry after a hard day's thrash to windward, would be only too happy to let Jack go blow and start the supper singing on the galley, while he furiated sail, and then he would appreciate the difference of handling the big duds of his sloop and the smaller sails of the cutter. Finally, why cut up his craft with an unsightly cock pit, a regular sea catcher and cabin damper, dangerous at all times, even in the largest of yachts (witness *Mohawk*) when a flush deck with a wash streak is neater, safer and serves all purposes, besides giving nearly a half more length to the quarters below? If "Corinthian" objects to housing topmast in a dear boat, let him keep his hammer aloft; his neighbor who douses his will show him a clean pair of heels. As for ladies aboard ship, "Corinthian" is probably aware of the fact that in England ten ladies go to sea in yachts to every one who ventures afloat in America. We have seen in the much maligned cutter whole families—nurses, babies, etc., all included—take to the sea and cruise off soundings in small craft with a nonealance which speaks volumes for the weatherliness and cruising qualities of the easy form and snug rig. However we may differ from "Corinthian," his letter contains much information and bears the stamp of considerable thought.

HOW TWO NATIVES RAN FOUL RIFT.

EASTON, Pa., October 9, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Having been much interested in your several published communications of the canoeists who ran the Great Foul Rift Falls of the Delaware, at Belvidere, N. J. I beg to add to the record the experience of some natives who recently undertook the feat, and who, like the remainder of the natives, are skeptic of the mile-a-minute run of the East Orangefles. Those Rince and Daniel W. Snyder are two of the most expert bass fishers of Easton. Their accompaniments are the best, and not a week passes in season but their boat-rigged team lands them from ten to fifty miles up the stream by daylight to fish the pools to town, and whatever the poverty in luck of other fishers—and there has been a liberal crop of this season—their live box always samples fine and numerous specimens. On the occasion in question Tom and Dan had driven to Bushkill, 36 miles, and reached the Rift with full fifty weight of bass in tow. Now, they use an ordinary batteau, and not being ambitious of making brilliant runs, usually carry at treacherous points; but this time they were beset at the head of the falls by one Courtwright, a one-armed pilot of Belvidere, who avowed that "he knew every rock in the Rift," and for one dollar would land them at the foot of the falls safe and dry, or no pay. It being a sultry day they were readily persuaded by the pilot's confidence to the indolent exhilarations of a safe sail through the rapids, rather than the conservative and fatiguing carry. So our one-armed pilot tackled the first or Little Rift, and in about three minutes—or the time that the East Orangefles had run the entire rift—he struck a rock not down on his chart; and, the next position, full suddenly, was he on the bottom of the boat, Dan under it, and Tom with the worst of it, in the current, tangled in the rope of the live box in tow, and the traps aboard on their own hook down the rift. They got to shore by swimming, tumbling and wading, landing with the boat at the head of the Big Rift. Here the chagrined pilot insisted on taking the boat on through, which he did easily; but Tom and Dan preferred to walk. Regarding the time of the run they kept no record, but walking at the ordinary gait of men cool from a ducking, they reached the foot of the rift some two or three minutes ahead of their boat and pilot. They pilot their own boat now, and no special difficulty, and make the run in from fifteen to eighteen minutes, and with lighter craft could make several minutes better time. They would like to see one of the three-minute runs by the foreigners. The official

measurements of the rifts are: Little Foul Rift, 768 ft.; Great Foul Rift, 4,029 ft.; distance from head of Little Rift to foot of Great Rift, 1½ miles.

IS FOUL RIFT DANGEROUS?

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Oct. 15, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Noticed, under the signature of "Magua" (an interesting canoe letter), who, after portraying the terrors of Wells' Falls, expresses doubt as to the possibility of running said falls, without an accident, in a canoe. I am, unfortunately, ignorant of the discussion as to who was the first to descend the Delaware in a canoe. Having all claims to priority, therefore, I would state that in July, '77, a friend and myself, in two canvas canoes—made, with very slight differences, after the *Rob Roy* pattern—when we worked our way up from Easton to Port Jervis, N. J., paddled down the Delaware to within a few miles of Philadelphia. Last summer, too, after spending some time on the Susquehanna, we launched again at Honesdale, on Lackawaxen Creek. Paddling down that rocky little stream to its mouth, we found ourselves on the Delaware, considerably above Port Jervis. From thence we went down the Delaware for the second time, "Wellses" and all, to within a mile or two of our previous stopping place. In neither of these trips did we carry anywhere on the river, and in neither did we meet with any accident beyond shipping some water. At Wells' Falls, to be sure, owing to the unavoidable breakers at the bottom of the shoot, both of us came through pretty wet, but I trust I have shown that the undertaking is not so impossible as "Magua" supposes. I must confess, however, that nothing but necessity could tempt me to shoot the falls in the open Adirondack boat whose only mishap your correspondent so well describes.

FOUL RIFT ON THE DELAWARE.—Says a correspondent: "There is no real difficulty in running the rift, and the natives make a little at the foot of the rifters; and a little grave ridicule of one of the many parties who get ducked by carelessness will not hurt the canoeists in general." Foul Rift promises to become historic in the annals of canoeing, and to have shot the rapids will be the Open Sesame to the canoeists' admiration and a passport into the brotherhood of the Knights of the Paddle.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN OCTOBER.

FRESH WATER.	PICKEREL OR PICKEREL, <i>Esox lucius</i> .
Black Bass, <i>Micropterus salmoides</i> .	Yellow Perch, <i>Perca flavescens</i> .
<i>M. nigricans</i> .	
Muskellunge, <i>Esox nobilis</i> .	
SALT WATER.	SPANISH MACKEREL, <i>Scomber maculatus</i> .
Sea Bass, <i>Sciaenops ocellatus</i> .	from
Striped Bass, <i>Morone americana</i> .	Cero, <i>Cybinus regale</i> .
White Perch, <i>Morone americana</i> .	Blonito, <i>Sardinia pilchardus</i> .
Weakfish, <i>Cynoscion regalis</i> .	Rogito, <i>Merluccius nebulosus</i> .
Bluefish, <i>Pomatomus saltatrix</i> .	

FISH IN MARKET.—RETAIL PRICES.—Bass, 20 cents; smelts, 20; bluefish, 8; salmon, 25; mackerel, 20; weak fish, 10; white perch, 15; Spanish mackerel, 50; green turtle, 15; terrapin, per doz., \$15; halibut, 15; haddock, 6; king fish, 18; codfish, 7; black fish, 15; flounders, 8; sea bass, 18; eels, 18; lobsters, 8; sheephead, 18; scallops per gallon, 18; soft clams, 40 to 75; white fish, 15; pickerel, 18; salmon trout, 15; hard crabs, per 100, \$2.50.

MOVEMENTS OF THE FISHING FLEET.—The number of fishing arrivals reported at the foot of the past week has been 59—15 from the Banks, 27 from Georges, 14 from the Bay St. Lawrence and 3 from Shore mackereling trips. The Bank fleet have averaged light fares, 6 vessels bringing 385,000 lbs. codfish, and 9 vessels 170,000 lbs. halibut. Receipts of Georges codfish, 270,000 lbs. 2,950 blbs. mackerel have been received from the Bay, and 600 blbs. have been landed by the Shore fleet. Mackerel of good quality put in appearance at Fischer's Island after the storm, and several vessels took good fares on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.—*Cape Ann Advertiser*, Oct. 18.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Cohasset, Oct. 19.—Fishing for smelts has been splendid in Weir River, Hingham and Boston Bay. High line for one man, 63 doz., at Kimball's; for two men, 67 doz. I went last week large green turtle, about 75 pounds; did not get him, as I could not kill him with shot, and he would not put his head out of water. B. K., Jr.

VERY LIKE A WHALE.—The fishing schooner *Leona*, of Port Hawkesbury, Cape Breton, which arrived in Portland harbour Saturday morning in tow of the steaming W. H. Scott, when a few miles off the coast discovered a whale floating on the water. It was taken in tow and brought to Portland. The Portland Press says the monster is white with barnacles, is of the megaptera or hump-backed species, and is about eighty feet long. It had a harpoon firmly embedded in its back, and had evidently died from the effects of the wound. It is a right whale, and will probably be towed to one of the islands and the oil extracted.

NEW YORK.—Shelter Island, Oct. 19.—Bunker fishing good lately, and the factories in full operation. The black-fishing, also, has been good, and the fish are still plenty, but the cold season will soon drive them into the mud. We have had no difficulty in catching numbers of them, when we could procure fiddler bait, but the fiddlers are getting scarce.

—E. H. Howell, of Bath, Steuben Co., N. Y., sends some really fine specimens of bass fish which he says are some tied by himself from instructions received from your valuable book, the "Sportsman's Gazetteer." They are what I think an improvement on the "Fowler," and we have had great success with them this season on black bass. A friend of mine, the editor of the Allegany Co. Reporter, having caught as high as 52 fine fish in one day in Hemlock Lake.

—John Klaber and Henry Chandler went fishing in Newark Bay. In the basket they carried a bottle of whiskey. In attempting to disentangle his line Chandler ran a hook into Klaber's thumb, Klaber seized the lines and threw them overboard. Chandler whacked Klaber over the head with the butt end of his fishing rod. Then both clinched and tumbled into the water. They were rescued and reconciled.

PENN.—McVeytown, Oct. 7.—Nearly 2,000 black bass have been caught in the Juniata River at this place this season, showing a large increase over the number taken last year. Joseph Dunn has caught the largest number—about 350—beating Charles Green, the second champion, in a fishing match a few weeks since. Joe, in the vernacular of this neck-o'-woods, is "immense." The fish taken averaged about one pound each. A strange fish was caught on an outline in the Juniata at this place recently, in the following singular manner: An eel had taken a bait and became fastened on a hook, when, it is supposed, the strange fish attempted to swallow it, during which the eel wriggled through the gill of the larger fish and wrapped itself around it, thus securing both the eel and strange fish. It measured in length 28 inches and weighed about five pounds. It is supposed to be a salmon, which fish at one time inhabited these waters. E. J. S.

VIRGINIA.—Richmond, Oct. 19.—Black bass are just beginning to take the hook in this part of the James. Judge Clouton, I. S. Baird, J. W. Bronaugh, Esqrs., and others have caught some very fine ones. All of our fishing is done with live bait or troll, none of our fishermen being able to use a fly (except to catch tree toads and cat tails). Some of your experts should come to our State Fair and show us how to do it. We would be pleased to see them and would treat them well. JAMES RIVER.

Leesburg, Oct. 18.—Until to-day the hand-liners have been taking large strings of large bass. Major Ferguson, with fly, has on several occasions taken in about an hour a half-dozen averaging two pounds. Wm. B. Clagett, at Anli's, took ten, smallest two pounds, largest five pounds eight ounces, the largest taken this season. T. W.

TENNESSEE.—Columbia, Oct. 12.—The drought had nearly spoiled our full fishing, but a refreshing rain of this week saved it, and a party is off for the trout streams next week. Mr. C., while fishing in the river at this place a few days ago, caught two striped bass, the first, it is said, that were caught here. The usual quantity of catfish, drum and buffalo are being caught by river fishermen. VAI.

FLORIDA.—Jacksonville, Oct. 18.—We expect a lively winter. We are promised a direct line to Jacksonville from New York. The first steamer, the Western Texas, is advertised to sail on the 26th. We are to have a first-class new ship and anchor on the route between Charleston and Jacksonville. She is reported to be very fast, and will leave New York at an early date. AL. FRASCO.

Belleville, Canada, Oct. 16.—Fishermen report but poor takes in the bay as yet, though the catch of white fish has been above the average. VAN.

THE BARBLESS FISH HOOK.—Many of our readers will remember how strenuously Mr. Seth Green has advocated the use of the barbles hook, and how much chaff he has drawn upon himself from anglers of the old school and unbelievers. It seems that Messrs. Aul & Co., of Bloomsburg, Pa., became inoculated with his views, and contrived, not merely a hook without a barb, but a spring to prevent a fish from getting off after he is once hooked. Last fall Messrs. Aul sent us specimens of these hooks, asking our opinion of them, and we candidly told them that we took no stock in the invention. Only once or twice since have we heard anything about the hooks until we received, last week, a letter from a Texas friend who speaks in highest praise of them and wishes us to recommend them. This of course we do not do; but if any of our readers wish to test them it will be easy to procure some samples and experiment therewith. Our correspondent recommends Nos. 7 and 8 for black bass and Nos. 4, 5 and 6 for white perch. He says: "You have a hook now that will hold your bass. Let him jump out of the water as high as he pleases, shake as he wishes, run under logs and rear and scotch and pitch, line taut or slack, all to no purpose—he cannot catch the hook."

MIGRATIONS OF FISH.—We have repeatedly spoken of fish being taken along the New England coast of late years which were formerly wholly unknown there, and supposed never to move north of Cape Hatteras. The investigations of the U. S. Fishery Commission under Prof. Baird, disclose a great deal of most valuable information respecting the migrations of fishes, and no doubt of the causes also of such migrations. Our very observant correspondent Concha sends this week some data of value, altogether corroborative of what has been before stated to be ascertained facts. We quote:—

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., Oct. 16, 1875.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Much has been written regarding the annual and occasional migrations of fish, but little has as yet been learned regarding them. Some forty-five years ago I recollect the bluefish, then an unknown species, began to appear, and was called "horse mackerel," and was reputed to be unwholesome. In 1862, when engaged in seining and netting in the waters of New Bedford, I assisted in taking six Spanish mackerels, at that time called "Spanish mackerels," and a number of bluefish, and which in the succeeding year were captured, and on sending to New York, brought the, to us, unheard-of price of one dollar per pound. The increase continued for some time, until within three years hundreds have been taken at a time from the pounds at Wood's Hole, etc. Little more than two years since, a strange fish with large scales was caught here, which no one could name. On sending description and scales to Prof. Baird, he at once called it the "Tarpm" or "Jew-fish." This year many have been caught, and it is almost a daily visitor over fifty pounds each. Pompanos are also getting plenty, and perhaps in a few years Jew-fish and pompano will be a regular fish at our summer hotels. Mr. C. B. Randall caught two striped bass weighing respectively twenty-five and eighteen pounds, Monday, and since the storm of last week quite large quantities averaging ten pounds each have filled our markets. Cod and tautog fishing still good here; scup all gone. CONCHA.

[The scale of the tarpm resembles translucent enamel on all that part over which other scales lap; but the exposed part seems frosted with pure silver, so that a freshly caught fish resembles an immense mass of silver. We have tarpm scales which are as bright as they were twenty years ago.—Ed. F. & S.]

COHASSET NARROWS, July 23, 1875.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

COHASSET NARROWS. He southeast from Boston fifty-four miles, on the Old Colony road. Take your regular bass tackle, which, if possible, should consist of two rods—one short rod, such as is used for trolling in Hell Gate; the other should be longer, much more pliant, but still strong. For the stout rod I would recommend the usual large multi-plying reel, carrying 600 feet of cable-laid line for the large bass. The other reel, for the lighter rod, should carry 100 yards of good linen line, such as used for school bass on Harlem River. Procure several good gut leaders six feet long, a dozen brook trout hooks (also on single gut), some small brass swivels, some split buck shot, some small copper wire, annealed, and some large trolling hooks, large enough to hold a good-sized moss buster for bait, so as to be prepared for hunching.

To reach Cohasset Narrows from New York, any of the Sound boats can be taken. The Fall River Line is the most direct, leaving New York at 5 P. M., and arriving at the Providence depot at 6 the next morning. For fifty cents you take a carriage, with your luggage, to the Old Colony depot, and buy an excursion ticket for Cohasset Narrows for \$3.00. Taking the 5 A. M. train—other trains at 11 A. M. and 4 P. M.—you arrive at your destination 10:17 A. M. At Cohasset Narrows you can usually get comfortable quarters at Parker's, near the depot. At Cohasset Narrows the train breaks up, one part going to Provincetown, the end of Cape Cod, the other to Woods Hole, for Martha's Vineyard, Oak Bluffs and Nantucket.

Your fishing ground is on the railroad bridge, which crosses the Narrows a few rods from your hotel and the railroad depot. The tide, going either way, runs with great rapidity through the bridge, and you take fish in both tides. On this bridge, which is not high, you fish from a comfortable standing place. You will notice most of the fishermen using a light rod with a six-foot leader attached to the line, with a small swivel, and a small hook baited with two shrimps. On their leaders they have two small floats about two feet apart. You hook one shiner from the under, land part of the tail, through the length of the entire body, covering the shank of the hook; the other shrimp hooked from the middle (under part) of the body through the head, entirely covering the hook and lapping the other shrimp. You will find each fisherman provided with a basket of shrimp, from which he occasionally takes a handful and drops them over the edge of the bridge, following these shrimp with his hook until it reaches some eddy. After a short time you ought to strike a bass weighing from one to six pounds or upward. The fish once struck, you proceed to walk toward the shore, while the bass keeps the spring of the rod until you reach the fish. Jos. Hathaway's services can be obtained for a dollar a day, which includes bait and the fish taken during the day, and the use of his fish car, keeping the fish alive.

Should you wish to fish in any of the ponds that abound in this vicinity, which are full of black bass and other fish, I think Mr. Hathaway, Sr., could be induced for a reasonable consideration to take you to these ponds with his horse and comfortable wagon.

For the larger striped bass you have your stout rod and your strong hook, baited with an eel or a menhaden. The larger fish are taken either at night, and run from twenty yards and upward. When the tide is ebb, out you can take your stout rod, and with your strong hook attached to your line, with a swivel and copper, or otherwise baited with any kind of fish, you try for bluefish, and you find rare sport; for a blue fish ten pounds weight on a rod, with plenty of room, is sport indeed. Bluefish are taken every day from three to twelve pounds, and perhaps larger, but I took a number of eight-pounds weight.

Should you tire of fishing you can do as I did: take a run down to Provincetown and you will be paid for your trip. Should you wish to go out in the bay—for Cohasset Narrows is the extension of Buzzards Bay—you can get a good boat and skipper for a reasonable price and fish for bluefish, or anchor for squeteague or weakfish, rock bass, etc. You can get an excellent boat from Mr. Smalley. This Doctor.

We regret that this letter was not published when written last July, as its appearance then would have been more timely. Its omission was an oversight.—Ed. F. & S.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Communications.

A. B., Phila.—See answer to T. C. S. in this column.

H. J. J., Philadelphia.—We would not advocate breeding from a dog and bitch of the same litter.

H. D. K., Passaic, N. J.—William Perkins, of London, Eng., made one mile in 6:23, in June 1875.

W. F. P., Lexington, Va.—The prepared food for goldfish is a wafer of cake. Can be obtained from Greenwood, 11½ College Place; Bagot, 31 Fulton st., and probably from any drug store.

P. H. R., Stoneham, Warren Co., Pa.—What is the name of the bird I send you? Have never seen one like it in this vicinity before. Ans. It is the ordinary Virginia rail (*Actitis virginianus*).

G. S., New Castle, Del.—I shot at a 30-inch circle, 45 yards, with 3½ drachms of common powder, 1½ oz. of No. 8 shot, and it put within the circle 240 pellets. Ans. Remarkably good.

J. P. H., Boston.—Can you inform me if any No. 8 cartridges for breech-loaders are made in this country, and if so where they are to be procured? Ans. There are none made in this country.

CATAMARAN, Mobile, Ala.—Working place of either a Terreshoff, or home-made double-hull boat will be sent you upon receipt of \$4 each, or \$7 for both. This includes specifications, rig and instructions.

N. K. I., Boston.—The Remingtons, Parkers, and others sell an excellent gun for about \$45, which we think will answer your purpose. Sometimes a second-hand gun of superior quality can be bought at a low figure.

J. W., Le Roy.—Is deer shooting prohibited in Pennsylvania, and for how long? Ans. Open season Oct. 1 to Dec. 16. Act passed May, 1875. In Pike County deer shooting is prohibited for three years from 1st day of October, 1874.

J. K. S., Phila.—Can you let me know the title of the book written by the Duke Alexis on his return home after his first visit, and where can I obtain a copy? Ans. We do not believe that any such book was written, or, if at all, for general circulation.

G. F. L., Bridgeport.—Can you give me or refer me to the source from which I can obtain the description of the operation of removing the ovaries from paps? Ans. You will find the information you want in No. 28, Vol. VIII. of this journal, issue of June 23, 1877.

H. F. T., Concord.—Please give me the name of some cheap book on breech-loading shotguns, and how to load them, etc.? Ans. W. W. Greener's "Modern Choke Bore" and "Breech-Loaders," by Glean, are good books. The first costs \$2.50. We can send them to you.

JAMES—Houghton, Osgood & Co., of Boston, are the publishers of Judge Catton's book on the "Antelope and Deer of America."

T. D. McC., Middletown, Ct.—Where can I get a hunting book that is light and easy to the feet that is well-kept, except rabbit? Ans. We have heard the hunting book made by Thomson & Son, whose advertisement appears in another column, spoken highly of. The alligator skin boots, also advertised, are good.

A. A. P., Hipon, Va.—Would you be so kind as to let me know the price of Wilson snipe on the 14th inst.? I sent four dozen to Knapp & Van Nostrand. They quoted them at \$1.75 per dozen. Is that correct? I see that they have been all along quoted in your paper at \$3. Ans. We give the selling and not the buying price.

G. H., Jr., East Orange, N. J.—I have a 12-gauge gun weighing 8½ lbs. Will you please inform me what is the correct load for it in quail shooting, and what size shot; also, best way to load for ducks? Ans. For quails, 3½ drs. powder, 1½ oz. No. 9 shot, or No. 8 late in the season; for ducks, 4 drs. powder, 1½ oz. No. 4 shot.

C. F. T., Landsdowne.—I have a muskiff puppy aged three months that has dew claws. Will you kindly inform me when it is best to cut them off and how? Ans. It should be done immediately. Use a pair of sharp scissors; after dividing the skin draw the dew claw to one side before detaching it, so that the skin may afterwards cover the wound.

B., East-Jaffrey.—The actions of the two guns mentioned are about equal in durability and safety. A 12-gauge, 30-in., 8½ lbs., right barrel moderate choke, left full choke, would be a serviceable gun for general shooting. Wire cartridges and buck shot should not be used in anything except a cylinder bore. Many choke-boreds have been ruined by forgetting this rule.

W. L. A., New Bedford.—I want to ask your opinion as to the trapping in the Dismal Swamp, and if there are any beaver in the vicinity of Lake Drummond, and if it would be practicable to go from Norfolk in a boat large enough to live in through the winter? Ans. Bears, partridges, deer, coon, otters, etc. We are not sure about beaver. You can fit out at Norfolk with everything you require.

T. M. G., Woodstock, Ohio.—I want to buy a good gun: 1. Can I do better, all things considered, than the Parker; my shooting is almost exclusively ducks and quail; an thinking of a 10-lb., No. 10, full choke? 2. Can I do better in choice for my kind of shooting? Ans. 1. An excellent gun. 2. A 1½ oz. 8-lb., 12-gauge gun would be better for quail and general shooting; 10-bore for ducks.

J. M. F.—I have a Gordon setter puppy 4 months old. His forelegs have become bowed and the upper joints seem to turn out, while the lower joints seem to turn in a terribly awkward manner. Ans. Your puppy has the "rickets." You can do nothing for him. By careful feeding and attention the bending of the legs and the enlarged joints may disappear, but the chances are against it.

F. P. R., Princeton, Mo.—Where can I purchase a bound volume for deer hunting in our Maine forests? What is the best dog for partridge Ans. Breeders of hounds from whom you might want one, what you want are: Isaac Weigelt, Rochester, N. Y.; L. M. Wooden, same place; Howard & Benham, Glen Cove, N. Y. A small set better makes a good partridge (ruffed grouse) dog, but should be broken on these birds.

G. H. P., Saginaw, Mich.—For a thousand miles ride what make of saddle is the best? Ans. The Eureka (Cat) saddle is what Texas Jack uses. He says the best man to ask is Peralto. There is a most excellent saddle made at Austin, Texas. The McEllen saddle is the best easily available. It depends whether you ride on prairie or mountain what saddle is the best. You want high horn and cantle for mountains.

HARRY HUNTER, Providence, R. I.—What is the proper charge of Dittmar powder for a 7 pound 14 cal. muzzle-loading shot-gun? Also for a 10 pound 10 cal. ditto, and also for a 7 pound 12 cal. breech-loader for quail and ducks? Where and at what price can I obtain it? Ans. For the No. 14, 3 drs. by measure; for the No. 12, 3½ drs. by measure, and for the No. 10, 4 drs. by measure. The powder can be had from H. C. Squires, No. 1 Corlandt st., this city; price 81¢ per can.

L. R. R., Lebanon, Ct.—1. A 14 gun, 12 gauge 30 inch barrels 8½ lbs., left barrel choke and right barrel modified choke, adapted for shooting quail, ducks, quail, hare, etc. 2. What food is best for young dogs? 3. Of what does the "Sportsman's Gazetteer" treat? 4. Will Sturtevant's moveable-sight shot at the Parker gun? Ans. 1. Yes. 2. Scraps from the table. 3. It is an encyclopedia of sport, treating of shooting, fishing, natural history, dogs, resorts for sportsmen, etc., etc. 4. Yes.

A. W., Nashua, N. H.—On the second day of July last, at Lake Wilmisauksee, N. H., we put an eel weighing about three pounds into a box sunk in the lake, six or seven inches long, 24 deep, 22 wide, with just opening enough to let the water in. On Oct. 4 we found the eel alive and in good condition. It had not one particle of food in the time. Ans. Your eel might live to be a Yethu-alah among his kindred, under such attentive care. No doubt he found plenty of food in the water that flowed through the box.

X. C. D., Attica, N. Y.—1. Have a Moore & Co. 10 bore gun, 20 in. barrels, 9½ lbs. Damascus steel, etc. Is the make a good one? 2. I have made the following targets, using 3½ drs. powder, 1½ oz. No. 10 shot, at a 30 in. circle. Are they fair targets? 3. What would be a good target at 40 yds? What loading would give the best results? Ans. 1. Yes, if the gun is a genuine one. 2. As there are 1,047 pellets in 1½ oz. No. 10 shot the targets are fair. 3. About 600 pellets. 4. 4 drs. powder, 1½ oz. shot.

T. W. H., Danville, Pa.—I am the owner of a white Gordon gyp, very finely bred, and of pure blood. A friend of mine owns a black and tan Gordon dog, and claims there are no Gordon dogs except the black and tan with strip of white down the breast. How is it? Ans. Your friend is wrong. There are "Gordon" dogs with a preponderance of white. At English dog shows there is no classification for "Gordon" dogs, but one for "black and tans," and a pure Gordon might have to go in the English setter class.

A. W., Toledo.—Yacht racing is governed in England by a regular official set of rules devised by the Yacht Racing Association, an organization similar to our National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, in America each club issues its own rules; but with trifling exceptions they correspond to those abroad and to the Rules of the Royal Yacht Association. You will find the full of these in "Hallow's Club List," price 50 cents, for sale at this office; or can order you a book of the Yacht Racing Association from England upon receipt of 75 cents.

G. L. J., Ausable Forks, Essex Co., N. Y.—1. Is the Moore (London) muzzle-loading shotgun (D. H.) reliable? 2. What is the proper load for said gun, 12 bore? 3. Is the following a fair pattern with above gun? With 3 drs. powder, 1 oz. No. 8 shot; distance 40 yds., 161 pellets in 3 in. target? 4. Ans. When Moore was alive his guns were second to none. It is the custom now to send many trade guns with his name. 2. You do not give the weight of your gun. It may be anything from six pounds to ten, and the charge would vary accordingly. 3. Yes, better than fair.

H. S., Erie, Pa.—Does all Dittmar powder lose its strength after being loaded a while? I loaded snipe shells with it last June. In shooting them last week at a board fence the shot would rattle off like hail, making no penetration. Ans. If you had re-reamed your shells they would probably have done as well as at first. With this powder everything depends upon loading; the wad must fit snug upon the powder, and in old shells they very likely work loose. Remove the shot from some of your cartridges, break the wads firmly down, and try them, and let us know the result.

J. W. B., Boston, Mass.—Please tell me how to tan buckskin so it will be suitable for clothing? Ans. Buckskins are made by rubbing off the hair while the skin is fresh, or after soaking in a weak lye; then dress with the brains of any animal, by mashing them into a paste with hot water, which rub thoroughly into the flesh side, and then hang the skin to dry. Ans. and add: You are very good, though care should be taken not to use too much salt, as it causes the skin afterward to absorb moisture too readily. Smoking the skin after dressing gives it a fine velvet finish.

M. B. F., Monticomb, Ala.—I have a pointer pup 12 mos. old, whose eyes are inflamed and running water; he also has a breaking out of yellow patches on his belly on the right side next to his hind leg; his appetite continues good up till now. Ans. Your description of the symptoms is too indefinite. The dog probably wants an alterative. We should give him a pill composed of podophyllin, 5 gr.; compound rhubarb pill 3 grs. Mix and give once or twice a week. If the breaking out extends, give him six drops Fowler's Solution of Arsenic twice a day for a week or ten days.

T. W. A., Knoxville, Tenn.—What is the proper distance to handicap a No. 10 gun over a No. 12 at glass balls from single trap at 18 yards rise? The Long Island rules at birds. If I am not mistaken, handicap three yards at 21 yards rise. Some of our sportsmen claim that if both guns are loaded with 1½ oz. shot, that the No. 10 gun has no advantage. Ans. Where equal charges of both powder and shot are used, the 10-gauge gun has no advantage, and should not be handicapped. When the charge of powder is unlimited the 10 gauge gun, being presumably heavier, should be put back three yards. It is assumed that the charge of shot is limited to 1½ oz.

E. L. F., Baton Rouge, La.—1. Where can I get shells for a hunting rifle loaded with Dittmar powder. Can such shells be bought loaded with Dittmar, and do they cost any more than the black powder shell? 2. There is a cartridge made for a sporting rifle 50 cal, 100 grs. powder and 475 lead. What make of rifle takes this cartridge? It is the best powder and shot I've seen in an American rifle for killing game, but would you not consider it too tremendous? Ans. 1. You will have to load them yourself. Cost somewhat more. 2. The heavy cartridges are no doubt for the Sharp's buffalo rifle. With a weight of 16 pounds in the rifle the recoil is not very great.

A. M. C., 7th Regt.—What game is to be found in the vicinity of Laramie, Wyoming Territory, say around the waters of the Laramie and Little Laramie rivers? I intend to go there in the spring, and wish to know what game to choose? Ans. Deer, two kinds, elk, antelope, bears, mountain sheep, mountain lions, goats, sandhill cranes, ducks, snipe, enowhen, trout in the Black Hills streams, big, perch, catfish, suckers, bull heads, are all contained within the limits of Laramie County. For full hints on mountain shooting, choice of guns, game resorts, etc. see Hallow's "Sportsman's Gazetteer."

T. C. S.—My pup three months old throws up food as soon as eaten. What is the matter? Nose good and does not get overcast; it gets tight. If he has worms what is the dose of area nut to give him? Ans. Probably worms. The dose of area nut is 2 grs. for each pound of the dog weighs, to be given fasting and followed in a few hours by a dose of castor oil. We should prefer, however, giving him one grain of castor oil for three successive days. It is possible your puppy has slight inflammation of the stomach. A teaspoonful of castor oil with three or four drops of laudanum in it might relieve him.

F. F. E., N. Y.—1. Will fine powder in shot-gun scatter the shot more than coarser powder when the shot is propelled by latter with same force? 2. Having proved the proper quantity of fine powder to use does it require more of coarse grain to get the same penetration? 3. Is there less recoil with coarse powder where equal penetration is obtained? Ans. 1. We are inclined to think that from the quicker ignition the shot would be scattered more with fine powder than with coarse. The fact could be easily determined by experiment. 2. It would probably require more by measure. 3. Yes, owing to the ignition being more gradual; or rather the recoil would probably be felt less.

A. A. N. Y.—We can only infer from your description that your dog has something like paralysis, caused perhaps by overfeeding. We would suggest to you to bathe his legs with a liniment composed of laudanum, liquid ammonia, spirits of turpentine and Loap liniment, of each ¼ oz., mixed. The only internal treatment we can suggest is the following somewhat empirical one, but which has been found efficacious in many cases: Score a red herring with a knife, and well rub 2 drs. of it; give every morning on an empty stomach, and keep the dog without other food for two hours after. Vigorous hand rubbing may relieve him.

J. W. P., Chillicothe, O.—1. Is Wm. Moore, London, considered a reliable maker of double-barreled breech-loaders? 2. What is the reputation of Francotte and other French makers? 3. Of the names just mentioned whose gun would you choose, everything considered? 4. Would an 18 in., 12 bore be suitable for upland shooting and an occasional shot? Ans. 1. As Wm. Moore died about the time breech-loaders came in vogue, he can hardly be considered a good maker of them at the present day. 2. We have had no experience with French breech-loaders. The old Lefauchaux was father of them all, but we do not know if they are at present made. 3. We should prefer an English make. 4. Yes.

AN ILL, Wilmington, N. C.—1. Will the use of Fowler's Solution (5 to 10 drops three times a day) so affect a dog as to lessen his capacity for work during time medicine is given? 2. Would you advise the use of any external remedy in connection with the solution for sore throat or mange? 3. Will 10 drops three times a day produce nausea and congestion of the eyes? Ans. 1. Probably not, but a dog requiring medicine of any kind should not be worked hard, but given only moderate exercise. 2. For mange we would, but not for sore throat beyond a good washing with Spratt's soap. 3. Yes, and is altogether too much; for an ordinary dog 3 drops twice a day is plenty; in a bad case it could be gradually increased to 10 or even 12.

INQUIRER, Huntington, Tenn.—1. What variety of foxes are natives of Europe? 2. When and by whom were the first red foxes imported into America? 3. Is the common gray fox a native of America? 4. How many different species of the fox have we in America? 5. Where is the black and where is the silver fox to be found? Ans. 1. The red fox (*Vulpes vulpes*) and the Arctic fox (*Vulpes lagopus*). 2. It introduced into America about 1840, and there seems to be some doubt about the middle of the eighteenth century. 3. Yes. 4. Six species, besides several varieties. 5. Black fox and silver fox are synonymous terms. The black fox is a variety of the red fox, and may be found wherever that species abounds. It is perhaps most often taken in the Arctic regions, but is, of course, extremely rare.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INDICATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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To Correspondents.

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NEW DIRECT STEAMSHIP LINE FROM NEW YORK TO JACKSONVILLE.—The Jacksonville Yacht Club, the Artillery Company and the City Council of Jacksonville, Florida, have arranged a suitable reception for the first incoming vessel of Mallory's new steamship line from New York to Jacksonville direct. Her name is the *Western Texas*, and she will probably sail on the 30th inst. The officers of the vessel will be entertained by the Yacht Club at their club-house. This line will doubtless prove to be most serviceable to sportsmen going to Florida, as they can ship their boats, dogs, decoys, tents and other impedimenta direct and cheaply. Ammunition, fixed and loose, can be obtained at Pittman's in Jacksonville as cheaply as anywhere at the North, and carefully selected to suit the game to be found there. He is supplied by Schuyler, Hatley & Graham, of this city.

—The Delevan House, at Albany is the favorite stopping place of sportsmen returning from the North Woods. The Messrs. Leland are the kind of gentlemen that sportsmen like to meet. The reputation of this house is founded upon its liberal management, excellent cuisine and the constant efforts of both Messrs. Chas. E. and Warren F. Leland to make their guests comfortable and satisfied. Their latest enterprise is the manufacture of their own gas from crude petroleum, by what is known as the "Haulon Process." This gas is fully double the illuminating power of ordinary coal gas at about one-fourth the cost. DeL.

DUCK SHOOTING AT NIAGARA FALLS.—A correspondent in our game column to-day gives some interesting facts about shooting ducks in the great gorge below Niagara Falls, where they become bewildered by the noise and the spray.

—A poultice of bruised peach leaves, applied twice a day, is said to be a magic cure for wounds of nails in the feet of man or beast.

LORD DUFFERIN.

ON the 19th inst. there sailed from the Canadian shore the most popular representative that Great Britain has ever sent to one of her dependencies. With great executive ability Lord Dufferin possessed in an eminent degree the rare faculty of making himself universally beloved and respected by the people over whom he was sent to rule. Probably the great secret of his success was that, coupled with his intimate knowledge of men, he possessed in a remarkable degree a versatility that makes him at once author, statesman, traveler and sportsman, together with a sympathetic temperament and the faculty of attracting popularity, while retaining all the dignity attendant upon his rank and official position. We think it was in 1859 that a pleasant book, bearing the title of "Letters from High Latitudes," appeared with Lord Dufferin's name attached as author, and immediately achieved great popularity. The book was a gossip narrative, describing a yachting expedition to Iceland and Jan Meyen, but the account was so graphic and the story so well told that it stamped the author as a man of no ordinary genius or capability. To us who were so familiar with this book in those days, and who had watched his career with interest, it seemed as though an old friend had been appointed when, in 1872, the Gladstone administration nominated him as Governor-General of Canada.

Lord Dufferin's success in Canada was immediate and thorough. The people loved him none the less that he identified himself with their lives, their pursuits and their amusements, while the country recognized his policy of government as one which was to, and did, harmonize party dissensions and confer great and lasting benefits. Leaving Canada as he did with the good will of all, was evidence of the tact and skill with which he had governed.

In his capacity as sportsman and traveler Lord Dufferin commands our highest admiration. As the former, he has tracked the moose through the pathless forests of Manitoba, and has caught the lordly salmon in the river which he rented for his personal use, but which he was always ready to place at the service of his friends. His wife, the Countess, is also an expert with the salmon rod and, we believe, with the rifle. During his term of office Lord Dufferin visited every portion of the Dominion from Prince Edward's Island to British Columbia, and made himself thoroughly acquainted with the products and peculiarities of each province and with the wants of the people. Everywhere he met with the same hearty reception and endeared himself to the people. His social qualities added largely to his popularity. His lavish hospitality and the splendid entertainments given at Rideau Hall were in strong contrast with the mode of life of his predecessor in office, and established a court which brought back to the memories of those of the ancient *regime* the splendors of the days of the old French governors. Almost a cosmopolitan himself, Lord Dufferin was well calculated to meet the peculiarities of Canadian society, and during his first winter became proficient in curling, snow-shoeing, skating and tobogganing. He was also, we are happy to say, a reader of FOREST AND STREAM, as are many of the highest officials of Canada. It will be long before the Dominion will again have so popular a Governor, and as the steamer which bears him home plows its way through the waters, thousands of hearty God-speeds follow her and her precious freight.

IS THE SLOOP SEAWORTHY?

"IS it not really a shame that even our largest sloops cannot make a match at sea?" This was the remark of a gentleman, made within our hearing, upon reading the report of the recent attempt of *Vision* and *Gracie*, two sixty-ton sloops, to test their sailing qualities in a slashing breeze and sea. Their object was praiseworthy enough, but to any one acquainted with rough-water sailing, and the requirements of a thoroughly capable sea boat, the probabilities of successfully accomplishing a twenty-mile course dead to windward and return, in a tumble of a sea outside the Hook, looked problematical enough. However, the sloops in question put in an appearance after a full overhauling and as thorough preparations for the rough weather expected as shipcarpenters, riggers and skippers knew how. When they found a single reef-breeze and a moderately steep sea awaiting them it turned out a rather discomfiting experience, as they learned that no amount of preparation and care could possibly atone for a radically faulty model and inadequate rig for the work the craft were to be put through. Hardly had the sloops settled down to their task, when away went *Gracie*'s iron work, and spare blocks being a scarcity abroad, the boatswain's locker evidently having been poorly looked after, it became unfortunately a matter of necessity to ease off for home. This was to be regretted, as her excess of depth and what meagre claims she possessed in a very moderate degree to being considered good at outside work, never even had a chance of coming into play.

But if *Gracie* was thus early out of the match and bound for the doctor's shop, *Vision* had all the better show, and one might have expected that under easy canvas she would have readily made the course. However, her unseaworthy model and rig proved a much more serious obstacle than *Gracie*. Of course there was some sea on, but nothing like what those aboard this smooth-water craft imagined; nor was there anything in the weather to justify the notion that the sloop "was too small" for the work out. Imagine an English 60 "too small" for a single-reef breeze! Such a craft across the seas would soon be cut up for firewood. *Vision* went at it in

business-like style, smashing her head into the green ones as they came along, making a terrible fuss over it and very little headway. Talk of cutters being diving bells, we never saw one take such solid water aboard as did this sloop. To watch her labor was almost painful, and ere long it became evidently a question of time when something had to give way. Finally she put around, unable to stand it any longer and with a free sheet was scudded for shelter, her bowsprit gone close to the knightheads, and this in spite of bobstays as numerous as the strings on Erin's harp.

Such is the record of our two largest sloops in their latest venture in open water, a repetition of many a similar one before, fraught with like results. To characterize *Vision*'s performance in this and other such misadventured attempts to keep the sea, in the mildest term, is to call it farcical. The exhibitions in rough water of this and other sloops—for *Vision* is, after all, a representative of the smooth-water racer—would be disappointing in the extreme were it not for the hope they instill that sooner or later the crying shortcomings of our present style of craft will lead—force, we should say—yachtsmen into a course more creditable to themselves and their craft and more in consonance with the higher aims of the sport.

Strange that among the larger sloops progress in direction of the snug cutter-rig should be so slow, a good deal like a fly backing out of a molasses jug; first one leg, then the other, and so on. When *Vision* came out she cruised in the sloop-rig in all its primitive clumsiness and lubberly unhandiness. Then we saw a housing topmast shipped aloft in place of the hideous broom-handle pole of the oyster smack, and this season still another step in advance: her big jib cut up into fore-sail and jib, as it should have been the first day she left the ways. Is it too much to expect that after all the exasperating disappointments, with her and others of the kind, with so many slips between the cup and the lip, we may see them out next spring with a running stick over their nose and shifting jibs, so much preferable to the heavy standing spars now in vogue, without particular aim, hampering and dangerous in spite of multitudinous bobstays? With a running bowsprit *Vision* could have made the course in her match with *Gracie* and would have landed a fine piece of silverware for her enterprising owners with safety, perhaps, even if not with comfort or speed. Change your rig to the cutter, go to sea, and an abler model will very soon follow.

SUBSTITUTES FOR CURRENCY.—In certain sections of the United States and Canada coin and currency are very scarce, and many substitutes are used in barter and traffic. For instance, in the mining regions bags of gold dust are used; in the fur-bearing districts, beaver pelts; on the coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland, fresh, pickled and smoked salmon, mackerel, cod oil and seal skins; on the plains, buffalo robes, ponies and beads; in East Tennessee, bars of iron; in Maine, bunches of shingles, called cedar coin. To illustrate—1 gal. of cod oil equals 50 cents; 2 gallons, 1 fresh salmon; 8 salmon, 1 barrel of mackerel; or 1 beaver pelt is \$1; 8 pelts, 1 buffalo robe; 2 robes, 1 pony; 4 ponies, 1 squaw. And the same with the other substitutes specified. The natives adapt themselves to the necessities of the case and the hour, although indifferent to greenback or fiat money arguments and squabbles.

TRAINED HORSES.—No better example of the extent to which the natural intelligence of the horse may be carried by tuition and careful training can be found than in the exhibition at the Aquarium in this city. Here are nearly a dozen horses, all thoroughbreds from the best stables of Kentucky, who, in the short space of five months, have been taught the most difficult tricks. The credit of this experiment is due to Messrs. Reich Brothers, proprietors of the Aquarium, who sent to Kentucky, with *carrie blanche* to buy what he pleased, Mr. Oscar, who will be remembered as the exhibitor of the trained Trakene Stallions when they first appeared with Barnum's circus. The horses being purchased and brought here, they were taken to Coney Island and trained. They are well worth a visit.

Trained horses are the rage now. With Barnum's "Greatest Show on Earth," now at Gilmore's Garden, there are some fifteen or twenty trained stallions. A feat which attracted much attention when it was first brought out in Paris—Count Patrizio catches with his hands a cannon ball as it is fired from a veritable cannon. Fish, the champion bare-back rider of the world, is also with the Barnum troupe, and, from the crowds which visit the Garden nightly, it would seem as though Mr. Barnum's high-sounding title for his show was warranted.

OCTOBER ON LONG ISLAND.—Let none of our readers neglect to read the beautifully descriptive idyl of the now venerable Isaac McLean, which appears in our issue this week. The writer's style is similar to Whittier's, while nothing could be more literally true to nature than his marvelous word painting. Besides, each of his poems contains more information of the habits of creatures and animate objects than some volumes of natural history do.

—The *Poultry World*, of Hartford, Vt., is publishing some exquisitely colored lithographs of domestic fowls of all breeds. The set will well repay the trifling cost of purchase.

—And pretty soon we shall begin to hear of the Eddys' on Light-house on this side of the Atlantic!

From conversations with Mr. Darling and others, I am satisfied that the experience of "M. V. H." and Mr. A. H. Thomas, as stated in their letters, found in your issue of Aug. 29, is correct. Hunting deer with dogs has little or no tendency to drive them out of a particular locality. During my extended travels in Maine for several years, I have been informed that the experience of those who hunt deer is uniform. The deer, when chased by dogs, do not leave the locality in which they are started, but after being driven for a long distance, invariably return at the end of two or

FOREST AND STREAM will be sent for fractions of a year as follows: Six months, \$2; three months, \$1. To clubs of two or more, \$3 per annum.

day afternoon, in which the success of experiments with the Shelton auxiliary rifle barrel. The auxiliary consists of a barrel some 30 inches long, formed at the breech like a shell so as to fit snugly in the chamber of a fowling-piece. There is an adjustable bearing at the muzzle of this barrel, so that it is in close contact with the barrel of the fowling-piece, which can be slipped in or taken out. It can be carried in the belt without the slightest inconvenience, and when large game presents itself to the ordinary hunter who is provided with one of the patent rifle barrels, the fowling piece can be easily transformed into a long rifle. The experiments yesterday were varied and successful, and the results were most encouraging and thorough. The achievements of Dr. Carver were fairly varied in flying shots by ex-Judge Blydenburgh, while the long range shots at a target by Mr. Clark H. Shelton were astonishing.

wind from the firing points bothering the marksmen. Four matches were carried through, the leading scores standing:

supper by the vanquished at the Biddle House, after which they left the same night for Chicago. Below is the full score and analysis:

PENINSULARS—FIRST INNINGS.

Francis, c Garrett, b Allan.....	6	Hyman, b Allan.....	0
Damford, b Spofforth.....	0	Van Allan, c Gregory, b Allan.....	0
Johnson, b Spofforth.....	0	Littlejohn, c Bailey, b Spofforth.....	0
Dale, b Allan.....	0	Nevill, c Gregory, b Allan.....	0
Hinchman, b Spofforth.....	0	Montford, c Banerman, b Allan.....	1
Davis, c Banerman, b Allan.....	3	Uridge, not out.....	2
Armstrong, b Spofforth.....	0	Uridge, not out.....	2
Calvert, c Garrett, b Spofforth.....	0	McLoughlin, b Spofforth.....	0
Powell, b Allan.....	0	Reeves, b Spofforth.....	2
White, c Banerman, b Allan.....	3	Lee, b Spofforth.....	2
Irvine, c Horan, b Spofforth.....	2		

Total.....34

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.
Spofforth.....	22	9	26	9
Allan.....	21	18	6	9

Umpires.—Peter Young and A. Bannerman.

Umpires—Potor Young and A. Banerman.

AUSTRIANS—FIRST INNINGS.

Banerman, c Powell, b Fran.....	22	Boyle, b Dale.....	22
Murdock, b Littlejohn.....	29	Allan, c Davis, b Francis.....	19
Horan, run out.....	18	Gregory, not out.....	13
Spofforth, c Calvert, Dale.....	18	Conway, c Littlejohn, b Fran.....	0
Bailey, b Francis.....	20	Byes 9, leg byes 7, wides 4.....	0
Blackham, b Francis.....	5	no balls 2.....	22

Total.....181

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.
Dale.....	41	21	84	2
White.....	20	6	31	0
Littlejohn.....	29	12	33	1
Francis.....	34 & 1 ball 14		14	6
Reeves.....	5	4	1	0
Armstrong.....	11	4	12	0
Montford.....	3	1	4	0
Van Allan.....	2	1	2	0
Bamford.....	1	1	—	0

White bowled 3 no balls. Reeves bowled 1 wide. Mountford bowled 3 wide.

PENINSULARS—SECOND INNINGS.

Uridge, b Garrett.....	0	Irvine, c Blackham, Gregory 9	0
Francis, b Garrett.....	14	McLoughlin, b Gregory.....	0
White, b Garrett.....	0	Calvert, c Gregory, Spofforth.....	24
Dale, c Bailey, Gregory.....	2	Armstrong, c Allan, Gregory.....	2
Neville, b Gregory.....	1	Davis, c Banerman.....	14
Hinchman, c Blackham, Gar.....	0	Van Allan, b Allan.....	14
rest.....	0	Johnson, run out.....	0
Powell, c Blackham, Gregory 0	0	Montford, not out.....	0
Littlejohn b Gregory.....	0	Reeves, b Spofforth.....	0
Hyman, b Garrett.....	4	Byes 3, leg byes 3.....	6

Total.....81

BOWLING ANALYSIS.				
	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.
Garrett.....	13	6	15	6
Gregory.....	16	4	26	7
Bannerman.....	10	2	15	1
Spofforth.....	10 & 2 balls	4	13	2
Allan.....	5	2	8	1

—The Staten Island and Manhattan Cricket Clubs played the return match of the first eleven on Saturday, the 19th inst., at Camp Washington, Staten Island. The score is appended:

MANHATTAN.

First Inning.	Second Inning.
H S Makin, b Sprague.....	5 b w, b Sprague.....
J Rogan, c Duce, b Stevens.....	2 1 b w, b Stevens.....
H Tucker, c Kessler, b Stevens.....	1 1 b w, b Stevens.....
W Brewster, run out.....	4 not out.....
C Hayward, b Stevens.....	6 b Stevens.....
B F Jenkins, not out.....	8 b Sprague.....
C L Middleton, b Sprague.....	10 b Sprague.....
E G Ames, b Sprague.....	0 b Sprague.....
S Edmunds, absent.....	0 b Stevens.....
C Chippendale, absent.....	0 c sub, b Stevens.....
Leg-byes, 2; wides, 1.....	3 Byes, 11; wides, 1.....
Total.....	32 Total.....

Total.....32 Total.....60

Fall of Wickets.

First Inning.	Second Inning.
C W Banco, 1 b w, b Brewster.....	obstructing field.....
25	4
C W Stevens, c and b Rogan.....	c Jenkins, b Makin.....
4	5
C M Dodge, c Brewster, b Rogan.....	b Brewster.....
0	3
J J Eyre, c Brewster, b Rogan.....	c Brewster, b Makin.....
3	2
J Duer, b Rogan.....	c Jenkins, b Makin.....
0	0
P W Kessler, b Brewster.....	c Brewster, b Makin.....
13	5
W H Davidge, c and b Brewster.....	

Total.....70 Total.....45

Fall of Wickets.

INNINGS.

1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
First.....	8	9	18	14	13	32	32	—	—
Second.....	3	2	31	21	43	61	69	—	—

Umpires—Messrs. Smith and White.

—The St. Georges Club of this city defeated the newly formed Albany Club at Albany in one inning, with ninety runs to spare, on Saturday last. There was a large attendance.

ARCHERY.

NEW BRUNSWICK AMATEUR ARCHERS.—Mr. Editor: Archery, now so popular, seems destined to become all the rage in the future. Its hold upon those who enjoy out-door sports will last longer than the reign of the rifle, for the reason that the fair sex are among the participants and can take an active share in the sport the same as in croquet. The best judges of field sports well know that the game of croquet would never have lived a season were it not for the mingling of the sexes, and thus it is that archery, a far more pleasant pastime than croquet, advances with strides and reaches the popular taste. Many ladies have become experts already in handling the bow,

and in many instances cause their friends of the sterner sex to blush. There are to be found many fine marksmen among the gentlemen members of clubs in and around New York. Several matches have been shot this season and have been enjoyed by the participants. Next season we predict a large accession to the clubs now existing. An amateur match at 30 yards was shot at New Brunswick, N. J. Saturday, Oct. 5. The following are some of the scores: Wm. Asien, 120; Wm. Maller, 98; Herbert Asien, 140; J. O'Blake, (f Brooklyn, 189.

PENNSYLVANIA—Titusville, Oct. 21.—The archery season has probably closed its doors, and we are to wait until next season and hope to bring into the field men and ladies who shall draw the bow with such certain aim that our readers may look for some very fine scores from us. We think, as young archers, that our first season's shooting is well up. The closing contest between our two teams came off on Wednesday, Oct. 16. A strong wind was blowing and our arrows drifted somewhat. A large crowd was present, and considerable interest was manifested at the final contest of the season. Ten ends were shot at 40 yards. Following is the score:

WILLIAM TELLS.

	Hits.	Total.
Capt Tuck.....	26	110
Eastland.....	30	104
Porter.....	25	113
Total.....	417	

ROBIN HOODS.

	Hits.	Total.
Capt Webber.....	25	101
Marsh.....	23	150
Farwell.....	24	98
Total.....	349	

J. W. WEBBER.

Total.....417

LEADERS.—Chicago, Oct. 18.—Chicago and Des Moines archery—target, 4ft. As each club has won one game, a third and final match will be necessary, which will be shot next week. The gradual increased scores at each match show an improvement in target practice which is encouraging to the lovers of archery in this vicinity:

Total.....349

J. W. WEBBER.

ILLINOIS—Chicago, Oct. 19.—Chicago and Des Moines archery—target, 4ft. As each club has won one game, a third and final match will be necessary, which will be shot next week. The gradual increased scores at each match show an improvement in target practice which is encouraging to the lovers of archery in this vicinity.

CHICAGO CLUBS.

Names.	(60 yds.)	(40 yds.)	(30 yds.)	(Total)
Spaulding.....	16	55	30	101
Collins.....	15	75	22	112
Haines.....	16	69	26	111
Egan.....	19	25	22	106

Totals.....56 219 90 482 118 628 278 1,320

DES MOINES CLUBS.

Fullerton.....	8	16	20	94
Hockney.....	18	89	24	126
Henry.....	17	71	24	116
Finkbine.....	6	14	29	125

Totals.....49 189 97 459 108 586 254 1,234

Thirty arrows by each man at each range. Archery has taken quite a hold in the West, and next season bids fair to see many interesting matches not only here but all over the country.

THE BEST WOOD OR BOYS.—A German correspondent prefers the common osage orange wood, used for hedges, for knots in preference to sassafras or any other wood. It is bony, but of great elasticity. The osage orange is the popular bois d'arc of the Indian tribes. There is certainly nothing better, for their experience counts for anything.

ATHLETICS.

Boston, Oct. 19.—Young Men's Christian Association: No. 1. Heavy dumb-bells—James Bagley, 105 pounds; Frank A. Ellis, 105 pounds. No. 2. Throwing light hammer—G P Whittiers, 77ft. 5in.; Mr. Deane, 66ft. No. 3. Standing high jump—J Dunphy, 4ft. 3in.; E W Hamilton, 4ft. 2in.; Frank Burgess, 4ft. 2in. No. 4. Putting shot—O P Whittiers, 32ft. 3in.; J J Fitzpatrick, 33ft. 2in.; Frank Burgess, 32ft. 2in.; D O'Hara, 32ft. 2in. No. 5. 100-yards dash—F J McQuinn, 10½s; J F Kane, close second. No. 7. Hurdle race, 1-mile—J F Kane, 6½s; J C Bibber, 6½s; D O'Hara, 6½s; J H Maxwell, 6½s; E M Gilliam, 6½s. No. 8. Hop, step and jump—F J McQuinn, 42ft. 2in.; F Burgess, 39ft. 2in.; C P Whittiers, withdraw. No. 10. Hurdle race, 120 yards—Frank Burgess, 20s; F J McQuinn, 25s. No. 11. Mile walk, amateurs—W H Holt, 7m. 35s; A W Gerry, 7m. 41½s; J P Root, withdraw. No. 12. Three standing jumps—J Dunphy, 33ft. 3in.; J Eichorn, 31ft. 3in.; C P Whittiers, withdraw. No. 14. Mile run, amateurs—J O Bibber, 5m. 24½s; W J McQuinn, 5m. 29½s; D O'Hara, 5m. 31s; E Friebe, 5m. 59s; Proctor Reed, withdraw. No. 15. Running broad jump—F J McQuinn, 19ft. 4in.; Frank Burgess, 17ft. 10in.; C P Whittiers, withdraw. No. 16. Mile walk, professionals—C P Daniels, 7m. 49½s; James Bagley, 7m. 51½s; J F Nolan, 7m. 59s.

YONKERS—Saturday, Oct. 19.—The Mile Square Athletic Club's fall games:

1. A 100-yard Junior Run—George Motaram, 1st, in 12½s; G G Wagg, 2d; O E Westergund, 3d. 2. One-sixth of a Mile Hurdle Race—Entries as above; Motaram, 1st, in 50½s; Wagg, 2d. 3. Mile Walk for Boys Under Seventeen Years—J S Fraser, 1st, 8m 50s; J Powers, 2d. 4. Club Members 100-yard Handicap—Six Entries—A H Rose, 1st, in 11½s; J M Percival, 2d. 5. Five to all 100-yards Handicap—First Heat—H H Howe, of Greenwood Club, 1st, in 11½s; W M Little, Mystic Boat Club, 2d. Second Heat—M McPail, Farmwood Club, 1st, in 10½s; T J Breerton, Green Wood Club, 2d. In a third heat between these four men McPail won in 10½s. 6. Club Race, 440 yards—Won by W S Ferguson in 67s. 7. Open Hurdle Race, One-sixth Mile—W Irvine, 1st, in 44s; C Shaw, 2d. 8. Club Handicap, 220 yards Race—Won by George Frazier, Jr, in 37s. 9. Mile Walk, Open—J O Williamson, Greenwood Club, 1st, 7m 43s; W M Watson, Manhattan Club, 2d. 10. High Jump, for Club Members—C P Ward, 4ft 6in; George Frazier, 4ft 4in. 11. Open Race, 440 yards—Three Entries—C H Rowland, 1st, 56½s; O M Shaw, 2d. 12. Mile Walk, Handicap—Won by M Percival in 8m 50½s. 13. Junior Race, 440 yards—Three Entries—G G Wagg, 48s; J H Foster, 44s. 14. Half-mile Race, Open—Three Entries—C H Rowland, 1st, 2m 28s; M Berrian, 2m 40s. 15. Vaulting With Pole—Four Entries—W S Ferguson, 7ft 4in; J M Percival, 7ft 3in; H Howe, 7ft 2in. 16. Running Broad Jump—G Frazier, 16ft 3½in; J E Martin, 16ft 2in.

17. Half-mile Run—Three Entries—Won by W R Hill in 2m 29s. Hockensack—Oct. 19.—American Athletic Club, first annual meeting:

1. 100-yards Run—Four Entries: First Heat—J G Wray, 11s; P Nichols, 2d. Second Heat, three entries—W D Bowne, 11½s. Third Heat, between Bowne and Wray—Won by Wray in 11½s. 2. One Mile Walk—Four Entries—B B Wall won in 5m 5s. 3. Half-mile Run—M G Badgley winner, 2m 27½s. 4. Running High Jump—Four Entries—A H Oakes winner, 4ft 11s. 5. Three-mile Walk—M H Johnson winner in 25m 5½s; C E Lewis, 2d. 6. Running Broad Jump—McClellan, 18ft 4in; W D Bowne, 17ft 3in; J F Johnson, 3d. 7. 220-yards Run—Five Entries—J C Wray an easy winner in 29½s. 8. Pole Vaulting—J McClellan, 8ft 3in; W D Bowne, 2d. 9. Standing High Jump—W D Bowne winner, 4ft 3in. 10. Handicap Run, 440 yards—J C Culbertson, 35 yards; A Lee, 21 yards; G G Badgley, 45 yards; S W Hogg, Jr, scratch. Hoag won in 57½s. 11. One Mile Run—Won by J Magee in 5m 24s; T H Noonan, 2d, and W H Copas last. 12. Hurdle Run, 100 yards—Seven Entries—Won by W D Bowne in 22s; McClellan, 2d. 13. Tug of War, between McClellan's and Bowne's teams of six men each—Won by McClellan's.

HACKENSACK—Oct. 19.—Hackensack Athletic Association:

1. 100-yards Run—Six Entries—J F Reimus, of Staten Island Club, 1st, in 10½s. Second Heat—Won by J Lafon, Mystic Boat Club, in 12½s. 2. Standing High Jump—E Hogue winner. 3. Half-mile Walk—Won by W Lotzer, 4m 27s. 4. Standing High Jump—S O Wells, winner, 4ft 2½in. 5. 440-yards Run, two heats—E Hogue won in first in 1m 15s; W Lotzer, 1m 12s, in the second. 6. One Mile Walk—E D Phillips, Hudson Boat Club, 1st, 7m 57½s; L Foslack, Manhattan Club, 2d. 7. Running High Jump—W R Reeves winner, 5ft 1in. 8. Half-mile Run—Won by O K McCullough in 2m 20½s; W T Wells, 2d.

WEST SIDE DRIVING PARK—Jersey City, Oct. 10.—Olympic Athletic Club, of Jersey City Heights, first annual games:

First Trial Heat—200-yard Handicap—Edward Young, 4 yards, 1st, 11½s; H Cordukes, 5 yards, 2d. Four started; run with the wind. Second Trial Heat—100-yard Handicap—A Clark, 2 yards, 1st, 11½s; A McLean, 5 yards, 2d. Six started. Mile Walk—Handicap—Charles McBride, scratch, 1st, 8m 33s; S Dayton, 50s, 2d. Four started; run by three yards. Final Heat—100-yard Handicap—Edward Young, 4 yards, 1st, 11s; A Clark, 5 yards, 2d. 450-yard Handicap—W Haslan, 8 yards, 1st, 1m 4½s; F Clarke, 12 yards, 2d. Five started. First Heat—120-yard Run, over six hurdles—W Haslan, 1st, 17½s. Second Heat—120-yard Run, over six hurdles—A McLean, 1st, 17s. Final Heat—120-yard Run, over six hurdles—W Haslan, 1st, 16s. High Jump—Mark Coughlin, 4ft 6in. Four completed. Final Heat—120-yard Run, over six hurdles—W Haslan, 1st, 16s.

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.—Oct. 12.—order of sports:

1. 100 Yards Dash—Four entries—Duncan, 1st, 10½s; Strong 2d. 2. Putting the Shot—Potter, 1st, 31ft 2in; Holland, 2d. 3. Hurdle Race—120 yards—Bradley, 1st, 19s; Strong, 2d, 19 1-5s. 4. Throwing the Hammer—Potter, 1st, 57ft 11in; Leo, 2d, 44ft 3in. 5. 220 Yards—Eight of a Mile—Duncan, 1st, 24s. 6. Pole Vaulting—Potter, 1st, 7ft 11in; Tucker, 2d, 7ft 10in. 7. Standing Broad Leap—Duncan, 1st, 8ft 4½in. 8. Half-Mile Run—Eight entries—Strong, 1st, 2m 20½s; Donahue, 3d, 2m 46½s. 9. Running Broad Leap—Potter, 1st, 4ft 6½in; Leavitt, 2d, 13ft 11in. 10. Mile Walk—Brooks, 1st, 9m 13s. 11. Quarter Mile Run—Duncan, 1st, 6½s; Strong, 2d, 6½s. 12. Strangers' Race—100 yards—Jenkins, 1st, 11s. 13. Consolation Race—Three-legged—won by Holland and Lee.

MASSACHUSETTS—Worcester, Oct.—The annual contest in athletic sports at Holy Cross College, in this city, occurred to-day. The results were as follows: The first feat was throwing the base ball, won by Curran, 80, 330ft. The mile walk was won by Casey, '80, in 9m. Hitch-and-kick, won by Gallagher, '83, 7ft. 4in. Throwing heavy stone, won by Donnellan, '80, 22ft. 10in. Tossing caber, won by Boscawen, '81, 18ft. 6in. Hop, step and jump, won by Boyce, '83, 37ft. 3in. Three-legged race, won by Bica, '79, and Boscawen, '81. High jump, won by Boyce, '83, 5ft. Apple race, won by Gallagher, '83. Hundred yards dash, won by J. F. Flinn, '81, 11s. Small boys' race, won by Couch, 15s. Running long jump, won by Boyce, '83, 15ft. Hundred yards race, won by Cunningham, '83, 19s. Wheelbarrow race, Barry, '79. Consolation race, won by McCabe, '79. The exercises were under the supervision of Messrs. Cassidy, '79; Redding, '79; Clifford, '80; Lynch, '81, and Fitzgerald, '82, and to them is due much of the credit for so successful a series of trials of manly strength.

WRESTLING.—Robert Wright, of Michigan, and John McMahon, the California wrestler, signed articles at Detroit on the 16th inst., to wrestle within 15 days for \$500 against \$250 for Wright, collar and elbow, best two in three falls. The event will probably take place on Oct. 31st, at Whitney's Opera House. The following are the measurements of the two contestants:

	Wright	McMahon
Age.....	28	36
Height.....	5' 8"	6' 10"
Weight.....	157	198½
Chest.....	40	43
Biceps.....	15	15
Forearm.....	12	12
Thigh.....	24	24
Calf.....	15	16½

WRESTLING.—In a 25-mile bicycle race at Lillie Bridge, London, recently, J. Keen, the champion, beat his own previously fastest recorded times for 24 and 25 miles by a fraction over three minutes. The following is the time made by Keen in each mile: First mile, 3m. 2s. 2d. 6m. 39s. 3d, 9m. 67s. 4th, 13m. 19s. 5th, 16m. 41s. 6th, 20m. 8s. 7th, 23m. 33s. 8th, 26m. 43s. 9th, 29m. 53s. 10th, 33m. 20s. 11th, 36m. 38s. 12th, 39m. 55s. 13th, 43m. 19s. 14th, 46m. 45s. 15th, 50m. 14s. 16th, 53m. 41s. 17th, 57m. 6s. 18th, 1h. 0m. 34s. 19th, 1h. 3m. 55s. 20th, 1h. 7m. 31s. 21st, 1h. 10m. 55s. 22d, 1h. 13m. 52s. 23d, 1h. 17m. 11s. 24th, 1h. 20m. 29s. 25th, 1h. 23m. 43s.

—Bicycling is all the rage at Harvard. The Harvard Orlinson (newspaper) offers a cup for a contest in the athletic games November 2.

Although bird-line may be obtained in small quantities in other countries, Japan is probably the only one in the world in which it is regularly manufactured on a large scale, and gives employment to some thousands of persons. The following brief particulars respecting its manufacture, etc. are condensed from the *Huigo News*, and may prove interesting.

Bird-line is called by the Japanese *mochi*, a term which gives a good idea of its nature, as it means "bird-catching-sticky-substance." The date of its first discovery is uncertain, some placing it five hundred years back, and others three hundred. During the last twenty years the quantity produced has been perceptibly affected through the destruction of the trees by denuding them of their bark for its manufacture; but the Japanese have been endeavoring to obviate this, though without much success, by leaving in a particular manner a certain amount of bark on the trees, in the hope that they might serve a second time.

The best kinds of bird-line are distinguished by being free from bark, of a dull whitish color, extremely viscid, and having a very gummy consistency; these descriptions are said to keep good for any length of time. The principal tree from which this bird-line is made is a dark evergreen, found in the southern half of Japan, which grows high up the shady sides of deep mountain glens, and is frequently used as an ornamental shrub. Its bark is of a grayish-brown color and rather rough texture; the leaves are of a smooth dark green, rather more pulpy than our holly leaf, and have an unbroken edge.

The manufacture of bird-line extends over a period of several months, commencing about June, when the bark is stripped off the trees and macerated in water for some forty days, after which it is collected and beaten in a mortar. "The pestle used is shod with iron, its flat under-surface being armed with spikes projecting downwards. When the pulpy mass under the pestle becomes glutinous, it is taken out and washed in water in order to remove as far as possible the rough outer bark. The pulp is then again poured and treated in a caldron with hot water, on the surface of which it floats. During this treatment it undergoes considerable manipulation, at the hands of the workman, for the purpose of separating the remaining particles of bark, which sink to the bottom of the boiler. This is the most difficult part of the process, as much skill and experience are required in the workman to keep the stuff from adhering to his hands. After this, the pulpy mass is again washed in cold water, and the pounding, boiling, and washing are repeated until the material becomes sufficient clean and pure. During the process we have briefly described, about nine-tenths of the weight of the raw material is lost, two hundred and fifty pounds of the latter not turning out more than twenty-five pounds of good bird-line.

The uses to which the Japanese put this substance are numerous, the chief being of course the snaring of birds and animals. By means of it, animals as large as monkeys are caught, when they once get the stuff up their paws, they soon cover themselves with it, and so exhaust their strength in trying to get rid of it, that they fall an easy prey. Birds almost of the size of ducks are taken, and by a very ingenious process. The young shoots of the *viscaria*, which attain considerable length and are strong, are gathered, dried, and knotted together in one continuous length. This is floated out to sea, after being smeared with bird-line; and very often in the morning several birds are caught. Small birds are caught in various ways; some by means of a decoy-bird concealed near a patch of tempting food, in which are fixed numerous little splinters of bamboo like large needles, the upper half of which is smeared with bird-line. Others, again, are taken on trees by means of a long slender bamboo the top of which is anointed with the lime, and then stealthily thrust against their feathers. Rats are easily caught by spreading a small quantity on a piece of board or paper, and placing it near their holes. Bird-line is also employed upon a bamboo stick, and everywhere used in Japan for catching flies and other insects.—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE BUZZING OF INSECTS.—The old naturalist generally thought that the buzzing of insects was produced by the vibration of the wings; but they had scarcely attempted to analyze the phenomenon, and their opinion was abandoned when Reaumur showed that when the wings are cut a blow fly continued to buzz. Other explanations of the phenomenon have been advanced by various naturalists, but none of them are satisfactory. M. Jousset de Bellesme has been making some investigations on the subject, and, after proving that previous theories are unsatisfactory, it describes the results of his own researches. To avoid confusion, it should be distinctly understood what is meant

by buzzing. In the scientific acceptance it means to imitate the sound of the humbees, which is the type of buzzing insects. But the humbees give out two very different sounds, which are an octave of each other—a grave sound when it flies, and a sharp sound when it alights. We say, then, that buzzing is the faculty of insects to produce two sounds at an octave. The definition limits the phenomenon to the hymenoptera and the diptera. The coleoptera often produce in flying a grave and dull sound, but they are powerless to emit the sharp sound, and, consequently, do not buzz. There are two or three ascertained factors which will serve as guides in the interpretation of the phenomenon. First, it is indisputable that the grave sound always accompanies the great vibrations of the wings, which serve for the translation of the insect. It is easily seen that this sound commences as soon as the wings begin to move, and that if the wings be cut off it disappears entirely. The sharp sound is never, on the contrary, produced during flight; it is only observed apart from the great vibrations of the wings when the insect alights, or when it is held so as to hinder its movement, and in that case the wing is seen to be animated by a rapid trembling. It is also produced when the wings are entirely taken away. From these two remarks we may draw the conclusion that the grave sound belongs properly to the wings; that it is caused by their movements of great amplitude. There is here no difficulty. As to the sharp sound, it is certainly not produced by the wings, since it survives the absence of them. Yet the wings participate in it and undergo a particular trembling during the production of this sound. To discover the cause it is necessary to go back to the mechanism of the movement of the wing. It is known that among nearly all insects the muscles which serve for flight are not inserted in the wing itself, but in the parts of the thorax which support it, and this is the movement of these which acts on the wing and makes it vibrate. The form of the thorax changes with each movement of the wing under the influence of the contraction of the thoracic muscles. The muscular masses intended for flight being very powerful, this vibratory movement of the thorax is very intense, as proved by the holding of the wings of these insects between the fingers. But as the vibrations are repeated 200 or 300 times per second, they give rise to a musical sound, which is the sharp note. In fact, the air which surrounds the thorax is set in vibration by that directly, and without the wing taking part in it. There then are two simultaneous sounds, one produced by the vibration of the wings and the other by the thoracic vibration, the latter twice as rapid as the former, and therefore an octave. This is why in flight only a single grave sound is heard. When the thorax moves alone a sharp sound is produced. This, M. de Bellesme believes, is the only explanation that can be given of the movement of the two sounds which constitutes buzzing.—*London Times*.

HOUSE CATS GROWN WILD.—In *Chambers's Journal* we find the following: A greater nuisance to game preservers in England than the mountain-cat is grinnakin that has become wild—the semi-wild cat. Almost the equal of the mountain-cat in ferocity and destructiveness, these wild cats are enormously more numerous. It is amazing the number of domestic cats that, by cruel neglect on the part of their owners, or other causes, annually revert to their natural state, and take up their quarters in the woods, to live as wild animals. During the five years in which the Duke of Sutherland's game-keepers bagged only five mountain-cats, they shot two hundred and thirty-five of the other kind; and when we come southwards, into the preserves near large towns, the numbers grow enormously. "In the preserves say from ten to twenty miles round London," says a recent writer in the *Fall Mall Gazette*, "the cats thus killed must be counted by thousands. Families change their houses; the cat is driven away by the new-comer, and takes to the fields. In one little copse not more than two acres in extent, and about twelve miles from Hyde Park Corner, fifteen cats were shot in six weeks. When two or three wild or house-leopards take up their abode in a wood they speedily attract half-a-dozen hitherto tame ones; and if they are not destroyed, it would be impossible to keep either game or rabbits." We have on more than one occasion protested against the heartless cruelty of turning cats out of doors to starve, when shutting up houses for the season. As is seen, the poor creatures are often driven wild with hunger and exposure, and liable to be killed as a measure of general police. We again denounce this odious misusage of the faithful and domestic cat, as a scandal to humanity. Those who cannot permanently provide for cats ought not to attempt to keep them.

A KNOWING HONEST.—A German almanac for 1879, which is early in the field, contains a notable story of Cossack ingenuity, which has been reproduced by the *Globe*. During the late war a Cossack rode up to the door of a little inn at Braille, dismounted, drank a

succession of glasses of brandy, and then made a show of remounting his horse. The landlord reminded him that he had not paid for his drink. The Cossack with a heavy sigh drew out his huge dirty purse and began fumbling for a coin, when his horse gave a sudden snort and fell to the ground. The Cossack was in despair; he did everything he could to raise the beast upon its legs, but all was in vain. "He is dead! he is dead!" cried out in chorus a number of bystanders, who had been attracted to the spot by the accident. The poor Cossack would not believe it. The crowd, knowing that a Cossack's horse is his own property, and that the loss of the animal would be a terrible blow to his owner, began to make a collection in order to mitigate his sufferings as far as possible. Even the landlord was touched, forgot his ill, and presented the bereaved man with another glass of brandy, refusing any pay. The Cossack lifted up his saddle, slung his lance over his shoulder, dropped a farewell tear over the faithful beast, and walked sorrowfully away. When he was about a thousand paces distant he suddenly stopped, turned round, and gave a long, shrill whistle. At the sound of the well-known signal the horse sprang up, neighed a friendly answer, and off with lightning-like speed to his grinning owner. The Cossack was soon on his back, making significant symbols of thanks to the assembled crowd for their generosity and sympathy. In a few minutes he was out of sight, and the landlord of the *Krotschka* was loudly registering his vow that he would never again trust a Cossack.

YE QUAIL HUNTER.—The foolish cow frisketh her tail and chaweth her cud and goeth forth with joy to browse in the thicket the whole day long.

But the wise cow knoweth that quail shooting hath begun, and she barkeneth unto the voice of wisdom, which saith, Lo, the hunter is come anon, girt about with the shot-pouch and the powder-horn, and in his hand he carrieth a weapon, the barrel of which he doubled.

And he goeth about seeking the birds that do run upon the ground with tottering swiftness, that he may ensnare them and slay them with the weapon and devour them, even upon toast.

And the weapon goeth bang and ye hearth the sound thereof, and ye smelleth the powder, but ye knoweth not, nor doth any man knoweth whereunto the discharge appertaineth.

For it flyeth with basins into the thicket and into the region located thereon, even into the whole territory thereunto adjacent.

And it falleth upon the cow and it smiteth her sore, so that she lifeth up her tail and flyeth, being sorely and grievously displeased.

But the bird escapeth the wrath, and from a rail in a remote corner of the land laugheth he the hunter to scorn.

Therefore has the wise cow said in her heart, I will lay me down in the home pasture and will not go into the thicket, nay, not for the hunter or any under man.—*St. Louis Journal*.

CARE OF CANARY BIRDS.—Place the cage so that no draught of air can strike the bird. Give nothing to healthy birds but rape and canary seed, water, cuttlefish bone and gravel paper and sand on the floor of the cage. No hemp seed. A bath three times a week. The room should not be overheated, never above seventy degrees. When moulting (shedding feathers) keep warm, avoid all draughts of air. Give plenty of German rape seed; a little hard boiled egg, mixed with crackers grated fine, is excellent. Feed at a certain hour in the morning. By observing these simple rules, birds may be kept in fine condition for years. For birds that are sick or have lost their song, procure bird food at a bird store. Very many keep birds who mean to give their pets all things to make them bright and happy, and at the same time are guilty of great cruelty in regard to perches. The perches in a cage should be each one of different size, and the smallest as large as a pipe-stem. If perches are of the right sort, no trouble is ever had about the bird's toe-nails growing too long; and of all things keep the perches clean.

RAISING THE WIND.—A few days ago a tramp, who was sparring his devious way along near Reno, conceived a brilliant idea for raising the wind. He knew that the Wells Fargo stage would pass along that road in about half an hour, so he took off his coat, tore his shirt and pockets, rolled in the dust, and finally tied himself, with much difficulty, to a tree. His intention was to tell the stage passengers that he had been foully dealt with by highwaymen, and have a subscription to repair his losses taken up on the spot. The stage, however, took a short cut by a new road that day and didn't go by at all. After waiting until dusk, the tramp tried to take off his bonds, but before he got the first knot loose a grizzly came down out of the mountain and picked up the greater part of his left leg.—*San Francisco News Letter*.

AN ARMY CLUB.—About forty regular army officers, active and retired, met Thursday, Oct. 10, at the Army Headquarters, this city, to form an association modeled upon the Royal United Service Institution of Great Britain, but with less of its technicalities and details. It is to be called the Military Service Institution of the United States, with headquarters in New York, and the object will be to inform all officers on distant posts of the steps and discoveries made in military science.

—It is not so very many years since a moustache could not safely be worn by a New York merchant or bank clerk. A thirty or twenty-five years ago a man who ventured to cultivate one was regarded as an outlandish foreigner, a flashy and disreputable sort of person, an eccentric individual, or a loose Bohemian. Moustaches stood in the way of a man's getting credit, and a bank president who did not shave his upper lip would have been looked on as a monstrosity.—*Sun*.

—A naturalist claims to have discovered that crows, when in flocks, have regularly organized courts, in which they sit around and try offenders—a sort of crow-bar, so to speak.—*Boston Globe*.

They often meet in caw caw, too. In the spring it is not unusual to see a crow caw.

BUSINESS RULES.—Business before pleasure, the surest road to success. No engagements should be made that will interfere with your business; if any be made they should be broken off. Pleasure before business, the quickest, straightest and shortest route to poverty.

—Algernon, under her window in the cold white moonlight, with tender expression says:

"Tis the last rose o' hof summer,
Le left hoo blooming aho-none;
All its to bar-lee companions
Ah-bar ha-deh hed and go-hone."

—The peanut crop of the United States for the year ending Sept. 30, 1878, was 1,121,000 bushels. 1 Virginia eats most; Tennessee next; North Carolina, third.

—The Lincolnshire Rifle Volunteers were recently turned out for a parade and a sham fight, when the discovery was made that they had been served with ball cartridge.

—To prevent meat from scorching during roasting, place a basin of water in the oven; steam generated prevents scorching, and makes the meat cook better.

—Enos Brown and Sons of Deep Hollow, Dutchess Co., New York, have caught 107 bears during the past twenty years.

—We go East for the precious metals and to the West for solid meat—for gold to the Orient and for beef to the Ox-ident.

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Trains on Erie R. leaving Chambers street at hours named below, stop at Range: 7:15, 8:30, 9:45, 10:50, 12:15, 1:30, 2:50, A. M., and 4:15, 5:30, 6:45, 8:00, 9:15, 10:30, 11:45, P. M. Leave 23d street 15 minutes earlier.

Trains from Paterson: 8:05, 8:25, 8:47, 9:10, 10:07, 11:35 A. M., and 1:30, 1:55, 3:00, 3:37 P. M.

Trains from Newark: 8:35, 10:35 and 2:05.

Trains on Northern Railroad from N. York and intermediate stations: 7:10, 7:55, 8:15, 9:17, 10:55, 1:10 and 2:30, stop at Range.
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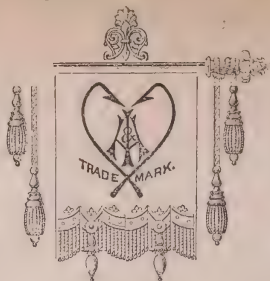
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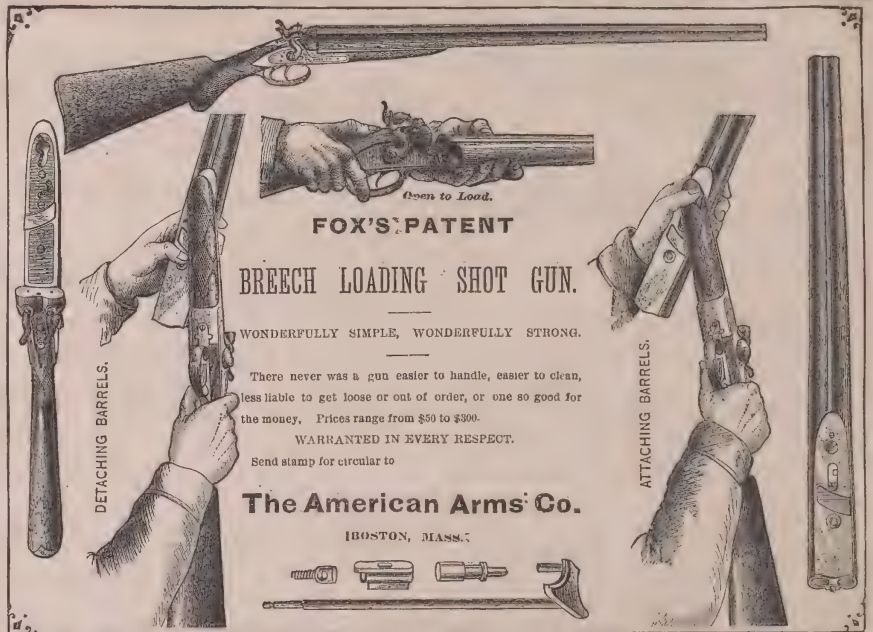
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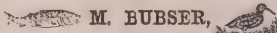
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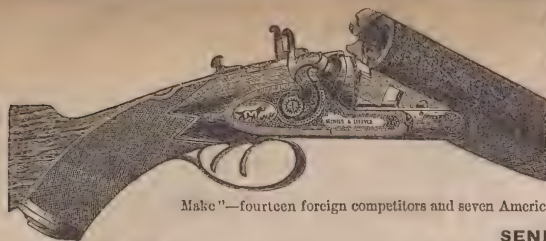
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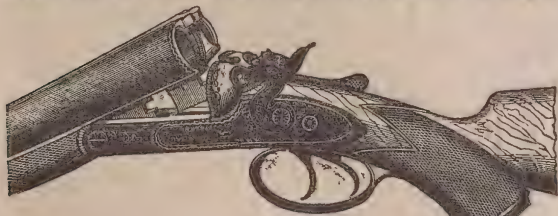
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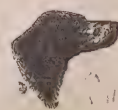
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SHELTON'S Auxiliary Rifle Barrel for Breech-Loading Shot-Guns.



This barrel can be placed in a gun ready for use in a second of time with the same ease as a cartridge, and can be removed just as expeditiously. There is no wear on the rifle barrel, nor on the shot-gun, and it cannot get out of order. With this Auxiliary Barrel, which weighs about one pound, almost instantly a breech-loading shot gun can be converted into a most accurate rifle. The AUXILIARY BARREL will fit any standard make of gun of 10 or 12-calibre of bore of .32, .38, or .41 as desired. Length of barrel, twenty inches. The shells used with the best advantage are the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.'s cartridges, No. 32 and 38, extra long, and No. 41, model 1873. Send for Circular and Price List.

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Average per man with Sharps Rifle, 213. Other rifles used averaged respectively 193 and 197.

The WILHELMUS CUP, won by Mr. Frank Hyde with a Sharps Rifle with a score of 143 out of a possible 150 at 1,000 yards. THE LEROI CUP, won at Spring Meeting with a score of 205. Best other rifle, 197.

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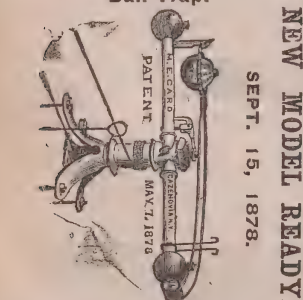
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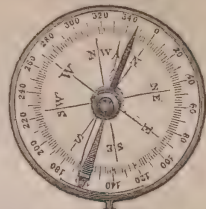
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THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL

{ Volume 12.—No. 13.
{ No. 111 Fulton St., N. Y.

It would seem to be a task of supererogation to speak of our stay in the Notovivay Region. That section, also, has been written up by me for this paper. We went deer hunting, as said before, and had much hunting but little deer. The Captain placed us all three on a stand, and went with his rifle to the edge of the woods. We waited for half an hour, with our guns cocked, and on the *qui vive* for the slightest sound, but there was only an utter, perfect stillness. The next half hour we sat down, with our guns lying in our laps, gazing with strained expectancy into the depths of the shadowy forest, but nothing could be seen except the shadows of the woods. The next half hour we sat in the hollow by the fire, and the next hour we all got tired, and Col. Burke, pulling an old breast deck of cards out of his pocket,

proposed a game of seven up. We all assented, and were soon in the mysteries of high, low, jack and the game. It was Colonel's deal. I and Douglas were intently watching him to see that he didn't slip the jack from the bottom, when a splendid buck, with branching antlers, cantered slowly past us, and disappeared in the woods beyond. Edmund seized his gun and fired a round in the tree tops. Douglas pulled trigger, and his gun snapped, and upon examination he found he had forgotten to load it. Warned by this incident, we kept strict watch for an hour, and, nothing unusual happening, Edmund proposed to play the old game out. This we agreed to, and in the midst of the play another deer leaped by us, not ten feet away. We finished the game and went home, for we had enough of sport as that, and we left Sunday morning for Richmond, where we were to spend the next days. While there we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Charles Palmer, President of the Game Protective Association. By the way, any gentleman sportsman from the West or North who desires to know all about hunting in the Old Dominion, had best write to Mr. Palmer at Richmond, Va., for he is the best informed man on that subject in the State, and he is always willing to afford all information about sporting localities, time, place, and quantities of game.

I am glad to say that the subject of sporting, so long neglected in Virginia, is now receiving much attention from all sections. Game associations are springing up all over the State, who make it their business to see that the provisions of the game law are rigidly carried out and enforced. The Virginia Legislature are moving, also, in that important work, and last winter organized a new committee on Game, with your humble servant as chairman. Many new bills, increasing pains and penalties for violation of the laws, were passed, and old ones changed, among them the time of shooting partridges. The old law was from the first of November until the 1st of February, but now the shooting season commences the 15th of October, and closes the first day of January. Another law was passed for the protection of wild-fowl, which prohibits the shooting of ducks and geese in the night-time, also declares any decked boat from being used against them, and expressly declares that no swivel-gun shall be used, and only those that can be held up and fired from the shoulder. Sportsmen intending to shoot in Virginia this winter and fall, will please, like Captain Cuttle, make a note of this.

Our next point was Fauquier County, where we led an easy life at a bachelor hall.

We lingered in Fauquier a few days, a little town of small dimensions but of huge aspirations. It is the county seat of Fauquier. Warrenton is noted for its beautiful girls and its successful politicians. Whether there is any irresistible strength in the union of the two, I leave to some speculative philosopher to determine; but as this is a game letter and not a political one, I will skip, as the prisoner said to the sheriff, when he was on his way to jail Oh, about Fauquier! It puts me in mind of an incident that happened to me in that county that never will be effaced from the tablet of my memory as long as reason—or the sense of smell—remains.

I was, like Mr. Dick Swiveller, hopelessly entangled in Cupid's net, woven by Venus' fairy fingers and meshed by the magic of dazzling smiles and bright glances. In other words, I was in love, as Socrates, Napoleon, Petrullo and other celebrated men were, and I was weighed down by a hundred and fifty pounds—real mountain theory, who took after her mother, who kicked the scale at about 500 lbs., and has never left the porch since she was married. Well, the girl, as I was saying, took after the mother, I took after the girl, and the old man took after me, for he forbade me to his house. However, me and Miss Susan escaped the parental eye and had a stroll together. We sauntered lazily down the public road, with my faithful pointer, Josh, at my heels, who followed me as closely as the dog Wolf did old Rip Van Winkle. Josh was a discreet dog, and a useful one, too, for he watched the road closely, and would bark at the sound of an approaching footstep a half mile away, and every one except—well, I will make no exception—knows how much a courting couple needs some faithful monitor to warn them of critical eyes and unexpected appearances. Susan and I stopped at an old blacksmith-shop, and, leaning against the fence near by Susan, was making eye and tongue tell. We disconcerted any couple in building castles in Spain. Suddenly I was aroused from my dream, for I caught sight of Josh in a dead set. He stood on the side of a ditch, with his fore foot raised, his body rigid and his tail as straight as a poker, showing in his splendid pose his thoroughbred blood.

"Susan!" said I, "here's a flock of partridges in that ditch—let's climb the fence and get 'em."

So we both scrambled over and approached Josh, who never moved, but stood trembling with excitement. "He on, sir!" But a stone dog could not have been more stationary. "He on, sir!" I ordered a second time. But Josh stood like a soldier on parade. "The devil is in the dog," I muttered, and approached him and looked down into the ditch. I couldn't detect any covey of birds huddled together in a clump, nor could Susan, who was gazing breathlessly and eagerly over my shoulder. Instead of the birds I saw an animal something like a raccoon, with white stripes on his body and the most curious beard like eyes, that gazed into mine without flinching. I again ordered my dog to "lie on," but he, not moving, I got a heavy stone and prepared to cast it on that animal, which to save my life I couldn't get out or understand what it was. Just as I was about to throw, I noticed the singular proceedings of my dog. Josh, who struck out across the field in as wild a gait as if he had a tin pan tied to his tail. Josh was smarter and more knowing than his master, for I heaved the rock and struck the animal plump * * * With a wild shriek Susan fled, and I too, but we avoided each other immediately, for, Mr. Editor, it was a polecat that we stirred up.

From to you, my dear friend, who wanted to meditate suicide. Let them provoke a certain animal and, my word for it, they will be utterly and completely disillusioned, and love's sweet dream be rapidly shattered.

Leaving Warrenton, we struck for the Alleghany Mountains, and hiring a coach, we traveled en vigneron—stopped where we chose, idled where pleased, and enjoyed those sum-mer days in the wild, beautiful mountain scenery as only those men could do with good weather. The Alleghany mountains had sciences, which, after all, Rochebaudou, that wisest of Frenchmen, says, is the secret of happiness. In the course of time we reached Mountain Lake, one of the greatest natural curiosities in this country, a spot that every tourist and lover of fine scenery ought to visit. It is a lake on the top of the Alleghany Mountains, a half mile long and nearly as wide. It is clear as crystal, and upon fathoms deep, is ice cold even in summer, and is clear as crystal. The Alleghany mountains have been made to stock it with fish, but in vain. The lake lies like a jewel in the mountains, reflecting back with minute distinctness every object, mirroring with perfect fidelity even

the spider-web that is woven from branch to branch. I think that, as the evening sun touches the lake with its declining rays, it is the loveliest picture that mortal eyes ever rested upon, lying there in its limpid, placid beauty, its water changing from a pure opaline hue to a warm ruby tint, like Loch Katrine.

When in the soft sunlight it lay,
And islands that emerald bright
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains that like giants
To keep watch and ward o'er enchanted land.

There is a one-house hotel at the lake, where travelers are taken in and done for by the proprietress, for she is of the gentler sex, hails from Pennsylvania, wears corkscrew ringlets, and talks philanthropy. She is a female Joey Bagstock—devilish shy, sir—and knows a thing or two. After having their bills at the tavern, the overcharged tourists are like the little boy who was asked by a nule—not any prettier, but a thundering sight wiser.

Our jaunt was nearly over; we agreed to spend one more week in the mountains, where there was good trout fishing, and then disband. So we went to Rappahannock County, which is, I think, the banner county of the Old Dominion. I could write a long letter about this section, but will have to curtail, as I am already too prolix. I would tell you that, if I could give you an account of some of the many adventures in old Rappahannock, I am afraid you know we three comrades were swelled to five by the accession of Sainty Menefee and Major O'Bannon. The major being one of those types of manhood who can shoot, ride, and toss off a heaker to the fairest of his loves, and like his maternal ancestors in Old Killarackie, he can, like them, sing—

"Faith I'm ashamed of him,
It's a way with all the braves,
But, bedad, I'd make an elegant lady,
For I'm fond of tobacco and the ladies."

But I must put on the brakes to my literary locomotive, only to say that we disbanded after having seen many adventures in a quiet way as the Argonauts or the immortal Ulysses, who only differed from us in the fact that he defied and conquered Circe, while the witching Circes in this section conquered us, but, I am glad to say, didn't change us into hogs.

The birds—partridges I mean—are unusually abundant in Virginia this fall and will afford splendid sport. The best time is from the 1st of September to about the 10th of December. In this period the birds fly better, are easier found, and do not keep hid in the thickets.

And now, Mr. Editor, in conclusion, let me add that I have a request to make of you. Do, for the sake of suffering sportsmen, give us a receipt for cooking partridges properly. There is nothing that tends to rile a shooter's feelings as to have the birds he has so hardily found and bagged served up to him burned to a crisp, or, worse still, parboiled in water, and having no more taste than leather. Give us a good receipt how to prepare them for breakfast, and the suffering brotherhood of sportsmen can cut it out, paste it in their hats, and show it to the 'aly of the house as a gentle hint how he wants his birds daintily prepared, so that he can enjoy them, and not say, like the exasperated Frenchman, "By Gar, I gives you one belle poil partridge, and you brings back a moi une dead little poor bird."

Alexandria, Va., Oct. 1878.

We can conceive of no daintier dish than a partridge carefully broiled and laid on toast with a sprig of parsley for a garnish.—E. F. & S.

HAND TO HAND WITH A GRIZZLY.

THE following account of a fight with a bear, is given by the Calaveras (Cal.) Chronicle of a recent date. Mr. N. Rogers, who lives near West Point, Cal., had been out squirrel shooting during the day and was armed with a light rifle. It is said that, although grizzlies had been frequently seen about the rancho, no danger was apprehended from them at this time of the year. The moral of the story, however, is that when there is even the most remote possibility of encountering dangerous game, the hunter should be provided with a repeating rifle. Terrible as is the foe, these arms do equally terrible execution:

Mr. Rogers was so successful in gunning that by 4 o'clock his game-sack was well filled, and as he was two miles from home, determined to retrace his steps. In leaving the flatter ridge on which he had been shooting, he had to cross a patch of comparatively open country, the only growth it contained being a species of furze and an occasional bunch of chaparral. He had gone only a short distance, and in descending into a little blind ravine, came upon a huge grizzly feeding on the carcass of a sheep.

The bear was not over twenty feet distant. Man and beast discovered each other at the same instant. For a moment Rogers stood irresolute. His first impulse was to run; but his better judgment told him that if he did so, and should be pursued by the grizzly, escape would be impossible. Dreadful as was the alternative of facing his terrible enemy, it was his only hope, and Rogers resolved to stand his ground and sell his life as dearly as possible.

There was a chance that the grizzly might not attack him if he remained quiet. As it happened, however, the grizzly, who had been building upon that foundation, were speedily dispelled by the bear giving a low growl, dropping his mutton, and advancing toward him. The hunter's heart leaped in his throat, and then, with every muscle and nerve drawn to its utmost tension, he awaited the onset of the beast with as much coolness as though his life was not at stake in the unequal contest.

As the grizzly advanced toward him, and got within a distance of about fifty feet, Rogers threw up his right shoulder, and with a steady aim planted a bullet in the bear's breast, just inside the point of the right shoulder. The animal was hit hard, but no sixty-to-the-pound bullet ever stopped a grizzly. With a growl resembling a roar, the infuriated beast rushed to the attack. Throwing aside the now useless rifle and drawing his knife, Rogers braced himself for the death struggle. As the grizzly rushed upon him, his haunches, its great, black, scaly head towering two feet above Rogers, the latter involuntarily threw up his left arm, like a pugilist on guard. The bear seized the arm in its mouth, and throwing its great paws over the shoulders of the hunter, hugged him in an embrace that forced his eyes from their sockets and the blood from his nostrils.

Rogers' right arm was free, and he drove the long, keen blade of his knife into the side of the grizzly close to the shoulder. The blade reached a vital point, inflicting a fatal wound, but its immediate effect was only to intensify the grizzly's ferocity. It hugged Rogers the closer, its long,

sharp, chisel-pointed claws tearing gaping wounds in the hunter's back, while the bones of his left arm were crushed and ground to powder in the bear's vise-like jaws.

Wild with the agony of his wounds, Rogers plied his knife with the energy of desperation, driving it again and again into the vitals of the bear, literally carving it alive, while the latter, with claws and teeth, lacerated his human foe most frightfully. It was, indeed, a struggle to the death. Rogers, weak from the loss of blood and half delirious from pain, now fought by intuition, having only a vague consciousness that his life depended on his killing the bear. The terrible wounds of the grizzly began to tell upon its vitality. Rogers' senses were not so dulled but that he knew that the grizzly was gradually relaxing its hold, and the ray of hope the knowledge afforded stimulated him to renewed exertions with his knife. The bear endeavored to support itself despite its wounds, wavered for an instant, and then, with a low moan that sounded almost human in its expression of pain and despair, toppled over, dragging the man with it, the latter falling partially beneath. Summoning all his remaining strength, Rogers plunged his knife into the grizzly's abdomen, the hot life blood and viscera spouting full in his face.

The bear relaxed its hold, and Rogers, torn, lacerated and bleeding, crawled far enough away to escape being rent to pieces by the terrible death struggle of the grizzly. Although victorious, Rogers' condition was critical in the extreme. He was a mile and a half from home, so weak and faint that he could hardly stand, and in danger of bleeding to death before he could reach help. His left arm hung crushed and useless at his side, his left scapula and clavicle were broken, the blood trickled from the terrible wounds on his back, and his legs were literally furrowed by the crooked claws of the bear's hind feet. Conscious that he must soon have help or perish, he summoned all his resolution and staggered along in the direction of home, more dead than alive, a trail of blood marking his footsteps. He managed to reach a spring in sight of his house, and then his endurance gave way. He fell in a dead faint by the water's edge. He was soon discovered by his son and was taken home.

The grizzly was the largest ever killed in the county. It measured nine feet in length, "over all," and weighed 1,400 pounds. The left side of the bear was literally torn to pieces, there being no less than twenty-two knife wounds, nearly every one of which reached a vital point. One of its fore paws it covers an ordinary dinner-plate.

Mr. Rogers is lying in a very critical condition. In addition to his horrible wounds the shock to his system was a terrible one. His left arm, literally mangled and torn to shreds, has been amputated at the shoulder. His left clavicle and scapula were fractured, and the three lower ribs on the right side broken. The flesh and muscles on his back are so torn and abraded that the vertebrae are actually visible in places.

Fish Culture.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO BREEDERS OF FISH.—An esteemed correspondent, R. E. R., of Farrisburg, Vt., says that the salmon placed in Lewis Creek (an old-time salmon stream) in May, 1875, have none of them been seen this season, though this should be the time for the returning grise to appear, and asks if all hope of a successful issue of the experiment must therefore be abandoned. Fifty thousand fry were turned out there. In reply, we can only say that if we were to argue unfavorably from premises like these, there would be little encouragement to continue the work of attempted fish culture in this country. Although scientific, earnest men have been at work for ten years past, the results seen by no means commensurate with the outlay of time, money and patience; yet they are not only not discouraged, but are increasing every known method for propagation: they have spread their efforts from a single State to thirty-six at least; and they look forward with faith and patient waiting for the time when the seed sown broadcast will not only reappear again in spawn and small fry, but in fully developed and mature fish, which will assume for themselves the work of reproduction in the old natural way when fish were abundant everywhere. The best assurance that fish culturists have of future success is in statistics of work done in Great Britain and on the Continent, where fish culture has been prosecuted much longer than it has here, and where the supply of fish food has been largely increased and cheapened. We can also point to the experiments of several centuries in China, and the persistence with which the breeders there have stuck to their business.

THE VARIOUS COLORS OF TROUT FLESH.—The other day we found in the London Field an article with the above heading, signed by that well-known angler and author, Francis Francis, and we eagerly scissored it out and laid it aside for careful study; but alas! after we had journeyed through many speculations and statements of facts about such and such fish having been caught in waters which were named, we found the conclusion of the whole matter in the following paragraph:

"Indeed, there seem to be so many contradictions and exceptions in every theory set up as regards color, that I hardly know what to think. Certainly, as a rule, fish get pinker as the season advances. In March you meet fish with very little color, if any, whereas in August they are quite the exception. 'Altogether the matter is a puzzle, and I confess that I cannot see my way in it so clearly as I should like to.'"

Never were we so sorely disappointed. When the oracle opened its mouth to speak, we felt justified in expecting authoritative utterances; but we found only humble confessions of ignorance and doubt. The mystery still remains a "puzzle."

One thing is certain: color in trout flesh does not indicate difference in age or variety of species. There are pink, white, red, saffron, carmine, and yellowish tints in fingerlings, and also in three-pound fish. In the clear mountain brooks of New Hampshire, in the quiet ponds of Long Island, in the tamarack-dyed waters of the Adirondacks, in the broad limpid streams of Michigan, and in the timber belts of Wisconsin, the white, the pink and the red are taken side by side; and

The Kennel.

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

IF the wonderful intelligence of the colley, or colliie, as different authorities spell it, was more understood in this country the dog would be better appreciated and we should see more of them. The Newfoundland has generally been placed at the head of the canine kingdom for superior instinct, or intelligence, and the colliie as next, but his friends of the present generation are inclined to put the latter first. Certainly the tales told of his wonderful quickness, some of which we shall presently relate, would indicate that in this respect he attains something very nearly approaching reasoning power, if not an actual understanding of language itself. Dr. Gordon Stables, who, being a Scotchman and an ardent lover of collies, writes feelingly and fluently on the subject, contends that the word colliie (which latter is also his mode of spelling) should be pronounced with the o long, as though it had but a single l. The institution of dog shows had its effects upon collies, as it had upon nearly all other breeds of dogs, and the effect of bringing him into this prominent and public notice (in England) was to make known his good qualities, not only for his peculiar work, but as a companion and house dog. The result of the latter demand was an effort on the part of breeders, at least those who breed to supply a popular want, to improve his beauty, and to this end he was crossed with the black-and-tan setter, the result being a dog with a finer coat, in many instances a better tail, and ears that were not at all like those of the original colliie. We have seen such in this country, and if we were judging we should scrutinize very closely the coats of such dogs as came under our inspection, for it is probably in the coat that the chief characteristic of the colliie is to be found; the coat that should be impervious to the severest form of "Scotch mist," no matter how long the exposure. After all, if merely a beautiful companion and pet were wanted the black-and-tan setter in his purity is all that can be desired, and while the colliie in his native condition is one of the most valuable animals who ranks as assistant to man, it seems like desecration to attempt to improve or change him for the sake of mere beauty, when the change may result in a lessening of the wonderful intelligence given him by nature.

We have said that the colliie is not appreciated in this country. We should have said that he is known to comparatively few, but he is unquestionably a "coming" dog, as is indicated by the increased numbers of entries at our dog shows. Considerable numbers are also being imported, and fortunately by a class to whom active competition only increases the desire to have the best. The result we hope will be that all of our sheep raisers, or wool growers, including those of Colorado, Texas, New Mexico and California, will be able soon to provide themselves with pure bred specimens of this breed without having to send to Great Britain for them. There are persons now in this country who possess good collies without knowing it. Shortly after the last dog show in this city we were walking with Mr. Lort in a town in the western part of the State, when we met a little girl who had for a companion a splendid specimen of a colliie. The eyes of the great English judge was immediately fixed upon the dog, and he remarked that he was not only the finest one he had seen in the United States, but that he would be hard to beat in England. We afterward discovered that the dog had been brought from Canada when a puppy, and his owner considered that he had warned off all intending purchasers when he fixed his value at fifteen dollars.

The head of a well bred colliie when in full feather will look disproportionately small in comparison with the body. A dog 23½ inches high at the shoulder should have a head 9½ inches long, measuring from the occiput to end of the nose. The general appearance is "foxy," but the head should not be too flat. The eyes are bright and extremely quick and intelligent, and of a dark hazel color. The ear should be small and what the Scotch call "worn at half cock;" that is, when the animal is listening it should be pricked, with the top falling forward. As in all animals where speed is an object, the shoulders should slope well back ward and should be well supplied with muscle. The chest should be deep rather than wide, the forelegs perfectly straight and the elbow well let down. The foot should be the round, cat-foot, such as a pointer's, and not the long hare-foot; and in a dog intended for active work with sheep the pad should be firm and tough. The ribs should be well rounded and the back ones pretty deep, and the loins strong and muscular. The coat, as we have intimated, we regard as the most important feature in the conformation of this dog. On the face and ears it should be smooth, but on the neck and shoulders it should be massed with a deep frill on the chest. On the back and loins down to the root of the tail the coat is abundant and should part in the centre, and the tail itself should be heavily feathered and even bushy, being carried gaily and with a curl, but not over the back. The hind legs should be smooth below the hocks, and the forelegs while being smooth in front should be moderately feathered behind. The texture and quality of the coat are most important. Dr. Stables says, that as that glorious garment, the Highland plaid, is to the Highland shepherd, so is his coat to the colliie—it protects him by day and shields him at night. On the breast and on the breech it is somewhat finer in texture than on the back, for these portions of the dog's anatomy require protection from cold more than anything else; but over the neck, shoulders, back and loins the long outer hair is as hard as so many needles, while underneath is a woolly growth both

warm and waterproof. The fashionable colors for collies are black-and-tan, or black, tan and white, the tan being not that of the Gordon setter, but much lighter. The white is generally on the forelegs or feet and hind feet, on the chest and around the neck, with, perhaps, a blaze on the face; but there are many colors that are perfectly legitimate, and in some parts of England there is a blue, mottled with black, or brown and white, that is much prized.

The institution of field trials for collies has done much of late to bring them into notice, and we believe that Mr. R. J. Lloyd Price, of Bala, Wales, is entitled to the credit of having originated them. We believe that at these trials, which usually take place on the hills, the dog is given three sheep to pen without assistance, which is much more difficult than penning a number would be, and is also sent of a long distance alone to bring a few sheep home from the hills. As the shepherds share in the prizes given at these trials it is likely that the emulation thus excited will aid in developing to the fullest extent the natural sagacity of the animal. The working of tending and driving sheep by a well bred colliie can be witnessed almost every day at the Central Park in this city. The dog, Scot, a blue mottled, is the property of Mr. W. F. Morgan, and was, if we mistake not, bred by Mr. John Hobart Warren, of Troy, N. Y., who imported a number of fine collies from the Queen's kennels at Balmoral. When Scot had attained his growth he was, at our suggestion and through the kindness of Mr. Conklin, placed with the sheep in the Park, where he soon developed all the characteristic sagacity of the race. Only a few days since while we were riding past, the keeper, at our request, called to Scot, "Go around them, Scot," and in two minutes the whole flock was in a compact mass, with Scot galloping around them and waiting for further orders. Dr. Stables, in one of his articles on the colliie, tells the following amusing story: "I wonder," says he, "whether my old friend, Peter Molvor of that ilk, a Godly man and an elder of the kirk, ever heard of Darwin? He, Peter, settled the origin of the colliie, at least to his own satisfaction if not to mine. 'Sure enough,' said Peter, 'he was made before Adam himself. What could Abel have done without a colliie, and what could Noah have done in the ark with all his beasts without a real *Hielan' colliie*?' The same writer mentions that he was once in a farmer's house in Scotland while Kooran, the colliie, was lying by the fireside apparently asleep. 'Gang o'er the moor, colliie, laddie, and fetch the sheep home.' The farmer gave the order as quietly as if speaking to a man servant. Kooran jumped up with alacrity, looked very pleased indeed, and trotted out, wagging his tail, but showing no excitement, for he was going on a mission of trust that required both caution and thought. 'O'er the moor' in this case meant a journey of fully two miles, but in one hour Kooran was back with the sheep, galloping to have the yard gate opened. Half an hour later the farmer looked out at the window. 'Oh bother take that cat,' said he, 'I want have an onion this year.' Now, this time Kooran didn't take time to go out by the door, but darted like lightning through the open window, in a state of agitation and meriment that contrasted strongly with his staid demeanor when going for the sheep.

St. John in his "Sketches of Highland Sports" tells of a shepherd who to prove the quickness of his dog, who was lying before the fire, said in the middle of a sentence concerning something else, "I'm thinking the cow is in the potatoes," laying no stress upon the words. The dog, who appeared to be asleep, immediately jumped up and, leaping through the open window, scrambled up the turf roof of the house, from which he could see the potato field; he then, not seeing the cow, ran into the byre where she was, and finding that all was right came back to the house. After a short time the shepherd repeated the words and the dog repeated his look-out; but on the false alarm being given the third time the dog got up and, wagging his tail, looked his master in the face with so comical an expression of interrogation that those present could not help laughing aloud at him, on which, with a slight growl, he laid himself down in his warm corner with an offended air, as if determined not to be made a fool of again.

"Stonehenge," in his latest edition of "Dogs of the British Islands," gives a remarkable instance of this ability on the part of the colliie to understand what is being said about him: "Entering the drawing room of a lady who has a celebrated dog of this variety as a pet, I was met with the question, 'What do you think of my pet—is he not a perfect beauty?' After looking him over as he lay on the rug, and with a desire to tease my hostess, to whom I owed a Roland or two for her many previous Olivers administered in badinage, I replied very quietly, 'Yes, certainly, if he had but a colliie coat and a little more ruff.' The words were hardly out of my mouth when the dog rose from his recumbent position, seized one of my feet in his mouth, gave it a gentle but vicious little shake, not sufficient to scratch the leather of my boot, and then lay down again. There was no emphasis on my part, and not a word uttered by the lady until after the act was completed, when I will not say that eyes and tongue told me I was rightly served. From a long knowledge of the dog, I really am inclined to believe that he knew I was 'picking holes in his coat,' and resented the injustice accordingly."

If space permitted it, we could fill pages with anecdotes of these dogs, indicative of their intelligence. The principal breeders of collies in this country known to us are: Mr. John Hobart Warren, of Troy, N. Y.; Dr. J. W. Downey, of New Market, Frederick Co., Md.; Mr. Frederick Bronson, of this city; Mr. George B. Grinnell, Milford, Conn.; Mr. T. W.

Lawson, Boston, and General Palfrey, U. S. A.—but of course there are many others.



SNAPSHOT.

We print above a portrait of the head of the well known pointer dog, Snapshot, the property of Messrs. Lincoln & Hellyer, of Warren, Mass. Snapshot is a lemon and white, or, rather, almost a red and white dog, of immense power and substance. He is now well along in years, but in excellent condition, and for breeding is unsurpassed by any dog in the country. He is by Mr. Whitehouse's celebrated Rap (Hamlet-Sal) out of Judy (Dash-Venus), and was bred by R. J. Lloyd Price, Esq., of Rhwllas, Wales. The following are Snapshot's prize winnings: 1st at Birmingham, 1869; 1st at North Wales four years in succession; 1st at Oswestry, 1873; 1st at Wolverhampton, 1874; 1st at Wolverhampton, 1876; V. H. C. Crystal Palace and silver cup, 1870; 2d at Crystal Palace, 1872; 1st at New York, 1877; 1st at Syracuse, 1877; 1st at Philadelphia, 1877; also numerous specials.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—A friend of ours had a fine bulldog puppy which he named Neptune. Sad to relate, he fell into a pond the other day and was drowned. Even his name could not save him.

—The Westminster Kennel Club advertise in another column a number of puppies, all sired by Sensation, and out of good bitches, at remarkably low prices.

THE MINNESOTA FIELD TRIALS.

LETTER FROM JOHN DAVIDSON.

MONROE, Mich., Oct. 25, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—As the editor of your contemporary—the *Chicago Field*—after an incubation of nearly six weeks, has hatched out an accusation of fraud against one or more of the judges at the Minnesota Field Trials in their decisions given there, and thinking from his remarks relative to bench shows and field trials, that I am the party against whom his insinuations are principally directed, in self defense please allow me a small space in your columns. I hold myself responsible to the committee of management of the Minnesota Kennel Club alone for my actions while on official duty there, and earnestly desire a complete and thorough investigation of everything in any way connected with the bench show and field trial by that committee; and after hearing evidence on both sides—not on one side only—should anything fraudulent appear, let them expose it and show where it belongs; but I do not in the least hold myself in any way whatever responsible to any prejudiced person or self-constituted authority, whose practical experience in the field cannot compare with many that of school boys, and who at the Minnesota Field trials boasted that he would either run field trials in America or ruin them, and that if the Leicester-Darts could not be run to the front he would burst the whole thing; and who, after the decision had been announced giving Tempest second prize, came to me and asked how it was possible that I could condescend, as one of the judges, to allow a prize to go to a pup by a dog that, of all others he had ever seen, he considered the meanest and most contemptible; and that were he a judge, he would never consent to giving any prize to a pup in any instance by such a miserable brute; and whose interference with the judges was so intolerant as to cause the rule to be read to him, notifying him that his position was not with the judges, as he was merely a reporter and spectator, and not a reporter and judge; and by whom, as I had been previously informed, every effort would be made to run his favorites to the front. Such information to me was quite unnecessary, as my recollection was very distinct where and by his report they were beaten by an imperfection in the rules at a field trial, by a great error of judgment at a bench show, and now by fraud. (Poor unfortunates.) This is the person who is the exponent of justice, and who advises the guarding against favoritism and dog jockeying at our bench shows and field trials, and brings forth accusations of fraud against others. Let us by all means have an investigation, with the proper party to conduct it, where both sides can be heard.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

The integrity of Mr. John Davidson is based upon too solid a foundation to be shaken even in the slightest degree by any accusation from the source he names, should he be the one accused. We can ourselves verify Mr. Davidson's statement as to the meddlesome interference of the person named and to the fact of its having been necessary to read to him the rule in question. This last effort of the "dog ring" to "run" everything connected with field trials and bench shows in this country will be duly appreciated by owners and breeders. An attack upon the man who, of all others, has their entire confidence, simply because he cannot be made to do the bidding of the "ring," must be gratifying to them.—ED.

CURE FOR DISTEMPER.

NEW WESTMINSTER, British Columbia,
September 16, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Seeing by your valuable paper that a gentleman recently had the misfortune to lose twelve dogs from his kennel by distemper, I venture to give you a remedy which I do not remember of ever seeing in print, and which, as far as my experience goes, is the only one that can lay any claim to infallibility. I have been a lover and owner of dogs since my childhood, and have treated a great number for distemper. The salt remedy lately given in your paper I was acquainted with and practiced twenty years ago with varying results. Some dogs recovered, others died. The various treatments recommended by writers on dogs and their diseases I have used to some extent, sometimes to good purpose, sometimes otherwise. About sixteen years ago, a person seeing me throwing into the river the body of a fine setter pup which I had used every endeavor to save, but failed, told me, had I ever another case, to put a seton in the back of the neck and leave it until the eyes and nose stopped running and the dog had recovered his appetite; then to take it out and give no other treatment. I followed his advice, and never since have I lost a dog by distemper. I have prescribed the treatment for, I suppose, a hundred dogs, not one of whom have died, nor has paralysis ever followed this course of treatment that I am aware of, while with the sulphur, calomel and other mineral treatment it is of very frequent occurrence. Sometimes I give a mild purgative, but often do not.

The skin of a dog not being porous like that of many other animals, the chance of throwing off any impurities of the body by means of the skin is impossible; by the seton you create an artificial means which nature has not provided. Almost as soon as the seton is inserted a green, foetid, purulent fluid commences to discharge, and as soon as this discharge, takes place the dog appears to be relieved, and when it ceases the dog is cured. Of course, as long as you leave the seton in a discharge continues, but the character of the matter is totally changed; and as the disease abates, so the discharge becomes less in quantity and of a healthier sort, until it is merely a very slight one, not offensive to the smell, and similar to that caused by any cut or wound; then remove the seton, and the dog is all right.

This may be no new remedy to some, but knowing the great worth of it, I cannot refrain from urging its use by all who have dogs with distemper. I have the almost confidence in its efficacy, and would not be afraid to guarantee the cure of any dog with distemper or forfeit his value if unsuccessful. Having never known it fail in a single instance, hence my great faith in it. Of course, a light diet, warm bed, good care, etc., being essential to a dog's well being while in good health, is more so when affected by disease, but as a rule you need have no extra care taken of your dog, the seton will do the business of itself. The mode of inserting the seton is as follows: Grasp a portion of the loose skin on the back of the neck and lift it clear from the flesh; take a sail needle threaded with four or five strands of sewing twine; thrust it through the skin, not touching the flesh; draw the needle through till it is clear; cut off and tie both ends of the twine together, so that it will not pull out if it should catch on the skin, and the thing is complete. Examine the wound each day, keeping it washed with warm water and Castile soap, and occasionally draw the seton back and forth to create irritation and free discharge.

While speaking of dogs and their diseases, has it ever come to your knowledge that rabies does not exist on the Pacific coast? I have never heard of a case in California, Oregon or Washington Territory, and in British Columbia I am certain that no dog has ever been mad. The temperature in these countries varies from 50 deg. below zero to 110 in the shade, so that we have both extremes. Mange, distemper, cancer, etc., in fact all the other diseases that canine flesh is heir to, prevail, but no rabies. The Indians keep great packs of all sizes, sorts and descriptions of dogs, which receive the harshest kind of treatment, having no care, being half starved, except in seasons of great plenty of fish. Sometimes, when the numerous, and often ferocious, Indians are killing or starving, the Indians having a superstitious fear of killing dogs. Yet no madness takes place. Wolves and foxes are plentiful, subject to the same conditions as regards food and climate as in other parts of America, but no wolf or fox goes mad.

Even the skunk theory won't wash here. This animal (two varieties) is very plentiful, and many dogs make a specialty of killing them, and often justly so, and only earn the same bestowed upon them of being "bully rood skunk dogs." Now, in the natural order of things, it is scarcely possible that a dog can kill skunks for a number of years without being occasionally bitten, but no evil results appear to ensue. The Indians, who, of course, are the oldest inhabitants, know nothing of canine madness. I have often conversed with them upon this subject, explaining its symptoms and characteristics, but they know none of it, neither do their traditions contain anything respecting such an affection. I speak from personal knowledge only as regards B. C.; as to other parts of the coast, from information derived from others.

Hoping that my experience in treatment of distemper may have the effect of causing or inducing others to try the seton, and with the good results that have accrued to my dog patients, I remain, yours truly,
MOWITT.

WORMS IN PUPPIES.—In mentioning a remedy for worms in our last issue the types said "some" milk for "sour" milk. Our correspondents who send me the item says that he will insure it to drive all the worms from puppies, that he has tried it for years and with unflinching success. If it is a sure remedy we can all cry "Bureka!" The puppy should be allowed to drink freely of the sour milk.

—It is stated in the *Herald* that the Queens County Hunt will next year, in all probability, transfer their hunting field from Long Island to Newport, the hunt to extend from August 15 to October 1. It is doubtful if a more pleasant tract of country can be found in New England than that situated in the locality mentioned; but it will be a sad loss to the Queens County people, who have come to look upon the hunt as something belonging to themselves.

—Mr. L. H. Smith's Peersess has whelped eight puppies to Paris.

—The Irish setter bitch Fan, belonging to Mr. J. O. Lombard, of Greenville, Pa., has whelped nine puppies to Mr. Arnold Burges Rufus.

—The Westminster Kennel Club's lemon and white pointer bitch Daisy, winner of first prize at N. Y. Dog Show of 1877, and one of the celebrated Fako-Lilly litter, whelped last week a litter of puppies to Sensation.

—L. F. Whitman's blue belton bitch Mell (not Nell) visited Burges' Druid on the 31st inst.

—A correspondent recommends crude petroleum, just as it is pumped from the wells, as a remedy for all forms of mange or skin disease in dogs. Refined oil should not be used, as it contains an acid.

—Some very handsome Gordon setter puppies by Mr. Jerome Marble's Grouse out of Champlain Lou are advertising in another column.

—Dr. J. W. Downey, of New Market, Frederick County, Md., has bred his red Irish setter bitch, Kathleen (Rufus H. Colleen), to the Baltimore Kennel Club's imported red Irish setter dog, Derg.

—Jill, pure Laverack (Orphina-Pedegree), property of A. F. Huston, Coatesville, Pa., was bred to the Laverack Carlowitz, at Delaware City, Delaware, Oct. 12, 1878.

—Mr. Wm. H. Brown, of Packersville, Conn., claims the name of Vick for his orange and white bitch pup, out of Denison's Flirt by Carlowitz.

Yachting and Boating.

HIGH WATER FOR THE WEEK.

Date.	Boston.	New York.	Charleston.
Nov. 1.....	11 59	11 46	11 39
Nov. 2.....	12 09	11 54	11 47
Nov. 3.....	6 15	5 47	5 24
Nov. 4.....	7 20	6 56	6 31
Nov. 5.....	8 03	7 17	6 29
Nov. 6.....	9 08	8 00	6 18
Nov. 7.....	9 57	8 49	7 01
Nov. 8.....	10 46	7 39	7 01

THE FOSTER YACHT MODEL.

A SHORT time ago we published a description of the new yacht, recently built by Mr. John O. Foster, of East Gloucester, Mass., and in our comments upon the same, gave it as our opinion that she would perform well in a sea, and be a speedy craft. This turns out to be true to the fullest extent, and we take this occasion to lay the results of repeated trials with her before our readers, for they substantiate all that has been said in these columns in reference to the cutter model for sea-going purposes. The yacht in question is 58ft. over all, with 11ft. 4in. beam, and about 7ft. 6in. draft, and must, consequently, be classed among the very narrow and deep boats, exceeding in these respects even the general run of British cutters. We are informed from reliable sources that she is fully up to her builder's expectation and the most sanguine hopes of her admirers. She has been found fast, stiff, able, and very easy in rough water. When close-hauled in a heavy sea, she ran ten and three-quarter knots off the reel by patent log, which is certainly no mean showing for a craft of her dimensions. This was before her best trim had been ascertained, and under small working sails! Mr. Foster finds nothing in her he would care to change after repeated tests, but for racing purposes would fit her with a boom 7ft. longer than at present, a gaff 4ft. longer and about 9ft. more bowsprit. She has not yet been fitted up inside, and is for sale. Under a flush deck ample accommodation is had, including "standing height in cabin." All the gear works inboard. If Mr. Foster can dispose of her, it is his intention to build an eighty-tonner on similar lines, and provide her with a "lifting" screw, an arrangement for which he has received a patent. The satisfaction which auxiliary steam yachts have given in England will lead to their introduction in our waters before long, and in this respect Mr. Foster shows himself to be wide-awake and among the first in his profession. A crack "eighty," fast under canvas and with steam-power enough to move independent of calms or contrary winds, is, we fancy, just the thing for those gentlemen who prefer to unite a reasonable amount of traveling and certainty of movement with the pleasures of sailing under canvas at times. For Florida and West India cruising nothing handier could be devised. The patentee informs us that his invention will be supplied to the new boat, and can as well be fitted to the "twenty" already afloat. The propeller attachment is of the lifting kind, similar in general principles to that of the White Star steamer *Britannic*. We have before us a full set of lines of this new boat, a sail draft, and her auxiliary steam gear as well, which we will be glad to show to any one interested.

THE YAWL IN AMERICA.

IT is rather a feather in the cap of Pacific coast yachtsmen that they should have taken the lead of their Eastern brethren in the introduction of a handy cruising rig in place of the sloop. The gentlemen who have tried the "yawl rig" out there see no reason to change back to the sloop, but find their short main booms and smaller mainsails so snug that their example will be followed by others before long. There are now four craft sailing on the Golden Gate with small mizzeners over their stern, *Raven*, *Frolic*, *Sappho* and *Raven*, and some of the astonished natives dub them luggers! Even concerning the question of speed, experience in San Francisco does not seem to point to any inferiority of this peculiarly handy rig, if we may take their annual regatta as a

criterion, for in that match both *Frolic* and *Raven* beat the New York built *Clara* and others by a very respectable stretch. Moreover, the reports which reach us in relation to them are all favorable, and the very fact that the owners of the yawls are well satisfied with the handiness, appearances and efficiency of the new style—new to this country, at least—is equivalent to the old saying, that "the proof of the pudding lies in the eating thereof."

The peculiarity of this rig is the sub-division of the canvas into small, easily-handled sails, carried on equally reduced spars. If we presume the mast stepped nearly amidships, or at about 42 of the length on load line from forward and the head sail in two pieces, the tack of the outer one, or jib, hauling out on a running bowsprit and the tack of the inner one, or foresail, set up at the knighthead, and if, in addition, we cut the main boom off at about the middle-head, and the short of it and set the canvas thus lost in a small sail of the lug pattern out over the counter, it is evident that for cruising and Corinthian purposes many advantages of a most satisfactory character will be gained. They may be enumerated as follows: Concentration of weights amidships, through carrying the mast, rigging and gear well aft; a reduction of the main boom to about 60 per cent. in length of that of the sloop, coupled with a somewhat smaller decrease in the size of the mainsail itself; the retention of reduced canvas inboard, and, as a natural sequence, the greater facility and saving of labor in handling small sails under all circumstances and for all purposes. This is all so self-evident that the query suggests itself, why not fix upon the yawl, then, to the exclusion of the sloop entirely? There is a limit, however, beyond, or rather below, which we should not pass, since in craft of light tonnage sails and spars are small at best, and probably handled with ease and safety by the crew always likely to be found aboard, be it forward or aft among the amateurs. In the superior handiness of the yawl is lost in the manifold of sheets and halliards, while this multiplicity of gear rises as a paramount obstacle to the quick maneuvering incident to the limited size of the yacht. It is quite true that in British waters the mizzen aft may be met with on the tiniest of clippers, and even on boats of some size, but the question whether any gain is derived from adhering to a rig not adapted to circumstances, merely in imitation of more pretentious flyers. The mainsail and boom of anything much under 30ft. in length are surely within the ready control of a crew anything like proportionate to the boat's tonnage, and it is scarcely needful to add that two hands cannot manage them to their satisfaction, unless, indeed, they happen to be young Corinthians lacking the "best" of older hands.

Moreover, in our waters, at least, cruising and racing among the small fry, and for some time to come will be carried on largely in waters with ready access to a port of which they would be certain to avail themselves in nasty weather. It would be unwise to sacrifice in their readiness of maneuver, general simplicity, cheapness in first cost and efficiency—for in very small sails the superiority of large surfaces is beyond question—in an attempt to attain a characteristic of doubtful value and which serves only to substitute a fresh objection to our mind quite as much to be shunned as unhandiness itself in a vessel of moderate dimensions. It is when applied to the larger classes of sloops that the preference a sailor intuitively entertains for the yawl becomes so manifest, and it will therefore not be amiss to draw attention to the relations to each other of sloop, yawl and schooner for cruising and racing purposes combined. We are not disposed, for as yet it is hardly to be expected that we can muster a numerous constituency who would be content in the possession of strictly cruising yachts only, which, like a large number in England, neither have nor make any pretensions to excessive speed. Almost every cruiser in America likes to have an occasional brush with the smartest of the fleet, and the thirst for keen competition in every walk of life is still so predominant a national characteristic with us that we cannot expect to graduate into the sloop and schooner class without a gradual transition. The predictions of the yachting public is still almost entirely for a craft that can lay more or less claim to being speedy, and the yawl rig must therefore stand the test of its compatibility with this requisite or be rejected as unsuitable to yachts on this side of the Atlantic. Leaving small, smooth-water craft out of consideration, let us glance first at the cruising peculiarities of the yawl. Her head sail, when in light weather there are probably sufficiently familiar with the strong points in its favor, so often reverted to in these columns. The only other matter in which the yawl differs from the sloop is in the management incidental to the small mizzen aft. All operations upon the mainsail will certainly be performed with much more readiness and less labor than in the sloop, facts which stand out in bolder contrast when it is remembered that the boom is entirely inboard, reef-earings and knittles being within easy reach, and the narrow canvas kept under control with a small crew without any possibility of the bunt getting away from them, should the man at the helm let a sea knock the craft off. The additional gear entailed by the mizzen need consist only of halliards, sheet and halyards. The sail is small, and handling it presents no difficulty, and though its presence causes some addition to the gear to be tended in working ship in light weather there are such substantial advantages to be gained by its use, especially for racing purposes, as will be shown presently, that those who have tried the yawl are very apt to give this rig the preference to others. When the sloop has to huff, check her way and take down a reef, the yawl keeps driving at it, simply hauling up or lowers her mizzen, runs in her jib, shifts gear to No. 2 and runs the smaller jib put in light weather there are change! and a spoke or two of lee halyard to set up her halliards, she is off again on her course and has left a long wake between herself and the clumsy rig, besides coming out to windward as well. When the wind pipes heavier, her sail is reduced still further in less time, with less trouble and with greater safety than in the sloop. With bowsprit run in, the smallest jib set and mainsail snugged down to the last line (if exists, we have got our yawl prepared for the worst, under the most favorable conditions, and making sport of the sea that would be pöccellent control, and making sport of the sea that would be the bane of a sloop with her standing bowsprit digging into it at every drop, and a heavy boom slashing across the quarters. She would be compelled to furl jib, and under close-reefed mainsail would hardly come about in a seaway. There can be no question about the yawl rig being faster in outside work, more steady than the sloop, and in this respect it is therefore more suitable to the racing tastes of American yachtsmen than the latter. For cruising it is so superior that it is preferred that further comment is unnecessary. It is safer and more economical in all respects. No wonder, then, that the gentlemen of San Francisco have no intention of returning to the river rig after once having been impressed with the

handiness of the yawl through practical experience. If we now pass to a comparison with the schooner, the racing canopies coupled with canvas masts, of the rig under consideration will be more apparent. In any weather the yawl can show the schooner a clean pair of heels. So much stress is placed upon its superiority that in Europe we find in mixed matches the schooner rated, according to the rules of the Yacht Racing Association, at only three-fifths her tonnage and the yawl at four-fifths in comparison with the cutter. Just here let us remark that however fair and rational the relative rating of schooner and yawl, undoubtedly it is always been a matter of wonder not only to ourselves but to British yachtsmen as well, that the cutter should be so heavily handicapped against her opponents, when in a little stiff breeze the yawl douses her mizzen and becomes virtually a cutter under single reef. Excepting in the lightest of weather this discrimination between the two rigs does not seem warranted. In any other kind of weather, both yawl and cutter should be considered on an equal footing, for the yawl is entitled to a higher place among the various styles of canvassing than the Y. R. A. rule would imply. The allowances of this rig to the schooner long experience has fully justified, at least in the degree that any such comparison can be brought down to actual figures. For racing moderate-sized vessels—and the reader should bear in mind that it is mainly to our larger class of sloops that we intend these remarks to be directed—the yawl has the claim of speed over the schooner, will under two spars and to admit of racing and cruising alike to advantage. Such craft can be rigged as yawls greatly subservient to their handiness as cruisers and not a whit inferior to the sloop or cutter, except in the lightest of breezes and on waters which should be the racing grounds of the open boat rather than of the stately sixty. San Francisco having led the way, New York may follow, though *vice-versa* would have been, no doubt, more pleasing to the metropolitans' pride.

TEXAS YACHTING.—Under the energetic lead of Com Jno. H. Forsyth yachting has become very popular, and the number of yachts owned in that city and vicinity reaches probably forty. They are mostly of the jib-and-mast sail type, well suited to their waters. Wolkart is the Pat McGlehan of the South, having turned out some very fast boats that are said to have beaten all the craft imported from the North. Among his fast ones are *Adella* and *Comet*, boats which spread a very large area of canvas, and which are said to sail so fairly well even in rough water. The sport is fast gaining great avidity, and next season a regular club will be organized and official regattas held instead of scrub races as heretofore.

YACHTING NEWS.

FOAM-REBECCA MATCH.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The private match between two schooners of the E. Y. C. referred to in an article in your issue of October 17, and in which *Rebecca* receives much more credit than she deserves, was sailed at the same time as the E. Y. C. regatta of September 11. In the heat to windward from Swampscott to Halfway Rock *Foam* beat *Rebecca* 13m., gaining about 13m. on *Magie*. From this point *Foam* was dead ast to Harding's Ledge, and it freshened so sharply just as *Rebecca* reached the Rock that she gained considerably on the leading yacht, which held only the moderate breeze which they had had before. In place of *Rebecca* beating *Foam* "with the 20m. allowance," *Foam* won by 4m. 12s., ordinary corrected time according to the club allowance, or 7m. 68s. according to the sailing rule. The private race between *Rebecca* and *Foam* was the account of a participant. *Foam* fully justified the confidence of her owner in offering *Rebecca* such odds as he did. Your correspondent is in error when he says *Foam* was not improved by the alterations made on Oct. 22.

The second trial in the series of three for a set of colors between the schooners *Foam* and *Rebecca*, of the Eastern Yacht Club, was sailed on Saturday over the club course from Marblehead Rock. *Rebecca* was the challenger, and *Foam* the defender. The race was sailed at 11 a. m. in a breeze of 7m. 37s. under the club rules. In this match she allows *Rebecca* 20m. In the first heat, which was sailed in the last club regatta, *Foam* led by 4m. 23s. above the club allowance, and lost the heat by 8m. 1s. In the second heat, which was sailed from Marblehead Rock round Halfway Rock, the Hardings and Egg Rock, *Foam* led 29m. at the Hardings, and 33m. at the Graves. In approaching Egg Rock the wind was light, and *Foam* was forced to make a tack to fetch by. This change of wind led the *Rebecca* four miles dead to leeward, and, while she was working up to Egg Rock, *Foam* was reaching away for the home stakeboat, which she passed in 5h. 32m. 40s. actual time. This was making the race at a rate over five miles an hour, according to the club rules. Mr. Hovey's *Edith* was the stakeboat, and after waiting the 20m. allowed, finding it was growing calm, she followed *Foam* into Marblehead, *Rebecca* not having appeared.

OAR AND PADDLE.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE REGATTA.—The fall regatta of Columbia College was held Saturday, October 26, on the Harlem, near Mott Haven. The weather was favorable and the race smooth. Mr. Edmond Kelly acted as referee, Mr. E. E. Sage as judge, and Mr. Rob Cornell as timekeeper. Course, one mile, start from Macomb's Dam and finish opposite the boat-house. First race for single sculls—W. Parsons had a walk-over, Philip Thompson failing to appear; time, 7m. 62s. Second race for six-oared gigs—H. Collins, 7m. 43s. and 7m. 52s. with six-oared class of 32, freshman—Horace Clark, bow; J. C. Spencer, E. Livingston, F. Webb, W. Sands; stroke, J. Hamilton; coxswain, George Parsons. Class of '81, sophomores—R. T. P. Fiske, bow; D. Clarkson, H. Beers, H. Muller, J. Montgomery; stroke, George Vail; coxswain, George Taylor. Class of '79, seniors—T. H. Leggett, bow; John Mulenbach, C. Eldridge, G. Erhard, S. B. Newberry; stroke, W. B. Parsons; coxswain, Robert Cor-

nell. The seniors were on the Westchester side and the freshmen in the centre. The latter got the best of the start, but were soon overtaken by the seniors, who took the lead and maintained it throughout the race, winning in 5m. 33s.; freshmen second, two lengths ahead of the eph's. Third race for pair-oars—Entries: H. P. Brown and C. Eldridge, R. T. P. Fish and H. Ridaback; won by the former in 7m. 30s. Last race for four-oared gigs—Entries, College: C. Eldridge, bow; H. Muller, R. Livingston; stroke, W. Parsons. School of Mines—It. T. P. Fiske, bow; P. D. Brown, J. D. Newberry; stroke, G. P. Erhard. The S. of M. had the Westchester side and seemed the stronger crew. The steering of both boats was poor. The College crew, slightly the better in this respect, took the middle of the river and won by three lengths; time, 6m. 51s. Prizes in the shape of medals were distributed at the boat-house after the races were over.

MORRIS-PLAISTED RACE.—The race between these two men was rowed over the Hulton course, on the Allegheny, near Pittsburgh, Oct. 16. The distance was two miles with turn. Morris was the favorite, as he might well be, for his success was a foregone conclusion. There seldom has been a sculler more overrated than Fred Plaisted. Mr. Robert Cook, formerly of Yale, acted as referee. At the word "Go" Plaisted took a slight lead, but Morris closed on him, and in spite of a momentary stop, when the oars of both touched slightly, rounded the mark with a long lead. This he spun out to five lengths, and finally crossed the line in 13m. 45m. three lengths ahead.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY CLUB.—The sum of \$10,000 has been offered to send the Harvard crew to England, but nothing definite has as yet been arranged. The challenge from Yale will in the meantime remain in abeyance, but Yale was challenged to a single-scull race for next spring.

SYRACUSE ROWING ASSOCIATION.—This is the name of a new organization recently organized in Syracuse, N. Y. The following officers were elected: President, Samuel A. Steele; Vice-Presidents, Wm. P. Hersey, R. W. Hinsdale; Secretary, Geo. L. Whitmore; Treasurer, A. W. Whitmore; Financial Secretary, H. N. Letts.

CONNELL UNIVERSITY REGATTA.—Tuesday, Oct. 15, the day to which the University regatta had been postponed, turned out very favorable, the water being smooth all day. First race for single sculls: G. M. Wells, of '79, and E. L. Preston, of '78. The latter took the lead with a stroke of 32 against Wells' 33 and won in 16m. 23s. Second race, for class crews, proved close up to the mile mark, when class '81 took the lead and won in 12m. 20s.; crew of '80, 13m. 37s., and crew of '79 in 12m. 40s. Names of the winning crew were: J. N. D. Shink, E. H. Cole, R. D. Jay, J. G. Allen, G. E. Reed, T. Waterbury and O. L. Taylor, coxswain. Third race for gigs: Sprague Boat Club against Tom Hughes Boat Club. Won by the latter in 12m. 7s., in spite of the stroke ar slipping his seat! Names of winning crew: T. Peacock, D. W. Hutchinson, W. M. Taylor, H. B. Nichols, F. Leary, J. C. Wait and S. Mott, coxswain.

YALE vs. HARVARD.—Harvard University Boat Club has accepted Yale's challenge, and the eight-oared four-mile race will probably be rowed at New London.

CANOEING ON LAKE SUPERIOR.

EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL OF A CANOE VOYAGE ON LAKE SUPERIOR AND THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI IN 1840—MADE BY W. H. C., OF CHICAGO.

MADISON, JUNE 26, 1840.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Arrived here to-day in the Steamer *Illinois*, Captain Blake, from Chicago, which we left on the 24th. Many pleasant people on board, among them Mr. and Mrs. F. W., of Peoria, Ill., with whom I passed a delightful week last winter, spending the days with the hunting club in the exciting sport of hunting deer on horseback with long spears, and carousing over the prairies like ancient knights with lance in rest, but charging the foe with scarlet coats instead of steel armor. Many were the deer that fell by our lances, and many were the flocks of geese whose wings fell before our prowess. "At evening, around the board sitting." My companions on the proposed tour, Major H. and Mr. F., have preceded me, and are on their way to Saint Is. Marie in a canoe, which they purchased here. I shall join them by the first boat which goes up from this island.

Macino needs nothing but a large and well kept hotel to become a great resort for summer travellers. At present one is accommodated in a simple but comfortable manner at the house of old Mr. Lealey, whose wife undertakes cooking whitest fish better than any one on the island. As every person of taste who comes here lives principally on this delightful fish, it is an important consideration.

The scenery of this island has been often described by abler pens than mine—those of Mr. Jameon and Miss Martineau, for instance. Some of the old residents amused me by the oddity of their characters, and also gave me much valuable information as to the early history of the place, and the condition and resources of the Lake Superior country. I find General Scott and staff here, with Colonel Bankhead and a large party from Detroit, all of whom are going to the Saint in the *Fairport*, a small and dirty steamer, which plies in these waters, and which I must also take. Among the crowd I found Mr. J. L. Schoolcraft, a naturalist and sportsman. He showed me a fine collection of butterflies and moths; also a specimen of the spotted grouse, which occurs in the Northern Peninsula. Mr. S. is also an angler, and told me that he had taken in the Saint rapids a brook trout which weighed five pounds. Anglers in New England streams, where my trout fishing has hitherto been done, would hardly believe this—we used to think a pound trout a monster.

The scenery along the St. Mary River is fine. As you approach the mouth there are a thousand little islets in sight, some of them barely large enough to afford a resting place for two or three trees. At Point St. Joseph, on Drummond's Island, we see the ruins of an old fort, which the British had there formerly, now nothing but a pile of stone. Next comes Lake George, a fine sheet of water, on the northern side of which appears a chain of mountains which are said to divide the waters of the lake from those of Hudson's Bay. After winding through a narrow channel we turned a point and came in sight of the village of Saint Mary. The military band which was on board struck up a lively air as we approached the fort, the Indians yelled, and the cannon roared a salute, which echoed far away among the granite hills on the Canada shore. But a grander sound than this was the deep voice

of Lake Superior, pouring its surplus waters down the rapids, which foamed and boiled in a thousand convolutions among the everlasting rocks of the bed of the St. Mary.

The village is a small trading post of forty or fifty houses, inhabited principally by voyageurs and engagés of the American Fur Company. When the contemplated canal is finished the upper country will be opened to commerce, which, with the fisheries, have been monopolized by this company. There are also areas of iron and copper on the shores of Lake Superior, which will hereafter be worked to advantage.

Just beyond Fort Brady I recognized the tent of my companions, and soon learned with satisfaction that everything was ready for our final start from the abodes of men. Our bank canoe, purchased for twelve dollars, was about 23 ft. long, and 4 ft. wide, and capable of containing six men with their baggage, and 2,000 lbs. of provisions; all of which would not sink the boat six inches. When they loaded she would ride over the waves like a life-boat. They will cut-ho any other craft in a heavy sea, and the only difficulty in travelling is the necessity of unloading them in deep water, for the least pressure on a rock would break them instantly. Our crew consists of three half-breeds, one of whom will serve as cook.

July 23.—Mr. Schoolcraft fitted us out with boat and men, who took us to the Canada shore, and we commenced fishing for trout, which abound in these places. By trading the rapids I got to a spot at the foot of a little fall, where I found them of good size, all that I took being over half a pound, and the largest of two pounds weight. These were taken with a fly, to which they rose readily; and I found these, my first Western trout, to exactly resemble those of New England in appearance and flavor.

July 29.—We find our stock of provisions for six men for three months so John that we conclude to send a part up to Lapointe by the brig *John J. Astor*, a vessel belonging to the American Fur Company, the first vessel on the Lake, which was for years the wonder of the gens du Nord.

One must also carry birch bark, gum and watsap (the flexible roots of the cedar), for repairing the canoe, a process often necessary on these rocky shores.

S. C. C.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON FOR NOVEMBER.

FRESH WATER.
Black Bass, *Micropterus salmoides*. Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius*.
M. pallidus. Yellow Perch, *Perca flavescens*.
Muskelunge, *Acipenser nubilus*.
SALT WATER.
Sea Bass, *Scomber ocellatus*. Goby, *Cyprinops regalis*.
Striped Bass, *Morone saxatilis*. Haddock, *Merluccius*.
Walrus, *Odobenus rosmarus*. Kingfish, *Micropogonias undulatus*.
Dunghies, *Paralichthys oblongus*.

FISH IN MARKET.—Bluefish, 8 cents; bass, 15 to 18; salmon, 25 mackerel, 18; weakfish, 10; halibut, 15; kingfish, 25; codfish, 7; blackfish, 10; flounders, 8; lobsters, 10; sheepshead, 18; scallops, \$1 per gallon; soft clams 50 to 75 cents per 100; whitefish, 15; salmon trout, 15; hard crabs, \$3.00 per 100; smelts, 15; terrapins, per dozen, \$15; frostfish, 8; haddock, 7; sea bass, 18; eels, 15; pickered, 15; sunfish, G; yellow perch, 8; pike, 8; muskelunge, 13; prawns, per gallon, \$1.50; frogs, per pound, 30.

Live codfish and muskelunge are the new features of the market this week. Bluefish have turned their heads southward, and will be found on the North Carolina coast. The fishing for striped bass in the vicinity of New York is remarkably good, and much sport is afforded.

NEW ROUTE TO RANGELEY LAKES.—The Portland and Oxford Central Railroad, which has been defunct for some years, has passed into new hands, and will in future be known as the Rumford Falls and Buckfield R.R. It has been thoroughly rebuilt and equipped with new and elegant rolling stock, and with such officers as J. Washburn, Jr., for President; S. C. Andrews, Treasurer, and S. T. Corser (so long the efficient Superintendent of the G. T. R.) for Superintendent, the public may feel assured that nothing will be spared to make this a first-class road in every respect. This road leaves the Grand Trunk Railway at Mechanic Falls, thirty-six miles from Portland, and its present terminus is Canton, twenty-seven miles from McFalls. Here passengers take a Concord coach for Byron, thirty miles distant, and it is safe to say that no piece of road better than this exists in New England. The road follows the Androscoggin and Swift rivers, and with the beautiful mountain scenery, and the wonderful bear stories that stage drivers always tell their passengers, the drive is enchanting. From Byron to the shore of Lake Moosehuncantonic is only seven miles, and here you are right on the shore of the greatest of the great lakes. It is on the shores of this lake that Allerton's Lodge is situated, and at the head of the property of the Ogunquit Angling Association. Middle Dam Upper Dam, and the camps of the Boston clubs can all be reached from here, and all "carries," the curse of the tourist and especially the ladies who visit the Lakes, are avoided, and you have saved forty-six miles, as this route is that much shorter than by the way of Farrington and Phillips. BARR.

ANGLING CELEBRITIES.—To the long list of distinguished men who have made angling their relaxation and amusement, we must add Charles Kingsley, the preacher and poet; J. A. Froude, the historian; and Tom Taylor and Tom Hughes, authors of distinction. In the late "Life and Letters of Kingsley," edited by his wife, we have many glimpses of these men taking their sport by the side of lake and river, to wit:

"To Tom Hughes—This gracious rain will put the fish all right in a week, and we might run to Farnham or elsewhere, for a day, to see what a large March-brown and a red or a golden palmer would do. That's the spot to throw your fly and let it sink, and in half a minute take it out gently to see and let it sink, and if it do, but him as if you loved it enough at the end of it, and if so, but him as if you loved him, and hold on. We will fish both streams, and oh, my

goodness; if we only have a son-water—all's in that blessed sound. Shelly did not know what the dear old Zephyrus was good for; who does but, we the heirs of all creation, masters of water, 'the mother of all things.'

"To J. A. Proude.—Yesterday I went up the side stream in the park, and after the rain it was charming. They took first a little black gill, and then settled to a red palmer and the congering turkey-brown. My beloved black alder they did not care for, but I kept seven brass of gold fish and threw in twelve, more over 1 lbs., though. Oh! I wish you had been with me."

"Mackerel Castle, Sligo, July 4.—I have done the deed at last—killed a real live salmon over five pounds weight, and lost a whooper by light hooking."

"July 6.—I had magnificent sport this morning; five salmon killed; biggest seven pounds, and another huge fellow ran right away to sea, carrying me after him, and was lost after running 200 yards by towing a ship's hawser. There is nothing like it; the excitement is maddening."

If the good man lost his wits over a five pound fish, which would be called a grilse on the Restigouche, what would have happened had he chanced to fasten a twenty-five or thirty pounder? In our country we should introduce this English custom of throwing back all small trout, say those under six or eight inches long, and it is for FOREST AND STREAM to teach young anglers that there is more credit in the capture of one two-pound trout than in killing one hundred yearlings.

S. C. O.

GREEN BASS.—Frank J. Bowman, Esq., in a letter written from Pike Lake, Bayfield County, thus describes the green bass that is there found in great abundance:

Like its near kinsman, the black bass, it has in the dorsal fin nine spines; the second dorsal, one spine; twelve soft rays, with a remarkable uniformity of color on back or belly, closely resembling the dark, polished green of the oak leaf. In weight, from two to five pounds. It is a bold biter, and a good-sized green frog is the most tempting bait you can throw; a live minnow killed well will strike handsomely into a bright spoon hook, or piece of red tannal drawn rapidly through the water. It takes the bait with a rush, and must be given line or it will tear loose or break the tackle. Its leaping and shaking propensities are remarkable—on the first leap it will frequently jump from three to four and a half feet from the water, and will leap and shake like a Scotch terrier from four to six times before taming down. Its flesh is very firm, and its flavor is excellent. I am of the opinion that some idea of the gameness of the fish may be formed from the fact that Mr. Knight, who has long enjoyed the reputation of an experienced angler, found it impossible to save more than a half dozen of the first fifty bass he hooked, and your correspondent, although boasting that he had lost but four large trout in making a catch of several hundred, had no better success than Mr. K. in handling green bass. After losing a heavy braided line and breaking two pieces in good hard fighting, we fell back on a stout old half inch never say line. This armed, we made a fair showing of thirty-two big bass in a half day's fishing.—*Ashland (Wis.) Press.*

ALL ABOUT THE HELMGRAMITE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* After a careful examination of the authorities, and a thorough search in journals and books, I am of the opinion that the helmgramite has been overlooked, and perhaps it will be interesting to "Knights of the Rod and Reel," who look to your paper for such information. I give a short statement of the habits and value of this bait: The helmgramite is the most "killing" bait for black bass. By that name it is known in the South. In the Northern States it is called "Dobson" or "Dobson." Our rivers and canals are full of them, and yet a very large number of fish are never say line. They have used them. By anglers who know it is in constant use from the last of June until the close of the fishing season. By some they are called salamanders, which is entirely wrong. In appearance and shape it very much resembles the thousand-legged worm, and has pinchers like a pinching bug. It grows to be about 3½ inches long, and is of a dark brown color. It instantly clings to any object it strikes, lies entirely under the water, and will stay in the water for a long time of all kinds. It protects itself from fish by hiding under rocks and drift in the bottom of the streams, or in the crevices of submerged stone walls. They are found under cobble-stones and rocks, on the rillies, or clinging under the timbers of old dams and decayed driftwood. In the canal and feeders they live in the walls of locks, on the gates, bridge timbers and sunken boats. They are caught on the rillies by standing in the stream with minnow net, so as to hold the upper end of the trails together in one hand, the lower end of the trails spread so as to stretch the lead line on the bottom of the stream, then with a hoe turn over rocks and stones as far up the stream as you can reach. Being thus disturbed, the helmgramite will curl up in a ball and drift into the net, from which it must be taken before resetting the net. Timber and driftwood must be turned over, for they will be found underneath. The difficulty of finding them in canals is because of the water being too deep to wade. The theory of some naturalists is that the helmgramite develop into butterflies, and that the butterflies dig holes in the river bank and deposit eggs that are hatched the next year into helmgramite; but the more practical fishermen say that hundreds of small ones are found through the season, with the larger ones on rocks and decayed wood in the streams, showing that is where they breed and multiply. In the early part of the season they are found in streams and remain in that condition until spring. As bait they are better than "crays," and when used are hooked under the shell that covers the neck. All kinds of fish take them readily, and the angler is not annoyed by turtles eating them off his hook. They will live for months if kept in a cool place—in a bucket or box, partially filled with pieces of moist decayed wood. Boys who catch them sell them at a penny a dozen. Anglers who are enjoying exceptionally fine black bass fishing this year, good catches being made every day along the banks of the Big and Little Miami, the Stillwater, Mud River, Wolf, Twin and Bear creeks, and at the lakes near Carlisle, and over at Aigua and up at the Lewiston reservoir. Bait is plenty and the waters in prime condition. Camping parties are scattered all along these streams, and will be until cold weather sets in.

Dayton, Ohio, Oct. 16, 1878.

ISAAC.

THE YELLOWSTONE AS A TROUT STREAM.—A letter to the *Cleveland Leader* says: "At every halt along the river everywhere you would fish or paw around among the boulders upon which the river flowed for trout. In both instances the reward for one's trouble was sure to be most satisfactory. The trout, whitefish and grayling took the grasshopper baits

that were thrown them with the greatest avidity. This may seem strange with regard to the whitefish, as their reputation on the great lakes for taking the hook is not the best, yet here they proved better biter than the trout. General Sherman, in his report on the National Park, says he does not believe there is a finer trout stream in the world than the Upper Yellowstone."

FISHING AT SATEE STE. MARIE.—A tourist gives the following account of his experience: "Seating myself in a canoe, the Indian took his position in the stern and another stood in the bow. The one in the stern used a paddle to keep the boat's head up stream, while the other used a pole to steady the boat. We had a dip-net about four feet in diameter, with a handle twelve or fifteen feet long. This was hung over the projection of the cutwater, while the handle trailed back in the water. Thus equipped, we sailed out into the rapids, which are half a mile in length and one mile wide. At the foot of the rapids the fishing is done. The water boils and tumbles like the swiftest of the Delaware, and is generally half white with breaking foam. With his pole the Indian in the bow holds the canoe, or lets it float steadily sideways, now up a little and then down, but always under perfect control, and always dancing with the rush of water. He watches the water constantly, which varies in depth from two to nine feet. Suddenly, with a quick motion, he shoves the end of the pole under the bow piece, grasping the net at the same time with the other hand, and never taking his eye from the water, plunges it in, perhaps ten feet away, and forces it to the bottom, or, as the canoe sags back with the current, lets it drop a few feet, and then with a peculiar twist raises it to the surface, and with a toss like turning a flap-jack, drops a five-pound white fish into the canoe. This was repeated time and again, right in the swiftest water, and seldom only one fish was caught, but once six that would weigh eighteen pounds. Often I could not see the bottom, and one was caught in eight or ten feet of water. I could not see the fish until they brought to the surface. It was the only kind of fishing that I ever saw that I did not think I could learn to do. It is said no white man ever did learn. The Indian I was with took 1,800 in one day. We were out an hour and took about thirty. I could not induce any of the other passengers to go out, but they asked me if I had seen the City Hall at Detroit."

TIM POND.

NEW BRITAIN, CONN., SEPT. 25, 1878.

DIPNET FOREST AND STREAM:

Last year my friend, of Mount Vernon, Maine, told me something of the "Tim Pond" method of fishing. About the first of the month I started with said friend and two other gentlemen for a week of trouting and gunning in the mountains and lake region of Maine. We drove our own teams. A good way for sportsmen or any party desiring recreation and amusement in the open air in the finest forests and by the most beautiful lakes and streams of New England is to go by railroad, or by team to Farmington, Maine, thence by stage, or private carriage on good roads, via New Vineyard, New Portland and Kingsfield, to Eustis. This was the route we took. The drive on a September day—at the foot of rugged mountains and by the side of the dashing Carrybas, the river—is most enjoyable to any lover of nature. In the evening we arrived at a comfortable dwelling and the "Tim Pond hotel" being given by one of the party well versed in the art, the proprietor, Mr. Kennedy Smith, appeared at the door and recognized old friends. Smith knows how to welcome his guests and cause them to feel at home. It was not long after our appetites were appeased before we retired. As gray dawn Kennedy Smith was astir and so were his good wife and brisk daughter, and ere the sun had lighted up the far-off peaks our guests were up and the lawn, and Mr. Eustis, you should have been there that bright early morning, and the landscape I saw around to the left is Pleasant, where Arnold with his brave soldiers camped, amid the snow and ice of winter, on that memorable march to Canada. In front of us boldly stand the three peaks of Mount Bigelow where Arnold sent his aid to "look over into Quebec." To the right is Saddle-Back, and further on are Kennebec and Mount Abram, the peaks of which lies our Promised Land—the camping ground of Tim Pond!

After an appetizing breakfast the "packs" were put into a wagon and we started for Pond. When we had about a mile and a half our guide took from the wagon one pick and his best assistant the other, and we plunged into the forest. For a time the path was good then only fair. The forest trees were mostly spruce, fir, pine and cedar. There were some hard-wood trees. The air was invigorating and healthful. Literally, there are tons of gum upon the spruce trees. This dense woodland is inhabited by large game. There are many evidences that Bruin made a congenial home here, but he does not seek acquaintance with man, deer, caribou and moose, in the season, can be hunted here, and most deer are caught by any lover of nature. After about five hours we had accomplished six miles and stood by the shore of the annex of the main lake or pond. This annex evidently was partitioned off by the industrious beaver many years ago. It is but a few acres in size. The real pond, according to the State survey, has a surface of about a thousand acres. It is a beautiful sheet of clear, sparkling water nestled down among the green trees, hillside mountains. Our guide soon placed his boat before us and stored our packs and equipments inside for transfer to the landing opposite the camp. We took a few fine trout in the small pond and then crossed the bar or opening in the beaver dam into the real lake. After rowing a short distance our guide landed and hastened to put the camp in order for our reception, and his assistant anchored us in a good place for fish. For an hour or more the sport was exciting. In a short time what trout we had caught were cooked and well appreciated by six hungry men.

Each morning we arose early, drank from a health-giving spring near camp, took to our boat, returning after an hour with all the trout we were able to catch. We were not, though our appetites were keen. During the day we hunted parties with two dogs and a well-trained pointer, though I do not think we found them as plenty in the wilderness as near openings, where their haunts were filled with them. Near sunset each afternoon we took more trout, for we had only to cast in our hooks to gain the speckled prizes. Thus we spent our time, varying the programme by visiting some of the wildest and grandest scenery New England affords. One day we visited "Tim Pond Stream" which connects this lake with Dead River. It is a charming stream, with high embowered banks, numberless rapids and three dashing cascades. The deep basin at the foot of each waterfall is alive with trout. There are no fish in this lake except trout. Never has any one of any size been caught here. The lake is swarming with its exclusive inhabitants, which can be taken by bait or by a "fly," by a novice or by a professional. Few have "whipped" these waters, because few know of them, though each year their fame is increasing. For one desiring the life of a fashionable hotel this is not the place. It is the place for the true sportsman, the place for recreation, for health, the place to worship God in his first temple.

The enjoyment of our party was complete. We gained in weight, health and strength next year I hope to see some of your readers. Instead of going to Farmington by railroad another route

is by the Maine Central R. R. to Anson, thence by stage and private conveyance to the residence of Mr. Smith. Should any one wish for further information they can obtain it by addressing Kennedy Smith, Eustis, Maine.

J. WARREN TUCK

MOVEMENTS OF THE FISHING FLEET.—The number of fishing arrivals reported at this port the past week has been 31. The bulk arrivals have included 3 with codfish, 270,000 lbs., and 4 with halibut, 54,000 lbs. The number of Georges arrivals has been 18, with 270,000 lbs. codfish. The Baymen arrive slowly, but most of the fleet are on the way home, and the arrivals will soon be numerous. The number of arrivals the past week has been 2, and the receipts 300 lbs. mackerel. The Shore fleet are mostly across the Bay, and the season will soon be brought to a close. The arrivals for the week have been 4, and the receipts 500 lbs. The mackerel season will close with a small stock on the market, number ones and extras being scarcer than ever before known, and commanding a good price. The smaller sizes are in better supply, but prices rule low.—*Oape Ann Advertiser*, Oct. 25.

CONNECTICUT.—New London, Oct. 26.—Blye's old friend, on Monday, in four hours' fishing, captured 37 black bass, many females in spawn. Is it not unusual for them to be in spawn at this season? Bass of 5 lbs. 6 oz. weight have been caught in Gardiner's Lake.

MISAL.

Black bass of two years old commence spawning in July and continue into September. October is late for them. Nevertheless, all fish are not wholly regular as to periods, and may spawn at almost any month.—*Ed. F. & S.*

PENNSYLVANIA.—Erie, Oct. 19.—Fishing has been the finest ever known in our bay. Muscalonge and black bass are being caught in large numbers every day, which is no doubt owing to our stringent laws in regard to all kinds of seine fishing, which are being enforced very rigidly.

STRETS.

VIRGINIA.—Richmond, Oct. 23.—Angling for bass between Buchanan and Clifton Forge is very fine. The river is filled with fish. The sport is improving in the vicinity of Richmond, and by another season we may hope that the river throughout its length will be well stocked with that game fish.

M.

Norfolk, Oct. 16.—Very fair striped bass fishing near the Bridges. Fish run small, but plenty. Drum, salmon trout, spots and tailors in fair supply from the seines.

RICHMOND.

TENNESSEE.—Nashville, Oct. 21.—James Snow, Esq., with a party of gentlemen, went down the river of Harpeth River on a fishing excursion, and last Saturday they had splendid sport, taking seventy-five bass and one cat-fish. The bass averaged three-quarters of a pound, and the catfish weighed seven pounds. A large quantity of fish, principally cat, drum and buffalo, caught in the Cumberland River, were offered for sale last week in the market. This is the beginning of the season for catching jack. It seems they are more voracious on cool, frosty mornings than at any other time. A number of our crack anglers are already making preparations for their fall sport.

J. D. H.

Nashville, Oct. 26.—The fall season for fishing has opened most favorably, large creels being taken in almost all of the streams in this section. A gentleman landed a five-pound jack in the Cumberland last week, and another party took in the same stream a large string of bass, and two or three jack averaging about one pound weight.

J. D. H.

Savannah, Oct. 23.—Our fall fishing has been quite fair. Several parties have enjoyed reasonably good sport. On my last expedition, I captured eight game representatives of the bass species.

WILL.

Rational Pastimes.

BASE BALL.

THE LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP CAMPAIGN OF 1878—THE STATISTICS OF THE SEASON'S PLAY.

The League Association's season of 1878, which began on the 1st of May last, finished up on the 1st of October, though the League clubs have played exhibition games since then and up to the close of October; but the championship season was from May to October, the last game of the championship pennant series being played on Sept. 30 last. The contesting clubs numbered only six during 1878, and it was the best League season on record, both as regards the equality of the competing clubs and the fine fielding exhibited by the respective teams. Without further preface we proceed to give the statistics of the season's play, beginning with the full record of the season.

THE FULL RECORD.

The full record of the season, giving the summary of the games won, lost, drawn and played is as follows. The names are given in the order of win games:

	Games Won	Games Lost	Games Drawn	Games Played
Boston	41	1	1	43
Cincinnati	37	8	1	46
Providence	37	8	1	46
Chicago	37	8	1	46
St. Louis	37	8	1	46
Milwaukee	37	8	1	46
Games lost	10	22	21	53

MODEL GAMES.

The model games—or games in which the score of the winning nine does not exceed three runs—in the League championship contests of 1878, were as follows:

	Games Won	Games Lost	Games Drawn	Games Played
May 1—Boston vs Providence	1	0	0	1
June 13—" Indianapolis	1	0	0	1
July 20—" Cincinnati	1	0	0	1
Sept 11—" Indianapolis (10 innings)	2	0	0	2
Aug 5—" Chicago	2	1	0	3
Aug 10—" " "	2	1	0	3
Aug 31—" Milwaukee	2	1	0	3
June 11—" Indianapolis	3	0	0	3
Aug 9—" " "	3	0	0	3
Sept 13—" Chicago	3	0	0	3
July 29—" Milwaukee	3	0	0	3
July 4—" " "	3	2	0	5
Aug 1—" " "	3	2	0	5
Aug 3—" " "	3	2	0	5

COMPLETE RECORD OF LEAGUE CLUB GAMES FOR 1878.

CLUBS.	BOSTON.	CINCINNATI.	PROVIDENCE.	CHICAGO.	INDIANAPOLIS.	MILWAUKEE.	GAMES WON.	TOTAL RECS.
BOSTON	O	June 17. 4-2 June 20. 5-2 July 10. 1-0 July 22. 8-7 July 24. 11-4 July 25 (11 innings) ... 10-9 Six games..... 59-52 Sept. 9 (10 innings) ... 6-6	May 1. 1-9 May 4. 11-6 May 13. 6-7 May 23. 12-10 May 25. 17-11 Sept. 26. 4-3 Six games..... 51-25 June 13 (6 innings) ... 9-0 June 15. 3-5 July 9. 12-4 July 18. 13-5 Aug. 3. 4-0 Aug. 17. 6-1 Aug. 20. 6-2 Sept. 2. 6-2 Nine games..... 54-22	May 28. 10-1 June 25. 7-9 Aug. 5. 2-1 Aug. 9. 3-2 Aug. 10. 2-1 Aug. 27. 7-2 Aug. 29. 8-7 Aug. 31. 5-2 Eight games..... 44-31 May 30. 4-1 June 8. 11-4 July 4. 5-3 July 5 (10) 4-3 Four games..... 24-11 July 2 (10 innings) ... 7-7 Aug. 12 (11 innings) ... 6-3 Aug. 14. 8-2 Sept. 3. 3-0 Sept. 4. 4-0 Sept. 5. 8-3 Six games..... 44-10 Aug. 13 (11 innings) ... 4-4	June 11. 3-6 June 13. 1-6 June 2. 1-1 June 2. 1-1 June 6 (11) 4-2 July 29. 8-6 July 31. 2-1 Aug. 1. 2-4 Aug. 3. 2-2 Aug. 6. 3-0 Aug. 24. 4-2 Aug. 24. 55-35	May 1. 6-4 May 2. 6-2 May 2. 4-2 May 15. 10-2 Aug. 10 (9) 0-4 Aug. 12. 6-2 Aug. 15. 13-7 Aug. 17. 8-1	57	238 to 92
CINCINNATI		O						
PROVIDENCE			O					
CHICAGO				O				
INDIANAPOLIS					O			
MILWAUKEE						O		
GAMES LOST	19	23	27	30	36	45	180	1895 to 576
GAMES DRAWN	1	2	2	1	3	1	10	

CRICKET.

THE AUSTRALIANS IN SAN FRANCISCO.—The last game of the series of matches played by the Australians in America took place at San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 24, 25 and 26, on the Recreation Grounds. The wicket was not a very good one, and what with indifferent bowling and wretched fielding, the Australians had no difficulty in running up one hundred and ninety-seven the first day, with a loss of but six wickets. C. Bannerman scoring 78 after giving a couple of chances at the bat, one after another scoring less than 20, while Spofforth contributed 45, his best score in America. The second day's play saw the Australians run their score up to 802, Boyle contributing 35, Bailey 25, Allan 21—not out—and Gregory 15, Murdoch being disposed of for 3 only. In the inning there were no fewer than 43 extras. The first inning of the twenty-two resulted in a score of 63 only, and we had to allow the Australians their score by yielding them 105 runs. Perry Malone, the San Athletic baseball player, led the score against the Australians with 22, Aiken getting 12, these being the only double figures scored. The final result was the success of the Australians in one inning, with 125 runs to spare.

The prize tourney, which was commenced on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, on Oct. 22, stood as follows on Oct. 30, four games having been played :

	Alaska.	Flyaway.	Hudson.	Won.	Played.
Alaska.....	..	0	1	2	3
Flyaway.....	1	..	1	1	3
Hudson....	1	0	..	1	2
Games lost.	2	0	2	4	8

NEW YORK—*Utica*, Oct. 28.—*Utica* Cricketers (amateurs) and the *Utica* Base Ball Club. (professionals), the latter having never played a game of cricket. The fielding of the baseball club won them the game, it being especially fine in the second inning:

FIRST INNING.		CRICKETERS.	
Purcell, hit his wicket.....	16	J Adams, & McGuinness, & Clark.....	5
E Kennedy, & Hollingsworth.....	1	J Clark, & Alcott.....	1
Richardson, & Hollingsworth.....	2	J Hollingsworth, run out.....	0
Laitham, & Kaeley, & Hollingsworth.....	7	G Joyce, & Alcott, & Clark.....	5
Alcott, & Hollingsworth.....	7	N Adams, & Clark.....	6
Smith, & Clark.....	2	R Hill, & Alcott, & Clark.....	18
Clark, & C H Adams, & Hollingsworth.....	1		
M Kennedy, not out.....	13	Foster, thrown out by Smith & O W Adams, & Alcott.....	12
McGuinness, & Hollingsworth.....	1	O H Adams, & E Kennedy, & Alcott.....	15
Roche, run out.....	5	Raugley, & Smith, & Purcell.....	1
Bushong, & Hollingsworth.....	0	W Cowan, not out.....	0
Wides.....	5		
Byes.....	1	Bres.....	1
Total.....	61	Total.....	61

SECOND INNING.

Purcell, b Hollingworth.....	9	Clark, c Clack.....	5
M Kennedy, run out.....	6	Cowan, c Alcott, b Latham.....	1
E Kennedy, c Hollingworth,			
b Clack.....	0	J Adams, b Latham.....	0
Richardson, b Adams.....	0	Hollingworth, b Latham.....	6
Latham, c Foster, b Holling-			
worth.....	3	G Boyce, b Clack.....	0
Alcott, not out.....	11	Foster, c Alcott, b Latham.....	4
Smith, c J Adams, b Holling-			
worth.....	8	Kingley, c M Kennedy, b	
		Clack.....	4
Clack, c N Adams, b Holling-			
worth.....	0	O W Adams, b Clack.....	5
Roche, c Clark, b J Adams.....	5	N Adams, b Latham.....	0
McGuinness, hit own wicket.....	0	C H Adams, b Latham.....	1
Burningham, c Adams, b Holling-			
worth.....	1	F Boyce, not out.....	1
Byes, 5; wides, 2.....	7	Byes.....	1
	50	Total.....	27
Over—Utica, 33; Cricketers, 28. Maiden over—Alcott, 1.			
Clack, 1; Latham, 1. Batted out—Utica, 4; Cricketers, 4.			
Playing time, 4 hours. Umpires—George Halph for Cricketers;			
James G. French for Utica.			
		B. A. G.	

ARCHERY.

A NOVEL CONTEST—*Highland Park, Ill.*—On the 19th October a very interesting match was shot between Mr. W. B. D. Gray, an excellent pistol shot, and Messrs. E. B. Weston and H. C. Carver, members of the Highland Park Archery Team. Mr. Gray used a 9-ounce revolver and was handicapped to shoot 100 yards to the Archers' 60 yards; 90 shots each at a regulation 45-inch target. The score is as follows:

	Shots.	Hits.	Value.
W B D Gray (pistol).....	30	24	106
	30	17	85
	30	26	118
Total.....	90	67	309
E B Weston (archer).....	30	21	85
	30	15	69
	20	11	51
Total.....	90	47	205
H C Carver (archer).....	30	18	83
	30	22	126
	80	20	86
Total.....	90	60	290

OMNIAI ANNUUS.—*Hackensack, N. J., Oct. 26*.—Distance, 90 yards; 24-inch target; 9 ends:

	Hits.	Value.	Hits.	Value.	
Missa Ward.....	42	180	Miss Dougherty.....	0	0
Miss Holberton.....	19	80	Mr Holberton.....	17	8
Miss Slocuman.....	5	25	Mr Gardner.....	8	40
“ Hopper.....	6	30	Mr Ziegler.....	6	30
“ L Zingram.....	1	5	Mr Wells.....	1	5

—Will those who are so kind as to send archery scores please send size of target, distance and number of ends?

MARIETTA, Ohio, Oct. 23.—Hiawathas, of Muskingum, and the Eighty-one Archers, of Marietta College.—The former club numbers about thirty members, and includes ladies. The latter is strictly a college club. Bows in use are of American Highfield and Aldred manufacture, and range in weight from 40 to 48 lbs. The Aldred bows are the finer finish and more flexible, yet they cost so much more than others that it is difficult to decide which is economy. I think Aldred has sent no lance or lemonwood bows to this country over fifty-five pounds, so it is impossible to judge as to their durability. I have in use a Spanish yew, of forty-nine pounds weight, made by Aldred, that I have used constantly for four months, and to-day seems better than ever. Will "Archer" be kind enough to tell us whether he has ever used a bow of this weight? I have broken three bows of lance and lemon. True, they were heavier and may not have been broken had they been lighter; but I prefer using a bow of forty-nine pounds to buying at fifty-five or sixty pounds every two or three months. Conditions—20 yds., 26-inch target:

Names.	Hits.	Value.	Golds.
Capt. L. Devol.	24	126	4
Edward Devol.	29	147	5
Emery Devol.	29	145	2
J. Devol.	29	167	2
Gordon Devol.	22	128	6
Total.	133	729	20
EIGHTY-ONE ARCHERS.			
Capt. E. B. Paddingsham.	26	129	8
E. F. Wolfe.	28	156	6
C. Slack.	28	146	2
F. Stacey.	25	127	2
W. H. Slack.	22	114	3
Total.	129	671	15
Hiawathas ahead.	4	58	5

ARDEN.

ATHLETICS.

—The *Athletic and Sporting News* is the name of a new weekly journal started in Montreal a month ago. It is devoted chiefly to cricket, base ball and what are popularly known as athletic sports. It is an eight-page paper and creditably gotten up.

A GHOSTLY VELOCIPEDE.—Brighton, England, has been startled by the apparition of a man mounted on a bicycle of colossal dimensions, who glides along on a level with the tops of chimneys, towering above the height of ordinary carriages. The driving wheel of this machine is nearly eight feet in height, so that the rider's head is about twelve feet from the ground. The courage required to mount on top of a wheel of this height was only outdone by the dexterity with which the machine was guided and the velocity attained. A champion bicyclist ventured to try a ride on this monster, and found it necessary to cling inconspicuously to a lamp-post in order to dismount. A man of ordinary size is enabled to ride this bicycle by means of a secondary treadle placed upon the usual crank, and connected by a rod, the action or stroke being what is termed reciprocatory. The wheel is 280 inches in circumference.

—The closing games of the season of the New York Athletic Club, open to amateurs, will be held on Tuesday, Nov. 5, 1873, commencing at 2:15 p. m. Entries close on Friday, Oct. 25, 1873. The following games will be given:

Handicaps—1. 100-yards race; 2. 250-yards race; 3. 440-yards race; 4. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile run; 5. two-mile walk; 6. 1-1/4 mile hurdle race; 7. 100-yards dash; 8. 100-yards race; 9. 200-yards race; 10. 400-yards race; 11. 800-yards race; 12. 1 mile race; 13. 2 miles race; 14. 3 miles race; 15. 4 miles race; 16. 5 miles race; 17. 6 miles race; 18. 7 miles race; 19. 8 miles race; 20. 9 miles race; 21. 10 miles race; 22. 11 miles race; 23. 12 miles race; 24. 13 miles race; 25. 14 miles race; 26. 15 miles race; 27. 16 miles race; 28. 17 miles race; 29. 18 miles race; 30. 19 miles race; 31. 20 miles race; 32. 21 miles race; 33. 22 miles race; 34. 23 miles race; 35. 24 miles race; 36. 25 miles race; 37. 26 miles race; 38. 27 miles race; 39. 28 miles race; 40. 29 miles race; 41. 30 miles race; 42. 31 miles race; 43. 32 miles race; 44. 33 miles race; 45. 34 miles race; 46. 35 miles race; 47. 36 miles race; 48. 37 miles race; 49. 38 miles race; 50. 39 miles race; 51. 40 miles race; 52. 41 miles race; 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A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INFLUENCE IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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[Post Office Box 933.]

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No advertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms.

*. Any publisher inserting our prospectus as above one time, with brief editorial notice calling attention thereto, and sending marked copy to us, will receive the FOREST AND STREAM for one year.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1878.

To Correspondents.

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We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for dereliction of the mail service if money remitted to us is lost. NO PERSON WHATEVER is authorized to collect money for us unless he can show authentic credentials from one of the undersigned. We have no Philadelphia agent.

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CHARLES HALLOCK, Editor.

T. C. FANKS, Business Manager. S. H. TURRILL, Chicago, Western Manager.

OUR FOREIGN CIRCULATION.—FOREST AND STREAM circulates in sixty-eight towns in the twenty-seven following named foreign countries:

England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Germany, Cuba, South America, Bermuda, New Guisada, Italy, France, New Zealand, Holland, Prussia, New Foundland, Japan, Belgium, Sandwich Islands, West Indies, Switzerland, Russia, India, Denmark, Norway, Australia, Austria, and Spain.

AUSTRALIA.—We have received a copy of the special edition of the *Illustrated Australasian*, which was prepared for circulation at the Paris Exposition. We presume that others who, like ourselves, have seen this publication, will be surprised at the wonderful growth and progress attained by Australia in a few years. Melbourne, from a collection of shanties in 1851, has increased to a magnificent city with public buildings on a scale that would do credit to the largest towns of Europe or this country. Two years from now an industrial exhibition is to be held at Melbourne, the buildings for which have been designed. It promises to be a very grand affair, and we trust that America will be well represented.

MOOSE!—We have had the pleasure of examining two moose calves, male and female, which arrived in this city by steamer from Nova Scotia on Saturday last. These beautiful animals were taken to the stable of W. F. Morgan, Esq., where, upon being removed from their crates and placed in a loose box, they made themselves entirely at home. They are but five months old, but as large as good sized ponies, and very gentle. Their destination is the deer paddocks of the Adirondack Club at the foot of Mount Marcy, where they will join two others of the same species, the desire of the club being, if possible, to propagate them and stock their grounds.

Ex-Gov. O. F. Winchester, of New Haven, Ct., and President of the Winchester Rifle Manufacturing Company, arrived in this city from Europe last Tuesday.

RETURN OF THE HOWGATE EXPEDITION.

THE preliminary expedition of the Howgate Polar Colony returned last week after having accomplished, as far as limited means would permit, the purposes for which it had been dispatched.

The schooner *Florence*, in charge of Captain Tyson, well equipped, and with a scientific corps on board, left New London August 2, 1877, and arrived at Cumberland on the 12th of the next month. The long winter was spent at Annatook Harbor, in latitude 66 deg. 23 min., and longitude 68 deg. 45 min. It had been understood that a relief vessel would soon follow them, and a permanent colony be established as a basis for further operations. Congress failed to pass the necessary act, and, for the time at least, the little *Florence* was left in the lurch. Her instructions, however, were of a thorough nature, and, thanks to the foresight of Captain Howgate, covered the possibility of the failure of Congress to establish the expedition upon a sound footing. Though compelled to return after a most tempestuous and dangerous voyage, in which there were added to the ordinary perils of the deep the hardships of a severe climate and the terrible risks of navigating an ice-bound sea, the expedition has been fairly fruitful in results of a scientific nature, and the stock of our knowledge concerning life and vegetation in high latitudes has been materially extended.

Professors Kunlin and Sherman were continually on the lookout for fresh specimens of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, especially those of a character seldom to be met with, and concerning which we are still more or less in the dark. Away from the ship, undergoing martyrdom for the sake of science in rudely-built huts of snow, and subsisting upon the most meagre kinds of food, they collected a large assortment of skins, eggs, skeletons, birds, and flora, which will give an ample field for research, and ere long grace the museums of the country. The lowest temperature experienced was 45 deg. below zero, the average for the winter being in the neighborhood of 25 deg. below.

When the breaking up of the winter allowed them a chance to free themselves from the pack, they made the best of their way to Disco, reaching the Danish post July 30, 1878; and failing to meet with the promised aid, turned their craft homeward after a season of trying exposure and perilous adventure. After putting into St. Johns, N. B., for provisions, the *Florence* was again put underway, and reached Provincetown, Mass., October 26, after a very rough passage, during which the schooner sprung a leak, necessitating a constant working of the pumps to keep her afloat. Throughout the expedition Captain Tyson gave fresh proof of his fitness for the responsible duties delegated to him by Captain Howgate, and the successful manner in which he carried his vessel and crew through the trying ordeals that faced them for many months is ample proof that the confidence in his abilities, born of his conduct during former expeditions, and his memorable drift of more than a thousand miles on an ice floe, has not been misplaced. It is to be regretted that so energetic and capable a leader did not receive a more liberal support from his country; for, in that event, there seems little doubt but what he would have been the means of securing to America the distinction of first having planted her national flag upon the very axis of the earth. If the *ultima thule* of all Polar expeditions has not been reached, the voyage of the *Florence* has by no means been barren of result.

THE SPECULATIVE RANGE.

THE establishment of the West End range in New Jersey, the opening of which is reported in our rifle columns, marks a new step in rifle practice. It is a speculative move. The directors have started it with the primary object of encouraging rifle practice. In this they are not unique. All ranges are started for this end, but they have a secondary aim—the evolution of dividends. The concern is to pay, at least that is the expectation of the dozen or more men who have put their money into it, who have secured the co-operation of the Erie Railway Company and are now ready to have the riflemen of the metropolis make use of the privileges offered. All this is perfectly legitimate. There is no reason why, if a paying clientele can be secured among the riflemen of any one locality, some person, or company, should not cater to it, and give an equivalent in conveniences and facilities for which the marksmen are willing to pay? Such an organization, properly conducted, considering itself merely as a machine, may live and prosper, but it must not become smothered; its dealings must be rigidly, without partiality, between its patrons, and the record of work done must be as exact as Bible truth. There has been no end of the amount of labor of love which has been done thus far in the growth of rifle practice in this country. Much of it has been very poorly done, and at a costly rate. Now, if a purely business corporation shall step in and take these duties upon itself, riflemen will have no objection to pay a fair price for any conveniences they may enjoy. In any event the experiment is an interesting one, and be it successful or otherwise will be closely watched by all interested in rifle practice.

WELCOMES FROST.—At last a change for the better has set in. The long looked for frost has made its appearance in the South, and the entire extinction of the terrible disease, which has so long borne heavily upon our brethren of the Mississippi

Valley, seems to be near at hand. Those who can still remain away from the seats of the scourge will do well in not returning too hastily. Those who must go, however, should exercise due care until the very last germs of the disease have been eradicated.

—Since our humorous editor began to scintillate, a few months ago, all the newspaper chifloniers and buzzeris honor him by staling his best sparkles and giving him no credit. That is natural.

GAME PROTECTION.

MEMORANDUM.—We have received the following circular dated Grand Rapids, Oct. 10:

Dear Sir—The President of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish, Game and Birds, has appointed the following gentlemen to prepare papers for presentation at the next annual session of the association, to be held at Lansing on Tuesday, the 21st day of January, next (1879), commencing at 2 o'clock p. m., and to continue three days, or until the work of the session is finished, viz:

On Laws for the Protection of Game Animals of Fur and Feather—H. B. Ransy, East Saginaw; D. H. Fitzhugh, Bay City; C. B. Headley, East Saginaw.

On Fish Laws, Including Propagation as well as Protection—J. H. Miller, Richland; Frank N. Clark, Northville; A. J. Kelllogg, Detroit.

On Trespass Laws and the Mutual Rights of Sportsmen and Landowners—L. D. Norris, Grand Rapids; T. Stewart White, Grand Haven; H. H. Brown, Battle Creek.

On Enforcement of Game, Fish and Trespass Laws—E. C. Nichols, Battle Creek; W. O. Colburn, Detroit; E. F. Mulliken, Howell.

On Nomenclature, both Popular and Scientific—G. Archie Stockwell, Port Huron; N. A. Osgood, Battle Creek; S. T. Holmes, Bay City.

On Sporting Dogs—John E. Long, Detroit; E. N. Gillman, Detroit; E. C. Sanborn, Baltimore.

It is expected that these committees will be prepared to report in full, so that the business of the session may be transacted promptly and completely. If any member of any committee cannot serve, he will please notify the President at once, so that his place may be filled by someone who will act. Voluntary essays or papers on any subject pertinent to the objects of this association are respectfully and earnestly solicited, and should be sent (if the writer cannot be present) to either H. H. Hubbard, Battle Creek; C. B. Headley, Saginaw; H. B. Blackman, Howell, the Committee on Voluntary Essays and Papers, or to the President.

We ask the particular attention of every individual who may see this circular to the importance of securing the enactment of more wise, simple and efficient laws for the protection and preservation of the wild animals of fur, fin and feather, whose flesh constitutes so important and nutritious a part of the food of the people of the State. All game protection or sportsmen's clubs in Michigan are earnestly solicited to send delegates to the next session and join in the State Association. Each subordinate club is entitled to five delegates. Individual membership is also solicited. We want the influence of every citizen of Michigan to assist in our humane and humanizing work. By order of the President

J. C. PARKER, Sec.

These gentlemen of Michigan are taking the right course, and are setting an example which should be followed by every State wherein there is a State game protective organization; and in those States where such organizations do not exist, they ought to be speedily formed. Another State which is equally awake and foremost in its practical efforts, is old Virginia. We commend the two States named to the consideration of all sportsmen. Whatever they accomplish will stand hereafter as permanent useful work, representing and constituting a substantial part of the fabric and plan of universal game protection for the whole country.

Our readers may have not forgotten that the "International Association for the Protection of Game," which comprises 250 members selected from among the best scientific material in the country, at a meeting held so long ago that its age is ancient, appointed committees on Law, Nomenclature, and Distribution of Species, to devise and frame a code of laws adapted as nearly as possible to the climate and requirements of every section of the United States and Canada. That much valuable work has been done by these Committees we are well aware, and we do not despair of its seeing the light at some future day. Meanwhile, what separate States or individuals may do, only adds the general effort, simplifies the work, and eliminates obstacles. It may not be possible to reach a finality for years to come; but we are firmly convinced that we shall some day have a code of laws so sensible and so wise that all sportsmen will welcome and abide by them, and nothing will conduce so directly to its speedy adoption as the separate investigation and action of individual States like Michigan and Virginia.

CENTRAL NEW JERSEY ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROTECTION OF GAME AND FISH.—We received a very pleasant visit last week from Dr. Charles A. Hart, formerly of the U. S. Army, who brought us a certificate of membership as a compliment from the society and gave us much interesting information respecting its operations in protecting and propagating game. Col. William H. Sterling is President of the society and Mr. Force, Secretary. The society has about 1,000 black bass spawnners nicely located in a stream with rocky bed, and 200 brook trout in another stream. There are many quail now on the territory under their charge, but they will turn out a lot more of the birds next spring. There are plenty of rabbits, also. Col. Sterling, who is a very enthusiastic breeder of game, has now a fine colony of English pheasants on his premises on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, which he planted about three years ago. They are now breeding and doing well.

BLOOMING GROVE PARK ASSOCIATION.—This flourishing club was organized to promote game protection, bro-d game, afford sport to its members and friends, and a pleasant resort to their families and themselves at all times. It owns 12,000 acres of land in Pike County, Pennsylvania, a most commodious house, and other very desirable property: as will presently appear. On Tuesday night a large meeting composed of many of its wealthiest and most enthusiastic stockholders, was held at the Hoffman House, this city, to hear the report of the summer's work and arrange for the deer hunt on their grounds to-morrow. In the absence of Dudley Field, Esq., the President, Mr. Chas. Hallock was called to the chair. T. H. B. Hughes was appointed Secretary *pro tem*. The minutes of the May meeting were read and approved.

John Avery, Esq., of the N. Y. Department of Sewers, made a report from a special committee on drainage. He reported a perfect system of drainage completed for the premises.

Dr. E. Bradley, from the Executive Committee, made a long and able report of the most gratifying character. He said that since the May meeting, a new road, seven miles long, underdrained and ballasted and equal to any road in the county had been constructed from Millville, on the Honesdale branch of the Erie R. R., to the Club House at the Park, at a cost of about \$3,000, which outlay only about \$500 remained to be paid. Mr. John Denning, a wealthy resident of Millville and a member of the club, had contributed most liberally in money and labor to the enterprise; the balance unpaid was due to him. Although there is a grade of 900 feet to surmount, a buggy has been driven over this road in one hour. Application will be made to the Pennsylvania Legislature next winter for privilege to erect tollgates obstructing the main trail of the road to prevent planting of timber, railroad ties and blue stone from the territory of the Association. Mr. Denning has opened his residence at Millville as a half-way house for visitors who arrive at night and wish to drive out in the morning. The club has bought and owns a 3-seat covered Concord wagon, and a buckboard to convey visitors in to the railroad to the Club House, and a very fine team of horses. A third horse died.

Several other club improvements are an ice house, carpenter shop, barn, woodshed, store room, cutting room, and a cemented cistern of 348 barrels capacity, connected with the club house by leaders and force pump. Twenty-seven new rooms have been furnished, and the whole number (89) are now supplied with one or two beds each. On Fourth of July week 70 people were comfortably accommodated. A road one-half a mile long has been made from Lake Giles where the club house stands to Beaver Lake, with wharves at the terminal and boats and rustic waiting houses at both lakes. There are now 13 boats distributed among the several lakes on the domain. Bathing houses for ladies have been built near the boat house on Lake Giles, and the road to Lake Laura (6 miles) has been much improved. An excellent gamekeeper's lodge has been made at Lake Laura. The circular drive around Lake Giles (3 miles) is in progress, and completed when the boat house is finished. The Club House is being constructed at the sole expense of Cassius M. Reed, game proprietor of the Hoffman House, and the money is in the treasury. When finished there will be rustic seats at intervals along the shore, which is for the most part wooded. Col. Bowen, of the Erie Railroad, has interested himself much in the general enterprise, and the Erie Company has furnished excursion tickets at very low rates. Three hundred tickets of this class have been sold this present season. Guests have come from other directions, of course. The Club membership has been largely increased, and now numbers 110 live and active men. Among other new members is Wm. H. Furman, Esq., the well-known fish culturist, who has arranged to stock all the headwaters of the streams (which aggregate some 20 miles) with trout, and keep them stocked. The Count Mazelli, a French nobleman, has cleared three acres of ground for a pigeon shooting field, and donated five sets of traps. He has also secured 150 pairs of English rabbits for planting, and they will arrive out in April and be turned loose. The premises are now well protected by faithful game keepers. Deer and grouse shooting prize well. Bass fishing has been excellent, 1,500 fish have been caught, but a large proportion were returned to the water alive. Nevertheless more bass are to be supplied at once. There is a large supply of wild rice ready to be sown around the two marshy lakes (six of the eight lakes have wooded marshy shores), to attract wild fowl. Some seeds of the giant North American water lily have been sown (*Nelumbium luteum*). Next year a windmill to supply the house from the lake, to feed fountains and protect against fire, will be built, also a telephone. Dr. Bradley further stated that he had spent 18 weeks at the Park to pass summer with his family. He had known of no sick, save whatever among any of the guests during that period. There was no location more healthy.

Dr. J. Russell Strachan spoke of the importance of planting patches of grain—20 acres or less—as feed for the game birds and animals; and of establishing brush houses about the woods as shelter for birds in winter, and of scattering grain about for food. He showed how new berries would be attracted from all districts of the adjacent country.

Next year he read from Dr. M. Goldsmith, of Holland, Vt., recommending the introduction of Nevada and Mountain quail: also a letter from Superintendent Holland, stating the situation at the Club House, and that all preparations were made for the expected excursionists.

In reply to Dr. G. Croly Esq., of the *Graphic*, Dr. Bradley stated that the financial condition of the Club was most satisfactory. Its resources in timber were ample to pay off all its debts; he now had no improvements, and a member who had named had agreed to pay sufficient for the timber and stone to liquidate its indebtedness. But the club did not wish to waste its resources. It preferred to raise money in other ways.

Count Mazelli suggested that voluntary subscriptions be made by new members.

Mr. Brown proposed to sell bonds.

Mr. Thomas proffered personal aid.

Finally, it was moved by Mr. Hughes and seconded by Mr. Croly, that a committee be appointed to solicit from new members subscriptions to the Improvement Fund Bonds—\$500 of the proceeds to be applied to new improvements and the balance to wipe out accrued liabilities. Carried, Messrs. Bradley, Hughes, McGinnis, Geo. Brown and Mr. Thomas were appointed committee by the Chair, with power. Several hundred dollars were subscribed upon the spot.

A motion of Mr. Hughes was adopted to add at once to the supply of bass and trout in the Park waters.

The meeting adjourned.

It was ascertained that at least thirty visitors could attend the Deer Hunt to-morrow (Nov. 2) and a special car was engaged to take them over the Erie road. Among others are Col. Wingate, Capt. Hardy, Count Mazelli and Dr. Hart, U. S. A.

The Rifle.

THE COLUMBIA RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

There may be a few more nooks about the metropolis where a rifle range may be sandwiched in, but they will not stand long without pre-emption for such use, so indefatigable are the riflemen and their purveyors in securing new range privileges. The explorers who fixed upon Creedmoor, of course, had better choice, and took the best they could find; certainly no better place as a site, pure and simple, irrespective of the question of accessibility, has yet been discovered. But it was felt that a place, however good it might be, which could only be got at when it suited the convenience of a hostile railroad company had a weak point. Glendrake was opened, and was not given a chance to live by the company who had it in charge. The semi-private range of Morsemere turned out some excellent mid-range scores, but it did not fill the bill as a popular range. Little grounds here and there were opened. Britton was the next spot pitched upon, and the Jersey salt meadows began to find, after all, that they had a use. But there is more than a single salt meadow in Jersey, hence naturally there should be more than one rifle range, therefore came the establishment of the Columbia Rifle Association. The aim has been all along to get a range which could be used by riflemen at any and all ranges, and yet should be so located as to be generally readily and cheaply. There are a thousand and one minor conveniences and necessities, but the essential points are the all distance facilities and the ease of access. The range at West End, Hudson County, N. J., certainly does possess these. A bullet may speed 1,500 yards between firing point and target, across a section of country as level as standing water can make it. The range is really a piece of marsh land, with a few hummocks at one end, on which the targets have been fixed. Shade is wanting, or will be, when the hot summer days shall come, and mosquitoes will, no doubt, be plentiful about those times, but on the whole the west-end range is a good working one, and should be popular when the et ceteras shall have been provided, and a liberal management put at its head. The list of officers and directors is a good one, those for the present year being:

Officers—Hon. E. P. O. Lewis, President; Capt. Leslie C. Bruce, Vice-President; Col. B. W. Spencer, Treas.; Hon. John Kennel, Sec.; Major Henry Fulton, Col. Chas. H. Braine, James A. Reading, Range Committee. Directors—Major Henry Fulton, Colonel C. H. Braine, James A. Reading, Hon. R. F. Kane, Hon. E. P. O. Lewis, Col. D. S. Steele, Major A. Anderson, Capt. R. C. Coleman, Hon. S. S. Parramore, Col. John Bodias, Capt. L. O. Bruce, Hon. John Kennel, Colonel B. W. Spencer, Colonel B. F. Hart, Hon. G. A. Hobart.

The target arrangement is a peculiar one, not yet fully carried out, but when completed it will be compact, if it possess no other advantage. The mantle system is followed, but instead of scattering the targets about in rows, they are set in tiers, and the firing points established as fixed firing stations. From 100 to 1,500 yards it is intended to have mantles, set one behind the other in a line from the firing point. The targets of canvas, swung on a post, coming in toward the marker, with all the unused targets drawn in. The plan really reduces itself to the usual shifting of the marker from one mantle to another, instead of the usual shifting of the markers from one firing point to another.

On the opening, last Saturday, a very full representation was had of shooters, and those interested in rifle practice. There was the usual Directors' Match, but untoward hitches, and the opposition of the professional markers employed, to having their practice spoiled in the soft mud, delayed the work so far that this match was abandoned, and the day's work was opened with a short short-range match, open to all comers; 100 and 200 yards; ten shots at each; any rifle. In this the leading scores were as follows, the three first being the prize winners:

200 yards.		200 yards.	
W. M. Farrow.....	4 3 4 5 6 5—33	4 3 4 5 5 5—33—56	
A. Anderson.....	5 4 5 5 5 5—33	4 3 5 5 5 5—32—56	
C. G. S. tier.....	5 4 4 4 5 4—31	5 0 4 4 4 4—29—50	
W. Deves.....	5 4 5 4 5 4—30	5 4 4 4 4 4—28—50	
W. M. H.	5 4 5 4 5 4—30	5 4 4 4 4 4—28—50	
J. W. Griffith.....	5 4 5 4 5 4—31	4 4 1 3 3 3—27—51	
C. Vau Houten.....	5 4 5 4 5 4—31	2 2 0 4 5 5—20—57	
J. J. Deu, Sec.....	5 3 5 5 4 4—32	3 4 5 5 4 4—27—56	
J. O. Sigler.....	5 4 4 4 4 4—29	2 4 4 4 4 4—27—56	
M. K. M.	5 4 4 4 4 4—29	3 4 4 4 4 4—27—56	
J. W. Walcott.....	5 4 4 4 4 4—29	3 4 4 4 4 4—27—56	
A. Calais.....	5 4 4 4 4 4—29	3 3 3 4 4 4—27—55	
G. W. Walcott.....	5 4 4 4 4 4—29	4 4 4 4 4 4—26—55	
G. W. Walcott.....	5 4 4 4 4 4—29	3 4 4 4 4 4—26—55	
H. H. Hoover.....	4 4 4 4 5 5—30	4 4 4 4 5 5—25—55	
W. B. D. War.....	4 4 4 4 5 5—31	3 5 4 4 4 4—24—54	
J. J. Deu, Sec.....	4 4 4 4 5 5—31	4 4 4 4 5 5—24—54	
R. J. Jones.....	5 4 4 4 4 4—29	3 4 4 4 4 4—24—54	
A. J. D. cker.....	4 4 4 4 4 4—28	4 4 4 4 4 4—24—54	
J. W. Walcott.....	4 4 4 4 4 4—28	3 4 4 4 4 4—24—54	
B. F. Hart.....	5 4 4 4 4 4—29	3 4 4 4 4 4—24—54	
A. M. Perry.....	4 4 4 4 4 4—28	2 3 3 3 4 4—21—53	

N. L. Donegan.....	5 4 5 4 4 4—30	2 4 4 3 3 3—29—52	
T. Pitt.....	4 4 4 4 4 4—30	3 2 3 4 4 4—28—52	
H. C. Croly.....	4 4 4 4 4 4—30	3 2 3 4 4 4—28—52	
H. A. Croly.....	4 4 4 4 4 4—30	3 2 3 4 4 4—28—52	
N. Angel.....	4 5 0 4 4 4—31	4 2 0 3 3 3—19—50	

The military gentlemen present were given an opportunity to do a bit of team work, and New Jersey was humiliated and taken the York target, when the leading places were easily taken by the visitors. The conditions of the match made it open to teams of five from any National Guard Organization in the United States; 200 and 300 yards; rounds, ten at each distance. Competitors to appear in the uniform of their corps and use the rifles with which the organization to which they belong is armed. The first prize was a great silver-mounted Italian drinking horn, presented by the President, Hon. E. P. O. Lewis. The trophy was valued at \$550, and went to the team of the Ninth New York, the scores standing:

Ninth Regiment N. G. S. N. Y.			
Sergeant A. Strole.....	4 4 3 4 5 5—33	5 0 5 4 5 5—32—54	
Sergeant W. H. Nordbrack.....	4 4 3 4 5 5—33	4 5 5 4 5 5—32—54	

Sergeant A. Strole.....	4 4 3 4 5 5—33	2 3 3 4 5 5—31—53	
Private H. H. W.	4 4 1 4 4 4—33	2 3 3 4 5 5—31—53	
Private G. W. Duway.....	3 3 3 4 5 5—30	4 4 3 3 5 5—21—54	

Totals.....193

Twelfth Regiment N. G. S. N. Y.

Sergeant A. B. Van Housen.....	4 4 0 3 4 4—21	5 4 5 5 5 5—37—48	
Captain A. D. Decker.....	2 3 4 3 4 4—21	2 4 5 5 5 5—37—48	
Private W. D. Decker.....	4 4 3 4 4 4—21	3 0 2 4 0 0—29—51	
Private L. P. Decker.....	3 3 3 4 4 4—21	3 0 2 4 0 0—29—51	
Captain C. S. Burles.....	3 3 3 4 4 4—21	4 4 3 3 5 5—31—52	

Totals.....114

Ninth Regiment N. G. S. N. Y.

Leut W. P. Wood.....	4 4 4 4 4 4—23	2 3 3 5 5 5—47—55	
Captain T. W. Griffin.....	4 4 4 4 4 4—23	2 3 3 5 5 5—47—55	
Private W. D. Decker.....	3 4 5 4 4 4—23	2 3 3 5 5 5—47—55	
Private W. D. Decker.....	3 4 5 4 4 4—23	2 3 3 5 5 5—47—55	
Leut L. H. Greve.....	3 3 3 4 4 4—21	3 0 2 4 0 0—29—51	

Totals.....121

Co. A, Fourth Regiment N. G. S. N. Y.

Sergeant A. H. Griffin.....	15	29	Sergeant W. G. Van St. k.	32	43
Private C. J. Griffin.....	17	25	Private S. S. Diamond.....	23	31
Private C. J. Griffin.....	17	25	Private S. S. Diamond.....	23	31
Totals.....	32	54	Totals.....	55	74

A long-range match was started to go over the 800, 900 and 1,000 yards range, fifteen shots each, any rifle. Lateless, however, prevented anything beyond the completion of the first range, where Eugene W. Decker made a perfect score of 75 points, Gilbert L. Morse Jr., Capt. E. A. Perry, 60, and H. H. Jocelyn 68. Another day was set for the completion of the contest, and the party from the range were, in twenty-five minutes by train and boat, put back in the city, a contrast with the hour or more travel to and from Creedmoor, which did not fail to bring out favorable comment.

VERMONT—Brattleboro.—The autumn meeting of the Ft. Dunmore Rifle Club closed on the 28th with a competition for Hooker Medal; distance, 400, 500 and 600 yards; 10 shots at each distance. Score:

	400 yds.	500 yds.	600 yds.	Total
Chills.....	45	42	41	128
Hobbs.....	41	45	41	127
Limb.....	40	43	40	123
W. C. Decker.....	40	40	40	120
Rogers.....	40	40	40	120
Truitt.....	40	40	40	120
Knight.....	40	40	40	120

ATTLEBOROUGH vs. WALPOLE.—Third match, Tyler Mountain Range, Oct. 30. The Walpole Club had but four men present, and their average was added for the fifth man. It was intended to shoot 405 shots, 15 at each range of 900 and 1,000 yards; but darkness came on before the match was finished and only 13 shots were fired at 1,000 yards. The score stood:

	800 yds.	900 yds.	1,000 yds.	Total.
T. R. Hazza.....	61	67	61	189
E. L. F. H.	61	67	61	189
W. C. Decker.....	61	67	61	189
B. A. Roberts.....	61	67	61	189
F. J. Gabel.....	61	67	61	189
Totals.....	338	310	278	926

Walpole Team.

	800 yds.	900 yds.	1,000 yds.	Total.
T. R. Gray.....	69	69	68	206
J. E. M.	61	69	61	191
T. R. Gray.....	61	69	61	191
E. Decker.....	61	69	61	191
Average.....	330	318	354	902

—The Roxbury City Guard had a very good meeting at the Walnut Hill (Boston) range of the 22d, forty-one members participating. The weather was delightful, the wind blowing steadily across the range, the clock indicating 3 o'clock nearly all the time. Match No. 1 was open to every member of the company, five rounds at 200 yards. The winners were as follows:

H. T. Rockwell.....	21	H. C. Gardner.....	19
Corp V. W. Lihgrow.....	19	Corp F. J. Andrews.....	17
Leut Matthews.....	15	Leut J. E. M.	15
N. A. P.	15	Sergeant D. C. M.	15

Match No. 2—Five rounds each at 200 and 500 yards; open only to those who made 15 points or more in previous match. The winners were as follows:

	200 yards.	500 yards.
H. C. Gardner.....	4 3 5 5 5—33	5 5 5 4 4—28—53
N. A. P.	4 3 5 5 5—33	5 5 5 4 4—28—53
W. L. G.	4 3 5 5 5—33	5 5 5 4 4—28—53
H. T. Rockwell.....	4 3 5 5 5—33	5 5 5 4 4—28—53
H. C. Gardner.....	3 2 4 3 5—26	5 0 0 0 0—5—21
Leut Matthews.....	4 3 5 5 5—33	5 5 5 4 4—28—53

Match No. 3—"Consolation," five rounds at 200 yards; open only to those who made less than 15 in first match. Winners:

J. C. M.	13	Sergeant P. Prager.....	17
J. C. M.	13	J. C. M.	16
J. C. M.	13	J. C. M.	16
J. C. M.	13	J. C. M.	16

Match No. 4—"Nursery"—Five rounds at 200 yards; open to those only who made ten or less in first and third matches:

Capt A. W. Hersey.....	16	F. H. McKelvey.....	8
G. W. L.	11	Corp W. H. H.	6
J. C. M.	10	J. C. M.	8

No. 5—"Skirmishers" match, open to every member of the company; seven rounds—four in advancing and three in retreat. Winners:

H. T. Rockwell.....	2 3 3 5 5 5—30	J. C. M.	4 0 4 4 5 5—30
N. A. P.	2 3 3 5 5 5—30	H. C. Gardner.....	4 0 4 4 5 5—30
Sergeant Griffin.....	5 3 3 4 5 5—31		

—The Medford Rifle Association had a very satisfactory little fall meeting on the 21st instant, at its range about a mile from the Boston and Maine depot, Medford Centre. The weather was delightful, a gentle westerly breeze blowing across the range during the early part of the shooting, dropping to almost a calm as the day progressed. The light was good, though at times the bright sun caused a mirage, and the conditions may be said to have been every way favorable to good scores. Numerous ladies witnessed the sport; several carriage loads of sight-seers coming upon the grounds. Ample arrangements, too, had been made for the bodily comfort of the spectators. The targets were opened at 9 o'clock for bull's-eye practice, and shortly afterward the regular matches were called. The first decided was the "State team" match, at 200 yards. This competition was open to teams of five from any organized rifle association; ten rounds per man; any rifle and position within the rules; entry fee, \$5 per team. The prizes were: First, one-half the entire amount of entry fees, and for the second, the entry fee was refunded. The scores standing:

	200 yds.	300 yds.	400 yds.	500 yds.	600 yds.	Total
N. W. Arnold.....	5	4	5	5	5	24—46
L. W. Farrer.....	5	4	5	5	5	24—46
S. E. H.	4	4	3	4	5	24—42
N. W. Arnold.....	4	4	5	4	5	24—42
D. W. Allen.....	4	4	5	4	5	24—42

Massachusetts Rifle Association.									
David Kirkwood.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	43
W. H. Jackson.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	43
J. C. Lowell.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	43
W. E. Garfield.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	43
E. B. Souther.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	43

First Team—Medford H. A.

J. R. O'Brien.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	43
L. L. Hubbard.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	43
H. K. Richardson.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	43
H. A. Cushing.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	43
J. Grady.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	43

Second Team—Medford A. R. A.

F. W. Hayer.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	43
J. E. Tiedel.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	43
C. H. Russell.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	43
J. H. James.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	43
J. W. Vining.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	43

The "ring" being open to all comers, had a large number of entries. The rules of the match are that it shall be kept open until the proceeds equal the value of the prizes; winners to be decided by the aggregate of two scores, whenever made; ties to be decided by string measure; distance, 200 yards; rifle and position, any; rounds, five; target, 24in. in diameter, divided into inch rings, and counting from twelve (cent) to one on the extreme circumference; shots not to be spotted, but on target to be removed, with flags, for examination and record. The prizes are: First, \$10; second, \$8; third, \$8; fourth, \$5; fifth, \$3; sixth, \$3; seventh, \$2; eighth, \$2; ninth, \$1; tenth, \$1. The first prize is to be awarded to the person making the best record; second, third best; third, fifth best; fourth, seventh best; fifth, ninth best; sixth, eleventh best; seventh, thirteenth best; eighth, fifteenth best; ninth, seventeenth best; tenth, nineteenth best.

MASSA OUTFITTERS.—The Gardner Rifle Club at the Hackmatack range in that town were out last week for practice. Distance, 200 yards, off-hand; two scores of ten shots each; possible 240 Massachusetts, 100 Creedmoor.

	M. C.	M. C.	Totals.
I. N. Dodge.....	102-45	102-44	204-89
G. R. Pratt.....	97-43	101-43	198-86
J. Newton.....	97-43	101-43	198-86
G. F. Ellsworth.....	94-43	99-43	193-86
S. Hildreth.....	94-43	99-43	193-86
F. Nichols.....	91-41	91-41	182-82
Fred Knowlton.....	85-33	90-40	175-78
B. F. Butler.....	85-33	89-39	174-78

On Saturday, the 10th inst., the fourth and the final competition for a champion rifle badge was held by the Worcester sportsmen. Two contestants made the score, as follows:

Distance, 1,000 yards; A. L. Rice, 93; A. G. Mann, 84. The wind was blowing very hard. The badge now becomes the property of Mr. Rice, he having taken the lead in three of the four trials made.

At North Brookfield a sportsman's club has been organized and has 40 members. Its officers are: Warren Tyler, M. T. Wentworth, L. H. Hobbs and George Campbell, Vice-Presidents; M. D. Wires, Secretary; O. H. Draper, Treasurer.

The Sportsman's Club at Westborough is reported to have disbanded.

At Millbury the Slocumb Guards, a company in the Tenth Regiment, M. V. M., were out for practice Saturday, the 19th. There was not a large turn-out, owing probably to the weather. The four best scores out of a possible 25 were as follows:

A. G. Coffin, 19; Charles Simmons, 18; Louis N. Bell, 16; O. G. Green, 14.

The Woburn Phalanx, of Boston, enjoyed one of the delightful fall days of last week in a target shoot at the Walnut Hill Range. The men went down with their brass band. There were ladies, too, and generally it recalled one of the old style bouts on the range, when there was pretty much everything accomplished except good scores. All the matches were at 200 yards, with military style. The first man on the list having but 8 points. In the second match, same number of shots, Private J. Hull won with 18 points. The third contest, with seven shots per man, the leading scores stood:

Pvt. Kelly.....25 Capt. Welr.....1 Pvt. Kenney.....7
Capt. Grady.....14 Lt. Liddle.....1 Pvt. Simmons.....7
Pvt. Richardson.....14 Pvt. Seely.....1 Pvt. Simmons.....7
Pvt. Duran.....14 Pvt. Trull.....8

HARVARD VS. MEDFORD.—The return match between the Medford and Harvard University teams at 200 yards was completed on the Bellevue Range, Medford Centre, on the 23d. Considerable interest was felt in the result of this contest because of the close finish of the first trial of the series, when the teams having tied, the Harvards won by the misfortune of the Medfords in having an "outer" in their score. On the second day the Medford team reversed the tables, and, by excellent shooting, led their opponents by 24 points at the end of the match, attaining a high average, 41.6 out of a possible 50.

The weather was quite pleasant, but as the shooting progressed the air grew cold, the match flushing so late that the black disks on the targets showed faintly and indistinctly while the last rounds were being fired. Sighting shots were allowed previous to the contest. At 200 yards, ten rounds per man. Following is the full score:

Medford Amateur Rifle Association.									
J. E. Osborn.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	45
H. B. Cushing.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	45
L. L. Hubbard.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	45
H. K. Richardson.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	45
J. H. James.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	45

Harvard University.

T. Russell.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	43
H. W. Powell.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	43
F. W. Shapson.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	43
C. A. Parker.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	43
T. Leo.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	43

The time and place for shooting the third and decisive match between these teams is not yet decided upon, the choice resting with the Harvard Club. The match will probably be shot at Bellevue range.

THE CONNECTICUT STATE TROPHY.—The Willowbrook Range at Berlin, Conn., witnessed some excellent shooting on Wednesday last in the third contest for the cup presented to the Connecticut Rifle Association by the State of Connecticut. The conditions of the match are ten shots each at 500, 800 and 1,000 yards, town teams of four from any town in the State being allowed to enter. The winning team holds the trophy for one year. In 1876 the trophy was won by Middletown and in 1877 by Hartford. Teams from Hartford, Middletown and New Britain have competed each year. Badges for the individual members of the winning team have also been presented by Mr. Steele.

On Wednesday the shooting Saturday commenced about 10 o'clock A. M. Lots were cast for the assignment of targets. Hartford going first to the 500 yard range, New Britain to 800 and Middletown to 1,000. In the three years of the competition the scores have stood:

Hartford.....	1876	1877	1878
New Britain.....	437	504	504
Middletown.....	430	468	450

At the close of the shooting the result was announced by Mr. T. Sedgwick Steele, who was chosen executive officer of the day in the morning. Mr. G. W. Yale, captain of the Hartford team, then turned over the trophy to the New Britain team, and Mr. Wm. Parker, captain of the New Britain team, received it. Mr. Yale also presented the individual badges to the members of the New Britain team. The following were the full scores made:

New Britain Team.									
Wm. Parker (Remington).....	500	500	500	500	500	500	500	500	500
J. R. Atkinson (Sharps).....	500	500	500	500	500	500	500	500	500

C. O. Case (Remington).....	500	500	500	500	500	500	500	500	500
E. H. Davison (Penbody-Martin).....	500	500	500	500	500	500	500	500	500

Hartford Team.									
N. Washburn (Remington).....	500	500	500	500	500	500	500	500	500
G. Smith (Sharps).....	500	500	500	500	500	500	500	500	500

G. W. Yale (Remington).....	500	500	500	500	500	500	500	500	500
S. A. Hubbard (Sharps).....	500	500	500	500	500	500	500	500	500

Middletown Team.									
Col. C. P. Graham (Sharps).....	500	500	500	500	500	500	500	500	500
Henry Woodward (Sharps).....	500	500	500	500	500	500	500	500	500

J. N. Camp (Sharps).....	500	500	500	500	500	500	500	500	500
H. L. Brown (Sharps).....	500	500	500	500	500	500	500	500	500

Totals.									
New Britain.....	500	500	500	500	500	500	500	500	500
Hartford.....	189	170	164	164	164	164	164	164	164
Middletown.....	177	170	170	170	170	170	170	170	170

BRINTON RANGE.—A series of five competitions is announced at Brinton Range, N. J., November 1, at 1 P. M.; teams of 10 men, 10 shots at 200 and 300 yards, for the club championship cup; entrance fee, 50 cents each man each competition. The following clubs have signified their intention of joining the competitions: New York Rifle Club, Empire Rifle Club of New York, Railway Rifle Club, Bergen Point Rifle Club, and others are expected.

The first competition in the Sharps rifle match on the Brinton Range at 10 shots, 200 yards, any rifle, resulted in a victory for W. M. Farrow, with a score of 43 in the possible 50. If this gentleman goes on in his scouting way it will be a sufficient inducement for many similarly inclined but a trifle less able to remain out of a contest in which he shall appear as a competitor. The other scores were:

A. H. Hovell.....	48	N. O'Donnell.....	35	T. R. Roche.....	37
F. A. Davis.....	41	A. W. Dimeck.....	33	C. J. Donaldson.....	31
J. P. Ryan.....	41	B. Sauer.....	33	C. B. Palmer.....	31
J. M. Darr.....	41	H. Smith.....	33	J. A. Harty.....	31
V. Daly.....	40	A. McInnes.....	31	D. Loder.....	31

ZETTLER CLUB.—New York, Oct. 29.—Zettler Gallery, 207 Bowery, 10 shots, Creedmoor targets, 60 points possible:

M. B. Engel.....	48	C. Judson.....	45
W. M. Farrow.....	46	T. Broadway.....	44
C. G. Zettler.....	44	C. J. Zettler.....	44
M. Dorrer.....	44	G. A. Sherman.....	44
D. Culhan.....	43	C. Volars.....	40
N. Klein.....	43	N. D. Vals.....	40
D. Miller.....	43	F. F. Reyles.....	40

This is the fourth competition for a fine clock, to be won three times: Won by C. Judson on a score of 49; H. Oehl, 49; W. Klien, 47; M. B. Engel, 48.

G. A. SHURMAN, Secretary.

Seppenfelt Rifle Club, 177 Bowery, Creedmoor rules, 200 yards target reduced, possible 59, October 25:

H. Anderson.....	46	J. N. Chambers.....	43
V. Sautz.....	42	T. W. Keck.....	42
C. R. Kell.....	42	C. G. Walker.....	41
John W. Adams.....	42	D. Dorrer.....	40
Wm. Seppenfelt.....	42	J. Hoffer.....	40
J. M. (Scribner).....	42	A. Scholl.....	40
Ed. Story, Jr.....	42	S. H. Hoagland.....	38
Aug. Grunberg.....	42	H. Batenberg.....	35
L. Bachmann.....	42	J. W. Hemen.....	35

CONTIN'S GALLERY.—The seventh and final competition for the Marksmen's Badges of '78 took place Monday evening, Oct. 28, 1878. The average shooting was remarkably good, and there was a large amount of interest taken through the entire series of competitions. The badges are three in number, and were offered for weekly competition, open to all comers, to be won three times before becoming the final property of the winner. The conditions of shooting were: 10 shots, rifle 22-100 calibre, off-hand, at 300 yards, Creedmoor target reduced for the distance; rules of the N. R. A. The following are the best scores made by each competitor in the possible 50:

S. H. Stoley.....	43	C. E. Overbough.....	44	W. R. Hewitt.....	39
A. J. Howitt.....	43	F. M. March.....	44	E. B. Young.....	37
V. Sautz.....	42	D. Dorrer.....	42	H. B. Young.....	37
L. B. Steple.....	37	W. F. McDonald.....	44	J. F. Smith.....	37
M. M. Smith.....	42	N. B. Thurston.....	41	N. B. Waters.....	37
J. E. Dorrer.....	42	S. C. Long.....	41	C. P. Dorrer.....	37
Frank Ader.....	39	J. B. Wecker.....	41	H. Roudsman.....	37
F. G. Fulford.....	40	W. A. Barber.....	41	J. S. Sings.....	37
N. D. Dorrer.....	40	P. J. Callahan.....	41	O. B. Dorrer.....	37
J. W. Rosenbath.....	40	W. O. Wetherbe.....	40	H. D. Cornell.....	37
T. Fitz.....	40	A. Varn.....	39	W. H. Dorrer.....	37
W. H. Dorrer.....	39	J. W. Hemen.....	39		

—Mr. James S. Coulin has arranged a golden shooting match to run through the winter. The conditions prescribe that there will be issued 150 tickets at one dollar each, which entitles the holder to shoot ten shots at a "ready measurement" target, on which is inscribed the name of the marksmen, the number of his ticket and the date of shooting. The target is then placed in a sealed box, and as soon as the entire number of tickets are sold the targets are measured by the trusted parties and the prize awarded according to the various measurements. No competitor is entitled to win more than one prize. In case of ties, unless arranged by mutual consent, the parties must fire ten shots at new targets. Fourteen prizes will be paid in gold as follows: First prize, \$200; second, \$18; third, \$15; fourth, \$10; fifth, \$7; sixth, seventh and eighth, \$5 each; ninth, \$3; tenth, \$2.50; eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth, \$3 each; fourteenth, \$1.

—The fall meeting of the California Rifle Association was set for the 26th, 27th and 28th instants, the first day's shooting to take place at the Bay View Range, and the second and third days' contests on the San Bruno ground. Nine matches were provided, and with but one long-range match there, there was plenty of opportunity left to the military men to show their skill.

TARGET-HITTERS VS. GAME DROPPERS.—May I ask this question: Does shooting on the ranges, at the usual long ranges, ever make a rifleman a good game hunter? Does not that kind of shooting, using globe and peep sights, entirely unfit a man for quick, open-sight work in the forest or on the plains? My own experience says yes. I never knew a first-class target shot worth a—blessing after deer, elk or antelope. But I like to hear what others think on this point. I'll put "Texas Jack" against Mr. Hyde or Mr. Parli on the plains, and he will kill two to their one all the time, or more game on the same ground than both of them put together.

E. Z. C. J.
[A few of the Creedmoor experts are also not unused to work on game. What their success is at this style of work we do not know, but presume it is not great. The majority of our range shooters visit the firing points as a relaxation, and do not find time to go on hunting expeditions. The question whether one style of shooting unfits a man for the other can only be answered by a comparison of experiences. Ned gives his above; we shall be pleased to hear from others.]

THE TORONTO CLUB.—Garrison Common, Oct. 21.—Excellent scores were made. The men fired seven shots each at the ranges named, Mr. A. Bell putting in a perfect score at 200 yards, Wimbledon rules:

	200 yds.	400 yds.	500 yds.	600 yds.	700 yds.	Totals
A. Bell.....	25	22	30	21	115	
Geo. Lewis.....	25	22	30	21	108	
W. Crut.....	27	29	30	21	107	
P. Wilkinson.....	29	30	20	20	106	
John Little.....	29	30	21	21	106	
A. Andersen.....	30	21	22	27	106	
G. Manton.....	23	23	23	31	100	

—A new rifle organization has been formed at Trenton, N. J., and a range up to 1,400 yards has been secured.

POWDER TESTS.—Your issue of October 17 contained some experiments by Mr. Davison, which interested me very much; but why does Mr. D. put slow-burning powder against Curtis & Harvey's quickest, or Diamond grain No. 6? I have found that our best brands of quick powder will hold the bullets just as flat as the imported article. Let Mr. D. try the Hazard Electric No. 3 or 4 grain, and I think he will find a little flatter trajectory than with the Curtis & Harvey No. 6.

W. M. F.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME IN SEASON FOR NOVEMBER.

Moose, <i>Alces maculatus</i> .	Red or Y. deer, <i>C. virginianus</i> .
Elk or wapiti, <i>Cervus canadensis</i> .	Squirrels, red, black and grey.
Flares, brown and gray.	Quail or partridge, <i>Orizyx virginianus</i> .
Wild turkey, <i>Meleagris gallopavo</i> .	Plumaged grouse or prairie chicken, <i>Capreolus capreolus</i> .
Woodcock, <i>Colinus virginianus</i> .	Curlew, <i>Numenius americanus</i> .
Ruffed grouse or pheasant, <i>Bonasa umbellus</i> .	Sandpipers, <i>Tringa</i> sp.
Plover, <i>Charadrius</i> .	Willetts.
Godwit.	Red or rice bird, <i>Delichonys oryzivorus</i> .
Halls, <i>Actitis virginianus</i> .	Wild Duck.
Snipe and Bay Breach.	
Caribou, <i>Tarandus rangifer</i> .	

"Bay birds" generally, including various species of plover, sand piper, snipe, curlew, oyster-catcher, surf-birds, phalaropes, avocets, etc., coming under the group *Limicola* or Shore Birds.

¶ The frequent alteration of game laws makes such confusion that sportsmen are kept quite in the dark as to when shooting on various kinds of game is permitted. We therefore append the following table for reference:

States.	Plumaged Grouse.	Ruffed Grouse.	Quail.	Woodcock.
Ill.....	Sep 1 to Jan 15	Nov 1 to Feb 1	Nov 1 to Feb 1	Sep 1 to Jan 1
Ind.....	Sep 1 to Feb 1	Nov 1 to Jan 1	Nov 1 to Jan 1	Jan 1 to Jan 1
Iowa.....	Sep 1 to Dec 1	Oct 1 to Jan 1	Oct 1 to Jan 1	Jan 1 to Jan 1
Main.....	Aug 1 to Oct 1	Sep 1 to Dec 1	Sep 1 to Dec 1	Jan 1 to Nov 1
Mass.....	Sep 1 to Jan 1	Sep 1 to Jan 1	Sep 1 to Jan 1	Jan 1 to Jan 1
Neb.....	No Shooting	No Shooting	No Shooting	No Restrictions
N. H.....	Aug 1 to Feb 1	"	Oct 1 to Jan 1	Forbidden

GAME IN MARKET.—Plumaged grouse (prairie chickens), \$1.10 to \$1.25 per pair; partridge (ruffed grouse), \$1.10 to \$1.50 per pair; mallard ducks, 50 cents per pair; black do., 75 cents per pair; wild do., 60 cents per pair; broad bill, 50 cents per pair; teal do., 60 cents per pair; canvas backs, \$2.50 per pair; red heads, \$1.50 per pair; venison, saddle, 25 cents per pound; carcasses, 15 cents

During the war I supplied a great many of the pyramidal tents to the army, and in some cases with the sheet-iron outfit, and received many grateful and congratulatory letters from officers using them. Many of the tents are in use to this day in Arizona. Gen. McDowell, who used one in Arizona, pronounced it the best tent ever supplied the army.

We all thought rail shooting was pretty well over when October set in, but on a night of that singular bird appeared on our marshes about two weeks ago, and afforded considerable sport for some days. My partner and I started on the fifth to get the tide on Woodbury flats, and while rowing down the river we observed several bunches of ducks, familiarly known as stiff tails, flying along through Hough Howell's Cove.

"I believe my son's (a familiar expression of my partner) met their steel-heads," said he. "Have you any big shot in your cartridges?"

"I have eight made up No. 8," I replied, "and about a dozen of No. 8; the balance are ad No. 10."

"Have you any of that chilled shot of Sparks?" he asked.

"They are all chilled."

NEW JERSEY—Kinsey's Ashley House, Oct. 28.—Broad
bills, black ducks and sprig tails are plenty. Several bunches
of geese came on the past week. No brant yet. Your
correspondent bled twenty head in parts of two mornings last
week. First westerly winds and we make the feathers fly.
29th.—Some bags to-day of thirty.
29th.—Birds very plenty to-day. I just came in with a
bag of broad bills, two red heads, six black ducks—wind
north-west.

We all thought rail shooting was pretty well over when October set in, but on a night of that singular bird appeared on our marshes about two weeks ago, and afforded considerable sport for some days. My partner and I started on the fifth to get the tide on Woodbury flats, and while rowing down the river we observed several bunches of ducks, familiarly known as stiff tails, flying along through Hough Howell's Cove.

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"They are all chilled."

Writing for the Press.—Causser knows that he will deserve and win the thanks of all managing editors if he can but impress these few simple rules upon the minds of those who write occasionally for the press:

I. Write upon one side of the leaf only. Why? Because it is often necessary to cut the pages into "takes" for the compositors, and this cannot be done when both sides are written upon.

II. Write clearly and distinctly, being particularly careful in the matter of proper names, and words from foreign languages. Why? Because you have no right to ask either editor or compositor to waste his time puzzling out the results of your careless scribbles.

III. Don't write in a microscopic hand. Why? Because the compositor has to read it across his case, at a distance of nearly two feet. Also, because the editor often wants to make additions and other changes.

IV. Don't begin at the very top of the first page. Why? Because if you have written a head for your article the editor will probably want to change it, and if you have not—which is the better way—he must write one. Besides he wants room in which to write instructions to the printer as to the type to be used, where and when the proof is to be sent, etc.

V. Never roll your manuscript. Why? Because it maddens and exasperates every one who touches it—editor, compositor and proof reader.

VI. Be brief. Why? Because people don't read long stories. The number of readers which any two articles have is inversely proportioned to the square of their respective lengths. That is, a half column article is read by four times as many people as one of double that length.

VII. Have the fear of the waste basket constantly and steadily before your eyes. Why? Because it will save you a vast amount of useless labor to say nothing of paper and postage.

VIII. Always write your full name and address plainly at the end of your letter. Why? Because it will often happen that the editor will want to communicate with you, and because he needs to know the writer's name as a guarantee of good faith. If you use a pseudonym or initials, write your own name and address below it. It will never be divulged.

IX. "These precepts in thy memory keep," and for fear you might forget them, cut them out and put them where you can readily run through them when tempted to spill innocent ink.

Causser's word for it those who heed these rules will be beloved and favored in every editorial sanctorium.—*Boston Transcript* Cauter.

EFFECT OF DIET ON LIQUOR DRINKING.—Charles Napier, an English scientific man, has been testing the truth of Liebig's theory that liquor drinking is compatible with animal food, but not with a farinaceous diet. The experiment was tried upon twenty-seven liquor-drinking persons, with results substantiating the Liebig theory. Among the more striking instances of reform brought about by a change of diet was that of a gentleman of sixty who had been addicted to intemperate habits for thirty-five years, his outbursts averaging one a week. His constitution was so shattered that he had great difficulty in insuring his life.

After an attack of *deltium tremens*, which nearly ended fatally, he was persuaded to enter upon a farinaceous diet, which, we are assured, cured him completely in seven months. He seems to have been very thin at the beginning of the experiment, but at the close of the period named had gained twenty-eight pounds, being then of about the normal weight of a person of his height. Among the articles of food which are specified by Napier as pre-eminent for antagonism to alcohol are macaroni, haricot beans, dried peans, and lentils, all of which should be well boiled and flavored with plenty of butter or olive-oil.

The various green vegetables are said to be helpful, but a diet mainly composed of them would not resist the tendency to intemperance so effectively as one of macaroni and farinaceous food. From this point of view high glutinous bread would be of great utility, but it should not be sour, such acidity being calculated to foster the habit of alcoholic drinking. A like remark may be applied to the use of salted food. If we inquire the cause of a vegetarian's alleged disinclination to alcoholic liquors we find that the carbonaceous starch contained in the macaroni, beans, or oleaginous aliment appears to render unnecessary, and therefore repulsive, carbon in an alcoholic form.—*New York Graphic*.

HORSE BISCUITS.—The horses of the German army are now fed with biscuits. These biscuits consist of thirty parts of oat flour, thirty parts of dextrinated pea flour, thirty parts of rye flour, and ten parts of linseed flour; sometimes of twenty parts of pea flour, twenty parts of wheat flour, twenty parts of corn meal, twenty parts of rye flour, ten parts of grained bread, and ten parts of linseed flour. The ingredients are made into biscuits. The first named mixture is the best. These biscuits are made with a hole in the middle of each, so they can be strung on a string, and hung to the saddle bow, or be carried by

the trooper around his waist. Each biscuit weighs, when baked dry and hard, about two ounces. Seven biscuits are broken up and given to the horse in the morning, moistened with water if convenient, otherwise dry; twelve at noon, and seven at night. After careful experiment in camp, on the march, and in garrison, they are reported by all the cavalry and artillery officers better than oats. A trooper can easily carry thirty pounds of these biscuits, which will furnish his horse with full rations for eight days, or will serve, with forage, for twelve days' hard marching.

THE BOLE RESIDENT OF CARSON CITY.—Riding one autumnal day in company with a party of borderers in quest of buffalo, we came upon a town standing silent and deserted in the midst of a prairie. "That," said one, "is Carson City. It did a good trade in the old wagon days, but it busted up when the railroad went farther west and the people moved on. There's only one man left in it now, and he's got snakes in his boots the hull year round." Marvelling what manner of man this was who dwelt alone in the silent city, we rode on. Only one house showed signs of occupation, and in it dwelt the man. We passed through the deserted streets and gained the prairie beyond when a shot rang out behind us and a bullet cut the grass to our left. "Hello! he's on the shoot," cried one. "Ride, boys!" and we rode. Carson City soon faded from view, but not so the memory of that "busted-up" town and its solitary indweller, who had perennial "tin jama" and was "on the shoot."—*From a Nevada Letter*.

EXPLORING THE FOOT HILLS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—Some attaches of the school of Mines at Golden, Nevada, have been exploring the foot of Green Mountains under the direction of Prof. Lakes. A local paper says: The basaltic lava capping the table mountains above Golden were passed en route and their origin explained as a lava outburst from a fissure extending along the eastern flank of the mountains, from which a flood of molten material poured over the surrounding country and preserved, on the base of the Table mountains and the mesas of the divide, the ancient prairie from the denuding floods which, with these exceptions, have brought it to its present low level. This eruption was contemporaneous with similar overflows from Alaska to South America, which covered the region west of the Rockies with a lava flood thousands of miles in width and hundreds of feet thick, at a time when mountain making was going on in various parts of the world—when the Himalayas and the Alps were in their last throes.

—In 1831, at New Haven, Professor Silliman drove into a small maple tree a staple upon which to hang a lantern. The other day the staple was found inside a block of wood, and for a while people wondered how it got there.

—"Cheese it," according to our excellent and elegant friend Dr. Elliott Cones, is a corruption of "don't give it a whey."—*Washington Capital*.

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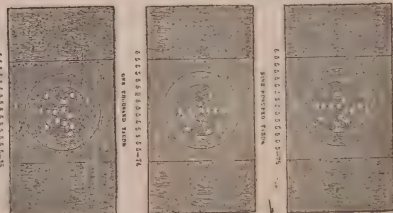
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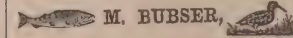
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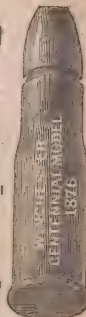
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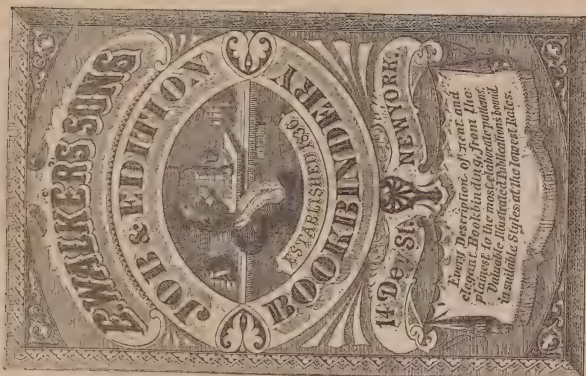
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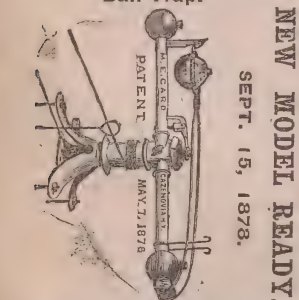
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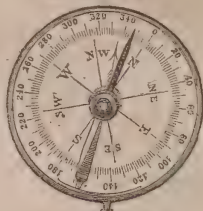
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GOLD

FOREST AND STREAM

ROD & GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

Terms, Four Dollars a Year.
Ten Cents a Copy.

NEW YORK THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1878.

[Volume 11—No. 14,
No. 111 Fulton St., N. Y.]

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun. LAID UP.

WEAK of limb and dim in eyesight,
Mourn the sportsman old and worn;
Sighing thine be of the lime-light,
And the burdens he has borne,
Gazes on his store of trout-rods,
On his guns and tackle all;
Thinks of when and where he used them,
Every summer, spring and fall.

Thinks of those who with him hunted,
In their loyal sporting prime;
How they dropped the antlered monarchs,
How o'er hill and crag did climb;
How on lakes of silvery water
Sped their birchen bark canoe;
How they gazed in the gloaming
To the camp, the tried and true.

Thinks of those who have been gathered
To the Hunting Grounds above—
Those who loved the Stream and Forest,
Shaded glen and lily cove;
Those who worshipped God in temples
Never made by mortal hand;
Those who glided in His greatness
With their Rod and Gun in hand!

—NED BONTLINE.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

The North Shore of Superior.

I WAS "weary waiting" for the summer vacation before the boys came from college, and had the home preparations complete. Our guides had been secured by letter, and after reaching Sault Ste. Marie we had nothing to do but purchase our bulkier provisions and wait for the Silver Islet steamer. F. and I being old campaigners—he on the North Shore and I there and elsewhere—had reduced our "plunder" to the limits of necessities and such luxuries as would become necessities in so long a trip as we were to take. But supplies for a month for seven men, with Superior appetites, made no small store. The barrels of hard-bread, potatoes, onions and pork; the hams, flour, sugar, coffee and tea; the boxes of canned goods, together with the camp equipage, made heavy loads for two boats during the first week or two of the trip.

At the Sault we took the fine steamer *Ontario*, of the Sarnia line, and under the charge of her excellent captain, Robinson, we reached Silver Islet within twenty-four hours, notwithstanding a dense fog and several ministerial passengers, a combination of circumstances full of threatening to our safety, if we could rely upon the opinion of one of the steamer's hands, who said he was "ready to bet something would happen before reaching port with them ministers aboard."

We found at Silver Islet we had to have our goods duly entered at the Custom House and duties paid; but as we had most of the original bills of purchase, and the customs officer, Mr. John Livingston, was a gentleman, as indeed most Dominion customs officers are, we were detained only so long as was necessary to transact the business.

We left the port in our boats at about five o'clock in the afternoon. The sun shone upon Thunder Cape and Pic Island, and the scene, with breaking fog out on the lake and the bold heights of the cape and islands to the south, was a magnificent one. To the northeast were rocky islands and mountains, showing a varied and beautiful coast.

We camped that night, July 12, 1878, on the banks of a little inlet which we thought should be named Fly Harbor, or Mosquito Bay. The long, low fish, however, and mountains of Thunder Cape in view till late in the evening. We rigged our tackle and tried the rocks for a rise, but without success. The next morning we started early, hoping for a breeze to take us past Black Bay. We tried a few rocks as we passed along, but avoided the streams emptying into the bay on account of flies, which we were told at Silver Islet were very troublesome. We camped on the fish, but for several miles along there, we were in very heavy seas, and the buoyancy of our Mackinaw boats was pretty thoroughly tested. About 5 o'clock we sought a safe landing, and, finding a sheltered cove on an island near Lamb Island light-house, we settled

for a Sunday camp. The rocks rose a sheer precipice to the height of three hundred feet to the west of us, and a point jutted out to the east into the lake, so we were secure from the swell. After the wind quieted, as it almost always does as the sun goes down, F. and I went out on the reef to try a cast. The sea was still high, too high for comfortable fishing, but we took three trout, of one-half, one and a half, and two and a half pounds respectively, and one lake trout of about three pounds. I had a strike from a big trout which carried away two flies and a leader—being an old leader quite worn. While F. and I were fishing Morton had taken the rifle, and we found him with a brace of rabbits on our return. Indeed the island had a dense rabbit population, and on Sunday they invaded the camp—at least some did. I don't remember who fired the first gun in defence of our altars and fires, but another brace was contributed to the Sunday evening meal. We didn't hunt nor fish on Sunday, but only acted in self-defence in that case.

Monday morning we tried the rock-fishing again, but, meeting with no success, abandoned our project of coasting the south side of Isle St. Ignace and started north for Nepigon Bay, with a fresh following wind. Fishing at one or two brooks which emptied into the strait, we picked up a few small trout, and stopped for dinner at a little stream Louis, our chief guide, said he had fished when in the coast survey service. It was a most unpromising place, with only a little pool not more than seven by ten or twelve feet, and studded with brush and logs, which, with the overhanging branches, made casting impossible; so, winding our lines to within three or four feet of the tips, we dropped the flies in as we could. Trout were there in abundance, and the rush of the speckled beauties to the surface was beautiful to see. There was no room to play, and we had to rely on main strength and swiftness. These served us fairly, and in a few minutes we landed some twenty-eight of varying values between six ounces and two pounds. We left behind us when we sailed after dinner a few flies and leaders attached to roots and branches, to mark the spot for some future fisherman. We steered almost due north through Nepigon Bay, passing between islands of great wildness and beauty. The forms of some showed distinct outlines of lions at rest, as clearly as Lion Island on the California coast.

Not intending to visit the Nepigon this year, we steered for a river marked on the chart, about five miles east of Red Rock, and went up its dead water for about two miles without finding any signs of rapids. The country for several miles beyond appearing low and level, we rowed back to find a camp on the shores of the bay.

Tuesday afternoon we had no wind, and the men took to the oars. About six o'clock we made a little river—all streams from the wonderful Nepigon and the stately Pic down to the veriest tumbling brook, are rivers on the North Shore—that, from the sandy islands about its mouth, we judged was powerful in spring freshets. We pushed over the bar and went up the dead water until stopped by the logs, when we saw some fine trout, which determined us upon making camp there. While supper was preparing F. and myself went up the brook. Except at the pools, one could jump across it anywhere. We saw hundreds of trout, mostly small, and an occasional splash gave signs of the presence of larger ones. For some time they seemed reluctant to take the fly, but just as the call to supper resounded through the woods they began to rise freely, and, starting down, we got into camp with some twenty-five or six large trout, and a larger number of each. We found Morton busy, too, right at camp, with his rod, and a display of six two-pounders was not dispiriting. While we were washing for supper he landed two more even larger. Next morning Morton and myself went up the stream at sunrise and returned to the breakfast call in an hour or so with as many as we could well carry, making our total catch there of eighty-five averaging a full pound each, the largest about two and a half pounds. Having now a supply for nearly two days—two pounds of fish per man at a meal with pork, potatoes and the other accompaniments, in my experience with North Shore appetites—and never killing fish for mere sport, we left camp, intending merely to test the coast and streams as we sailed. We found little in the two days to tempt us. We could get no rises off the rocks, and the rivers were sluggish and warm, at least near their mouths. We visited Eagle Flat River, ascending it to the first rapid, finding no sign of trout. We passed some Indian villages, at one of which we spoke to the first white man we had seen for days—a Scotchman, who said he owned a house we had seen on the Paxe Flat River. He had two or three good looking Mackinaw boats, and seemed to be a resident among the Indians.

The second night we camped at Black River. The scenery along the coast had been in that day of the most description. Abrupt hills rising often into grand mountains; rocky and wooded islands with stretches of quiet and of breeze-touched water between, and a fair, following wind most of the time, made a perfect day. And when we rounded the point at the mouth of the river and saw the foam of the falls in the distance between the mountains, the delight we felt at ending such a day in such a spot, with enough trout we were sure of catching to supply us to the next good fishing ground—for the guides said it was always spoken of as a good stream—was that, as fishermen, we had nothing further to ask. The stream was magnificent and promising. The water was just of that color which holds the most beautiful of trout, and which, when in pools, is sure to hide the liveliest of fish. All

along up the river on the west side were deep, dark pools against a clean, sometimes abrupt, sometimes shelving shore, the east side growing gradually shallower in the sand to the water's edge. At the foot of the falls were two glorious eddies with their circling islands of foam. If fishermen ever imagined a more beautiful place for their royal sport, they must have more gifted imaginations than ours. Soon relieving the boats of the freight, we pushed up to the foot of the falls, and all was excitement to see who would kill the first fish. Getting out my line with two or three preliminary casts, down dropped my brown hackle and silver doctor just where I would have them—on the outermost edge of a big apron of foam close under a fall. Carefully I drew them toward me, when a trout struck, and as I struck at the same time, determined to hook him, back came trout, flies and all clear behind me. I needed no landing net. He measured a good four inches, and the blow killed him, or I would never have told this part of the story. I believe we took six or seven—no; the log, which imports as absolute verity as a court record, says eight—such trout in two hours' industrious whipping of that stream. Below, on or above the falls, it mattered not. Bites we had, but from flies, not fish. We supposed when we first looked at the river that it took its name from the color of its water. But the two hours' fishing convinced Morton and we had lost by that time all energy of contradiction, that it was named from the flies.

We made Blackbird River the next day for dinner. It was an unpromising stream at the entrance, of considerable width, with dark water. The pool below the first rapid showed large pike lying lazily on the bottom, and we hardly expected to take any trout. There was a beautiful pool at foot of the second fall, in which we saw some fine trout, but we could get no rise. Fishing through the thick underbrush a few rods, we came to a rock which overhung the swift and noisy brook some seven or eight feet above it, and a careful look over into a little pool, hardly holding a half barrel of water, brought into view forty or fifty beauties. There was no such thing as casting, and reeling in our lines so the fly—for we could use but one—was within three or four feet of the end of the rod, we gently dropped it above their noses. There were rushes, flashes and struggles, the unhooked dispersing up and down the stream, to return with a minute's quiet, so that in as many minutes we had twenty-four. They were not large, but of a beautiful color and full of life. The catch would average over a half a pound each. We saw some larger ones which we judged would weigh two and a half or three pounds, but a pound fish was the largest we could get to rise. Dinner was called, and we went back to the landing. The fishing done was done under such difficulties that I mourned a broken tip, and we lost at least a half dozen flies. They would catch in the brush in spite of us, and a stiff but variable breeze did not make fishing any easier. We had a hard pull out of the deep bay that afternoon, and a head wind until within a mile or two of Mountain Lake River, which we reached about six o'clock. The water was warm, but it seemed clear and beautiful, like the Agawa, the lower banks of which we were reminded of. But poling up and casting for a half mile yielded no results but a few small trout not worth the trouble. There is quite an extensive clearing at the mouth of this river, and signs of a large Indian encampment during the fishing season (which with the Indians is the fall run of fish, and in the winter). We noticed some trout, numerous piles of fish bones indicated. We noticed some trout, judging from the characteristics of the head bones. There were some pike and whitefish bones also. Some of the wigwag poles were standing, and other signs showed an occupancy of the place the last winter.

Saturday's sail was a lively one. The sea was heavy, so that we could not land at some rivers we had intended to visit, and those we touched on happened to be small and uninteresting. By noon we made the mouth of Little Pic River, over the bar of which the rollers were breaking; but, watching our chances, we dashed in and went up stream. To the right for nearly a mile the formation was alluvial, covered with a growth of fine timber. To the left the mountains rose in sheer precipices for eight hundred feet. The scenery was magnificent. After sailing a mile or so we entered the river, the mountains were to be seen on both sides, and the river current, between large boulders, up which it was impossible to get our boats. There were few inviting pools, but being determined to test the stream, we waded for a quarter of a mile, and brought back a few "magnificent" fish, which, however much they would be thought of in New England fishing, did not add anything to the charms of Little Pic. We descended the river, and not liking the sand bar for a Sunday camp, and finding the wind had shifted, carefully crossed the bar and had a fine but rough sail for a few miles to the mouth of a little stream opposite Pic Island. The sea had been such as to wash up the sand at the mouth of the brook and make quite a pond, out of which, and a few yards above, we took twenty-four small trout before supper.

Sunday we had a glorious day. There was just enough breeze to keep off the flies, and the scenery was charming. In front of us were the wooded heights of Pic Island, and to the right and rear the mountains of the main land. Hot biscuits, plum pudding, and various other delicacies which this hurried camp of the week day did not give us time to prepare, graced our Sunday board.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.
IN SULLIVAN COUNTY.

"YES," said Loser, "that's so! I ain't joking, the woods are just full of them. As soon as the law is up they come out and stand in your way just like barn swallows."

We know from experience how barn swallows stand. Years ago, down at Bill Chadwick's, on Barnegat Beach, at snipe time, we used to shoot at swallows for toothache drops. Our individual score, not of birds but of drops, was kept in chalk on a beam of the low ceiling in the bar-room, and we recollect that the result generally was about five more straight lines added to our account.

This is the way barn swallows stood for us.

"Just you go half way up the mountain," continued Loser, "shut your eyes and pull the trigger. You'll hear partridges drop like chestnuts after a frost. Ain't that so, Colonel?" But the Colonel failed to corroborate; a man had just passed the Son of Malta sign, and he was preparing his chin for a wiping off in the little back extension.

"Dogs? What do we care about dogs? I never saw a dog yet that didn't worry you all to pieces before the day was half over. I once borrowed an imported dog, a setter, and counted so much on him I had almost a mind to leave my gun home. But when I sat on the fence I made up my mind that he wasn't worth sticks. You can see that very fence now, just come around to the back of the house and I'll show it to you. Well, I sat there and told him to go into the piece of woods and hunt. I waited for about an hour for him to fetch out something, when, darn his black and tan hide, if I didn't hear a snort near me, and there he was, worrying a poor beetle almost underneath my feet. I really believe the brute had been sitting there all the time. We don't want dogs when we mean work up here. Get your gun up—write

for it, go down for it, get it up somehow—and if I don't show you sport as is sport then my name isn't Loser."

We sent for the gun, and, in spite of his antipathy to the canine race, our dog came with it. As soon as we reached the fence Loser took his favorite station, while we plunged into the strip of woods. Flora acted nobly considering it was her first hunt of the season. The birds were tame and lay close, rising generally within easy gun shot. In a little while a brace of woodcock were bagged, and we were indeed proud of the general result. Loser, too, was doing his share, as the occasional bark of his piece rang through the woods. It must have been two hours when we completed the circuit, and emerged at the same spot where we had entered.

There sat Loser, on his pet rail, and we imagined he had got tired and had gone to his old quarters to rest. "I wouldn't sell that little piece of mine for a fortune," and he slapped the stock of his gun. "Just think of it, eight with the right hand barrel at the first shot."

"What!" we exclaimed, "eight partridges?"

"No! the mischief! no! Eight shot in that little bit of paper," and he pointed to a scrap he had pinned to a tree, which we had failed to notice.

"Where are your birds?" we asked.

"Birds?" said he in amazement. "I haven't got any birds. I've been waiting for you here. I was afraid you'd get lost, and I've been watching for you to come out, excepting a short spell when I laid down and took a nap, but the darned ants took my ear for a habitation and tried to cart in a load of sticks and sand, which woke me. But let's go home; it's about dinner time, and you'll need a rest if you must go to York to-night."

However, there was quite a decent bag to show, and Loser grew several inches taller when he showed what we had done. *Liberty, N. Y., Oct. 10, 1878.*

PETER REE.

Fish Culture.

THE AQUARIUM.

ITS FORMATION AND MANAGEMENT.

CHAMBERS' Journal of two years ago published an article brim full of useful hints and information on the management of Aquaria, from which we make extracts herewith. The same rules apply to general fishculture and the management of ponds. The information is just what hundreds of our readers are desiring at this very moment.

The leaves of all growing and healthy plants give off oxygen, the great source of the life-sustaining power not only of the atmosphere, but of the water. We now see why fish will live in water with growing plants, and die without them. But the mutual relation between plants and animals, as carried on in the world, extends even farther than this, and is not altered at all because they live in water. Not only do the plants produce oxygen for the animals to live on, but they appropriate and use up in their own tissues the carbonic acid gas thrown off by the animals. Unless this mutual arrangement existed both plants and animals would die. Carbonic acid, which is poisonous to animals, is absorbed by the plants—it is composed of carbon and oxygen—and plants have the power of separating and using the carbon for their own substance, and letting go the oxygen.

Thus we find in a jar of water a true microcosm—a little world, in which all the changes go on which are necessary for the maintenance of the life of man and animals on the surface of the earth. Overcrowding is one fruitful source of disease



HAN SHUTLER OF

AW ROBERTS
ENG

(who wrote the article now quoted just eighteen years ago), I's accidental discovery was like meeting an old friend long supposed dead. It revived many pleasant reminiscences of a long voyage among the rocks and icebergs, the seals, codfish and salmon of the dreary Labrador coast. The habits of the capelin are well known to the fishermen of that region. In May they arrive in immense quantities to spawn, coming on going with each tide to cast their ova or milp upon those shores or flats of the bays and inlets which are either sandy or muddy. There is one stream called "Freshwater," which empties into the Inuvik Inlet or Great Esquimaux Bay, which is an especially favorite resort for them, the whole bottom of the stream being sandy. This stream is on the main-land, of course; but the belt of rocky islands (some twelve miles wide), which girls almost the entire length of coast, is filled with capelin swarming from May until late in July. The codfishing season extends from about the first of June until the middle or end of August. Codfish generally follow the capelin. Capelin constitute a principal part of the food of the few fishermen who winter in Labrador, being cured by spreading them out on the rocks in the hot sun of July. They are eaten greedily, cooked or uncooked. A very accurate drawing of this pretty fish accompanies the article in *Harper's Magazine* referred to by Mr. Buckland. The selches used by the fishermen are 100 feet or more in length, and they are often hauled in full of capelins.

NEW SCIENTIFIC PUBLICATIONS.—It affords us pleasure to extend to the *American Quarterly Microscopical Journal*, the first number of which appeared last month, a welcoming hand. American students and workers in this department of scientific investigation have long felt the need of some periodical in which they could publish their new facts, or discuss those already announced; but up to this time, if we except the *Annals*, which for a short time flourished in Chicago, but soon died, no medium has ever existed in this country through which microscopists could express their views. So true is this, that many of our ablest investigators have been obliged to send their papers abroad. The *Journal* is edited by Mr. Romyen Hitchcock, whose qualifications for this office are well known, and among the contributors are Professors H. S. Smith, Seaman and Lighton, Dr. Belfield, J. D. Hyatt, E. B. Hine and Percival Wright. The appearance of the periodical is attractive, and this number is illustrated by some beautiful plates.

We hope most sincerely that this venture may be a successful one, and that the *Journal* may live and prosper for many years.

A number of papers of very great interest to entomologists have recently been issued by Mr. J. A. Lintner, who has drawn his material largely from the State Cabinet at Albany. The papers to which we have reference are printed in advance of the regular reports, and, beside their great value to the student, they are important as giving a great deal of information in regard to certain insects, which, in one stage or another, cause great injury to the agriculturist by feeding on the foliage of various trees and other plants which he desires to protect.

The first and second of these papers, appendix D and E of the Twenty-third New York Annual Report, and an extract from the Twenty-sixth Annual Report, deal chiefly with the Lepidoptera, and, besides being replete with interesting facts, contain the descriptions of a number of new species. The former is illustrated by two admirably executed plates.

The fourth paper from the Thirtieth Annual Report is not less interesting than the others, though more miscellaneous in character, for it contains notes on, and descriptions of, Entozoa, Coleoptera, Lepidoptera, etc. We have read these articles with much pleasure, and shall hope to receive from Prof. Lintner a continuation of the series when published.

Natural history matters have recently assumed a very considerable activity in Cincinnati, and we are gratified at learning that the Natural History Society of that city is at last located in its own building, and has "a sufficient annual income to enable it to do earnest work in promoting the objects for which it was established." One of the results of the present happy state of things is the publication of the *Journal of the Cincinnati Society of Natural History*, of which Nos. 1 and 2 are now before us. A portion of No. 1 is taken up with a list of officers, a history of the society, and a catalogue of the Lepidoptera observed in the vicinity of Cincinnati, after which we come to an interesting paper entitled "Notes on Paleontology" by Messrs. S. A. Miller and C. B. Dyer, in which a number of new fossils are described; this is followed by an article on "The Tongue (*Lingua*) of some Hymenoptera," and both contributions contain a great deal of which is new and interesting.

No. 2 contains a number of papers, most of them geological or paleontological, the latter describing a great number of new species of fossils. We all know that the paleontologists of Cincinnati are very favorably situated for obtaining good things from the Lower Silurian, and no doubt they exercise due care in making new species and genera, and are conservative, although among young naturalists the tendency is apt to be in the other direction.

We shall always welcome the appearance of this *Journal*, and hope for continued prosperity to the society by which it is issued. The *Journal* can be obtained by applying to J. W. Hall, Jr., 108 Broadway, Cincinnati, O.

We have just received a paper on the Mollusca, dredged and collected by T. A. Veikruzen in 1876, in the neighborhood of St. John's, Newfoundland. It consists of a catalogue of the species, with remarks on them and brief descriptions of several new varieties.

THE BASSES.—Mr. Editor: In your columns under the head of "Natural History," of October 24, you say:

"Micropterus salmoides and M. nigricans—Under the revised nomenclature of Gill and Jordan, the big mouth, Oswego, or grass bass, as it is variously called, will be known as *M. jolietii* instead of *M. salmoides* as heretofore. As the true black bass, known as *M. salmoides*, is really the black bass, nor does it bear the slightest resemblance to any of the tribe, except perhaps it may be thought so about the head and mouth."

Sunbury, Penn., Nov. 4, 1878.

The grass bass is *M. pallidus*. The *P. annularis* is quite another fish, known as the croppie, new light, etc. The croppie is sometimes called grass bass; but fishes as well as roses are known by different local names. See Hallock's Sportsman's Gazetteer for synonyms; also Jordan's Manual of Vertebrates.—Eo. F. & S.

A CUNIOUS RELIC.—London, Ky., Oct. 19.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: In October, 1878 or '79, while hunting on Craig's Creek, in Laurel County, Ky., about seven or eight miles from Rockcastle Springs, with Isaac Storm and W. M. G. Hale, Esq., we killed a very large fat doe, in the left shoulder of which was found the inclosed flint, by Mr. Hale's wife and daughter, while preparing the venison for cooking. I see so many accounts of such things in the *Forest and Stream* that I requested Mr. Hale to let me send the flint, which was carefully saved. As there are no Indians within several hundred miles, and nearly a hundred years have elapsed since they were here, the question is how, where and when did it get there? This is no humbug, but will be sworn to by Mr. Hale's whole family, who are reliable people, if necessary.

[We regret that the data furnished by our correspondent are not sufficiently detailed to enable us to form even a conjecture as to whence the flint came. The case is a most interesting one, for the specimen is a genuine Indian arrow head, and its presence in the deer's shoulder seems to indicate an incredibly great age for the animal which bore it.]

A WHITE BUCK.—Bedford, O., Oct. 27.—Newton Waito, of this village, is hunting in the woods of Michigan. He writes me that on the 16th ult. he shot a large albino buck, weighing over 200 pounds, with five-pronged antlers. He says he was white as snow, except a few gray spots on the back of his neck, also a few on his shoulders and hips. His head and neck will be preserved and set up.

AN ALBINO, OR WHAT?—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Inclosed is a sketch of the head of a hybrid killed near Dunnville, Canada, by a friend of mine who furnishes the following description, and for whom I would bespeak a genealogical history: It measures 20.50 inches in length; tarsus, 1.50 long. Its general color light buff, the forehead speckled with buff and cinnamon-colored features. The iris buff, the wings are darker, the primaries being a dark cinnamon, the rest of the wing somewhat lighter. The coverts on the back almost white. Tail short and very light, almost white. The breast and belly darker than the back. The bill cinnamon-colored, with the nails black; the bill is peculiar in that from the point to the crown of the head is almost a straight line. The flesh was very white and tender. Such, Mr. Editor, are the peculiar points of a very interesting specimen, as I trust that I shall soon know its history.

New York, Nov. 1.

[We regret to say that we cannot give our correspondent the information which he seeks. The sketch inclosed resembles quite closely the head of the canvas back duck, but if the flesh was white it could hardly have been that bird. We should imagine the bird to be a partial albino—but of what species? Was the specimen preserved?—Ed.]

SOLITUDE ISLAND.—A new field of study has been opened to ornithologists by the discovery of a new island far beyond Nova Zembla—Eensomheden (or Solitude). It is in 77 deg. 35 min. north and 86 deg. east, and about 15 miles long. The vegetation is poor, but there exists a rich fauna of birds.

ANIMALS RECEIVED AT CENTRAL PARK MENAGERIE FOR WEEK ENDING NOV. 2, 1878.—Two cocoons, squirrel, or Tapal, *Sciurus villosus*, Hab. Malay, presented by Mrs. O. M. Miller; one doe and fawn, *Cervus virginianus*, Hab. Mobile, bought at auction at the Cotton Exchange for the yellow fever sufferers by Mr. R. Seidenberg; two opossums, *Didelphys virginiana*, presented by Mr. Louis Thebaud, N. Y. city; one night heron, *Nycticorax garlandi*, presented by Mrs. Jordan, N. Y. city; one gray squirrel, *Sciurus virginianus*, presented by Mr. F. E. Benjamin, N. Y. city; four Florida tortoises, *Testudo polyphemus*, presented by Capt. B. E. Vail, St. Augustine; one green turtle, *Chelone mydas*; two opossums, *Didelphys virginiana*, presented by Dr. Edward H. Dixon, N. Y. city.

W. A. CONNELL, Director.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Oct. 29, 1878.

Dittmar Powder Co., No. 2 Courtlandt street, N. Y.

Gentlemen—Allow me, please, to tender to you my unqualified praise of the Dittmar Powder; its being unsolicited on your part may increase its value. I have just returned from a few days' ducking, bringing with me 164 ducks, most of which were killed with your powder. I tested as well as I knew how the comparative merits of your powder and the black Falcon Ducking, side by side, both at target and live game, and give the preference decidedly, for every reason, to the Dittmar. The Ducks I hit with the Dittmar felt, almost without exception, as if they had been struck by lightning. Not so with the black. With the latter I had frequent cases of wing broken and crippled ducks. At the distance of 40 yards, with 4 drachms Dittmar and 1½ oz. No. 6 shot, I put 53 pellets into the tail of a tobacco pail, and most of the 53 went clear through. Yours truly,

A. F. GIBBY, (Adv.)

The Kennel.

DISTEMPER.

NOW is the season when breeders of dogs who have litters of young puppies must be on their guard against the great scourge which seems fated to attack all and usually carries off the best. In fact the puppy whelped in the fall is unfortunate in many respects. The severest weather comes when he is most liable to disease, and with the faintest indication of an east wind, or indeed a change of weather of any description, his warmth, dryness and general comfort should be most carefully attended to. And then again the fall puppy is unfortunate, inasmuch as he arrives at an age when he should be taken to the field to receive his first instructions at a period when there are no birds, unless indeed his owner is so fortunate as to live near good snipe ground, which does not fall to the lot of every one, so that he is perhaps a year old before it is possible to show him birds. To be sure, in England they are of the opinion that a dog should not be broken until he is a year old; but we are strongly in favor of early breaking, and a puppy whelped early in the spring should be introduced to game during the succeeding open season.

But to return to the distemper question. We published last week a letter from a correspondent who affirmed that a seton placed in the neck of a dog was a certain remedy for distemper. Another correspondent states, with equal positiveness, that sour milk is a sure agent for the removal of worms. If these gentlemen should both be correct we have indeed found the panaceas for which we have long been looking, and each discoverer should be entitled to a monument. Nothing could be more simple than either, and we trust that some of our readers whose dogs are afflicted will test them and give us the result. We shall certainly take the first opportunity of doing so ourselves. The seton is easily applied, and is besides an excellent remedy for chorea or shaking palsy, which so frequently follows distemper. In the case of very young puppies, however, we should hesitate about applying the seton. We have been very successful when the disease was taken in time with Dover's powders, containing one grain each of ipecac and opium, the effect of which is to promote a discharge of mucus from the lining membrane of the bronchial tubes, thereby relieving inflammation and allaying cough. A grain or two of powdered rhubarb may be added to the above with advantage.

Careful nursing and strict attention to dryness and warmth are, however, the best remedies that can be applied. We have heard many old breeders declare that a small piece of garlic given to puppies once or twice a week will prevent distemper, but we confess that we have but little faith in it. The fact is, what may be a remedy or preventive in one place may not be in another. There may be unknown or predisposing causes in or about one kennel, or one strain of dogs, from which another may be quite free. One thing, however, seems almost certain, that the finer a dog is bred and the more he is valued so does his chances of being carried off by distemper increase.

We mentioned a little while ago the necessity of guarding against an east wind. The reason is obvious, as it brings with it dampness and rain, and very little exposure may bring on distemper, which will readily assume epidemic form and go through all the unseasoned inmates of a kennel. In September, 1877, the writer had at one time two litters of setter puppies, one red Irish from Elcho and Lill Hill, and one black and tan from Mr. Marble's Grouse and Lou, and also two litters of pointers, one sired by Sensation and one by Snapsbot. One litter was in a box stall, over which there was a small window with an eastern exposure. During our absence from home the man in charge of the dogs carelessly left the window open one night at the commencement of a severe easterly storm. In forty-eight hours the puppies in the stall were down with distemper, and from them it spread to the others, and in such a malignant form that nearly all were carried off.

In his latest work "Stonehenge" divides distemper into five classes, as follows: 1st, Mild Distemper; 2d, Head Distemper; 3d, Chest Distemper; 4th, Belly Distemper; 5th, Malignant Distemper. If the dog is attacked with Mild Distemper he will show first a general dullness, with a disinclination to play, and a want of appetite. Soon there begins a short cough and a disposition to sneeze. The cough and sneezing are seldom heard while the dog is quiet, but when he is brought out of his kennel into the air the coughing and sneezing begin. The nose is generally warm and the bowels disordered. In this stage it is easily cured.

Head Distemper commences in the same way, but on separating the eyelids the whites will be found covered with blood vessels loaded with dark blood. Sometimes a fit occurs at the commencement of the attack, leaving a state of torpor from which the dog can with difficulty be aroused. If the brain is not relieved the fit occurs at short intervals, and the dog finally dies in a violent convulsion.

Chest Distemper appears to be an extension downward into the chest of the irritation which produces the cough, resulting in bronchitis or pneumonia, or possibly pleurisy.

Distemper of the Belly is the result of mismanagement, produced either by the abuse of violent drugs or neglect of attention to the secretions, particularly during an attack of mild distemper. There is a constant diarrhoea, soon followed by the passage of large quantities of blood, either black or red, as it comes from the small intestines or lower bowels.

Sometimes, when the secretion of bile has been checked, the skin and white of the eyes become stained yellow from the presence of bile. When this symptom accompanies distemper it is almost invariably fatal.

Malignant distemper may follow any of the other kinds or be sudden in its attack. Generally all the dangerous affections of the brain, bowels, or liver, mentioned above, appear, and a stage of prostration is reached in which the dog is unable to stand up, his appetite is entirely gone, his gums, teeth and tongue are coated with a black fur, and his breath is highly offensive. Sometimes a very peculiar symptom appears—an eruption of the skin, consisting of purple spots or of bladders varying in size from a pea to half a hen's egg, and containing matter stained with blood. It is not, however, taken by itself, an unfavorable sign. The above descriptions of symptoms are mainly from "Stonehenge's" new work.

It should be borne in mind that the peculiarity of distemper, particularly when it appears in a malignant form, is the rapidity with which the dog loses strength and flesh, and this marked characteristic enables it to be distinguished, in most cases, from colds or disorders of a more harmless type.

As a general treatment, "Stonehenge" recommends in the early stages a mild dose of aperient medicine, such as castor oil and syrup of poppies in equal proportions, or, if the liver is not acting, calomel and jalap. After the early stage has gone by, give nothing in the shape of medicine, but keep the kennel dry, clean and airy, but warm. Change the litter frequently, and avoid exercise till the cough and running at the eyes have entirely ceased. The diet should be nourishing broths thickened, when there is diarrhoea, with flour, rice or arrowroot; or, if the bowels are confined, with oatmeal. If there is little water passed, give every night (as a drench) five or six grains of nitre, with half a teaspoonful of sweet spirits of nitre. The same authority recommends a seton to the back part of the neck for head distemper.

As Chorea or Palsy very frequently follows distemper, it may be well to say that it may be best treated by a change of air and by giving from 3 grs. to 5 grs. of sulphate of zinc in a pill every day.

HOUNDING DEER WITH DOGS.

WE approve of the use of dogs in hunting deer, and feel quite willing to indorse the position taken by our correspondents below. According to intelligent observation and experience, this method does not drive the deer out of the country. Deer are something like sheep in their habits, and we well know that a colley picks out and separates a single sheep from a flock without creating more than a temporary flurry, while a sheep-killing dog, or dogs, may race and worry a flock until they have killed off a dozen without driving the sheep far away. The bulk of the flock scatter and scurry off when pressed by the dogs, leaving the victimized and unlucky to their fate, and afterward call to each other and reunite. We see no more objection to the use of dogs in hunting deer than in coursing hares or running foxes; indeed, if they were not used the price of venison would rise in the markets.

But although we believe that dogs can be used in hunting deer without all the terrible consequences that are apprehended or predicted by some writers, still, as the laws of various States make the use of dogs a salutary offense, and as those laws are passed for the purpose of protecting deer at a time when running them with dogs really is a crime, we believe in their enforcement. The time to which we allude is when a heavy fall of snow is covered with a light crust, which, while readily supporting a dog, or a man on snow-shoes, breaks under the weight and pointed hoofs of a deer, and causes him to fall an easy victim. This mode of hunting is really not sport, as there is an absence of that element, or sentiment, if it may so be called, which gives the animal a reasonable chance for its life.

Hunting deer with dogs is followed in every country where the deer is found or the sport practiced. In England there are regular packs of staghounds, which, even to this day, are used to hunt the wild deer on Exmoor, and a half tamed one turned from a cart in districts where the wild deer is extinct. Even in Scotland the deerhound is used, although only for chasing wounded deer, the nature of the country preventing their being used in any other way, the deer being usually stalked or driven.

BANGOR, ME.

MR. EDITOR:

The method of hunting deer does not drive them out of the country, according to my experience.

Most hounds, when they find a deer's track that they can scent, will commence barking, and increase as they get nearer the deer; and the hunter can tell when the deer is started by the barking of his dogs. Sometimes there are several deer together, and they will stand and listen to the dog as he comes nearer, until he gets within a few rods of them; then they will run, but keep stopping to see if the dog means them; and where there is more than one they soon get separated, and the dog is after only one. The rest will soon stop and care no more for the dog. The one he keeps after, and as soon as he finds that the dog means him and he gets wary and wishes to get away from his pursuer, he starts for a stream or lake, and runs into the water or swims until the dog loses the track. Then the deer comes no more about the dog. I know these facts by watching them in the open land, where I could see both deer and dog, and by following them where I could track them on snow.

I have seen them let the dog keep very close to them for the first miles and in twenty minutes after he would be a mile ahead of the dog.

Our friend "Tip Top" is mistaken about our game law being en-

forced in Maine, and as it is now it is a hard matter to enforce it. The fine is to be collected the same as a civil debt, and we have thousands of men in Maine that no fees could be collected from, and no one wishes to try. So they feel at liberty to do as they choose, and thousands of deer have been killed when nearly worthless; and all that I ever knew of our deer warden of Bangor doing was to take deer from persons that he had no right to.

When the first game law was made in this State, our woods were full of deer and moose, and would be now if there had been good laws and well enforced. Deer are quite plenty now, and we may kill all we can with dogs in the fall, and they will increase if let alone in winter, after the snow goes deep; but the law will never be enforced until the hunters do it, and they never will until the law is changed.

Mr. J. Scott is of the opinion that hunting with dogs makes them wilder. I can't agree with him. I hunted one fall on the Matamoras River with dogs, and as soon as first snows fell Mr. E. McNamee, a still hunter, went over the same ground to kill deer, and made the most successful hunt that he ever made, even when deer were more plenty, and before dogs had been used in those parts; and I have often taken the same ground to still hunt on that I used my dogs on before the snow fell. I have always noticed that the opener the growth the wilder the deer were. I was hunting in Michigan up the Ausable River, above where any hound had ever hunted, and on what they called the plains—and deer on those plains were the wildest that I ever saw them anywhere; and only a few miles from there, where the woods were thick, deer were very tame. They always seem to me to be at home when they are in thick woods, but when out in open land are always on the look-out, and when started seldom stop until they reach their cover.

In still hunting on bare ground, there are a great many deer totally lost; say about one-third get wounded and die. Still hunters seldom or never wait for any better chance, but shoot at whatever part they see first, and the consequence is that a great many get away afterwards and die; and what they do get are often cut up badly and dressed in the woods, and sacked out, as we call it, and get all dirt, etc. The hardest work I ever did was to still hunt deer and moose, and get them out.

I have made up my mind a long time ago that the best law we can have would be to let us hunt from the middle of September to the middle of December, and in any way we chose. Then have a fine or imprisonment, and have the law enforced, and we shall always have plenty of deer, etc. J. DARLINO.

THE IMPROVED NEWFOUNDLAND OR LEONBERG DOGS.

A PARAGRAPH is going the round of the papers, originating, we believe, with the Boston *Traveler*, relative to the introduction into Newfoundland of the Leonberg dogs, which, it is supposed, will arrest the threatened extinction of the Newfoundland dog, or at least institute a new and perhaps more valuable strain. That this is not news will be seen from the following extract which we reprint from the issue of FOREST AND STREAM of July 5, 1877:

IMPROVING THE NEWFOUNDLAND BREED OF DOGS.—It will be interesting to lovers of dogs to know that Herr Von Kruzen the eminent German naturalist, when recently passing through Newfoundland, presented Governor Glover with three very valuable young dogs of the celebrated Leonberg (Wirtenberg) breed. These animals are almost world-renowned for their size, beauty, sagacity and fidelity. They are an improved breed, resulting from crossing the Newfoundland dog with the renowned St. Bernard dogs and the fine Pyrenean race. These dogs are the favorites of emperors, kings and rich nobility, and fetch a price as high as from £50 to £100 sterling. The Prince of Wales possesses one of them. Our valued correspondent, Rev. M. Harvey, to whom we are indebted for this information, says: "The fine race of Newfoundland dogs is almost extinct here; but, thanks to Herr Von Kruzen, we shall now possess a far superior breed of dogs, which, in the course of time, may become of much value to the country, as fine dogs are prized all over the world. He recommends that in time they be crossed with the Newfoundland dogs, the blood that can be met with. He obtained these fine dogs from Count E. S. g., who breeds them. They were brought all the way from the borders of Switzerland. At present they are but two months old, so that no progeny can be had for two and a half years. They are placed in charge of a person who understands the management of dogs, and he is furnished with written instructions regarding their feeding and general treatment."

THE TENNESSEE FIELD TRIALS—Nashville, Nov. 1, 1878.—

Preparations are going on most favorably for the coming field trials, to be held here the 2d of December. Clarke Pritchett, Esq., the able Secretary of the Tennessee Sportsman's Association, is and has been actively employed in corresponding with breeders and sporting men in all parts of the country, and he is satisfied that the attendance will be much larger than at any previous meeting. A number of handsome prizes will be awarded, amounting in all to \$1,050. Quite a number of manufacturers of, and dealers in, sporting goods have made donations of articles to be shot for, and a number will exhibit sporting goods in a place to be prepared for them in the city during the week the tournament lasts. Notably among them are the Bridgeport Union Metallic Co., St. Louis Patent Shell Co., Brow & Hilder, St. Louis; Thompson & Co., of New York, and Parker Bros., gun-makers. The latter donated a gun (value \$125), to be shot for. A firm in Casenobia, N. Y., donate two glass ball traps as a prize for the best glass ball shot. The field trials will take place at the Belle Meade Farm, belonging to General Harding, and where birds are very abundant. But to doubly insure good sport the association have turned loose on the farm a large number of birds in addition to those already there, and have placed a keeper on the premises to protect them. Some of the intended participants in the trials have already arrived with their dogs, and Mr. D. C. Sanborn, of Baltimore, Mich., is expected to day with his kennel, consisting of Nellie, Dan, Strathroy, Tempest, and a full brother to Nellie. He will go to Louisville in this State to prepare his dogs for the contest. The printed programme will be ready for distribution early next week. The largest prize is the one given for the puppy stakes. This is for \$800. J. D. H.

FROM MR. DAVIDSON AGAIN.—Editor Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun: By this week's issue, November 3, of Chicago Field, I notice its editor is waiting to hear what the judges have to say in reference to his accusation of fraud at the Minnesota Field Trials. By referring to FOREST AND STREAM and Rod and Gun of October 31, he can see what I have to say, and I will now add that whoever he has reference to in regard to changing his score in the Nursery Stakes I do not know. My score is in my possession now, and was never out of it, and the editor of the Chicago Field never saw it. The scale of points in the Nursery Stakes were taken from Mr. Whitford's score, of which fact I have positive proof. In the puppy and champion stakes the scale of points were taken from my score, and in the case of Jet, winner of the Minnesota field trials, and I further defy him to show a single case of fraud at any bench show in my decisions as judge, unless he considers it fraud to differ from him in opinion or wish. If he can show any, let us have them. Disappointed contestants can usually find redress for wrongs by proving a sufficient cause of fraud to warrant such redress. Such is the case in other contests, and I intend the same rule would apply to field trials and bench shows. So sorry to show a verdict, but I object to be tried by a judge without authority, who is both evidence and judge, and renders a verdict before the case goes to trial. Hoping you will excuse me for again trespassing on your columns, I am yours truly, Monroe, Nov. 2, 1878. JOHN DAVIDSON.

MASSACHUSETTS KENNEL CLUB DOG SHOW.—At a meeting of this club, held on the 31st ult., it was decided to hold the second annual bench show in Boston, on May 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1879. The following gentlemen will form the Exhibition Committee: T. T. Sawyer, Jr.; Jno. Fother, Jr.; J. B. Bolland; J. B. Greenough, James F. Curtis and Edward E. Hardy.

NATIONAL AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.—In consequence of the abandonment of the Baltimore Field Trials the meeting of the Kennel Club, appointed at Baltimore November 8 current, will be further adjourned to meet at Nashville, Tenn., at the Maxwell House December 2 next. And a meeting of said club is hereby called at that time and place. E. H. LATROFF, PRES. N. A. K. C.

THE WICKED FLEA RETURNETH.—And now a correspondent, moved by the many paragraphs regarding fleas which have appeared in our columns, writes to say that Persian insect powder is sure death to fleas. Perhaps our correspondent is not aware that the basis, at least, of all insect destroyers is this same Persian powder. But according to our experience its effects are but feeble, and the fleas, although driven off, return again. If used on house dogs it is very likely to transfer the fleas from the dogs to the carpets, whence they make raids on thinly-clad persons, and in summer time increase and multiply to an alarming extent. What is wanted is something that will keep fleas from getting on a dog.

NAMES CLAIMED.—Mr. Edward R. Tallor, of this city, claims the name of Jenny for a red and white Irish setter bitch puppy, by Wengel's Jack, out of his Doe.

—A correspondent writes from Indianapolis, Indiana, that there is a regular organized gang of dog thieves in that city. He has had no less than five dogs stolen from him, and some of his neighbors have fared almost as badly. It is supposed that the dogs are run off into Illinois. A vigilance committee would be in order.

—Mr. Luther Adams, of Boston, has been added to the committee of the Massachusetts Kennel Club appointed to look out for the game laws.

Woodland, Farm and Garden.

TRANSPLANTING TREES.

FOR transplanting trees the late fall is the best season. Vegetation is never absolutely at rest. During the months of winter trees are constantly adding to the points of their roots. If they be transplanted in the fall these new rootlets are formed in readiness to take advantage of the first spring showers. We republish from the London *Journal of Forestry* the following excellent direction for the method of transplanting and subsequent care of the tree:

1. Selection.—In making this the transplant will be guided by circumstances of soil, situation, and the purposes for which such trees are required. If he be fortunate enough to command a soil which combines with the adhesiveness of the aluminous friability of the silicious, he may remove into it almost any tree he likes without much previous preparation. And if his soil be naturally loose and deep, containing a fair percentage of carbonate of lime and some alumina, he has all the chemical elements necessary to insure success.

As a rule no tree of considerable size should ever be chosen for a poorer soil than the one from which it was taken. For light sandy soils nothing is better adapted than the birch, sweet chestnut, sycamore, beech and lime; while for those of a heavier texture he may choose the oak, elm, ash, spruce, silver fir, etc. Much, however, may be done by a liberal use of composts, by drainage, trenching, etc., to adapt soils to the trees required to be planted.

As the principal objects of transplanting are the attainment

of shelter, ornament, or a screen, it will generally happen that all trees so employed will be placed in situations more open or exposed than in those from which they were taken. And just as the carefully nurtured child and warmly housed animals suffer from too sudden an exposure to inclement weather, so are the sap-vessels of the hitherto well-sheltered tree or nursery plant injured by too much exposure of the epidermis or cortical layers.

Most trees growing in sheltered situations have a thin and glossy bark, smooth and very delicate. Their stems are long and correspondingly weak, and their heads and roots less spreading. As these qualities are exactly the opposite of what it is necessary in situations of exposure, their whole nature must be changed before they can be removed with safety. To stand alone a tree requires to be possessed of abundant lignum and strong spreading branches, a fairly dense head with thick foliage, a bark thick and of the retentive of moisture nor too porous, and through which the rain slowly percolates. These have been called the "protecting properties," and no tree greatly deficient in them can be moved with any chance of success.

In making a selection for groups or clumps, or in disposing of single trees, as a contrast to the more open appearances of the oak, ash, elm and sweet chestnut, the horse-chestnut, linden and sycamore must be chosen. Most of these will flourish in any soil which is neither too retentive of moisture nor too porous, and through which the rain slowly percolates.

3. *Preparation.*—As there are but few estates upon which can be found any considerable number of trees ready to the hand of the transplant, it will in most cases be necessary to adapt such. The first step will be the gradual opening out of the selected subjects, so as to insure them the maximum amount of space, light and air, and by degrees to alter their constitutions. This may be accomplished by the removal of the sap-vessels, a thickening of the bark, enlarging the head, and thicker foliage, which will soon produce a thicker stem. The heat generated by close plantations, from which high winds are necessarily excluded, and from which there is but little evaporation, produces greater elongation of the stem. This the free admission of air and sunshine modifies.

Under the most careful manipulation considerable damage must be caused to the roots of transplanted trees, the previous increase of fibrous roots must be cut and the trunk of the tree to be cut all round the tree at a distance of from one-half to two-thirds the spread of the branches, and to the depth of the lowest side roots, and afterwards filled with a good light compost, which will soon become occupied by a mass of fibrous roots. If left undisturbed for two years in a light soil, and for three, or even four years in a moderate soil, and at the same time, a nourishing compost be spread over the unmoved ground between the trunk of the tree and trench, the root growth of the tree will be everything that can be desired for a successful removal. The trench should be kept dry by having a drain cut or laid from its lowest side. Wherever it is desirable to open or prune the head, this must be done at the time the trench is formed.

The autumn transplanting an early summer trenching of the ground is a good preparation, but the large holes should have been thrown out long before. For late spring transplanting, holing may be sufficient at the time; but it should be followed by trenching during the next season.

3. *Removal.*—To insure the successful removal of a large tree it will be necessary to preserve every root that can be taken up unjured, and also to avoid pollarding or cropping the head, beyond shortening any extravagant growth of branches. In most cases it will be impossible to retain the tap-root; nor is it at all a matter of primary importance, as young trees renew them with great facility, and older ones, as not in any way dependent upon them, except in so far as they give stability to the stem. Indeed, so soon as the leader of a tree ceases to shoot upward, and the head becomes rounded, does the tap root die away or become indistinguishable among the side roots.

As the preservation of the smaller fibrous roots, whose growth has been greatly promoted by the previous cutting round, is a matter of primary importance, a trench from two to three feet wide should now be opened out beyond the previous one and carried down to a greater depth. Into this trench the workmen charged with the uncovering and opening out of the roots will work all loosened soil, which will be kept from blowing away by the trench.

To loosen the soil from among the roots the workmen should be provided with a light hand pick, every blow of which should be given as the man faces the tree. Such an implement was invented by Sir Henry Stewart, who named it the "tree-picker," and who describes it as "resembling the pick used by miners, but with only one point or prong. The head was 15 inches long in the prong, and extremely light and slender. The handle was 2½ feet in length, and the entire implement weighed only 4½ lbs. Armed with such tools the workmen commence to pick out the soil from among the roots, carefully gathering up the latter as they proceed. When from the different sides they meet within a few feet of the collar of the tree, the trunk is pulled on one side by means of ropes which have been previously attached near its upper forks, the tap-root is then severed, and the raised side is bolted up with soil. The same process is repeated for the opposite side, and the tree is then placed in a favorable position for removal in its upright form, or for being lowered upon the ordinary transplanting machine.

With the ordinary transplanting machine, when all is made ready it is brought alongside the tree, which is lashed firmly to the pole, and by means of the leverage which this affords the tree is at once brought into a horizontal position, after which the horses are attached, the ropes applied, and the tree, with its roots carefully packed up and protected, is conveyed to its new site.

4. *Planting.*—The fallacy that the safety of a transplanted tree depended upon its being fixed in its new quarters in precisely the same relation to the points of the compass that it had occupied in the old has long exploded. And, on the other hand, no more experiments have shown that the general outline of such a tree can be considered as improved by its reversal. For, as the greatest spread of its branches, etc., is always upon the warmest side, such a process tends, in a few years, to restore the equilibrium.

Before lowering the tree into its hole see that the soil upon which it is to be placed is thoroughly consolidated, as upon this will depend greatly its future stability. A slightly concave bottom, with a raised mound for its sides, will afford the greatest support.

The workmen entrusted with the laying out and uncovering of the roots should well feather them out between their fingers, and arrange them in tiers according to their position upon the tree, avoiding all crossings and interlacings. Those again who are employed to throw in soil should see that it is finely pulverized and laid on in small quantities at a time. To fill up all interstices immediately under the collar, or neck,

Pontey recommended dashing on water or pouring it from a height—a system which will be found much more efficacious than any amount of treading or ramming at the time of planting.

In finishing up the mound the greatest depth of soil should be near the stem, and over the whole surface allowance should be made for a gradual subsidence.

Much of the success of the tree will depend upon a thorough pulverization of the soil in which it is placed, and a proper mixing of the added compost. Without going to the lengths of Jehu Tull, who maintained that a thorough pulverization of the soil entirely superseded the use of manure, and whose want of chemical knowledge blinded him to the fact that there is such a thing as exhaustion of the soil, it is scarcely possible to overrate the beneficial effects of a complete mixing and comminution of the particles of soil placed in contact with the roots. For a sandy or gravelly soil a compost of peat and clay will be beneficial; for a clay soil, a compost of sand with peat.

5. *After Treatment.*—As soon as the tree has been fixed in its new quarters return the turf or give the ground a good mulching with half rotten straw, moss, long manure, or any substance which will afford protection and prevent evaporation. Even stones afford shade and promote consolidation. Every precaution should be taken to ward off the effects of drying winds, and later on the evils of frosts. Praying wire, or a temporary netting, in the case of the oak, beech and birch, whose roots are very susceptible of drought. A good ramming during the first spring or early summer will be serviceable, and this should be followed by liberal waterings till the end of June or middle of July. Afterward fork in a good compost lightly round the stem. An admixture of coal-ashes and good mould will prove most effectual.

The leaves of a transplanted tree are often fewer and smaller during the first season after removal, but they soon recover themselves. Very little attention is afterward required by a tree which has been carefully selected and prepared, well got up and re-planted, and attended to during the first summer. But under no circumstances should water be allowed to stagnate around its roots.

It may scarcely be necessary to add that every operation of the transplanters should be performed with care; there should be no unnecessary mutilation or laceration of roots, though injured ones should be carefully pruned; no damage done to the bark, and no mutilation of the branches.

THE UNITED STATES TIMBER SUPPLY.

MR. JAMES LITTLE, a merchant of Montreal, has taken a thorough examination of the sources and extent of our timber supply, and has embodied the results of his labor in a letter to Hon. David A. Wells. He presents an array of facts touching the lumber resources of the United States, the rapid rate at which the present system of forest devastation is carried on, the near approach of the day when the supply will be exhausted, and the consequent ruinous effects upon the wood industries of the country. Mr. Little is doubtless an impartial party; he has long been engaged in supplying the United States with Canadian lumber, and probably winces under the weight of duties imposed by the existing non-reciprocity treaty. But his personal business relations to the lumber traffic, whatever they may be, have no relevancy as affecting the facts he furnishes. His statements are based upon statistics and other accessible data, supplemented by observations gained in fifty years' experience and acquaintance with the public with a force and perspicacity which should secure to his figures the twenty-six States comprising the New England, Middle, Western and Northwestern to the Rocky Mountains, only four are now able to furnish lumber supplies beyond their own requirements. These four are Maine, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. Maine is now almost stripped of her pine forests, and lumbermen are forced to the headwaters of every river in the State in quest of spruce, fir and hemlock; their mills with sapling poles of six and seven inches diameter, and this slaughtering of young trees is carried on to such an extent, to supply the neighboring States and for shipment abroad, that in a few years the people of that State will have neither white pine nor spruce for their home consumption. The northern sections of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota are the principal localities of the whole twenty-six States that are able to furnish lumber, and the wants of the people of their own respective States, and the demand on them is so heavy for all sections of the country that it will not be possible for them to respond to it for more than five or six years longer. The main streams are all stripped, and the lumbermen are now operating at the headwaters of their tributaries, banking logs in dry gullies, and depending on spring freshets to float them. On the lower peninsula of Michigan the millmen have exhausted their timber within ten years, and are building railways on their own account to enable them to reach the outskirts of their supposed inexhaustible timber resources. Take any ordinary U. S. map and the sections comprising the white pine supply for all the country east of the Pacific Slope could be covered by the palm of one's hand if brought together at one point. With the exception of the early settlers in the several States, and the pioneers of the West, no one, we in this country, has never really felt the inconvenience occasioned by absence of soft wood. However high in price, the thousands of manufacturers requiring its use manage to secure it, because they must have it; and the consequent advance in the costs of their products falls upon the whole people; so that the question of supply becomes one of interest to every individual, high and low, rich and poor. What we are threatened with now is not merely a scarcity, but an absolute dearth of the most essential kind of wood used in a vast number of industries. According to the census of 1870, there are no less than 178,450 industrial establishments, and 1,093,202 operatives engaged in furnishing the wood materials and articles indispensable to modern life. It would require some \$500,000,000 to send abroad and purchase an amount of lumber equal to our country's requirements for a single year, and the combined tonnage of the whole world would fall far short of being able to freight it from the Pacific to the Atlantic seaboard. The impression prevails that when our supply fails, as it inevitably will, within the next ten years, at the present rate of consumption and reckless waste in lumbering, we have but to look to Canada, where can be found enough to last for centuries. But Mr. Little asserts that there is not, from Manitoba to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, as much pine, spruce, hemlock, white wood, and other commercial lumber supply in the United States for a period of three years; and the whole accessible pine localities have besides been run over for boardwood timber suitable to supply the English demand.

It takes a century to grow a standard pine log, yet lumbermen may now be found in the forests of Michigan cutting off, on an average, three trees to one on which they are relying to supply the market, and having the other two on some trifling defect, to rot in the woods. It is not clear, however, what the Hon. David A. Wells or even the United States Government, can do about it. Mr. Little would probably be satisfied with the removal of the duties now imposed on Canadian lumber. The removal of the present tariff obstructions would bring to us the lumber for which the Dominion is now compelled to seek a foreign market, and would thus increase our supply and save off the forest a little longer. But what is needed is the adoption of some effective measures looking to the careful husbanding of our forest wealth, and its preservation from spoil and waste. It is, of course, useless to appeal to the great lumbering interests to restrain their cupidity by sparing the young trees, and by carefully avoiding to overstock the market to the injury of all legitimate operations. However rare and certain the impending calamity, little will be done for forest or soft pine timber; it is directly upon us; such is our headlong, day-by-day method of doing—or not doing. But the enactment by Congress of the bill to encourage tree-planting on the prairies, referred to in these columns yesterday, may have some effect in mitigating the hardships which will be felt when within a few years pine lumber is so scarce and costly as to be practically beyond the reach of the soldiers on the prairies. The planting and care of ten acres of cottonwood or Norway spruce will itself be a valuable experience in the art of forestry, and will naturally lead to the cultivation of other and more useful commercial woods.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

FURS AND TRAPPING.

HABITS OF THE HUDSON BAY FUR TRADERS.

THE boatman himself, or voyageur if an Indian, is generally a young man, heavy set, copper-colored, and highly ornamented. His black hair is greased, and planted in small braids, from which depend bright colored ribbons or feathers. About his thick neck there is a broad band of wampum, from which he hangs, suspended over the throat, a huge silver medal, which is not presented, and is not valuable, if rendered, however, but can be purchased at the Company's stores. His capote is open at the throat, and reveals a broad, uncovered chest, corded with muscle. In lieu of the sash he wears a broad leather belt, in which is slung his flint bag, headed or quilled, containing a pipe and tobacco flue and steel, and serving also, upon occasion, as a pocket book. If the voyageur be half breed, he is a little above the median height, with little, active frame, enough of the aboriginal to impart suppleness, and sufficient of the white to add a certain solidity of frame lacking in the savage. His features are regular to a fault; complexion not brown; black eyes, and long hair hanging down in a straight mass over his shoulders. He wears a tasselled cap, and is also *en capote*, but of fine blue cloth, ornamented with two rows of silver gilt buttons; variegated sash, corduroy trousers, and moccasins of course. He is quiet and nervous in manner, and volatile in temperament to a degree.

The crafts in which these men labor are called "inland boats." They are built of the usual pattern of whale boats, and have a carrying capacity of about three and one half tons. They possess one sail, which is square and large. Each boat is worked by nine men, of whom eight are rowers and the other the steersman. Brigades of from two and a half to four men, these crafts are kept plying in various directions throughout the season of open water on the inland lakes and rivers. Their cargoes, destined for the interior, are composed of goods intended for the Indian trade at the various posts scattered over the territory. Their return freight is made up of furs and other country products for shipment to England. These brigades generally traverse the same routes for consecutive years, occupying the same waters, and the same season. The boating season generally commences early in June, and continues until the middle of October, when the ice begins to form on the northern waters. At the extreme limits of the course traversed by the boats going north and west inland, they are met by other boats traveling south, bringing the furs already traded. At this point of meeting an exchange of cargoes is made, and each brigade returns to its winter quarters. The way the whole season, from the forty-ninth parallel of latitude to 67 degrees 30 minutes, is supplied with goods and drained of furs. On the rivers traversed by these brigades there are many interruptions to navigation of so serious a nature that the boats have to be unloaded, and together with their freight, carried by their crews occasionally for a considerable distance overland, to be re-launched at the nearest spot where the obstruction, at an end, or the waters of another stream running in an opposite direction. This process is called "making a portage."

The vast amount of handling necessary in passing goods over the numerous portages which intervene between the depot posts, and even the nearest inland districts, renders the packing of the merchandise a matter of great importance. The standard weight of each package used by the Hudson Bay Company is called an "inland piece." Each of the above described boats is supposed to be capable of containing seventy-five pieces as a fair cargo. The facility with which such pieces can be handled by the muscular trimmen is very perfect; a boat can be loaded by its crew of nine men in five minutes, and the compact, orderly appearance presented on completion of the operation is beyond praise.

The arrangement of the duties of the various grades of men belonging to these brigades is well calculated to suit its purpose. The steersman attached to each boat is the captain. Seated on an elevated flooring in the stern of the boat, he steers with the common helm, or, if the situation is critical, with a long and powerful sweep, with one stroke of which an expert workman will effect an entire change of direction. The backs of the trimmen at the portages. The process of raising seventy or seventy-five pieces, each weighing one hundred pounds, from a position beneath the feet to a level with the shoulders, is one requiring a man of considerable strength to perform efficiently and with expedition.

Of the eight men comprising the crew, one is called the bowsman. The special duty of this person is to stand at the bow of the vessel at all portions of the route abounding with rapids, shoals, or sunken rocks, and while advising the steersman by voice and sign where such obstructions exist, himself, with the aid of a long light pole, to add the motion of the boat into a safer channel. When not occupied with this

distinctive duty, the bowsman does duty at an oar like any other man of the crew.

The "middlemen" are the rowers. When a favorable breeze blows their duties are relieved by the substitution of the sail.

At portages they transport the boat and goods overland. Each man is competent to carry two pieces on his back at a time. They are maintained in position by a leather contrivance, termed a "portage trap," by which the weight of the burden is brought to bear upon the forehead of the porter.

Over each brigade there is placed a guide. This functionary may be termed the commodore of the fleet. His special duty is to show the route in all parts where it is doubtful or lead the way where rapid or other obstructions intervene. He supports the authority of the steersman, and transacts the business of the brigade at points where it touches on the route. He is an important official, and when properly qualified, exceedingly useful. He is generally advanced in life, having necessarily risen from the position of middleman to that which he now occupies. His knowledge of every rapid and shoal throughout the long course of his run is generally perfect—so much so that, even on a dark night, with a favoring breeze, they will press forward through treacherous waters with economy of time and money on an object. The guides of the brigades making the long trips, occupying the four summer months, the pay of a guide is \$35, of a steersman \$40, bowsman \$18, and middleman \$16. When efficiently performed the work done, though of a healthy nature, is extremely severe.

In addition to the money they receive, the boatmen are furnished by their employers with provisions.

Yachting and Boating.

HIGH WATER FOR THE WEEK.

Date.	Boston.	New York.	Charleston.
Nov. 1.....	11. 09	1. 46	2. 19
Nov. 2.....	7. 05	2. 47	3. 24
Nov. 3.....	8. 23	3. 05	4. 31
Nov. 4.....	9. 03	4. 00	5. 18
Nov. 5.....	9. 57	4. 49	6. 11
Nov. 6.....	10. 54	5. 41	7. 01
Nov. 7.....	11. 54	6. 38	8. 00

TIME ALLOWANCE.

Most of our readers are aware, the apparently complicated and ever-recurring subject of time allowance, its quantity, as well as the grounds of difference among yachts upon which in theory as well as in practice such allowance should be granted, seems one of the most difficult to settle once for all to the satisfaction of the variety of interests likely to be more or less affected by any change toward a more logical and just means of equalizing yachts of different sizes for the purposes of testing the value of their models for speed. The question among Americans should admit of very ready solution, for there is but one theoretically sound principle which can enter into consideration when contemplating the construction of a scale of allowances. Without at present delaying with this part of the question, we will content ourselves with saying that size is the basis and the only one which will satisfy the demands of clear logic and the rules of equity. But it is perhaps not so much upon the theoretically correct basis that different minds are most wont to split, but rather upon the purely practical application of the same. As a short cut to measurement of size, all sorts of rough and ready means have been substituted in compliance with the very natural call among amateurs who do not wish to bother with "lines" and "cubic contents," for a "tape-line rule," one which can be readily applied by the country yokel who sails a dug-out quite as well as the measurer or an individual member of a club of some pretensions. Now, as long as the real object of such rules and the causes which led to their birth are kept in mind, the rule can be no harm in applying it. But it is a rule which has in actual sailing been found to give satisfaction to all coming to the line. Under such circumstances there need be no fear of any rule having an evil effect by bearing upon model or design in any one direction, be it length, depth or beam, for, as soon as such tendency were discovered, the rule would, in America at least, be at once discarded and another acceptable short cut adopted in place of the actual and more complicated measurement of size. Moreover, the very existence of a great variety of rules representing, and for practical reasons displacing size or tonnage measurement, is a safeguard against drifting into any particular type of vessel as a direct consequence of the tendency of the rule; for what might be of advantage under the accepted mode of one club would turn out a heavy handicap when sailing in the matches of another. In this view, at least, our various methods of measurement are only makeshifts, and, however unsatisfactory, misleading and imperfect it may be in other respects. Sooner or later, when yacht racing is brought to a more perfect system, as it has been in England, we look upon the adoption of a more scientifically correct method as a foregone conclusion. Just at present the systems in vogue may serve well enough, but the fact must not be lost sight of among the leading spirits in yachting circles, that all such makeshifts of measurement which are not or do not sufficiently approximately represent size are only makeshifts, permissible not in theory on any grounds, and in practice only upon the strength of the greater facility of their application and the ready manner in which their workings can be understood by one and all. This, so far as the general run of American yachts in our smooth and sheltered waters are concerned.

Under special conditions, or with some particular object at stake, measurement of size or simply tonnage, may be to advantage supplanted by a more or less modified basis, which, while not strictly correct in theory, may nevertheless be subservient to the attainment of certain desirable points in yacht design; or, in other words, may tend in a direction actually opposed to a perfectly free and untrammelled field in which the designer can work. By limiting him in such direction which seems desirable, through the means of imposing an extra heavy tax upon size if placed in position detrimental to the sea-going qualities we wish, or should wish, to preserve to a rational extent in every yacht, it is certain that such qualities are less likely to be sacrificed in the pursuit of speed than if extensions in the objectionable direction were allowed free scope, thereby bringing forth, as we even now witness in our own

waters, a class of yachts unfitted for the sea and possessing little else to recommend them than great speed in smooth water. Such a course of reasoning is the only one upon which the well known "Thames rule," recently adopted wholly in principle by the Yacht Racing Association of Great Britain, can be defended. But even admitting the excellency of its purpose, there is not the least doubt but that, for the sake of encouraging a sea-going form, the Thames rule goes too far and has too powerful an influence upon design, by compelling each successive racing craft laid down to be built to deeper and narrower moulds, until at last the British cutter has reached the abnormal shape of five and six beams to the length, with apparently no inclination to desist as yet from the extravagantly spun out forms of the otherwise well known and favored while craft of recent date, for which the British racing fleets are so distinguished in comparison with our own. That the same views are gaining ground in England, even among the most persistent defenders of the Thames rule pure and simple, is evident from the periodical outcroppings of murmurs and even rebellion against Rule 3 of the Y. R. A. sailing regulations, becoming more and more frequent of late and assuming something like the shape of a mutiny. The mutiny, however, is not a mutiny, but a protest, however much he may in justice give preference to his typical racing clipper over the unseaworthy American sloop, cannot shut his eyes to the fact that the length of the race rendered possible by the R. Y. A. rule of measurement for the construction of excessively narrow vessels has by no means been reached yet, and that there can be but little question but what its ultimate limit will prove to be only then attained, when long length will have been so overdone as to have seriously marred the many excellencies of the present type of cutter. The majority of yachtsmen abroad, no matter how conservative by nature, will not be slow to change the rule when once they become convinced of the truth of these remarks. In common with all desiring the preservation of a sound sea-going model in opposition to the alternative of a racing machine, devoid of the essential elements of seaworthiness, directly upon the elevation of the sport to a higher standard than that of competition for wagers only, we view the probabilities of a change in tonnage rule in Great Britain with profound satisfaction, and need only add our hope that our cousins abroad may by a timely change for the better be restrained from sacrificing the sea-going qualities of their yachts by rushing headlong in the direction of length, similarly as we have undertaken headlong in the direction of the beam. The proposed change in the Y. R. A. rule will lead to the production of something more in harmony with the dictates of naval science, and will contribute toward the preservation of speed and ability combined, which, when met with together only, must after all be taken as the legitimate aim of yachting in its highest stage. Since the matter of time allowance is one which in this country is likely to continue to come to the surface, a knowledge of what has been and is being done in England will help to clear up the mystery so often and needlessly woven about a subject very simple and elementary in its nature; and upon this plea our entering into a consideration of a rule not in vogue with us in its entirety may be considered justified. As at present the rule of measurement in vogue in this country is the "lineal measurement" system, in which the length of the hull, measured on deck, from foremast to stem to aftermost of sternpost; from this deduct the breadth, the remainder multiply by the extreme breadth, and this product again by half the breadth, divide again by 94, and the quotient shall be deemed the true tonnage. The modification proposed by Dixon Kemp, Esq., of London, which will soon be acted upon, is as follows: From the length subtract twice the breadth, multiply the remainder by the extreme breadth, and the product again by half the beam, and divide by 70, the quotient to be deemed the true tonnage. Applying this rule to yachts in existence it will be found to remit some of the penalty now put in force against beam, while at the same time it does not in any way interfere with depth, thereby averting the danger of a sacrifice of that important element of sea-going qualities, otherwise likely to be attempted by designers in their effort to secure a sailing ship. But in regard to the actual workings of the proposed alteration, we cannot do better than quote the author of the amended rule: "It is desirable to get a rule which, if possible, will remit some of the penalty now put upon beam without in any way interfering with depth, which is of such importance to the sea-going quality of yachts. The effect of the rule on almost all racing yachts will be to keep them at their present tonnages, but some will be found to be more or less increased, but are comparatively long or comparatively broad." By way of illustration we add the measurements of several characteristic representatives of different types:

Yacht.	Length.	Beam.	Rule.	Proposed Rule.
Albatross.....	40.51	8.83	14 75-94	15 16-70
Maggie.....	35.0	8.83	15	16 16-70
Marigatta.....	45.52	9.65	19 93-94	20
Frederick.....	44.0	11.14	23 69-94	18 38-70
Bluehound.....	51.6	11.86	33 69-94	28 97-70
Christine.....	47.25	14.5	61 82-94	61 92-70
Neva.....	49.53	17.3	61 84-94	46 54-70
Vindex.....	56.4	17.3	61 84-94	46 54-70
Vision.....	56.4	17.3	61 84-94	46 54-70

Yachts with star are American.

To quote Mr. Kemp again: "The operation of the rule can best be seen by taking as an example the effect of the proposed amendment on *Maggie* and *Albatross*. The *Maggie*, by the Y. R. A. rule, is exactly 15 tons, while *Albatross* is 14 75-94. Under the proposed rule *Maggie* is 15 16-70 and *Albatross* is 15 16-70. The latter of these two figures is evidently much more fair than the former, for it is a more nearly correct representation of the actual tonnage of the vessel, and consequently the possible powers of the vessels, whereas the Thames rule, by handicapping beam excessively, almost reversed the true condition of things. Even more plainly will the greater equality of the new rule appear if we glance at *Enriquez* and *Frederick* or at *Bluehound* and *Christine*. The latter is an excessively long craft, and the former a cutter in a stiff breeze and sea, but not a dangerous affair in moderate weather. Does not her superiority in a blow clearly result from her greater size, displacement and power, which is so telling in a seaway, and which under the Y. R. A. rule *Christine* smuggles in at the starting line unpaid for? She races *Bluehound* on even terms, though in reality she more nearly outruns her on the sixties than on the thirties. The latter is an excessively long craft, and the former a cutter in a stiff breeze and sea, but not a dangerous affair in moderate weather. Does not her superiority in a blow clearly result from her greater size, displacement and power, which is so telling in a seaway, and which under the Y. R. A. rule *Christine* smuggles in at the starting line unpaid for? She races *Bluehound* on even terms, though in reality she more nearly outruns her on the sixties than on the thirties. The latter is an excessively long craft, and the former a cutter in a stiff breeze and sea, but not a dangerous affair in moderate weather. 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29. Second race, for four-oared barges, won by Neptunes in 17m. 40s. St. Georges second and Columbia third. Third race, for single-sculls, won by J. Sullivan, Pioneer R. C., in 9m. 56s., beating R. Barry, Columbia R. C.

40. Quaker Rowing Club.—The first annual regatta of the Quaker Rowing Club, on Oct. 24, consisted of two miles with turn, double-scull skiffs, won by J. Tisdale, beating J. Clark. Double-scull skiffs, won by Denison and Tisdale, beating German and Ponton. Double-scull hydrocauls, won by Tisdale Brothers, beating German and Ponton.

INSTITUTE BOAT CLUB.—The officers of this recently organized Newark, N. J., club are: John Fee, President; Thos. Price, Vice-President; John W. Tobin, Secretary; John E. Murphy, Treasurer.

SIX-WEED-CAKES BOAT CLUB.—This club, of Monroe, Mich., has been reorganized with the following officers: President, Gen. C. Spaulding; First Vice-President, E. D. Price; Second Vice-President, J. T. Hoffman; Secretary, D. R. Crumpton; Treasurer, H. A. Constant.

St. Louis Rowing.—The four-oared race for the Pina Cup came off at St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 37, over a course nearly four miles long with a turn. The six-oared tug boat, followed by the Marys, St. Johns, Resolutes, Romeos and Tempests, finally winning by about one minute. Romeos and Tempests were distanced. Winning crew was composed of members of the St. Louis club, as follows: B. F. Brant, bow; David Herrel, Louis Shaker, and Louis E. Mel, stroke.

HARVARD-YALE.—At the recent meeting of the Harvard University Boat Club the challenge for a four-oared race from Yale was accepted.

CORNELL HARVARD.—Cornell University has challenged Yale to an eight-oared race for four miles straight away.

HOWING HIFLES.

Hanlan, the American champion, will be sent to England soon and will try his luck with the best men there....A sum of money is being raised in St. John, N. B., to get up matches for Wallace Ross and other scullers of that city....Anastasia B. C., of Washington, have paid off their debts incurred for boathouse, and are happy....On the Upper Moongachara course, Oct. 20, Al Shafer and Pat Powers pulled in single sculls. Course, three miles with a turn. Powers won in 24m. 35s....At St. Mary's, Ont., Oct. 24, Wm. Adair won, defeated by John Barclay over a mile course. Time, 7m. 11s....Harvard has accepted challenge from Yale for a four-oared race. It will take place Nov. 9 over the New London course....The Harvard eight of 1878 are in training for a possible race with the English University crew of Oxford. At present it does not seem likely that the race will be brought about....Potomac B. C., of Washington, will join the N. A. A. C. about this time....Atalanta and Neutilus pairs row, Nov. 9, over a two-mile course on the Harlem for a prize offered by a stranger....W. H. Downs and J. E. Eustis, of the Atalanta B. C., whose shell was run down by the tug *Peter Orary*, Oct. 17, 1877, have recovered damages to the extent of \$316. Tugs will hereafter be more careful. Next let some of the pestiferous steam launches be arrested for harassing racing boats, and courses will be kept clear....Evan Morris challenged Warren Smith, of Halifax, but his boat was put off till next spring....W. Elliott, champion of England, and J. Higgins, ex-champion, will row over the Tyne championship course, Feb. 17, 1879, for the championship, £400 and the cup, presented by the London *Sportsman*, now held by Elliott....At Troy, Oct. 24, over a two-mile course in turn, Tompkins, of Greenbush, beat Kennedy, of Cohoes, in 10m. 49s....About \$1,000 was raised at a benefit at the Howard Association, Boston, for Reagan's family.

CORINTHIAN CRUISERS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 25, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

In answer to your objections to my former letter, let me quote Maret, a standard English authority on yacht designing. He, in speaking of English yacht clubs, says that they "are at this time (1872) placed in an anomalous position. The members individually are unanimous in opinion that the present class of clipper cutters are deficient in every requisite of a good yacht except speed. Even those who possess such vessels are frequently afraid to trust themselves in their own craft; but, collectively, they agree in shutting their ears to any improvement whatever. Virtually, no rig but the cutter, with its immense and ridiculous beloon sails, is to contend in their races; nor is any but the most exaggerated form of hull permitted to enter the lists with any chance of success."

Again, regarding breadth, he says: "A vessel relying on constructive qualities (i. e., breadth) for stability has many advantages over the deep-formed yacht. She will, besides drawing less water, require less ballast, be lighter, easier and drier at sea, have greater platform space, will work quicker, and will sail with less inclination. On the other hand, the deep, heavy yacht will have greater height of cabin, will perhaps be faster to windward, and, in a match in narrow waters, her weight will give her an advantage over her lighter opponent, and she will shoot farther in stays. It is, however, difficult to believe that the narrow form would have been countenanced but for the tonnage law, which gives such great advantages to a narrow vessel, and has prevented the wider yacht from receiving that attention which its qualities demand."

Again, in speaking of the extreme center, he says: "Their chief characteristics were the raking stern post, great flatness of the water lines at both extremities, great draught of water, a reduction of breadth, lead ballast and enormous sails. Although the object of speed was attained by these means, it was met by serious countervailing evils. There is little comfort at sea in such vessels; the great weight of ballast makes them plunge heavily, they are wet, require a numerous crew to work the sails, and there is comparatively little room below for the owner."

Yon say: "To drive his enormously wide and deep boat at fast speed, assuming for the moment that such were attainable, he will require an immense spread of canvas, a necessity which we cannot by any means approve, much as 'Corinthian' seems to glory in the big sails his ideal cruiser will stand up to. On the contrary, does it not become higher skill to so model a craft that she can be easily driven and will call for short canvas only?" While I glory in the enormous spread my vessel can carry easily, I claim that she can be driven faster than your cutter type of vessel with the same spread of canvas, especially to windward, since I propose to have always an American-shaped vessel for my large bulk, viz., large bulk with small displacement, the very antipodes of the cutter. Moreover, let us look what vessels have developed

great speed in these waters: first, keel schooners, the famous *America*, and the *Sappho*, after being bipped by Robt. Fisher; then centerboard schooners, the celebrated *Comet* and the *Palmier*; of sloops, the *Arrow*, *Gracie*, *Marla* (old *Vision* before alteration) and *Tizen*. What do we find in their construction? Simply great beam and bulk with small displacement.

Let us see the speed developed by your cutter type with this class of vessel. When the famous *America* visited English waters and met their celebrated clippers she was first. Who next? In fact, the race was a farce. The *Sappho* also was first in their own waters. When the plucky Ashbury brought his cutter yacht *Cambria* to these waters, he found himself and yacht out-sailed by our whole fleet in rotation. What was the consequence? When he returned he brought the *Livonia*. Was she a cutter? No; all who ever saw her would not hesitate a moment in pronouncing her an *American* type of vessel, of the usual characteristics—large bulk and small displacement. That she was speedy there was no doubt; and even to this day, in thinking over her race in these waters, I doubt that the *Livonia* could be beaten by any keel vessel of her size in our possession, unless by the *America*; and the result of all her matches for the Queen's Cup proves simply, in my mind, that she was over-matched in size by the *Sappho* and out-rigged by the *Columbia*.

We have, of our native cutters, the *Vindex*, of purely English type, large displacement, small bulk, with enormous sails, everything perfect in your mind, no doubt, in hull and rig. This much-raced vessel, if she has ever shown any speed, except by herself and on paper, remains to be vindicated. Also the *Muril*, *Volante* and *Petrel*. These vessels I have never seen sail, and cannot speak of their performances personally; but I am informed by yachtsmen who have often sailed in company with them that they are remarkably slow for their length.

Further, in your comments you tell me to lop off three feet of beam and add six feet of length to my ideal cruiser. I answer I do not want a 40-foot yacht; such a vessel requires an extra man before the mast, which I cannot afford. Besides, I do not wish to go beyond my class, which is limited in my club to thirty-five feet. While I admit that I would rather for speed have six feet more length than three feet of beam, provided always she was not cutter shaped, I positively deny that three feet lopped off the beam of my chubby little ship, as you designate her, with same length of keel, would improve either her room or speed. On the contrary, my wider vessel would walk away from the same vessel with three feet less beam, from a calm to a gale.

Yon say more length and less beam would admit of more freeboard without deteriorating from her beauty. I admit such to be the case, providing I take as my standard of beauty the English cutter. But I must say I cannot do so, but regard the *America* type as my beau ideal of beauty in a yacht. But as "handsome is that handsome does," I will say that when it happens underweigh that I meet a vessel about my size, which from leeward gradually approaches my vessel, it is astonishing how soon I, as a yachtsman, can see fine points and lines of beauty about a craft which would be but ordinary, provided she approached in an opposite direction. As to the multiplicity of gear which you say, harasses "Corinthian," I must say that I cannot believe you have ever been aboard of a full-fledged cutter to make the sea eteant "that it consists of one halliards and a light down-haul," over and above ordinary sloop rig. By count we find in a 30-ft. sloop with four sails, 3 double blocks, 17 single blocks, 17 halliards and sheets. A cutter of the same size, with five sails, requires 4 double blocks, 44 single blocks, 35 halliards and sheets.

You condemn the unsightly cockpit, and mention the *Mohawk* as an example. In this connection I will say, if I am not much mistaken, the unfortunate mishap to that yacht is *inappropos*, she having a flush deck with wash-streak as you advise, and no cockpit.

Having answered your objections, Mr. Editor, to my ideal cruiser, I will say, now in conclusion, however much I would like to convince you, mathematically and theoretically, as well as practically, that the English type of vessel is all wrong, either for speed, comfort or sea-going qualities, and that the modern type of American vessels approximates correctness. Also, to demonstrate the fallacy of statements given as facts in a late issue of your valuable paper, "that the shoaler a vessel is the less she will sail upon her bottom." Also, to give you greater respect for what is known among yacht builders and "ubiquitous experts" as a long floor, etc., by demonstrating its utility and necessity to speed, and by showing you how easily obtained in any type of vessel. Also to demonstrate, why some vessels cannot be steered with a tiller, and many other items of interest to yachtsmen, upon which you comment without offering any other remedy than your panacea for all ills—the English cutter. All this would take time and space, so I will only, on some future day, describe a short cruise in my ideal cruiser in company with your cutter.

CORINTHIAN.

"Corinthian" is hardly logical in comparing the performances of two yachts of the same length, one much smaller than the other, and claiming the right to put unlimited beam on his boat. He cannot deny a competitor the privilege of putting the same bulk in length should he so desire. Equal size must form the standard of comparison between different types, not any single dimension. The facts brought forward by "Corinthian" conclusively show the fallacies and tendencies of all length measurement rules, a matter for which our valued correspondent is fortunately not responsible. P. Maret is obsolete as an authority. But our readers will be happy to get under-way with him and take the promised spin in his craft as soon as he is ready to pipe, "All hands up anchor."

CORINTHIAN CRUISERS.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

NEW YORK, Nov. 1, 1878.

I have read with much interest the communications that have appeared of late in my favorite paper, FOREST AND STREAM, in regard to yacht models. Some three or four years since I used to air my views in company with "Polders," "Big Topmast" and others in a contemporary, but of late I have been experimenting in a (at least to me) new direction, viz., in a small keel boat twenty-five feet long, with a modification of the cutter rig,

In fact I can say that I am the first who appeared in New York Bay with a fore-stay and jib to my craft, except *Vindex*; but as she is a "big gun," as Rip says, "we won't count her time."

Now, I have owned boats of various kinds for twelve years last past, and have sailed all the water from Cape May to Nantucket and I have now a notion of building me a craft suitable for such sailing, a little longer, about 23 to 30 feet over all, in which my self and a boy will constitute "captain, crew, midshipman, mate and bos'n's tail."

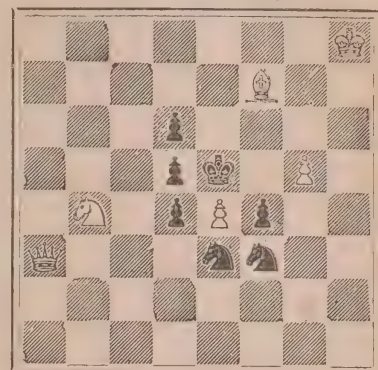
I want a craft that is suitable and safe for the sailing I can do in a three weeks' vacation, and that at the same time can go down the bay in a Corinthian or club race as fast as any small boat that carries stationary ballast. Fellows that shift weight are no boatmen anyhow, and I care nothing for their opinions and do not wish to hear from them; but I should like to hear further from "T. C." and "Corinthian," as the one has had much experience with the "hindman's" boats, and the other is an advocate both width and depth; and, undeniably, Mr. Editor, if we can combine those two qualities in a small boat it will add to our comfort when on a cruise. So, by all means, "Corinthian," let us out your cruise and let's see what you can say for your side of the question, and I promise, after election, to give my experience in "pan-cakes," "rattle-traps" and small cutters.

CAPTAIN.

The Game of Chess.

NOTICE.—Chess exchanges, communications and solutions should be addressed "Chess Editor FOREST AND STREAM, P. O. box 54, Wolcottville, Conn."

Problem No. 30.
Motto: Deal With Us Gently.



White to play and give mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS—NO. 24.
1—Any
2—Q mates

Game No. 80.—SCILLIAN DEFENCE.			
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
Rev Mr Pierpont	Mr Thorold	Rev Mr Pierpont	Mr Thorold
1—P K4	1—P Q4	14—R Q4	14—R R4 (e)
2—Kt Q3	2—P K4	15—P K5	15—P B4 (f)
3—P Q4	3—P K4	16—P K4	16—R K5 (g)
4—Q K4	4—Q B3	17—P K4	17—P K5 (h)
5—Q Q	5—B B4	18—P K4 (h)	18—Kt K5
6—P Q4	6—P Q4	19—Kt K5	19—Kt P ch
7—P K4	7—K K4	20—Q Kt (i)	20—Q Kt Kt ch
8—Q Q	8—Kt K5	21—Kt K5	21—P K5
9—P Q4	9—P Q4	22—Q K4	22—Q K4
10—P K4 (c)	10—Q Q	23—Q Q	23—Q K4
11—B Kt B	11—R P K4	24—P K4	24—P K4
12—B B4	12—Q Q	25—R K4	25—R K4
13—P K4	13—Castles Q R	26—Q K4	26—R K4 wins (k)

NOTES.

(a) Some loss of time occasioned by this continuation, and therefore a demand for the opening advantage.

(b) Which offers to give up P at K4, and see nothing to compensate. It is possible that Mr. Thorold, in writing out the game, transposed his sixth and seventh moves. This is rendered the more likely as White does not take the P.

(c) This spendthrift advance may lead to a disaster on hushes. (d) Having given up his position for an attack, he is obliged forthwith to give up his attack in order to save his P.

(e) Not purposeless, though obscure. One of the motives may be to invite the advance of the Kt P, with the idea that it may then be induced to go a step further to K5, after which Black may hope to bring his Kt Q4 by the way of K3 to B4. Another purpose may be to provide against K5 Kt K5; for if it be played there now, B ack answers with P-B5, followed after Kt5 by R-B, and withdrawing the K when the Kt chs. It is probable also that Black proposes, if allowed, to pay the K-B4, and then sacrifice it for the K K4.

(f) Good, but certainly not reckless; for if White go for the P, then R-K-B4 intimates a hopeful attack afterward. Moreover, some time or other—viz., when the Q P is sufficiently secured—P-K4 would have its say in the matter.

(g) This well conceived sacrifice must be looked upon as a part of the main idea, for the adverse Kt P was always a factor to be reckoned with Black, who, as will be perceived, obtains thereby a most formidable centre.

(h) This may seem to be a mistake, but in all probability it is played in order to get rid of that menacing P at K4. A dreadful broken up position is the consequence undoubtedly, but he would have a knotty mattress to lie upon whatever course had been adopted.

(i) Had the K moved, Kt-Q5 would have proved troublesome; and, for that matter, to might Kt-K6, the latter being more particularly in point of K-B.

(j) There is nothing to be done—the game is palpably lost. (k) A neat finishing touch. One does not often see such a gay game issue from the Scillian Defence.

The special trains for Mattford, Springfield and the North, running to and from New Haven, in connection with steamers leaving Pier No. 25 E. R., have been withdrawn for the season. The New Haven steamers (which are heated throughout by steam) will leave as usual at 3 p. m. and 11 p. m. Passengers can connect with trains for North and East by taking horse cars from steamboat dock to railroad depot—(44s.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INDOOR AND OUTDOOR LIFE OF MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND SPORT.

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* Any publisher inserting our prospectus as above one time, with brief editorial notice calling attention thereto, and sending marked copy to us, will receive the FOREST AND STREAM for one year.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1878.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guaranty of good faith and be addressed to the FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous communications will be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for dereliction of the mail service if money remitted to us is lost. No person whatever is authorized to collect money for us unless he can show authentic credentials from one of the undersigned. We have no Philadelphia agent.

Trade supplied by American News Company.

CHARLES HALLOCK, Editor.

T. C. BANKS,
Business Manager.S. H. TURRILL, Chicago,
Western Manager.

AL FRESCO.—We received a brief visit a few days since from Dr. Chas. J. Kenworthy, of Jacksonville, Florida, popularly known as "Al Fresco," a gentleman whose efforts in behalf of his adopted State have been fully recognized by residents and non-residents. Dr. Kenworthy has acted as the special representative in Florida of FOREST AND STREAM ever since he took up his residence there. Through the book known as Camp Life in Florida, and through the columns of this paper, he has probably done more than any single man to promote agriculture and settlement in the State, and to hold up its attractions and advantages to invalids, tourists and sportsmen.

We have now on hand two more papers by Dr. Kenworthy which will be speedily printed in our paper, being the third and fourth of the series entitled "Marooning." These charming sketches are descriptive of the scenery and sport to be found along the coast; and among the Keys of the Peninsula, and contain much information altogether new and attracting. The Doctor will continue his explorations during the coming winter, and our readers are promised the benefit of them.

A YACHTSMAN'S OPINION.—A gentleman well known in Canadian yachting circles writes: "I must thank you for your two last articles, viz., 'Corinthian Sentiments' and 'Is the Sloop Seaworthy?' It is my belief they are just the thing and much wanted, as we have been gradually drifting into a style of yacht altogether unfit for actual service; a fact which has been proved so often of late."

AND ANOTHER.—We have received the first number of a new eight-page sporting paper printed in the German language simultaneously at Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Louis, entitled "The Western Shooting and Hunting Gazette." It has an engraving of the American wild turkey, which is just in season for our coming Thanksgiving festival.

THE HARVARD-OXFORD RACE.

THOUGH the proposition of sending an "right" from Harvard University to England to row Oxford has been mooted, it is still so early to consider the question that the probabilities of anything definite being arrived at for some time yet are exceedingly slim. There are so many obstacles in the way that an arrangement, unless by accidentally good fortune seems almost out of question, and we do not expect to see an American eight on the Thames for a long while yet, much as everybody is anxious all of a sudden, after Columbia's triumph at Henley, to see our former defeat by Oxford in 1869 fully avenged. Hardly, however, has the matter been broached than a number of claimants to the championship of America spring up all over the country and claim the privilege of going abroad to show their British cousins that they don't know how to row. If their anxiety to pull were only a test of their skill we would be the last to cry: Caution, gentlemen, one swallow does not make a summer and one victory does not make us masters in the art of rowing. If Harvard has an inordinate desire to try her luck again with the best men of England's Universities let her go and win or lose upon her merits, always providing Oxford will be able to accommodate them, or they Oxford. But what connection the championship of America has to do with the matter we fail to see, and why every crew that wishes to pull some foreign club must needs first go picking all over the country demolishing claimants to the championship, with or without a claim, is logic which it is hard to divine. If foreigners jump without reason to the conclusion that every itinerant American crew holds the title to the championship of this country it is because the wandering crews have too often sought cheap glory to be reaped from every thin disguise of a championship resting on no sounder foundation than that of a record of many years past, when different men were seated in their boat and when a variety of "ifs" and "buts" were strained to their utmost to make out a case where none existed. The offhand manner in which the Shoe-was-see-mettes were labelled with the championship of America, because forsooth they managed to reach the line ahead of a couple of fair crews in a country regatta, will not be repeated by a crew of such standing as Harvard would be likely to send abroad. By this time the English press has learned to look to American sporting journals for the record and rank of their visitors and not to trust the unprofessional, or local papers in which the great American spread-eagle is sure to get the better of the bucolic reporter's wits, and send off some boat load of barnyard heroes to flaunt the red banner of American championship in the face of the unsophisticated foreigner. Let sporting papers in this country give the cue and it will soon be sent broadcast over the British Isles that the crew about to land upon their hospitable shores is undertaking its work upon its own responsibility; and if victorious, let us have modesty enough not to lay claim to aught else than we deserve—an individual victory and nothing more.

TYRANNY: BRUTE AND HUMAN.

AMONG the many traits of character common to man and the lower animals is the spirit of tyranny—the oppression of the weak by the strong. In man this is most often, perhaps, exercised by strength of mind; but in many of the animals it takes its most obvious form, the strong going to the extent of killing and eating the weak, even though of the same species. There is scarcely an animal to be found, if we watch closely, who does not manifest some form of tyranny where it is able. Even the insects show it. Beetles will assault one another in the fiercest way, and compel submission, or forbid access to a morsel of food which the stronger one has obtained. In the London Daily News two or three years ago, a writer who had been at the Brighton Aquarium gave a detailed account of the wrangling among the hermit crabs, which, as everybody knows who has observed them at all, are exceedingly pugnacious little rascals. These crabs have recourse to the cover of a whelk or other shell, into which they back, and which thus serves as a protection to their soft and weak hinder extremity, leaving their mailed heads and formidable claws out at the front door to resist all intrusion. This gentleman's attention was attracted to a great commotion among the hermit crabs in a certain tank, and he kept his eye upon them. Suddenly, one of the number, a large specimen, whose adopted dwelling was of somewhat narrow dimensions, gave chase to a small crab which occupied a shell much larger. The little one, apparently quite alive to the sinister intentions of his big pursuer, took to flight, and struggled to escape until the effort became hopeless, dodging around and behind the oysters, in and out of every shelter in the most amusing way. At length he was overtaken, and then a regular pitched battle ensued. The little one resisted manfully, but was finally overcome, the more bulky combatant succeeding at last in forcing his claws between the body of his weaker opponent and his shell, and with most frantic exertion, in turning him out. Then followed an exchange of shell.

Here was manifested a keen discernment of the size and kind of shell which suited him on the part of the larger one, a determination in following it up, and a perseverance in the hard fight by which he possessed himself of his neighbor's house, that are not at all different in kind from human qualities.

Tyranny is invariably seen among gregarious animals, the herd or flock being always under command of one individual

who has fought his way to the front, and who will rule with imperious sway until he becomes old and in turn is ousted by a younger and more vigorous rival. John Burroughs dilates delightfully upon this characteristic of the bovine race in one of his late essays, "Our Rural Divinity;" and it is to be seen every day in our poultry-yards, where, no matter how many may be the number of the birds, one cock invariably assumes the leadership. He must keep fighting to retain, as he had to fight to win, his prestige; for younger and ambitious cocks are growing up, but he generally wins. If he loses, however, whether or not his life goes with his defeat, the conqueror not only takes his sceptre but his whole harem. The same condition of things exists among ducks, especially those grumblers, the Mandarins, who are always fermenting a row in the aviary.

In allusion to this matter we find some instructive stories and wise comments in the Rev. J. G. Wood's latest work, "Man and Beast." This pleasant and accurate writer points out the analogy between these barn-yard birds and human, especially in the less civilized ages and portions of the world in the exercise and profit of tyranny. "Substitute human beings for birds," says this author, "and the country at large for the poultry yard, and the resemblance is exact. There are many petty chieftains, but among them is sure to be one more mighty than the rest, who holds his place by superior force, either of intellect or military power. If challenged by one of the inferior chiefs and is victorious he retains his post, while if he is vanquished his conqueror takes his place, his property and his wives. And it is another curious point that, whether with men or birds, the members of the harem seem to trouble themselves very little about the change of master."

The Scripture history of the Jews is full of allusions to this custom among the Oriental nations at that time, as, indeed, it still is for the most part. David had no hesitation in taking possession of the household of the conquered Saul, wives and all; and afterward, when Nabal died, after his defiance of David, the latter, as a matter of course, appropriated to himself the subjugated wife and servants. Similarly, when Absalom rebelled against David he publicly took possession of his father's harem as a sign that he had assumed the kingdom. The putting to death of Adonijah by Solomon, and the banishment of his supporters, with confiscation of their property, belongs to the same class. This obtained not among the Hebrews alone. It was regarded as a most noteworthy act of magnanimity on the part of Alexander, when, having conquered Darius, he was polite to the women in the retinue of the fallen hero, and declined to adopt them into his own family. A thousand more examples might be drawn, both to show how constantly tyranny is manifested among all classes of animals from lowest to highest, and how close is the parallel between brutes and men under the control of this domineering disposition. In both there is a single despotic ruler who allows no rival; and in both an attempt to gain the affections of one of the harem is tantamount to a challenge for sovereignty, and is treated accordingly.

GRAND DEER STALK OF THE BLOOMING GROVE PARK ASSOCIATION.

BY OUR SPECIAL REPORTER.

PIKE COUNTY, Pa., Nov. 5, 1878.

Thirty good men and true, fully armed and equipped, left the Erie Railroad Depot on Friday morning last in a special car, to take part in the grand hunt which had been advertised to take place on the following day, in the breeding preserves of the Association. The following are the names:

Roland Thomas, Dr. A. Russell Strachan, C. A. Grymes, R. Redmond, W. F. Wharton, Louis Snyder, T. W. B. Hughes, D. G. Croly, late of the Graphic, E. N. Johnson, Col. G. W. Wingate, J. F. Durant, M. H. Burns, J. T. Burns, Dr. S. M. Nash, Dr. F. J. Bumstead, E. Wallis, P. Van Valkenburgh, all of New York; F. Hardy, Otto Fruecke, H. F. Eames and C. Hallock (Furter and Struett), Brooklyn; H. F. Anderson, Rahway, N. J.; T. C. Clarke, of Philadelphia; J. M. Stellenwerf, of Islip, L. I.; N. B. Bumstead, Boston; Count B. Mouzelly, of Paris, France; E. O. Beach, of the New York Sun; C. M. Ogden, N. Y. World; and two dog-handlers.

The day was bright and sunny, the air bracing, and the promise of sport assuring. The beautiful scenery along the line of the Erie Railroad, especially through the valleys of the Delaware and Lackawaxen rivers, was much enjoyed. The party reached Millville, on the Honesdale Branch, about one o'clock, and after a substantial meal provided at the Club Halfway House by Mr. John Deming, found comfortable transportation to the Park, seven miles distant, where they arrived in the middle of the afternoon. The road to the Park was built by the club last spring, and is most excellent. The first two-and-a-half miles follow the valley of Blooming Grove Creek, one of the finest natural trout streams in the world, broken into falls, rapids and pools, for the entire distance, and affording many views of wild and charming scenery. It is crossed four times by bridges. Only three small shanties are passed. The whole route is through a forest whose primitive beauty has been much impaired by the lumber-cutters, and great open spaces of scrub oak and hemlock, and glimmering through the trees the quarters of a mile away may be seen the blue waters of Lake Giles, where the Club House is located on an eminence of about one hundred feet. Strangers are always agreeably

National Pastimes.

ATHLETICS.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.—Mott Haven, Nov. 2.

100-yards Dash—Fifteen entries.—Won by Breton, class of '79, in 11m 12s.

1-Mile Walk—Three Entries—Gold, 1st, 5m 39s; Romano, 5m 47½s.

1-Mile Run, Handicap—H M Moore, 100 yards start, won in 2m 54s; 2d, 55 yards start, 2m 12s.

Running High Jump—H Saxe, 4ft 8½ in. No competitor.

Throwing the Hammer—W R Pryor, 63ft 1¼ in; J H Montgomery, 62ft 9 in.

200-yards Run—Eight entries—G H Taylor, 1st, 10 yards start, 2m 43s; T J Breton, 2d.

T H Lee walked 8ft 7 in. No competitor.

440-yards Run—Five entries—F Butherford, 15 yards start, 1st; H L Rose, scratch, 2d.

1-Mile Run, Handicap—H M Moore, 100 yards start, won in 2m 54s; 2d, 55 yards start, 2m 12s.

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FOOTBALL.—A game of football, between Amherst and Yale, was played at New Haven, Nov. 2. Yale made the first goal in 23 minutes; time was called on the second inning without a goal, and the third goal was made by Yale, who also scored three touch downs. The players were: Yale—Forwards—Farwell, Harding, Moorhead, Lamb, Ives, Hull and Eaton. Half Backs—Brown, Badger, Peters, Thompson and Camp. Backs—Wakeman, Nixon and Hill. Amherst—Forwards—Banta, Russell, Deyo, Goodnow, Goodrich, Child, Underhill and Terry. Half Backs—Laymer, Crittenden, Gordon and Gillet. Backs—Alden Chickering and Hill; Referee, George Clarke, '80. Judges—Yale, Miller, '79, Amherst, Thurston.

THE DANGER OF THE BICYCLE.—Probably there is no more dangerous form of amusement practiced than bicycling. The frightful fatality which accompanies the sport arises in great measure from the unexpected nature of the accidents. When the bicyclist, mounted upon his machine, is driving swiftly through space, he is all alert to the dangers of his position, and can guard against them. We rarely hear of accidents from the bicycle in actual use. It is when danger is least apprehended that the bicyclist always encounters it. Here, for instance, was an English rider, Mr. Galloway, of East Molesey, who has just fallen off from the Ramsgate cliffs. At the time of his death his bicycle was at home. Again, an Englishman named Biddlecomb, who has ridden thousands of miles upon his machine, fell the other day when simply crossing a street, and broke his leg. His bicycle at the time was reposing in the wood-shed. The bicycle is a very dangerous machine.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Communications.

J. W. M., Ypsilanti, Mich.—The black and tan, or Gordon setter is frequently called the Scotch setter.

Pinto, Baltimore.—You can get excellent quail shooting at Georgetown, Delaware. Ask for R. A. Rosenbaum.

W. E. A., Huntington.—To answer to your query in last week's issue we wrote that Frank Forester died in 1838, but the printers made it 1878.

A. H. B.—To prevent spluttering when pouring lead around a damp or wet joint, melt a piece of resin in the ladle before pouring in the liquid metal.

C. O. G., Danville, P. Q.—You will find quail shooting in Western Ontario at stations on the line of the Canada Southern or the Great Western Railroads and their branches.

E. B. S., New York.—Can you inform me of any person having insects for sale? Ans. John Akhurst, of Brooklyn, or J. Wallace, 17 North William st., City, can give you information on this point.

RUFED GROUSE, Goshen, Mass.—Can you suggest the cause of a young dog's suddenly commencing to bray off and eat twigs as though anxious to get rid of something in his throat? Ans. Worms.

H. E. S., N. Y.—Your dog probably has chorea. See article on Disemper in this week's paper. The doses there given are for full-grown dogs, and should be reduced one half or two-thirds for puppies.

H. A. R., Kennedy, N. J.—The charge for your gun is \$3.48 for powder and 1½ oz. No. 9 shot. The make is a good one. The "Sportsman's Gazette" will give you the information you want; to be had at this office.

Tiso, Ann Arbor.—Can you give another receipt for curing fleas on dogs besides pennyroyal, caribole soap, snuff and gin, coal oil, and camomile? Ans. Steadman's flea powder (see adv.) will surely drive fleas from a dog.

INQUIRE, Richmond, Va.—A Lish (mother, red Irish; sire, Gordon) is red Irish, she having resembled her mother. Ans. We should breed her to a red Irish dog.

J. J., Pittsburgh.—Why are guns sometimes full choked in the left-hand barrel, and only moderately choked in the right? Ans. Because the left-hand barrel is usually used for a second, and at longer ranges, therefore a closer pattern is desired.

F. P. R., Princeton, Me.—Do the red Irish setters stand the cold weather well? Ans. A kennel he heated in winter? 3. What is the best b-b'ing for a kennel? 4. What is the best cross with a red Irish setter? Ans. 1. Yes. 2. No. 3. Rye or winter straw. 4. The Gordon.

Worcester, Port Richmond, S. I.—About when will the best duck shooting be this month on West Mallow's, N. J.? Ans. The season, cold northerly winds which prevailed the early part of this week should make the shooting good now, but we cannot tell at what particular date the ducks will choose to stop.

W. L. W., Spencer, Mass.—Can you inform me where I can get a book that treats on tanning skins with fur, on such as mink, otter, fox, etc., and the price of one? Ans. Buy "How to Hunt and Trap," by J. H. Batty, of Orange Judd & Co., 245 Broadway, New York; price \$1.50. Or "Fur-dressers' Manual," \$1.

RABBIT, Ithaca.—Would the following be a good target with 4 drs. Dittmar powder, 1 oz. No. 9 shot; 10 gauge, 8½ lbs. gun; 30 in. circle shot barrel—30 yds. 22 pellets; 40 yds. 12 pellets; lead barrel—30 yds. 30 pellets; 40 yds. 14 pellets? Ans. The pattern made by the left barrel at 40 yds. is fair only; the others are not.

R. M. B., New York.—Where in the city can I have a bitch spayed? What will be the probable cost? Also, at what age is it best to have it done? Ans. We know of no one in N. Y. who performs the operation. Horace Smith, 33 Park Row, can tell you of some one near by who does it. It should be done when the bitch is between six weeks and three months old, the younger the better.

J. M. G., Washington, D. C.—Please inform me what it will cost to import a dog from Ireland, and if I would have to pay duty on him at the Custom House? Ans. The freight will be 2½, with a small fee to the butcher. There will be no duty if the shipper is careful to get a certificate from U. S. Consul at point of shipment that the dog is intended for breeding purposes; otherwise there is a duty of 20%.

G. E. P., Pittsburgh, Pa.—Will you please let me know why the Dittmar Powder Co. is in its circular that the brands A, B and C should not be used in rifles? Also, what brand of Dittmar, if it is safe to use, is best for use? I have fired about 25 rounds of Dittmar C in .30 cal. Maynard rifle, and was much pleased with the way it shot. Ans. You cannot do better than to continue to use C. This is Captain Bogardus' choice.

S. M., Reno, Pa.—My dog is suffering from chronic diarrhea. What shall I do for him? Ans. Presuming that you have given him, without stopping it, a dose of castor oil with a few drops of laudanum, we would suggest the following: Dilute sulphuric acid, 3 drs., tinct. opium, 2 drs.;

compound tincture of bark, 1 oz.; water, 6½ oz.; mix, and give two teaspoonfuls every four hours. Feed only on broth or milk thickened with rice or arrowroot, and give rice water only for drink.

H. S., and H. L. F., Monroe, N. C.—Are the balls in Dr. Carver's shooting thrown from a trap? If so, how far from the trap does he stand? Are the balls thrown in any direction, like they are for shotgun shooting? Has he ever written a book on the subject? Ans. The balls are thrown up by hand, the tosser standing 15 or 18 feet away, or even less. They are hit about 8 feet above the thrower's head, not to the right or left. He has written no book.

J. M., McVeytown, Pa.—The head of the fish which you sent us recently, stated to have been caught in a lake in the interior of Pennsylvania, belongs to what is commonly known as the lake lawyer, dogfish or mudfish. It belongs to the order of Ganoids, and is known as *Amia calva*, family Amiodont. For very full description see Hallow's "Sportsman's Gazetteer," pages 824-6.

DESK, Arcola, Ill.—Do you think a little dent in my gun barrel about 6 in. from the muzzle could be taken out without injury to the gun? If so, who would be a good smith to send it to in my vicinity? 2. Is 120 grs. of powder by weight too great a charge for a 12 gauge, 5½ lbs. gun for ducks? 3. What will ¼ doz. decoy ducks cost? Ans. 1. It can be easily taken out by any gunsmith. 2. It would equal 4½ drs. We should not use over 4 drs. 3. \$5 to 10.

G. W. R., Georgetown.—1. I want to purchase a Shelton Auxiliary rifle barrel. What is the best calibre for turkeys, geese, ducks and quail? 2. How far will it kill? 3. Is there any better make? 4. Will it hurt the gun in any way? 5. What is the most suitable way to carry shells for shotgun? Ans. 1, 23. 2. We do not know, probably as far as an ordinary rifle if held straight. 3. We do not know of any. 4. We think not. 5. There are several better, etc., advertised. We have always found the pockets of our shooting coat to answer well enough.

H. C. B., Rocky Hill.—Some time since I registered at your office the pedigree of five dogs at a cost of \$5. Subsequently it was announced in your paper that the money would be refunded or applied to the subscriber's credit in payment for a copy or copies of the Kennel Stud Book. I preferred the latter alternative, but begin to be anxious. Will some one please rise and explain? Ans. At the earnest solicitation of the National American Kennel Club we handed over to them our Kennel Register, with the understanding that they would print the Stud Book. We are now endeavoring to get our book back, as there appears to be no immediate prospect of the other being published.

Brown.—I think I have read in your paper articles relative to the damage that might be incurred by the State from cutting the Adirondack forests, and thereby destroying the springs and sources of the Hudson, and diminishing its volume. Can you refer me to any public call on the subject? Ans. See Hough's "Reports on Forestry" in the U. S. Department of Agriculture for 1878, for complete information. Book can be obtained from the Government printer at Washington. We can furnish you the articles from our paper if required.

A. S., New Orleans.—I have a setter dog about a year old that se soon as he hears the report of a gun it is almost impossible to make him do anything. Ans. You may possibly cure your dog of his gun-shyness by a customing him to the report at feeding time, using very light charges at first, and gradually increasing them. Then take him to the field or hedge-rows, and kill some small birds, allowing him to shoot at first. As he first let him to you with a r'd from his collar. If, after a few attempts, he shows any interest in the proceedings, he can be permanently cured.

E. W. C., Germantown.—Can you tell me of any place within three or four miles of Philadelphia where I can get good shooting either at ducks or quail on Thanksgiving Day? What is the best place to Jersey. Also, can you give me the name and address of some gun or sportsman with whom I can correspond? Ans. Address Capt. Allen, Ocean City, Worcester County, Maryland. You will find both ducks and quail. Or write to R. A. Rosenbaum, Georgetown, Delaware. No residents cannot shoot at ducks in Delaware.

E. N., Cambridge, Mass.—1. Won't the shot cartridges which are made for rifles ride the rifle? 2. What is the best English sporting paper, and what is its price per annum; where can I get a specimen copy? 3. Is there such a carbine as the Ballard, and where is it manufactured? 4. 1. There are no shot cartridges made for rifles, except for the little Hobbart parlor rifle. It would run a rifle to shoot on it. 2. The London Field. Subscription price 23s. sterling, probably \$10 per annum in this country. Specimen copy can be had from Brentano, Union Square, N. Y. 3. Yes, made by Schoverling & Daly, New York.

C. D. M., New Rochelle, N. Y.—1. To what dealer or dealers in N. Y. should I go to obtain a reliable auxiliary loader, d. b. shot costing not more than \$10? 2. It is wanted for general use. What gauge, length and weight is best for this? 3. Does weight, as given in your catalogue, mean weight of barrels only? 4. Can a good gun for the use named be purchased for about \$25? 5. Ans. 1. You must read the advertisements. 2. 12 gauge, 30 in. barrels, \$10s. 3. It means weight of entire gun. 4. No, not a new one.

BECKSTON, Brookburg, Ind.—1. A few weeks ago you said to load choked guns with buckshot by chambering shot at muzzle. Last week's paper says that it is not safe to shoot buckshot from a choked gun. Is it not safe to load as first directed? 2. What is the largest No. of shot that can be used with perfect safety in a choke-bored gun? 3. Is it safe to use the Auxiliary rifle barrel in a choked gun? 4. Is it not safe to use buckshot in a choke-bored gun unless the charge will chamber in the muzzle, for the reason that if a larger charge will, although ninety-nine times in a hundred they might pass out safely, the one hundredth they might "chamber," or attempt to pass out in that form, the result of which would be to injure the gun. 2. Any size can be used. 3. Yes, because the bore of the rifle must necessarily be much smaller than the bore of the gun.

IL, Norwich, Conn.—1. Does the Brooklyn Entomological Society consist only of entomologists of Brooklyn and vicinity, or is its membership open to all? Do they accept young naturalists as members? Could I procure a monthly bulletin, particularly Nos. 1, 2, 4 and 5? 2. How can I procure a copy of the "Insect Hunter's Companion," by Rev. Joseph Green, London, 1850? Could you procure a copy for me? Could you procure me copies of the following works, viz.: "Fifth Annual Rep. of the Insects of Missouri," 1878, by G. V. Riley; "Entomological Notes," by S. H. Scudder, being from the proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History, Vol. XIX, 1877-78. Ans. 1. The Brooklyn Entomological Society consists of active members who pay \$2 initiation fee and 60 cents monthly dues, which are used to publish the Bulletin. The membership is open to all. It holds meetings the first Saturday of each month at 8 P. M., at No. 9 Broadway, when papers for publication are read, and communications among the members are exchanged. If our correspondent could possibly be present at any time, he would be gladly welcomed. Young naturalists are very welcome, as is any one interested in this branch of Natural Science. The Bulletin costs sixty cents for twelve monthly numbers. 2. For the first name work write to J. Sabin & Son, 8 Nassau st., New York. For the others write to the authors, who will perhaps supply you. They are not for sale, we believe, though you may be able to obtain copies from the Naturalists' Agency, Salem, Mass.

WABASH MERRY BOWMEN.—Crownsville, Ind., Oct. 29, 1878.—Four feet target, 60 yards, 30 arrows:

Names.	Hits.	Score.	Goals.
W. T. Brush.....	19	73	1
Will Brewer.....	23	94	4
M. Klein.....	18	76	2
J. W. Ramsey.....	16	69	0
J. J. Insley.....	13	50	1
H. H. Talbot.....	26	109	6
W. H. Thompson.....	30	125	8
John A. Bove.....	27	127	5
	173	753	27

INTERNATIONAL SIX DAYS' WALK.—The English six days' walk at Agricultural Hall, Islington, was finished at 10:30 o'clock last Saturday evening. The contest was to make within the specified time, by running or walking, the greatest distance on foot. There were 24 starters, the eight who made the best record being: William Corkey, Bethnel Green, Eng., 62 miles; H. Brown, Fulham, Eng., 60½ miles; C. Rowell, Cambridge, Eng., 60 miles; J. Hibbert, Bethnel Green, 440 miles; John Ellis, Chichester, 410 miles; A. Courtney, Burnet, Eng., 404 miles; S. Day, Northampton, Eng., 400 miles; Richardson, America, 380 miles. It will be remembered that O'Leary's score in a former contest was 519½ miles, in 21m 59s. The difference in distance is 1½ miles, and in time 2½ hours. O'Leary's time is, therefore, to all practical intent, not beaten by this record. London papers state that the American walker must beat Corkey.

OUTWALKING O'LEARY.—William Crawford, the pedestrian, finished his fifty-mile walk at 9:20 Tuesday evening, at Washington, in nine hours and five minutes.

BOSTON LACROSSE.—A game of Lacrosse was played at Boston, Nov. 3, between the Coughnawaga Club, of Montreal, the champion Indian team of the Dominion, and the Union Athletic Club, of Boston. The game was to have been the best four out of seven, but owing to the long time required to play the usual number of games the contest finished with the third game, which was won by a hard struggle by the Union Athletic. The Canadians won the first two.

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Hazard's "Electric Powder,"
Nos. 1 (fine) to 6 (coarse). Unsurpassed in point of
strength and cleanliness. Packed in square canis-
ters of 1 lb. only.

Hazard's "American Sporting."
Nos. 1 (fine) to 6 (coarse). In 1 lb. canisters and
64 lb. kegs. A fine grain, quick and clean, for
upland prairie shooting. Well adapted to shot
guns.

Nos. 1 (fine) to 5 (coarse). In 1 and 5 lb. casisters and 6¼ and 12½ lb. kegs. Burns *slowly* and very clean, shooting remarkably close and with *great*

penetration. For field, forest or water shooting, it ranks any other brand, and it is equally serviceable for muzzle or breech-loaders.

Hazard's "Kentucky Rifle."
FFFG, FFG, and "Sea Shooting" FG, in kegs of 25.

12½ and 6½ lbs, and cans of 6 lbs. of FFG is also packed in 1 and ½ lb. c-nisters. Burns strong and moist. The FFFG and FFG are favorite brands for ordinary sporting, and the "Sea Shooting" FG is the standard bird-shot for the coast.

Superior Mining and Blasting Powder.
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ANY REQUIRED GRAIN OR PROOF, MANU-
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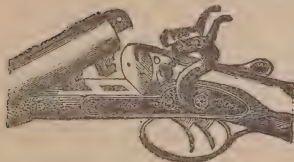
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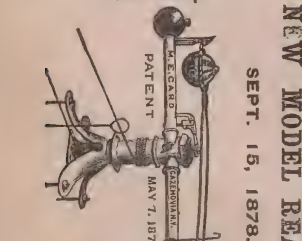
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FOREST AND STREAM

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

Terms, Four Dollars a Year.
Ten Cents a Copy.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1878.

Volume 11.—No. 15.
[No. 11 Fulton st., N. Y.]

WAYDOWN BEBEE'S FALL SONG.

SEE de leaves a fallin' down—
Hear de breezes blowin';
See de skies a lookin' like
De clouds would soon be snowin',
Chorus—Wake up, call 't' folks—
Hustle in dat wool;
Git in your meat and 'taters,
For summer's gone for good!

See de frost on top de grass;
An' 't' har de chil'en cryin';
De ivy green has got a chill,
An' 't' base ball am a dyin',
Chorus—Wake up in de mornin'—
Make dem black bee's fly;
Summer's gone, an' winter cold
Won't pass de darkey by;

De 'possum wanders all alone,
De woodchuck sadly cals;
De hickory nut it can't hold on,
An' 't' de groun' 't' falls,
Chorus—Lift up dem feet, brudder—
Make 'e cabin tight;
De winter will be long an' cold,
Kase summer was so bright!

—Detroit Free Press.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

Marooning—No. 3.

(Continued from Oct. 10, 1878.)

MONDAY morning I rose at 5 A. M., cooked breakfast, and started at 7 A. M., for Pavillion Key. This island is a prominent object, for it is the most westerly land south of Cape Romano, and about twenty miles in a northerly direction from the Chickalascoo River. When crossing the grassy mud flats, several miles south of Pavillion Key, we passed near and over large numbers of small-sized green and loggerhead turtles. If disposed we could have captured numbers with the grains, but we refrained from injuring them. I proposed passing to the eastward of the Key, but as it was the last of the ebb tide, I grounded on the mud and grassy flats, and was forced to retreat and find deeper water. I steered for the southwesterly point of the island, where I made a landing at 11 A. M. Tramping around the westerly side of the island, I noticed a coon experimenting upon the exposed oysters. As I was between him and the bushes, he endeavored to escape observation by squatting. On the island coon tracks were visible everywhere. Wherever coon oyster-bars exist, there will be found plenty of raccoons. Looking ahead, I saw a collection of hundreds of white pelicans seeking shelter among the bushes. I approached within forty yards of them. In front of me was a channel, fifty feet wide, and on the opposite side a grassy point of about an acre in extent, backed by mangrove bushes, and literally packed with pelicans. This appeared to be a sort of general rendezvous, where they collected to sun themselves and arrange their feathers. I loaded one barrel with TT shot, emerged from my hiding-place, shouted, and, as the birds rose, fired, and six beautiful specimens succumbed to the destructive effects of powder and lead. Some of your readers will accuse me of inhumanity and pot-hunting; but I entertain different views regarding the utility of sea birds, and pelicans in particular. Before man appears on the scene, sea birds seem necessary to maintain the balance in nature; but when man steps in with nets, hooks and grains, and in some instances the wanton destruction of fish, the services of destructive pelicans can be dispensed with. While I am opposed to pot-hunters, and the useless destruction of useful birds, I am forced to the conclusion that the destructive services of sea birds can be dispensed with on our coast.

At each inlet, pass, bar and shoal along the coast south of Sarasota, large numbers of pelicans will be found, and at a rough estimate I would place the number at half-a-million. Pelicans generally feed on small fish, and from my observations I have reason to believe that they will at the lowest estimate destroy 100 daily. If my conclusions are correct the pelicans along a coast line of less than 200 miles will destroy 20,000,000 of young fish daily, and yearly 18,250,000,000. Many of the young fish consumed would not attain a large size; but if we assume that the average weight of all the fish consumed would reach a half pound, we will find that the pelicans destroy what would amount to over 400,000 of tons annually. If the fish consumed could attain maturity, their progeny would materially add to the quantity of fish on the coast. Add to the fish consumed by the pelicans, those that are destroyed by other sea birds, and it is strange that the existing quantity

should be so great. While many of the fish captured by birds could not be used as food, the day is coming when men-haden will become scarce on our northern coast, and these waste fishes may be required for oil and manural purposes.

About a quarter of a mile north of Pelican Key will be noticed a sandy key, with a few mangroves. Around this island will be found luscious clams, whose home in the sand can be ascertained by treading with the heel. In addition to the clams, crawfish of large size, sheepshead, channel bass and sea trout can be captured in great quantities. Around any of the keys the shootist can readily fill his bag with snipe and curlews. In the channel opposite the grassy point previously referred to, a land-locked anchorage will be found with four feet of water at low tide.

Tuesday morning, turned out at 8 A. M., cooked breakfast, and got under way at early day, course north and by east for two miles. About two miles north of Pavillion Key I crossed a wide and deep channel running from east to west. With my glass I noticed what I had reason to believe was high land. I felt assured that this channel is the outlet of the Fah Kanhatchee River one of the large streams formed by the everglades. From this point I steered WNW across Gallivans Bay, for Cape Romano. In the light of this bay E by N, fifteen miles from Cape Romano, empties Gallivans River. Vignolles examined this stream about the year 1820, and describes it as "a noble stream, with eight feet of water on the bar." He also remarks that it is a "beautiful stream, with high banks and rich and luxuriant lands on each side." He likewise states that the river heads in a "lake or large lagoons in the everglades." Judging from my own observations was a powerful glass, and the statement of Vignolles, the banks of this river present many attractions for the sportsman. The Colliers and Roberts, who live fifteen miles to the eastward of the mouth of the river, have frequent communication with Key West, and, through these parties, supplies could be obtained. Having read Vignolles' book, I became interested in Gallivans River, and have made it a rule to question every coaster I have met in my cruises regarding Gallivans River, and I have yet to find one who has entered it. As with Gallivans River, so with the rest of the country south of this point—a terra incognita.

Being unacquainted with the navigation of this section, I bore away for Cape Romano, intending to leave it to star board, and enter Big Marco Inlet. If I should visit the locality again, instead of rounding Cape Romano, I would steer for the easterly end of Hons Island five miles ENE from Cape Romano. On Hons Island will be found a settler named Roberts, who is extensively engaged in the cultivation of bananas and vegetables for the Key West market. By leaving Hons Island to port, a deep channel will be found leading to Marco Inlet, and by following it, nine miles of outside navigation will be avoided. I reached Cape Sable at 11 A. M., and endeavored to round the point close to shore, but was disappointed. At the pitch of the cape I found a shoal extending to the S. W. A heavy sea was rolling in from the N. W., and the dust was flying to an unpleasant extent. I stood out to sea and crossed the shoal a half mile from the land. Having rounded the sea shoal I encountered a heavy sea, which made the motions of the little *Dont* anything but pleasant. One mile and a half north of the cape will be found a pass with a good harbor. Three miles farther north will be noticed Gaximino Pass with a good entrance, deep water and a land-locked harbor; and three miles north of this Big Marco Inlet. This is a wide inlet with twelve feet of water. If the tide is low and any sea running a shoal will be noticed on each side of the entrance extending a full quarter of a mile to sea. The distance from Cape Romano to Big Marco is only seven and a half miles, with two harbors, but it is an exposed locality, with ugly shoals, and I would prefer taking the inside route in the future, unless there was no sea running.

One mile from the entrance I took a right-hand channel for a mile, turned to the right, and, after following it for another mile, I sighted Collier's schooner, and landed. Running the boat on the shore, I discovered a well-beaten trail, which I followed, and soon found old man Collier planting cabbages. I received a hearty welcome from him. Key West, the population of Key West is about 14,000; the island is almost a barren rock, and everything consumed has to be imported. Hence the productions of more persons than Collier could be sold at the Key to advantage.

I accompanied the old gentleman to the house and was urgently requested to make myself at home. The house is a large one, well arranged, and scrupulously clean. For several winters Mr. C. has accommodated transient sportsmen, and could make room for a few more. The island contains about six square miles, and is capable of supporting quite a population. In a direct line this island is but ninety miles from Key West. Early tomatoes, potatoes and vegetables could be produced and shipped to New York by the Galveston steamers touching at Key West. As far as my observations extended the soil in many places was a deep, dark loam, con-

taining an excess of vegetable matter, and remarkably productive. On this island, cocoa nuts, pine-apples, bananas, limes, oranges, lemons, coffee and all the tropical fruits can be cultivated. The climate is cool in summer, and the islands in this locality are remarkable for their salubrity. The land on this and the adjoining islands is open for pre-emption; and is worthy of the attention of those who are desirous of settling in a mild, temperate and healthy climate. Adjoining Marco is Hons Island, settled by several parties named Roberts. This island contains about two square miles, and is capable of supporting quite a number of families. Twelve miles from Collier's to the eastward on a small stream will be found a large grove of royal palms—one of two still remaining in the State. The waters about Marco abound with mullet, sheepshead, channel bass and tarpon, the latter ranging from 50 to 200 pounds. These fighters can be captured by using a float and mullet bait. They are, without any exception, the most powerful, active and artful of the fish family. They have the knack of jumping, and while in their air shaking out the hook. With their knife-like jaws they manage to cut off hooks and escape. The best snood is a piece of strong bass wire, or a chain, such as is attached to small-size shark hooks. They are becoming plentiful in the St. Johns river near the bar. Each summer many are hooked, but to land one is the exception. Last summer several of my friends were fishing in the surf on Pelican bank near the bar. In the party was a youth of sweet sixteen. He fastened his line around his waist, entered the surf and threw out his bait; there was a bait, a yank and the young piscator started seaward; three friends went to his rescue, seized the line and walked the fish ashore. They had captured a tarpon weighing eighty pounds.

A few weeks since, two friends and self were fishing near the bar for channel bass. B. had a bite, the line went humming through his fingers until a hundred yards had disappeared. Then a tarpon six feet long was seen in the air, and all was slack—the fish had cut the line. To those who are fond of capturing large fish we would say try tarpon fishing; for I care not how skillful the piscator may be he will find that he has one of the most artful of fish to circumvent.

I left Roberts at 4 P. M., and before sunset entered Little Marco pass, three miles to the northward. At the entrance I found a shoal on each side, and the channel hugged the right shore. In the centre of the entrance was an uprooted mangrove of large size. I anchored a short distance from the mouth of the pass, and prepared for the night. I looked forward with impatience to the morning, for I fully expected to be rewarded with a sight of one of the main objects of my cruise—an ancient canal, reported to exist across the peninsula to the north of Doctor's Pass, the latter being four miles north of my anchorage.

From Big Marco to Doctor's Pass a boat passage inside of the islands will be found, but as I preferred open sailing to mud flats, tortuous channels and oyster bars, I kept outside. In rough weather the inside channel might be followed. I questioned the Collier family regarding Doctor's Pass and the ancient canal, and was assured that no one in the settlement had ever entered the pass or heard of the canal. The few who reside on this coast never seem to leave home or become acquainted with their surroundings.

Wednesday morning, before sunrise, I was under way and steering to the northward, with a fair wind. Three miles north of Little Marco I passed a narrow but navigable pass, which the colliers informed me was called John's Pass. One mile and a half to the northward of John's Pass I sighted the promised land and the entrance to it, Doctor's Pass. In explanation of the word "pass," which I so frequently use, I may remark that it is used along the coast by residents and coasters instead of the word inlet. To some it may appear unnecessary to give distances from points to pass, but to sportsmen and tourists who are dependent for their safety on small and unseaworthy crafts, such information is valuable. By possessing such knowledge they will know when to seek a harbor and where it can be found. The majority of the passes are not shown on any of the maps of the State. I have compiled from actual surveys a map of two inches to the mile, showing every channel, pass and island from Florida to Cape Romano; and the tourist or sportsman can depend upon the correctness of my statements regarding distances.

Doctor's Pass is about eighty feet wide, with six feet of water at low tide. Inside of the entrance, to the right, will be observed a narrow channel, which is the commencement of the inside passage leading to Marco. To the left will be noticed a passage fifteen feet wide, leading into a circular bay 200 feet wide, with four feet of water at low tide. To the west this land-locked bay is separated from the gulf by a narrow sand bank. In all my wanderings I have never met with an anchorage to equal this small but beautiful harbor. Following the pass to the eastward for three-quarters of a mile, it ended in a wide lagoon, one arm extending to the north and the other to the south. At a point half a mile from the gulf the navigation becomes difficult in consequence of the existence of shoals and oyster banks, and the explorer must keep to the left as the law directs. The north lagoon is about three miles and a half in length.

I was anxious to find the ancient canal, and air and sun the contents of the boat. I steered to the north for two miles, when I noticed a monstrous-sized bear take to the water from the left bank. Opposite where the animal left the land the lagoon is divided into two arms by a narrow, projecting point,

There seems to be a strong disposition now to enforce the new game law, and if it is rigidly enforced, that part of Iowa will team with prairie chickens in a few years. We staid over part of a day at Freeport to look at some very handsome Gordon puppies that had been added to Dr. Mills' kennel while we were absent. They were as glossy as satin, and are pure stock. Near Clear Lake, at a farm house, I saw a great curiosity—a tame prairie chicken. It was fully grown, associated with the barnyard fowls, and was tamer than any of them. We stood and admired it within three feet. After so many fruitless attempts to domesticate these birds, it will be a matter of interest to know that there is at least one tame prairie chicken. NIMROD.

Fish Culture.

NEW ENGLAND BROOK TROUT IN NEW ZEALAND.—At a meeting of the American Fish Culturist's Association last February (1878) it was stated that "the longest distance ever successfully overcome in the transportation of fish eggs was between Charleston, New Hampshire, and Christchurch, New Zealand, being upward of eleven thousand five hundred miles. This was in the case of a lot of *Salmo fontinalis* eggs which were shipped for New Zealand by Messrs. Stone & Hooper, Charleston, New Hampshire, in the fall of 1876."

An article in the *Christchurch Press*, New Zealand, of Aug. 19, 1878, has the following interesting allusion to the trout which were hatched from this lot of eggs:

"Mr. Johnson is now hatching out the ova of the American brook trout already mentioned. This is a fish of remarkable liveliness and beauty, rising more freely to the fly than the well known brown trout of the English north country streams.

"These trout were originally imported by the proprietor from the Eastern States of America about eighteen months ago.

"They recently spawned and the eggs are now being hatched out, being the first from the parent fish in New Zealand.

"Altogether the boxes contain about 15,000 trout ova in every stage, which are being hatched out daily. Mr. Johnson captured one of the American trout weighing about half a pound, for a more minute inspection than could be obtained by viewing him in his native element. There is no doubt of the remarkable beauty of the variety, which is perfectly prismatic in colors, which are very bright and exquisitely blended. The specimen reminded one of the enchanted fish in the "Arabian Nights" which objected to be fried and jumped out of the frying pan."

It is extremely encouraging to know that our New England trout have not only been imported to New Zealand, but that the fish culturists are actually taking eggs from them, the ultimate result of which will undoubtedly be that all the suitable waters of the Southern Pacific will be stocked with the *Salmo fontinalis* in due course of time.

—Trout and trout eggs are advertised in another column by Palmer & Sons, of Boscebel, Mich.

Woodland, Farm and Garden.

THE SANITARY VALUE OF FLOWERS.

Wordsworth sings that

"Every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes;"

whilst the chemist adds (as far as the leaves are concerned) that, by its breath, it purifies the air for the service of man. Not content with this, modern chemical research is engaged in determining other and unsuspected uses for what have hitherto been considered, in their forms of grace, their various hues and fragrance, to minister only to the æsthetic wants of mankind.

When these researches, two or three years ago, first began to attract the attention of those interested in sanitary science, the writer, then connected with the health department of a large city, found a fitting field in the low, swampy surroundings, filling the air with malaria, and in the neighborhood of the numerous slaughterhouses, reeking with animal exhalations, in which to test the value of their deductions. Here, in the vicinity of some of the most beautiful natural scenery in the world, rendered almost uninhabitable—as at Staten Island, at numerous points along the Hudson and elsewhere—by the presence of malaria, there is abundant incentive for urging the speedy carrying out of a measure of reclamation at once inexpensive, attractive and effectual—namely, the cultivation of odorous and aromatic plants and shrubs in all regions where either animal or vegetable miasms abound.

That our readers may be able to judge of the probable effectiveness of such a measure, we present the following resume of the researches above referred to, as well as the collateral evidence of the long recognized hygienic and sanative value of perfumes in general.

It is to the investigations of an Italian *savant*, Professor Paolo Mantegazza, of Pavia, that we are indebted for the information that this great atmospheric purifier (ozone) is generated in larger quantities by certain plants and fruits possessing spicy aromatic odors than it is by the action of electricity upon the air, the potent influence of which in purifying the atmosphere we all recognize and are grateful for after a thunder storm. This ozone is developed in some plants by the direct rays of the sun, while in others, the action, once commenced in solar light, is continued in darkness; Cherry-Laurel, Clove, Lavender, Bilot, Lemon, Fennel, Narcissus, Heliotrope, Hyacinth, Mignonette, etc., as well as some perfumers, spicy aromatic odors, all of bergamot, extract of colliferous essence of lavender, and some aromatic tinctures, all produce ozone largely on exposure to the sun's rays. Mantegazza has further pointed out that the oxidation of the essential oils, such as Turpentine, Nutmeg, Aniseed, Thyme, Peppermint, etc., under the influence of light and air, is a

convenient source of ozone, as they, even in small quantities, ozonize much of the atmospheric oxygen.

He finds also, that while the ozonogenic properties of flowers reside mainly in their perfumes—the most odoriferous yielding the largest amount of ozone—certain others, possessing no particular perfume, have extraordinary ozonogenic power; as, for instance, the Sunflower, broad belts of which were planted by the late Commander Murray around the grounds of the National Observatory at Washington, and the effect of which he attributed the after immunity of his family from intermittent fevers, previously quite prevalent in that neighborhood. Dr. Cornelius Fox also states in his work on ozone and antozone, that the cultivation of this gaudy plant in malarious districts has been especially urged, as it is said to possess the property of purifying the air laden with marsh miasm, and of exhaling ozonized oxygen.

Professor Mantegazza demonstrates in his report on the action of essences and flowers in the production of atmospheric ozone and their hygienic utility, that the instructions of Empedocles, in the second book of his didactic poem on Nature, to plant aromatic and balsamic herbs as preventives of pestilence, were founded on a close observation and shrewd, though empirical, insight. The historian Herodian relates that, in a plague, which devastated Italy in the second century, strangers crowded into Rome were directed by the physicians to retreat to San Lorenzo, then called *Laurentum*, from the bowers of Laurel which surrounded it, that by a cooler atmosphere and by the "odor of laurel" they might escape the dangers of infection.

The practice of burning aromatic woods and herbs, as well as odorous gums, spices, etc.—not to speak of the use of tar smoke, the antiseptic properties of which are attributed to carbolic and other acids—as a means of arresting the spread of, and extinguishing epidemics, is of the highest antiquity. Numerous instances are cited of the extinction of the plague by means of fires of odoriferous wood, green Laurel, Wormwood, Chamomile, etc., in the market-places, and even in the houses both of the healthy and the sick. Their efficacy, it is now claimed, was due to the production of ozone, by which the pestilential constituents of the atmosphere were purified.

Within the last half of the century it is directed by the physicians at the sources of information, and this only to give weight and authority to the practical suggestions of measures affecting the great problem of the prevention of disease and the preservation of health. These suggestions, in the present case, are obvious, and will in some degree supplement the recent recommendations of Dr. Stephen Smith concerning the cultivation of shade trees in the streets of cities as a means of diminishing the high temperature of summer, by modifying the temperature and by purifying the atmosphere.

What we would here urge is the cultivation of plants and flowers possessing these desirable ozonogenic properties, alike in city and country, within doors and without; in cities, because the air of cities always contains less ozone than the air of the surrounding country, and the denser parts of cities less than the more sparsely built, or than the air of parks and gardens; in the country, because very few regions are entirely free from malarial taint.

They should be cultivated in and around schools and all other places where animal exhalations abound, especially in the districts where slaughtering and kindred occupations are carried on, and in graveyards and cemeteries. The swamps and flats and "meadows" of Staten Island, those around Jersey City and Hoboken, in the vicinity of Brooklyn and in the upper part of Manhattan Island, should be made to blossom as the Rose.

Aside from the poetical and æsthetic aspects, the florist and the nurseryman and the seedsman may put in a plea for consideration on purely utilitarian grounds. Instead of such disinfectants as those that have been described as chiefly of value because "they smell so badly that people open the windows and let the fresh air in," they will furnish us each

"To bud and flower and here that grows on ground,
To bud and flower and throw sweet smells around."

And it may yet come to pass that he who makes two flowers to blossom where only one bloomed before shall receive the encomium Dean Swift suggested for the successful corn or grass grower.—*Hygiene: a Journal of Sanitary Science.*

[While heartily assenting on general grounds to the opinions here set forth, we must add a word of caution as to the value of ozone. Far too little is yet known of this element and its relations to plant life to enable us to dogmatize upon it.—Ed.]

BLOWING UP STUMPS.—Late experiments by Mr. John O'Donnell, of Jamaica, L. I., have shown that by the use of dynamite, the cost of stump eradication can be surprisingly reduced. An oak stump, two feet in diameter, costs by hand labor at least \$1 to remove. Dynamite will send it flying at a cost of about a third of that sum. Dr. O'Donnell recently invited a party of farmers to see its effectiveness. Five stumps were attacked. The first was of oak, partly decayed. The men employed punched a hole with a crowbar between two projecting roots, but not being experts, did not insert the instrument fully under the stump. Consequently, only two-thirds of it was blown out. The partial decay of the wood was another hindrance. It did not offer the necessary resistance. A partially rotted chestnut stump was blown in fragments. The crowbar was badly inserted under an apple tree stump, and that, like the oak, was shattered to the extent of two-thirds. With a sound and sturdy oak stump, however, the dynamite was fully triumphant. The stump was blown out utterly. A charge was placed under a rock weighing about two tons. It was thrown from its bed and shattered to pieces. A rock half its size was thrown twenty feet, but not broken. A hole about a foot deep was then drilled in the well-combed rock, and charged with four ounces of dynamite. It was much broken, and the pieces not dislodged were easily pried out with the crowbar. About two inches of a cartridge an inch in diameter had hitherto been used upon the stumps, but the closing experiment was made with an entire cartridge eighteen inches long upon a fresh oak stump twenty inches in diameter. Many of the fragments were thrown 125 feet. Mr. Palmer, Superintendent of Maple Grove Cemetery, near Jamaica, has been successful in the use of dynamite upon both stumps and stones. He drills a hole from six to twelve inches deep, according to the size of the stone, and speedily meets with success. In sinking a well a flat rock was found at a depth of over sixty feet, but it was quickly shattered, and the pieces were hauled up in buckets.

The dynamite chest was then filled with oil of muslin, shaped like a candle, and impervious to water. One end is opened, and a hole is made in the powder with a stick for the insertion of the percussion cap, which is an inch long, and loaded for half its length with fulminate of mercury. A fuse is inserted in the cap, which is squeezed with nippers that it may

fit tightly. The little interesters must be filled with soap, to render the cap waterproof. After the cap is in position in the powder, the top of the cartridges must be tied tight round the fuse, so that no water may enter. On the cartridge being placed against the stump, water must be poured into the hole and the ground around thoroughly soaked and pressed, that it may offer a strong resistance. A little semicircular dam should then be heaped around, within which more water should be poured, by way of adding to the resistance. The fuse, which should project outside of the dam, is then lighted. It reaches the cap in less than two minutes, which affords ample time for the operators to reach a safe distance. The explosion makes little noise, and after viewing a dance in the air of a myriad of fragments, spectators find a large hole, with a few loose rocks around, and the ground ready for the plow.—*New York Sun.*

VICTORIA'S BIG TREES.—Australian papers of late date give us the measurements of some Eucalyptus trees recently discovered in Gippsland, Victoria. The State Surveyor of Forests, who we presume must carry a long tape line with him, has been exploring the Watts River, and found there a fallen tree, which measured 435 feet from the roots to the point where the branch was broken off. It was estimated that when standing the tree must have been over 500 feet in height. An *Eucalyptus amygdaloides*, or almond leaf gum tree, now standing near Fernshaw, Victoria, measures 380 feet from the ground to the first branch, and 450 feet to the top of the topmost twig.

Natural History.

ABOUT OUR GROUSE—NO. 3.

QUITE different in appearance from the dusky grouse is the sage grouse or Cock-of-the-Plains. This species, which is the largest of all the American members of the group, is exceeded in size only by the capercaillie, and attains a weight of from seven to ten pounds; is, in fact, as large as a hen turkey. Bonaparte, the original describer of this species, having but a single specimen of the bird, a young male, which he supposed to be a female, fell into the natural error of comparing the size of this grouse with that of the Cock-of-the-Woods, and named it *Tetrao urophasianus*, the scientific name of the great grouse of Europe being *Tetrao urogallus*. He says: "The Cock-of-the-Plains is precisely equal in size to the Cock-of-the-Woods; at least such is the result of a comparison of the female with the corresponding sex of the European bird, both lying before us. Each part exactly coincides in form and dimension, excepting that the tail rather gives the superiority to the American, so that if the male bears the same relative proportion to his female, the Cock-of-the-Plains must be proclaimed the largest of grouse." This error, however, did not long remain uncorrected, and at present the sage grouse is, to many of our sportsmen, a well-known bird.

The plumage of this bird is of a pale grayish cast, which harmonizes well with the sage brush and the alkali soil, and enables it to frequently escape notice, when if it were differently colored it would be quite conspicuous. Above it is varied with gray, black and buff, the combination resembling, at a little distance, the color of the pinnated grouse; there is a large patch of black on the belly. The male has on each side of the neck a large yellowish naked air sac, which capable of great dilatation in the breeding season. Beneath each of these naked spaces is a patch of white, scale-like feathers, the ends of which look as if they had been worn off by rubbing against the ground, and these terminate in long hair-like bristles.

The sage grouse inhabits the high dry plains of the Rocky Mountain region only where the sage brush (*Artemisia tridentata*) flourishes, but it is not, as has been stated, confined to the Great Interior Basin. Its diet consists very largely of the leaves, buds and seeds of the shrub from which it takes its name, although insects and the buds of different plants form, at certain seasons, a very considerable portion of its food. Although it inhabits a region celebrated for its aridity, it must not be imagined that it especially delights in a dry and, waterless country. The reverse of this is true, for the birds go to drink twice each day, and the most likely spot to find them is in the vicinity of a little spring or stream. They usually come down to the water an hour after sunrise and a little before sunset, and, having slaked their thirst, move slowly off toward the hills, feeding by the way. It is in the breeding season that the sage grouse appears to the greatest advantage. Throughout the winter the birds have kept in large packs of many hundreds of individuals, and in the early spring, before these assemblages have broken up, the wooing and winning of the not too coy females is accomplished. Admirable accounts of the antics which the males perform to please their future mates are given in several ornithological works, and, judging from all that is told us, the sight must be a very fine one. Males, sometimes to the number of several hundreds, collect on some high, bare piece of ground, and there go through a variety of evolutions, which would put to shame the oldest gobbler of the farmyard. The ample air sacs of the male are at intervals filled with air, and are swollen into great orange-colored masses nearly as large as a man's fist. The tail is widely spread and somewhat elevated, and the wings are lowered and brush stiffly against the ground. Some days spent in these performances, varied by an occasional tattle, in which one of two combatants loses a few feathers and receives several hard knocks from the wings of his opponent, enable the winners to make their choice, and shortly afterward the nest is constructed. This is of the simplest description, consisting merely of a slight hollow scratched out at the foot of some

sage brush, and lined perhaps with a few bits of dried grass. Here the female deposits her eggs, from ten to fifteen in number, of a greenish drab color, and scantily marked with dark spots, which she broods with unremitting care. The young are usually hatched in May, and by the middle of July are well grown, and at this age are better for the table than at any other. About the edible qualities of the sage grouse, however, perhaps the less said the better. We have eaten them under many different circumstances and cannot recommend them. We once believed that if the birds were drawn as soon as killed they would be free from the taint of the sage, which is the only disagreeable thing about the flesh; but recent and more extended experience has shown us that this is not the case. The flesh of the young sage grouse, when about the size of a domestic fowl, is white and tender, though, like that of all immature animals, a little lacking in character; but even at this early age it is strongly impregnated with the sage. We have seen the time in camp when a single young sage grouse, cooked in the same frying pan with some ducks and mountain grouse, gave such a flavor to the whole dish that those who objected to the sage were unable to eat any of the other birds.

During incubation, and while the broods are only partly grown, the male birds remain alone or in pairs; but at the approach of winter, and often as early as the last of September, the birds commence to flock together until, as already remarked, they form immense packs.

There appears to be a considerable diversity in the time at which the sage grouse lays her eggs, for we have sometimes come upon birds so young as to be barely able to fly late in July, while at this date most of the broods could not be distinguished by their size from their parent. These young birds are very gentle and unsuspicious, and usually pay no attention whatever to the report of a gun. They seem to think that there is no cause for alarm until the mother flies. As soon as the flutter of her wings is heard, most of the young take to flight, and the few that remain at once squat, make themselves as small as possible, and in a moment or so they, too, take wing. While feeding they utter a plaintive, peeping cry, calling to one another constantly, like the young of the dusky grouse. As an instance of the tameness of these young grouse, we may remark that we have seen a flock of them walk unconcernedly along in the road, a little in advance of a wagon, while the teamster emptied his revolver twice at them; and we have often seen a flock move along in the same nonchalant fashion, while one or two men on foot walked behind trying to shoot the birds' heads off with their rifles. It seemed as if nothing could disturb the equanimity of the little brood. At each report the birds would stretch up their necks and look about, evidently wondering what the noise meant, but they never manifested any sign of uneasiness unless one of the number was wounded and fluttered over the ground. That seems to be the signal for all to be off, and is never disregarded. Heads may be knocked off right and left, but so long as their owners lie still the alarm is not taken.

We saw this past summer in the town of Medicine Bow, in Wyoming, an albino sage grouse, the first that has ever come to our notice. It was almost pure white, but some of the darker markings could be traced on each feather. The specimen was regarded by the local sportsmen as a white-tailed ptarmigan, but was really a good-sized sage hen. When killed it was said to have been in company with another one similar to it in all respects.

It seems a great pity that so large (and, in some respects, fine) a bird should be so worthless for food. Nevertheless they are killed in great numbers, an acquaintance of our own having, as he told us, killed ninety-six in a morning. To us the sport of killing these birds has always seemed very tame. They get up slowly and heavily, and present a very large mark, and a man who shoots at all quickly will find little difficulty in knocking over most of his birds. They are tough, however, and an old cock that gets under good headway will often carry off a whole charge of shot.

(To be continued.)

THE LAMPREY.—Lake City, Minn., Nov. 5, 1878.—Blaise your correspondent, B. O. Clark, mentions the fact of seeing one of these singular fish in Lake Pepin, I am induced to submit that they abound in this lake and many of our springs and brooks. It is a very common thing to find them adhering to the polyodon and pickerel, and often to other fish. The scaleless surface of the polyodon affords them "green pastures," and the pickerel, when they are seen, seem to revel in drawing the last drop of blood from their bigger relations. The polyodon is one of the greatest jumpers in the lake, and it is a common belief among fishermen that they jump out of the water to free themselves from this ugly parasite. It is quite usual to find the dead polyodon on our shores, and many of them, I have no doubt, have been killed by the lampreys, but have never been one attacked to a dead fish since the one mentioned by Mr. Clark, which I well remember. I have often seen them let go as soon as the fish is dead, and often before. When thrown on the sandy beach they will then squirm about until they find water. More than once I have found them fastened to the gills, here they are soon satiated or kill the fish outright. If found on the pickerel it will be close to the base of the caudal fin, where the scales are few and small, and where, as is well known, blood is easily drawn. I have allowed them to fasten on to my hand, but they won't let go, that's the trouble, and one don't care to handle the little bloodthirsty squirmers but once. At one time, having pulled hard to detach one which had firmly attached himself to my left hand, and failing to induce him to let go, I took out my knife and cut off his tail, and he immediately let go, and who would't?

More than twenty years ago I met Prof. Louis Agassiz in the city of Albany, and he showed me specimens of the lamprey which he had himself obtained from Lake Pepin.

In two spring brooks not far from Lake City, just thousands of them are found. Out of these same streams I have taken many trout, but have never yet seen one attached to this fish. I have seen, probably, two dozen at a time all attached to pebbles on the bottom where the current was quite strong, their heads all up stream and their bodies keeping up an everlasting swaying and wriggling below. Grasp one and try to lift him out of the water, and if you can hold on you will bring him out, and also the pebble to which he is attached, throw him to land and he soon will let go. Now if you want to save him, split a stick and straddle his neck, or just behind his saucer-shaped mouth, take him up, and after examining him put him into your whiskey flask. The whiskey will keep him first-rate until you get home, and if, meantime, you want to take a "snifter," you needn't remember where you put your specimen. Who cannot forget that there are snakes in his whiskey? Another season I shall be pleased to furnish specimens of the lamprey to any who desire, and who will pay the small expense of bottling.

Dr. D. C. ESTES.

DECATUR, ILLINOIS, Nov. 2.—Besides the sea lampreys which often ascend rivers along the coast, there are at least two species known to inhabit the great lakes and the Mississippi River and their tributaries which have never been found in salt water. Unlike the sea lamprey, these rarely attain to more than a foot in length, whereas the former often reach three feet or more. These small lampreys or lamprenas are by no means rare in the larger streams of Illinois, and I learn the same is true of other Western States. They are frequently brought up in seines attached to the spoonbill (*Polyodon*) and other smooth skinned fishes. From one haul of the seine in Peoria Lake in July, 1875, several specimens were taken, and others were seen, but escaped by dropping off the fish into the water before they could be reached. A number taken at that time are now in the museum of Cornell University.

Yours,

A NATURALIST.

GRAYLING OF COLORADO.—Our valued correspondent, Wm. N. Byers, of the Denver News, who finds time, apart from his manifold and varied duties, to send occasional Rocky Mountain sketches of the most reliable and interesting sort to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, wrote us a letter recently which contains some fresh information respecting the grayling of that section. These fish to which he refers are found in a tributary of the Yampah River. He says, speaking of a member of the camp:

"Leaving the river he went to a large creek, a tributary just above its mouth, which he reported literally full of grayling of small size, crowding up stream. We caught no more fish. In one week, and including the days referred to, five teams, of two, three or four horses in each, and with two or three men to each wagon, came on by night to load gray fish. All got some, but only one secured a load—about 1,200 lbs. These were grayling, caught near the mouth, in a creek which they were crowding up. They are not protected by law and are netted and trapped mercilessly. In this case the fishermen (two) so arranged in the bed of the stream that in passing up a swift shoot, the fish were turned back into a trap, from where they were packed on by night. The grayling were generally some six or seven inches long, and were partially so or just beginning. Their method seems to be to move in schools of seven-sized fish out of the main stream, up some tributary, where they remain but two or three days, when they again swarm back down stream. Oct. 12 nearly all the fish moved on down the river—the grayling in immense crowds, the trout more leisurely and scattered; in fact, the movements of the latter extended through several days."

THE GRAYLING.—Oct. 29.—Mr. Editor:—In an old copy of "Mackenzie's Voyages," in the volume containing his voyage down the Mackenzie River to the Arctic Ocean, I find this description of a fish presented him by the Indians at about latitude 69 deg. north, on July 9, 1789:

"They presented us with a most delicious fish, which was less than a herring and very beautifully spotted with black and yellow. Its dorsal fin reached from the head to the tail in its expanded state it takes a triangular form, and is variegated with the colors that enliven the scales. The head is very small, and the mouth is armed with sharp-pointed teeth."

Query: Is not this the grayling? and if so, is not this the first mention of the fish in American waters? I do not remember, however, any notice of the grayling in so high a latitude elsewhere.

Your fish is what is known as Back's Grayling, *Thymallus signifer*. It is referred to in all modern works on ichthyology.—Ed.

THE SEA SERPENT IN ENGLAND.—We take the following from Nature. A great many of the sea serpent stories rest upon even less foundation:

On Monday, August 5, a number of geologists crossed in the Folkestone boat to Boulogne, to study the interesting formations of that neighborhood, and, when about three or four miles from the French coast, one of these gentlemen suddenly exclaimed, "Look at that extraordinary object passing across the bow of the steamer, about a mile or a mile and a half in advance of us!" On turning in this direction there was seen an immense serpent, about a furlong in length, rushing furiously along at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour; it was blackish in front and paler behind; its elongated body was fairly on the surface of the water, but it progressed in an undulating or quivering manner. The *specimen* was immediately surrounded by many small boats, and they quickly changed and settled into the fixed idea that the object before them could be nothing less than the great sea serpent himself; for—

"Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
By casting, mark, the head, in air, it rose,
By whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Leviathan; which God, of all his works,
Created last, this was the swimmer."

The writer fortunately had with him a pair of the best opera glasses, and, after a few moments' use of this little instrument, the wonder was satisfactorily resolved. The first half of the monster was dark and glittering, and the remainder of fainter hue, gradually fading toward the tail. The glass did not determine the matter until the extreme end was reached, and then it was seen to consist of a mass of birds in rapid motion; these the leaders, and so make the head appear thicker and darker by their numbers, while those that had not such power of flight were compelled to settle into places nearer the tail. Doubtless the birds were shags (*Pelecanus distans*) returning to their homes for the night from the distant waters in which they

had been fishing during the day; perchance it may be wrong to assert positively as to the variety of the bird, but inasmuch as the writer has often seen shags on the Cornish coast in smaller numbers returning in single or double file to their roosting-places, and since it is stated in works of natural history that they have been noticed occasionally flying in this manner to the number of a thousand or more, it does not appear an unwarranted liberty in supposing that they really were *Pelecani cristati*. It is to be feared some of the geological gentlemen still doubt the interpretation of the long-nette, preferring the fond deceit of a large and unknown serpent; but, as in this case, individual birds (scores of them) were distinctly seen flapping their wings, the writer has thought it his duty to report the circumstance to you that your readers who voyage across the seas may keep their opera glasses in their pockets and verify for themselves, on the first opportunity, this interpretation of the great sea serpent.

JOSEPH DREW.

DOMESTICATION OF THE MALLARD DUCK.—The following very interesting letter is from Mr. Jacob M. Wimer, of Niagara Falls, New York. We are delighted with his most favorable report. Actual experiments have proved that the wood duck and spring-tail ducks and the Canada goose can be domesticated, and we should think it might pay our friend to raise ducks exclusively for use as decoys:

Mr. Editor: I received, January 27 last, one drake and three ducks from "Jardine," on Will Hall's marsh, below Detroit, Mich., and Feb. 27 they laid one egg, and up to the 17th of this month those three ducks have laid 379 eggs, and I have hatched out under "ben mothers" 167 little ducks. I have now got 150 odd wild mallard duck, which I wish you could see come out of the pen as I saw them this morning. I let them out on Niagara waters all day long. About five or half-past five o'clock they come to their feed in front of the mill, and then they go to the pen for the night. And it is a sight. Such racing and dancing as they have when first let out in the morning is wonderful! And the most wonderful part of the whole is the young ones have commenced to lay within the last week. I wish you could see them. But next Wednesday morning I am going to take thirty of them and start off for "Jardine" to use for decoys, and hope to have a good duck shoot.

CORRECTION.—Mr. Editor: The report of the Linnean Society, of October 28, that the meadow lark taken by Herrington was given as *Pipilo erythrophthalmus*, it should be *Pipilo americanus*. Mr. Brewer in his note on the subject, the following week is therefore perfectly correct. FRANKLIN BENNER.

ANOTHER OPINION.—Editor Forest and Stream: A few weeks since an article appeared in your columns entitled "Spare the Sparrow," wherein its writer, Mr. Robert B. Roosevelt, attempts to answer Dr. Coues' able article in the American Naturalist. I differ with Mr. Roosevelt concerning the insectivorous habits of the bird. He says that the sparrow is more insectivorous than any of our native birds. I have seen this bird and the object of special study, and I have always found it to prefer grain—especially maize—to any insect I could procure. In fact, I never, except in one or two cases, could discover one even attempting to procure insect food.

I differ from him also when he asserts that we have no song birds in America. Any one that has heard the melodious notes of the warblers and the thrushes will need no argument to convince him on that point.

I would not have any one infer that I wish the bird driven out of the country. I merely wish to have the laws prohibiting their destruction repealed and to have people stop feeding and petting them. They will then be kept under like any other bird, and will cease to become the nuisance they now are.

Washington, D. C.

RICHARD HOVET.

POWERS OF SIGHT IN BIRDS.—So keen is the sight of the condor of the Andes that if a carcass be exposed where the naked eye can detect none of these creatures in the horizon, yet in few minutes they are seen streaming from all directions straight toward their hoped-for meal. But, though birds be long sighted, it is also highly necessary that they should see minute objects at a short distance. No entomologist will deny that an insectivorous bird must have keen eyes for a short distance if it is to get its living with ease. A microscopic sight is scarcely less requisite for a grain-feeding bird. The swallow, which plunges with such reckless impulse through the air, will nevertheless seize a small insect as it dashes along with almost unerring certainty. Usually the prey is so small that the wonderful powers of the bird displayed in the chase cannot be observed, but sometimes, when the insect has large wings, this dexterity may be seen. The writer has seen a swallow seize, while in a headlong flight, the beautiful, scarlet, swallow-tailed butterfly, and shear out its savory body from between the wings, and let them float severally down; and then, not satisfied with a feast so little proportioned to the splendor in which it was disported up, alone swooped and seized the several pieces before they could reach the ground. How then, is a long sight and a keen short sight to be obtained from the same eye? This is done mainly by the aid of bony plates so disposed that the edge of one is capable of sliding over the edge of its neighbor; so that when the fibres of the muscles which unite them contract they compress the eye all round and make it more tubular, while the humors of the eye, thus subjected to the pressure of the cornea to protrude them, also the retina to be removed further from the lens.—Cassell's Popular Educator.

A CANARY BIRD'S SONG.—Newark has a canary bird that whistles waltzes. He has been in training for nearly a year, and now goes through the whole music of a German waltz. Whenever there is a false note Dick warbles a while, and then begins again. When the bird was just off the nest his mistress put him into a dark room, where he saw no light and heard no sound. Then daily he played the waltz to him, two or three times a day, for fifteen or twenty minutes every day. The instrument was an organ, with the shrill stops out. At the end of a month or two the bird began to sound a note of the waltz, then another. Soon it combined them, and after a time he whistled an entire strain. It was nearly a year, however, before his education was complete. Mocking-birds may also be trained in this way. A music-box is very useful, and saves much labor in the long course of the bird's musical training.

THE BIRDSHIP. — Boston, Nov. 7. — How common is the following incident: We found in the marshes near Fresh Pond, Cambridge, Mass., a full-grown male American Bittern in a dying condition, from what proved on dissection to be a large specimen of horned pout, firmly fastened by the spines across the crop and gullet, from whence the struggles of the bird would have dislodged it. We should have thought that the bird would have been "known better," according to hereditary traits (Darwin), or experience in a minor degree of severity.

SANBORN.

The Kennel.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

BREAKING DOGS ON RUFFED GROUSE.

SINCE expressing in a former letter the opinion that this bird is the worst for the purpose of initiating a setter or pointer on game of all that are shot in this country over dogs, there has been considerable discussion upon the subject. And although the majority of sportsmen who have had practical experience in shooting ruffed grouse over these dogs agree with my opinion, yet there are some who advocate this bird as the one for excellence upon which to break young dogs.

One writes to a contemporary from Massachusetts: "I will agree to place you at ten yards rise to the wildest birds that you can find in this vicinity. Not always, perhaps, but we will finally succeed in making the birds lie to a point and allow us to approach very often within a yard." It is presumable that the birds in that well-populated district are frequently shot at, especially as we know that Springfield abounds in good sportsmen and dogs. But if the birds will lie to a point and suffer one "to approach very often within a yard," in the open season, autumn, the ruffed grouse in the vicinity of Springfield differ in their habits to an extraordinary degree from all others of the species similarly located. A yard rise may be instanced as one extreme, yet six rods rise, a large range in cover, would probably be the average, but the other extreme. But that fine shot might be had where rise shots are to be obtained in one day if the coverts are open enough for one always to see the bird at six or more rods distance. The habits of ruffed grouse, as of many other birds, vary much according to locality. So many seemingly incongruous statements have been made regarding the habits of these birds in Maine that I will give a brief explanation. Throughout the entire range of this State the ruffed grouse are to be found in comparative abundance. But a statement might be made regarding their habits in one portion of the State that would be untrue as applied to another portion. It is partly owing to great extent of territory that there exists so much confusion as to what would be the most desirable game law. For the majority of those interested in the game laws of any State know little of the habits of birds outside of their own immediate vicinity. This is especially true of Maine, where some species of birds breed in one portion of the State and are never even seen in another portion. While at Augusta during the last session of the Legislature, and using my humble efforts toward securing the passage of such a game law as would be most desirable and practical for the whole State, one that would be observed by sportsmen and easily enforced if violated by others, my attention was called to various portions of the State. In regard to the close season for ruffed grouse, some desiring the season to be August 15th, and others not until October 1st. But the law as passed fixed upon Sept. 1st, thereby wisely maintaining the previously existing law and a date not only uniform with that for woodcock and snipe, but one that is well known to all our sportsmen. In the more thinly populated portions of the State the grouse are so unacquainted with man their tameness is shocking to me. They are usually in thick woods, where they will suffer a near approach but seek safety by running or by going to the branches of the nearest trees. Even here they do not lie well to dogs, and but little sport can be had with them. Many can be shot, however, and for the table they are unexcelled by any of the grouse family. A method that has been much resorted to in obtaining these birds is to drive them from their haunts. In such times they may be seen, singly or in families, scratching and nesting in the road in a manner similar to common barnyard fowls. This habit is known by the term "dusting." Besides the gravel and occasional food found there, it is probable that the warmth retained by the dust heated by the noonday sun is a source of attraction to the birds when the nights begin to be frosty. With little or no cover, they are easily taken, and one may be killed from the wagon, and pausing only to retrieve the bird or birds each time, the gunners drive on, until perchance they halt by some lake or stream to pass the day in fishing. While driving home in the evening with a fine lot of trout or pickerel, perhaps both, in the bottom of the wagon, more grouse and it may be a hare or two will be added to their game score. But now let us, kind reader, drive over the same route, and instead of trying to see how many birds we can kill, we will tarry by the wayside now and then and watch their movements. Soon we see a covert in the road ahead of us. Drive right on but don't shoot. As we approach they scatter and run or walk to the side of the road, most of them disappearing in the wood either side. But one may keep in the road ahead of us for a while, and you may see and hear him halting at the edge of the wood as we pass by the side of the road.

Alighting from the wagon and entering the woods you may hear them running before you. With a sudden rush and noise put them to flight if you can. With a great flurry they will rise all about you. Flip-dip they go into the trees, and then silence reigns supreme. Now look about and try to find them. There is one in that spruce tree nearest to you. "You are calling him," you say, "on a branch as close to the trunk of the tree?" Well then, stop down on a stump and remain perfectly still and motionless while I walk away. The birds are not much frightened, and after a short time you will hear a call from one in the near vicinity. "Putt," answers the one in the tree watched, and you are now convinced that a bird is there, although you fail to see it. "Putt," answers the one in the tree, then you may hear rustle and one walks cautiously forth from beneath the branches of a fallen tree and looks about. Do not move a muscle now, not even to turn your head for a better view. Bye and bye down from its perch in the tree comes your valiantly looked for bird. Don't shoot now, but if you have a cautious dog by your side try him on the birds. As he approaches they steal away with rapid steps and lowered heads to an old tree-trunk. By the dog strikes the ground, and following up finally comes to a point. Keep-

ing close upon his heels so as not to lose sight of him, you now "shoo" to the well concealed birds, but with effect. Hurling a club into the treetop or underbrush where you suppose them to be, a flurry is heard but not a feather seen as they rise. But listen! Flip-dip, you hear one alight, and with dog at heel you approach, carefully scanning the trees. Suddenly you catch sight of your bird on the branch of birch not more than a dozen yards away.

Now, take good aim, and if you feel nervous from the excitement of the occasion, rest the gun over the limb or against the trunk of a tree. Bang goes "Old Reliable," and the bird is yours. By looking about carefully you may procure several others of the same cover in like manner. Try to break your young setter or pointer first on these birds, and you will find that as much or more time will be required to prevent his acquiring faults than for the teaching of virtues elsewhere. After he is taught to chase the birds he will learn to find them without flinching, but the bird that is most successful, a slow, pottering gait, with head carried low, hunting for the foot scent. When this is found he will trail the birds until they reach thick underbrush or some favorable cover, and lie to a point. In favorable places they will occasionally lie well to a dog, but almost always will run at the approach of either dog or man.

Any better dog would hardly ever dispute the passage of a pedestrian in the autumn, they will frequently do so in spring and summer, when accompanied by their young broods. I have often come upon them unawares, when trout fishing, in May or June. The hen would dart at me, or place herself with ruffled plumage and drooping wings before me, whichever way I turned. I have often tapped her across the back with my rod, but always failed to make the affectionate mother seek safety by flight. Once she was satisfied that her little ones had escaped, I have found her, but with great diffidence, often where they were a day old. But nowhere in the autumn need any one fear being bitten by these birds.

As a locality where the habits of the ruffed grouse differ from those of the same species whose habitat is such as to render them comparatively unacquainted with man and his cunning devices, I select, for the sake of comparison, the vicinity of my house, Portland, Me., situated in the best woodcock county in the State. Instead of suffering a near approach, and taking to the nearest trees when flushed, they are very wary, and when flushed go straight away as if shot from a cannon, sometimes crossing the open to another coope, and flying a half mile ere alighting. When taking these long flights they usually alight on the ground. They are swift runners, and usually take leg-bail the moment danger is suspected.

Seldom lying well to a dog, they too often take wing out of range. In open hardwood growth I have frequently flushed them so far away as to render a shot useless. Birds that habitually run before the dog cannot be justly said to lie well, and ruffed grouse, whether unusually wary or otherwise, do not lie well, even if they finally lie close enough for a point and shot.

Ruffed grouse abound throughout the Northern and Middle States as well as in the Canadian Dominion, and for many sportsmen they are the most available birds to break dogs on. This is almost their sole recommendation for the purpose.

Considering the subject from a general and not a local standpoint, we must regard the dogs as intended for use on various sorts of game.

Therefore, the more varied a dog's experience the more useful he will become, if the experience be of such nature as to teach only virtues.

In alternately hunting various sorts of game, various qualities are alternately brought into most prominent use, and there will be a proportionate development of such qualities. If a special quality is desired consider how it may be developed without the incidental acquisition of faults or any sacrifice of interest or acquired virtues.

It is easier to teach an old dog new tricks than to break him of a bad one learned. A dog cannot be kept constantly in sight when in covert, nor can a check cord there be used to advantage. More time, patience and perseverance would be required to obtain a well broken dog if ruffed grouse should be selected for the purpose than would be required if some other game should be chosen; and very much more than is usually developed in the more varied work which results even under other and more favorable circumstances.

This will especially apply to sportsmen who break their own dogs from the beginning. Too many of them are unwilling to make a season's shooting secondary to the education of their dogs, and the result is that such sportsmen shoot all through life over dogs but half broken. They seldom arrive at a higher stage than stamp pointing and fair retrieving, caring little whether a dog carries the head and stem high or low, nor for the style of action, so that the game sought is found and not prematurely flushed. And others would quite as soon shoot without a dog if as much game could be bagged, since they go into the field solely for the game or the pleasure of shooting it, having no regard for contributive accessories. These are the ones that care not to pause, even for a moment, to admire the graceful movements of a dog when hunting, or the rigid form, eager eyes and quivering nostrils of the animal when pointing, but hasten on for a shot lest delay should occasion a smaller score to the gun for the day. Such persons, however, measure the pleasure of the day by the "bag," and regard the dog as they do the gun, merely as a useful servant, and not as an agreeable companion whose presence contributes a large share of the pleasure obtained.

Finally, no dog is more fitted for entering the ruffed grouse (a bird that in some localities affords the sport to a good shot) as the worst of our game birds upon which to break setters and pointers, are: 1. Because they are found in coverts, frequently very dense ones. 2. Because they are habitual runners. 3. Because their strong foot scent and habit of running leads the dog to become a trailer. They sometimes resort to the fields, but cannot be approached there except by a stealthy advance, and when once they are in the open, they who have shot in the old country, any one advocating the pheasant as the best bird to break a setter or pointer on; and of American game birds shot over these dogs the one that nearest approaches the pheasant in habits is the ruffed grouse. But after your dogs have been broken on other game and have become steady, then teach them to hunt ruffed grouse. In localities where the birds are scarce, and the game is shot at, if found in hard wood growth most excellent sport can be had, and I think that you will allow that clean killing shots at ruffed grouse give a pleasure to the sportsman that is not derived from a similar number at that game so over-rated for sport, the woodcock. Of all our game birds the woodcock ranks number one when in the bag. But will not many woodcock shooters agree with me that when indulging in

their favorite sport more pleasure is derived from a successful shot at a grouse than at a woodcock? Although no doubt you would rather bring home a dozen woodcock than an equal number of ruffed grouse. Although affording much the same ruffed grouse is not a desirable bird upon which to break young setters and pointers.

ETHELLE SMITH.

FROM MR. DAVIDSON.

MONROE, November 9, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

That some tales are lies from end to end was never more fully demonstrated to me than on reading in the Chicago Field of November 9 an article entitled, "He Who Excuses Himself Accuses Himself." The whole article is one continuous chain of falsehoods, malicious and base, with the slight exception of, in part, what he says of the dog Charm. When Mr. Whitman bought the dog from me, he did so with full understanding that I did not value him as a field dog. What he paid for him, whether fifty or five hundred dollars, is no more Mr. Rowe's business than it is my business that he should now be soliciting orders for pups out of Blanch and Peg Gloucester-Dart's at fifty dollars each. Or his business that I should have sold him for one-half that sum. I take no exception to his combining the business of dog-breeding with that of editing and peddling a newspaper.

That Mr. Whitman has bred a puppy by Charm not only good looking, but good enough to win fairly second place in the nursery stakes at the Minnesota Field Trials, is a thing of the past, notwithstanding Mr. Rowe's futile attempts at showing any fraud, in which he has ingloriously failed. The mere assertions of Mr. Rowe are no proof whatever of anything farther than a malicious action, or a whole motive being "rule or ruin," unless when he is leading to a duce or position—then his dependent, servile nature crops out. When I am shown by some competent authority, not the Chicago Field, that the Minnesota Kennel Club cannot take care of its own affairs, and that the National American Kennel Club is the proper place to bring this matter up, then I come to his aid, and I will bring it to the proper place.

Mr. Rowe has no control over the business of me, and is perfectly independent of him, and can go with whom I please and where I please without asking his consent, and will not allow him to dictate to me in matters which are purely my own; and decline any further controversy with one whose paper is notoriously known for stirring up strife and ungenerous feelings against sportsmen, and I will not be drawn into personalities by him. Knowing his own weakness, I am pleased to learn that he has become possessed of a capricious and unjustly maligned, and toward which his friends ought to have contributed long ago, with the motto of "Concentrated Infamy" inscribed in large letters of brass in the most conspicuous place.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

CONDITIONING OF DOGS.

THE economy of thoroughly conditioning sporting dogs is a topic which comparatively few keepers and kennel men ever consider. How very often do we find in private kennels of pointers, setters and spaniels that keepers and kennel men have not the least system of getting their dogs in trim for their work. Of exercise they get little or nothing, or perhaps are taken out one day and are given a thorough bucketting; they come home footsore, and don't see the outside of the kennel walls for another month. The consequence is that when the shooting season comes round you have the mortification of finding your pointers and setters come to the start of a couple of hours' range, and your spaniels reduced to path-finding in an equally short space of time. It is not always the keeper's fault that the animals have such scanty preparation, as the former's sole attention and labors are often devoted to the all-absorbing endeavors to get up a good head of game, but they might well do a great deal more in this direction than is done by the majority of them. The number of dogs that are actually necessary are often kept merely because of the number, which would otherwise be sufficient, are simply and solely for want of condition unable to do a fair amount of work. Some of our sportsmen whose pointers and setters appear at field trials are just as particular as a M. F. H. in seeing to the conditioning of their dogs, but those gentlemen who are content to go in for field trials and to count on the fingers, and even at field trials have often been counted on the fingers in such a pathetic condition of body as would in a Chinaman or South Sea Islander give rise to thoughts which if they took shape would be likely to materially curtail the career of those dogs. Luckily for such, however, at field trials there is no sport of endurance.

The amount of work a well prepared pointer, setter or spaniel will stand is astonishing, and it is equally surprising how quickly either of them will be knocked out of time if not in trim.

It is a common practice with those who have charge of dogs to give them a lot of physic to reduce them just a week or so previous to the time they know the animals will be required for work. It saves time and they look presentable, so the master is deceived by the fictitious appearance of good condition, and when he finds the dogs being badly handled the day over is satisfied that the number he has is insufficient for the work, or, what is more likely to happen, he becomes disgusted with shooting over dogs and determines never to use them again if it can possibly be avoided. Some of our thorough dog-and-gun sportsmen lay great stress on condition and few of them, principally those of the old school, are men who never mean to have a dozen dogs to do work that they know off to be replaced by still another set of dogs. As a consequence, unless their dogs are in good trim they are obliged to take such a team as would in numbers be a very respectable muster for a M. F. H. That thorough old dog-and-gun sportsman, Mr. John Colquhoun, says that kennel expenses might be greatly reduced if proper attention were given to conditioning dogs for their work. He maintains that with proper treatment a thoroughly conditioned dog will *exterminate paribus*, do more work and do it infinitely better than fifteen prepared and trained in the usual slovenly manner. His plan is to give them little medicine and to harden them by degrees to their work. For six weeks before the shooting season begins, the course he advises is to turn the dogs out at six in the morning before they are likely to foul the kennel much, and give them a six-mile run behind a trot-

ting horse. By the time they return home the kennel should have been cleaned and the beds shaken up, so that they may have a comfortable nap if so disposed. At four o'clock they should again be taken for a walk about the same distance along the hard road, and twice a week, if pointers or setters, have a breather in the open, to give them their wind. Of course, spaniels and covert dogs generally do not require the same amount of galloping as the former, but they nevertheless require their flesh being reduced, and their muscles and feet hardened, and this can only be done by judicious exercise. Care, too, must be taken with their food, which should be well boiled. Mr. Colquhoun recommends as the best food for preparing dogs, oatmeal and potatoes, and all the house scraps that can be obtained. This diet may be improved, he says, with skimmed milk, or the gray wheyings of plates added. General Huchison, too, praises the most experienced of dog-breakers, ancient or modern, attaches great importance to the conditioning of dogs used with the gun. A good deal of ill-temper is evinced and disappointment felt by the master at the beginning, which is generally the best part of the season, and is solely caused by want of condition in the dogs. Your hunter, explains the general, is not content with the big gun, but he wants the thorough course of tolerably severe exercise, and "why expect it of your dog?" Work on the road is particularly recommended by him also, and the hardening of the feet by such exercise may be increased by washing them on the animal's return from exercise, with a strong solution of salt and water.

How many of our kennel-men and keepers observe any of the rules in the management of their charges, or how many masters trouble to give any instructions at all with reference to the conditioning of their dogs? It is as cruel to give a dog a hard day's work fresh from kennel, outside the walls of which he has not been perhaps half-a-dozen times since last season, as it is to take your hunter straight from the field where he has been summering, and give him a "last thing" across country. The still-limbed, fore-footed, and general "screwed-up" appearance after a day's work which the poor dog, whose only preparation has been six months' confinement in kennel, must (as the poor best hobbles from his bench, and expresses by most unmistakable signs his eager desire to again serve his master as well as his crippled powers will admit) surely be felt as a reproach by the latter for neglecting such a common precaution as paying a little attention to the conditioning of his dogs.—*Land and Water.*

SHEEP-DOG TRIALS.—An association has been formed in England, to be known as the Northern Counties Sheep-dog Trial Association, the object being to improve the breeding and encourage the proper training of sheep-dogs. The Earl of Sefton, who will be remembered as a large buyer at short-horn sales in this country, has taken an active part in the movement. It is proposed to hold the "trials" in each autumn at some convenient place. We hope to see the day when sheep-dog trials will be held in this country, and shall be glad to render aid to any such movement as the one mentioned above. As we mentioned in an article week before last, an American bred collie can now be seen caring for sheep in Central Park. There are, doubtless, many such in the country.

ST. LOUIS DOG SHOW.—*St. Louis, Nov. 2.*—The St. Louis Kennel Club intend giving a grand bench show here in Oct. 1879, during "Fair Week" and on the fair grounds. The Fair Association agree to erect a suitable building and fit it up properly, and the club will pay the prize money and all other expenses, and take the entry fees and a small admission to the show. The show will open Monday of "Fair Week" and close Friday night following, and the dogs will be exhibited during daylight only. The judging is to be done on Monday, if possible, not later than Tuesday, and the awards made public at once. Native classes, for field dogs, will probably be left out, and they will compete in the open classes with imported dogs. There will be first, second, third and fourth prizes in such classes. About \$3,000 in cash prizes will be given, and no special donations will be asked of any one. If any are offered they will be received and added to the regular classes. The club is composed of eight members, all rich men, and they don't expect to make money by this venture, but to foster dog breeding. Who will be the judges, of course, is not decided upon, or even thought of yet. I am at liberty to give you the foregoing information about the coming show, for the Fair Association to-day concluded to build the house for the purpose, and notified the club; and one of the members told me that I have told you. I shall notices will be sent out very soon to dog owners—to feel their pulse, as it were; for if the show can't be made a success in the number and quality of the entries it will not be given. The gate-money would, no doubt, be the same whether there were few or many dogs; but gate-money will not be the incentive. J. W. M.

HYDROPHOBIA.—Mr. Stanford, M. P., of England, has offered a prize of £100 for the best essay on hydrophobia. The prize is to be awarded by the Royal College of Physicians of London, and the Marquis of Salisbury has instructed the British Minister at Washington to bring the subject to the attention of the Department of State, that the necessary publicity may be given to the same in the United States. The essay must be delivered to the college on or before Jan. 1, 1880. It may be the joint production of two or more authors. The questions which are thought by the college specially to require investigation are: The origin and history of outbreaks of rabies, particularly in the United Kingdom and its dependencies; the best mode of prevention of rabies; the characteristics of rabies during its early and its late stages; the changes which are associated with the disease in its successive stages, particularly in its commencement; the origin of hydrophobia in man; the chemical and anatomical morbid changes observed in the subjects of the disease, with special reference to those having their seat in the organs of the nervous system and in the salivary glands; the symptoms of the disease, particularly in its early stages, as illustrated in well observed cases; the diagnosis of the disease in doubtful cases from conditions more or less resembling it; the alleged prolonged latency of the malady; the efficacy of the various remedies and modes of preventing the disease which have been proposed, and what plan of treatment, whether prophylactic or curative, it would be most desirable to recommend for future trial.

SALE OF BERKLEY.—Mr. John Potler, Jr., of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, has purchased from the St. Louis Kennel Club their fine red Irish setter dog Berkley, by Elcho out of Loo II. Berkley is now a little over two years old, and probably has as grand a record as any dog ever bred in this country. His prize winnings embrace the following events: At Field Trials, Hampton, Iowa, 1877, second prize, puppy stakes; at St. Louis Bench Show, 1878, first in open class; kennel prize with his dam, Loo II.; best brace with the same; special for best setter, any age or breed bred in America; best pair with his dam, Loo II.; best setter bred in the United States; at Boston Bench Show, 1878, champion prize and two specials; at New York Bench Show, 1878, champion prize; at St. Paul Bench Show, 1878, champion prize.

BREEDING FOR SEX.—A correspondent writing from Richmond, Va., gives the following as his experience:

Per contra about sexes. The last bitch bred by me at the very beginning of the heat took the male once, and was at once secluded. Result—eight whelps; seven dogs one bitch. The last cow I had to castrate (a short-horn) took the male at the last part of the heat. Result—a female calf. Individual cases prove nothing. Physiologists know nothing of the laws governing sex production. M. G. E.

DROWNED.—Mr. J. Hopkins Smith has had the misfortune to lose his fine setter dog, Jet, purchased at the Minnesota Field Trials, after winning second prize. Jet unfortunately fell into an old well, and was not found until life was extinct.

—Mr. Jonathan Thorne, Jr., has presented to Mr. Wm. M. Tiltson his brace of fine Clumber spaniels, Trimbrush and Fairy. Trimbrush was imported by Mr. Thorne in 1870, and was purchased by him from Mr. Brinsford, the Duke of Westminster's head keeper, who regarded him as one of the best Clumbers in England. Fairy was bred by Mr. Thorne, and is by Duke out of Floe, both bought by Mr. Thorne from Llewellyn F. Heaton, Esq., and imported to this country.

—Mr. C. E. Lewis' setter bitch has been bred to Rob Roy. Mr. Arnold Burges' newly imported setter bitch Nilsson whelped on the 27th instant six bitches and two dogs, by Mr. Llewellyn's Lofly. On the 6th instant Queen Mab whelped four dogs and two bitches to Druid.

—Mr. Luther Adams' English setter bitch Countess Ada whelped, on Oct. 11th, eight puppies, five dogs and three bitches, to Dash III.

NAMES CLAIMED.—Mr. G. A. Barber, of Packersville, Conn., claims the name Bennie for his black, white and tan setter puppy.

Mr. Henry A. Wilson, of Silver Lake, Kansas, claims the name of Grouse for his black, white and tan dog pup, whelped June 10, 1878, out of H. T. Irwin's trial bitch, France I, by C. N. Whitman's Pedigree, now dead. Also the name of Lady I, for his red setter bitch pup, whelped July 4, 1878, out of H. T. Irwin's Carrie I, by St. Louis Kennel Club champion Berkley.

Mr. T. H. Wyman, of Sebec, Me., claims the name of Dash for his liver and white cocker spaniel, whelped March 18, 1878, bred by Mr. McKoon, of Franklin, N. Y., out of Bess by Captain.

Mr. H. W. Huntington, of Brooklyn, claims the name of Duke for a black and tan dog puppy, whelped Sept. 7, out of Mr. Tiltson's Lou by Mr. Jerome Marble's Grouse.

Packaging and Boating.

HIGH WATER FOR THE WEEK.

Date.	Docton.	New York.	Charleston.
Nov. 15.....	H. 2 33 M. 10 33	H. 2 33 M. 10 33	H. 2 33 M. 10 33
Nov. 16.....	3 24 4 15	3 24 4 15	3 24 4 15
Nov. 17.....	4 15 5 6	4 15 5 6	4 15 5 6
Nov. 18.....	5 6 6 11	5 6 6 11	5 6 6 11
Nov. 19.....	6 11 7 12	6 11 7 12	6 11 7 12
Nov. 20.....	7 12 8 03	7 12 8 03	7 12 8 03
Nov. 21.....	8 03 8 54	8 03 8 54	8 03 8 54

THE TREASURY REGULATIONS.

AWAY back in 1793 and 1849 our representatives in Congress assembled, in their wisdom passed "an act" for licensing of American yachts at that time entitled to be enrolled as American vessels. The act was designed to facilitate the ownership of yachts, thereby encouraging their construction and aiding in educating a large portion of the community to a seafaring life, who otherwise might never have been attracted to the deep. The intentions of our forefathers were alike praiseworthy and to the point, and in accord with the spirit then animating them the well known subjoined act, Chap. 141, sections 1, 2 and 8 of the laws of the United States, was unanimously passed:

An Act to authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to license yachts, and for other purposes—Chap. 141.

Sec. 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled,* That the Secretary of the Treasury be and he is hereby authorized to cause yachts used and employed exclusively as pleasure vessels, and designed as models of naval architecture, and now entitled to be enrolled as American vessels, to be licensed on terms which will authorize them to proceed from port to port of the U. S. without entering or clearing at the Custom House. Such license shall be in such form as the Secretary of the Treasury may prescribe. *Provided,* such vessels so enrolled and licensed shall not be allowed to transport merchandise, or carry passengers for pay. *And provided,* Further, That the owner of any such vessel, before taking out such license, shall give bond in such a form and for such amount as the Secretary of the Treasury shall prescribe, conditional that the said vessel shall not engage in any unlicensed trade, nor in any way violate the revenue laws of the United States, and shall comply with the laws in all other respects.

Sec. 2. *And be it further enacted,* That all such vessels shall, in all respects, except as above, be subject to the laws of the United States and shall be liable to seizure and forfeiture for any violation of the provisions of this Act.

Sec. 3. *And be it further enacted,* That all such licensed yachts shall use a signal of the form, size and colors prescribed by the Secretary of the Navy, and the owners thereof shall at all times permit the naval architects in the employ of the United States to examine and copy the models of said yachts.

Approved Aug. 7, 1878.

This act was in 1870 amended in Chap. 170, sec. 1, to the effect that under the license granted in accord with the above a yacht could sail by sea to a foreign port or ports, and in sec. 2 that yachts belonging to foreign nations extending like privilege of entering or leaving any port of the United States without entering or clearing at the Custom House thereof, and without paying tonnage tax. In sec. 3 it was provided that for the proper identification of yachts the Secretary of the Treasury shall issue a commission, and that the latter shall be a "token of credit" to any United States official and to the authorities of any foreign power for privileges enjoyed under it. In sec. 4, however, it is provided that any yacht upon returning from abroad to a port of the United States shall make due entry at the Custom House of the port at which she arrives. This act was approved June 29, 1870.

In complying with the above act the Secretary of the Treasury issued in his regulations of 1874 a number of articles bearing upon the documents which yachts are obliged to carry by law. In Art. 68 he states that, pursuant to an act of Congress Feb. 18, 1793, ss. 1 and 2, no license can be granted to a yacht of less than 20 tons burden, and that before granting a license the yacht must have been duly enrolled under existing laws governing the enrollment of vessels in general. Art. 50 requires the owner to execute a bond with one or more sureties to the satisfaction of the collector, or proper officer of customs in a penalty in each case in proportion to the tonnage of the yacht, as set forth in article 35 of the Treasury Regulations of 1874. In it the owner, with the master and one or more sureties to the satisfaction of the collector of the district making such enrollment, are required to become bond to the United States; if the yacht shall be of burden not exceeding 50 tons, in the sum of four hundred dollars; if of burden above 50 tons and under 100 tons, in the sum of eight hundred dollars; and if above 100 tons in the sum of twelve hundred dollars. The Secretary in Form No. 10 has issued the legal shape into which the bond must be entered, and in Form No. 17 the regular license papers to be granted the owner after having had the bond made out and the other provisions mentioned above properly complied with. In article 61 of the same regulations the yacht ensign is described as: The American ensign substituting in the field a white fou anchor surrounded by thirteen white stars in a circle, in lieu of a star for each State. In article 63 the officers of the customs are reminded that each yacht must have her name and the port to which she belongs painted on her as required by existing laws.

These laws call for letters on the stern not less than three inches in length; penalty for non-compliance, \$20. Originally the law of 1793 read, white letters upon black ground, but in the Act of June 23, 1874, the rule has been so modified that colors are optional with the owner. This same article distinctly states that, while amenable to the laws of the United States in all general respects, the custom officers will not require duty or clearance at the Custom House of yachts proceeding from port to port within the United States (yachts of 20 tons and over, presumably, as none of the above special regulations can apply to smaller yachts, in consequence of the limits set by the original Act of Feb. 18, 1793, still being in force, except wherein subsequent legislation contradicts it). It is further expressly stipulated that yachts must be provided with certificates of their enrollment and with their license, and such papers must be exhibited upon demand of any collector, surveyor, or inspector of customs, and examination of the yachts by these officers submitted to for the due protection of the public revenues. Yachts are not liable to tonnage tax, Act July 14, 1870, sec. 25. Article 64 of these regulations limits the period of duration of a license to one year, and at the expiration of that period it must be renewed. Upon enrollment an official number is awarded to the vessel, and together with the tonnage must be carved on the main beam, or the vessel will not be recognized as belonging to the United States.

Such are the various acts of Congress and the corresponding regulations and interpretations of the Secretary of the Treasury governing the ownership of yachts. It will be seen that they are not only pretty thoroughly antiquated and difficult to unravel, but that instead of fostering the interests for the benefit of which they were originally framed they absolutely hamper yacht owners and masters with a mass of more or less intricate and inapplicable verbosity and red tape, the natural result of patching and tinkering a law devised a century ago and which has so long become obsolete that a new one should long ago have displaced it. Add to this the various regulations of the Supervising Inspector of steamboats and boilers, and no one can wonder that the average citizen has honored the laws regulating his pleasure more in the breach than in the observance.

We reserve for subsequent consideration a review of the laws in their present state, what should take their place and how the change can be brought about.

THE FOSTER YACHT MODEL.—We are in receipt of a number of letters calling into question the speed made by the new yacht *Undine*, of East Gloucester, Mass., as stated in these columns. To all of them we answer that a number of gentlemen, disinterested witnesses on the occasion of her trial, are

prepared to substantiate our statement. The speed logged was 10½ knots, on a bowline, fresh breeze and rough sea. FOREST AND STREAM is not in the habit of going off half-cocked. If any of our readers happen in the neighborhood of the yacht's hailing port, Mr. Foster is prepared to give them the privilege of seeing her do the same thing again. The speed which long, narrow and deep vessels are capable of at sea, seems little understood on this side of the Atlantic.

YACHTING NEWS.

NEVERA YACHT CLUB.—This new organization held its first regatta on Tuesday, November 5. The course was from Captain Decker's boat-house at 151st street to Tenth street buoy, East River, and return. *Queen Mab*, a staunch little buoy, catboat, with a large displacement and some 800 pounds of iron under the flooring, won the race handsomely in 1h. 43m. 50s., beating *Rebecca*, of the flat-and-wide model, 8m. 20s. *Alice*, a little sharpie, came in third and *Annie* last. The club is officered as follows: Commodore, Chas. Coughtry; Secretary, Thomas I. Miller; Treasurer, Lewis M. Moler.

OAR AND PADDLE.

HARVARD-OXFORD.

WE are pleased to see the liberal and fair-minded spirit in which Harvard is pursuing the project to send a crew to England to pull the winner of the next University race on the Thames. Though there can be no question as to the perfect right of our University to go abroad upon its own account, the gentlemen of Harvard are willing enough to try their hand with all-comers in America before shipping their shells for Europe, and a number of interesting events between the best eights in the country are therefore in prospect. The challenge of Cornell has been accepted, upon condition of pulling at New London on the Thames. Yale will be disposed of as customary, and any advances that Columbia chooses to make will meet with favorable response. It is to be hoped that no trifling crochets or petty pique will crop up and interfere with the definite arrangement of the races in question at an early date. If Harvard prefers the course at New London, claimants to the championship will do well to avoid postponement and possible disappointment by accepting without hesitation a course which has proven more acceptable to the public in general and better adapted to shell-boat racing than almost any other water in the country. When the home races have been disposed of to the satisfaction of all concerned, as we believe they readily can be, then will the most important and the most difficult question come to the front, and that is how to arrange a suitable date with the English crew, in the event of a challenge to it being entertained on the other side of the water. But until Oxford is heard from, and their views obtained in a preliminary discussion of the proposed race, nothing can be done by Harvard of a definite character beyond settling upon the men who will compose the crew, get them to work and raise the necessary funds. It is pleasant to note that an offer of assistance has been made from Yale, and there is little doubt but that the wherewithal will be forthcoming upon short notice as soon as it is evident that the efforts of Harvard to bring about a race with Oxford will be crowned with success.

ATALANTA VS. NAUTILUS PAIR.—What will probably prove the last race of the season on metropolitan waters was rowed on the Harlem, Saturday, Nov. 9. The race took the form of a somewhat intense rivalry which has been in existence for a long time past between the Nautilus pair, Messrs. Walsh and Levein, and all other similar crews in the neighborhood. It will be remembered that they were disqualified by the N. A. of A. O., and recently re-instated. Since then Mr. Walsh has withdrawn from the pair, his place being filled by Mr. Wm. Childs, a change which did not affect the reputation of the pair as unquestionably strong. The defeat of the Nautilus pair in the recent Harlem regatta was a matter of surprise to many, and it was hardly expected that the Atalantas could so readily repeat their performance on that day. The water was rough and the day cold. Odds were against Childs and Levein among the betting fraternity, and by the time the start was effected had actually reached the figures 4 to 1 in favor of the Atalantas pair. The Nautilus men the choice of position and went over to the Westchester bank. They caught the water first and obtained the lead, but in three strokes Rustis and Downs were up to them, and with a long effective swing began to walk away from their opponents in steady style, pulling 32 against the 43 of the Nautilus men. At the quarter mile there was a length of clear water between the two, and it soon became evident that the Atalantas were more than a match with their powerful stroke for the ancient "dip and a jerk" of Messrs. Childs and Levein. By the time Alacomb's Dam Bridge was reached the leaders had gained something like a dozen lengths, which they spun out to almost fifty when they crossed the line, winning in 14m. 10s., Nautilus 15m. 30s. Distance two miles, from High Bridge down to the Columbia College boat house, with the last of the ebb in their favor. Mr. Jasper Goodwin, of the Columbia crew, acted as referee.

HARVARD FALL RACES.—The fall scratch races of the Harvard Boat Club took place at Cambridge, on the Charles River, Nov. 9. First race for Freshmen sixes, entries: No. 1—Torrey, bow; Kiser, Hoar, Kane, Chaffin; Harlow, stroke and captain; No. 2—Perkins, bow; Denn, Guitierrez, Baldwin, Lawrence, Babcock, stroke and captain; No. 3—Warner, bow; Dickson, Eldridge, Townsend, Bowen, Hoyt, stroke and captain. Bartlett's crew took the water first and maintained the lead, making the best turn and finishing first in 7m. 12s.; Hoyt's crew a good second, and Babcock's a good third. Second race for University sixes, entries: Peabody, L. S., captain and stroke; Bancroft, L. S.; Freeland, '81; Hammond, '81; Watson, '79; Thomas, '79; bow; Brown, '81, coxswain. Jacobs, '79, captain and stroke; Smith, '79; D. Trimble, '80; W. Trimble, '79; Brandegee, '81; Atkinson, '81, bow; Agassiz, coxswain. Peabody's crew went head, but dropped even at the boat house with the other crew. They lost by a bad turn, and Jacobs' boat lost got

home first with a good lead, time 6m. 40s. In the single sculls, Goddard, of '79, had a walk-over. Time 6m. 46s., with the water very rough. He will row no more this season, but keep in training for his race with Livingston, of Yale, next spring. Last race for scratch University fours, entries: No. 1—Atkinson, '81, bow; Brandegee, '81; Trimble, '80; Jacobs, '79, stroke and captain; No. 2—Hammond, '81, bow; Goddard, '79; Peabody, L. S.; Bancroft, L. S., stroke and captain. This was the best contested race of the day. Bancroft's crew gained a length by spurring to the front at the start, and increased it to the stake, but the tide and wind having driven the outside stake down the river, Jacobs' crew turned first and were off for home with a lead of three lengths. Bancroft's crew spurred magnificently and reduced the gap, but so that when the line was crossed they were but one length behind. Jacobs' crew won in 7m. 30s. Had not the stake drifted out of place the prize would have gone to Bancroft and his men. As there can be no trouble in securely anchoring a stake, it would seem that those in charge have shown neglect in placing them, and it is a question whether the race should have been given to Jacobs, instead of its being pulled over again.

PROBIA BOAT CLUB.—The following officers have been elected for the ensuing year: President, Thomas Cratty; Vice-President, Charles S. Cockle; Secretary, M. E. Bergen; Treasurer, R. House; Coxswain, W. R. Cockle; Vice-Coxswain, W. R. Townsend; Captain, Herbert Walker.

PAIR-OARED MATCH AT ORILLA.—At Orilla, Can., Nov. 8, a match was rowed between the Gander brothers of that town and Elliott and McKen, of Toronto. The race was for \$200 a side, two miles straightway, in lapstreak skiffs. The day was cold and the water rough. The Orilla pair took the lead at a stroke of 35 and maintained it throughout, their boat being apparently the better of the two. The Toronto pair were well used up at the finish. The winners came in six lengths ahead. This result was not expected, and the Ganders have risen in the public's estimation as a formidable pair.

ROWING RIFLES.

The boats used by Wallace Ropes, of St. Johns, N. B., were sold off at the rate of \$30 and \$15 apiece. Pretty cheap..... Three six-oared gigs of the N. Y. Rowing Club pulled a private match, Nov. 3, one mile. Won by Cornell's crew..... Mr. Close, of England, advises "caution" in any letter Harvard may send to an English crew, whatever that may mean..... A second eight will probably be formed at Harvard should the University crew be sent abroad..... For the championship of Prescott, Can., Hubbard came in first, McKillen second and Dalvin third..... Mr. Goddard, '79, is coaching the Harvard freshmen..... It is proposed to form a regatta association at Lake George and give public races next year..... In a double-scutt race at Orilla, Can., the Gander brothers, of Atherly, beat John Adair and John Haalan, of Toronto, in a two-mile race for \$400..... Trickett's time is being calculated round the world. The "times" in question are probably the result of some imaginative brain.

A NEW SYSTEM OF TIME ALLOWANCE.

WE all know of the many attempts that have been made to obtain some better basis for time allowance between yachts than length alone, and we also know that they for the most part are inferior to length as a criterion of speed. But although the merest tyro can at once perceive the importance of length as an element of speed, the benefits of a time allowance based upon this single quality are not so certain. Take, for example, two yachts whose speed is as nearly as possible the same; we will suppose also that on length measurement there is no time allowed between them. Now let the sides of one of them be raised a foot or so, and she will at once develop in stiff breezes a greater speed than before, because her greater freeboard keeps her decks clear, and gives her a smooth side to sail on at an angle of keel at which the other boat is dragging along with her chain-plates and rail under water. And yet length measurement takes no account of this change—the yachts sail together on even terms as before. The result is the same if either should be widened or deepened; it might be an improvement, and it might not—depending a great deal on the previous model of the boat—int whether she is improved or injured by the change, the regatta committee takes no account of it—she sails as before on length alone.

A measurement based on length alone must be set aside as inadequate to place upon an equality yachts differing in size. But although this system of allowance is set aside, length, as an element of allowance, cannot be overlooked, as it is a most important factor of speed, and must be taxed accordingly.

The principal objection—and to my mind a vital one—to any system of allowance based on cubical contents, is that it taxes the model too much, making the high-sided and heavy-bilged boat pay too dear for her seaworthiness, and letting lean bows, hollow floors and low sides pass by without paying proper toll; thus placing an over widening gap between cruisers and racers, and giving premiums in the shape of silver cups to bathing machines and boats of the skim-dish pattern. A measurement based on area has also its objections; for in taking length and beam as factors to produce area, a foot of beam is placed on an equality with a foot of length—an equality which certainly does not exist—thus placing an unfair premium on the latter dimension.

If a yachtman wants to build a boat, he ought not to be confined to any particular style of model; and yet, by the rules of most of our clubs, although the yacht might be extended to infinity in a lateral or vertical direction without any notice being taken of it, the moment he adds one foot longitudinally the regatta committee pounce on him with their tables of allowances. Now, as no two yachtmen are of the same mind in regard to the proportional dimensions of a yacht, such partiality is neither fair nor right. Beam is worth something as well as length—not so much, it is true, but still something. Depth, too, should not be allowed to go scotfree, for it is valuable also. Hence, to sum up, the system of allowance is roughly as follows:

1. That the time allowance of any yacht be obtained by summing up the time allowances from each separate dimension.
 2. That the allowance of each dimension be determined from a separate scale or table, based on the relative value of that dimension.
- For example, assume the following ratios: Length divided by depth equals 3, and beam divided by depth equals 2; therefore, length : beam :: 3 : 2. That is, if three minutes were allowed per

foot of length on a given course, two would be allowed for each foot of beam, and one for each foot of depth. Thus, if two yachts, A and B, were to sail over the above course, A being one foot shorter, one foot wider and one foot deeper than B, by this system of allowances there would be no time between them; that is to say, they would sail on even terms. For, supposing their dimensions to be—

	Length.	Beam.	Depth.
A.....	59ft.	31ft.	10ft.
B.....	60	30	9

A allows 23 (60-38) 3-m.; B allows A 2 (31-30) 3-m. (10-9) 3-m.; 2-3=0

Hence it will be seen that by this system yachts of all models may be raced together without undue partiality to any type in particular, and with a fair tax on the merits of each.

If we desired ultimately to dispose of our yachts as brick lighters, there might be some excuse for taxing length alone, and thus encourage beam, and with it, deck room; but it is hardly supposable that such an idea ever enters into the heads of our yachtmen. Nevertheless, the yacht of the period continues as buoyant as ever; it is true so is not very beautiful, but then she wins lots of mugs by sailing entirely on her poor, ill-used, stunted length.

What must have been the feelings of that much-abused dimension during all the years in which it has been taxed and discounted in every possible way, while beam has been patted on the back and encouraged! Oh, patient and long-suffering function of a truth, if it had not been that imperative geometrical duty compelled you to remain, you might doubtless have disappeared long ago out of sheer disgust.

MARTIN GALE.

NO DEEP KEELS WANTED.

ROSLYN, L. I., Nov. 3, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

If an English smackman, accusing a New Haven oysterman, should attempt to prove by talking that the Fairhaven sharpie is unsuited to the catching of oysters on New Haven date, and that a Scarborough fishing-smack would be preferable for that purpose, the oysterman, if he thought it worth the while to reply at all, might with reason remark, "My friend, the waters in which we rake are at times but three feet in depth, and yet—are deeper than thy loig."

In like manner we American yachtmen, who, after sailing our own craft for years, experimenting on models, sails and rig; beating our good cousin, J. B., every time he has had the pluck to try conclusions with us, even successfully bearding the sea lion in his den, have come to the opinion that the sloop is just what we want for ordinary cruising. We, I say, are constrained to tell our English friend that though his cutter be deep, his argument is shallow. We use our yachts for other and, I must assert, pleasanter purposes than eternally bucking at that hackneyed "head sea, twenty miles from the nearest land," although even there the sloop is, as can be theoretically and practically proved, a better boat than the cutter.

What is the cutter? Simply the English fishing-smack decked over, and whittled down to a fine point. And in truth they have whittled away most of the smack's really good qualities, gaining nothing by the process but speed, and not too much of that very desirable article.

That the cutter does dive like a loon I know, for I've seen her do it; and that more depth and weight are not essentials in the making of a sea boat, all who can read and reason must be capable of understanding, for one of our lightest and shoalest of working craft—the common whaleboat—ranks among the best and driest of sea boats, either under sail or propelled by muscle.

The cutter's great fault is that in order to offset her unscientific lack of self-poise, her ballast must be stowed too low down, and consequently, when she is in motion her centre of gravity is in the wrong place, either for speed or buoyancy. Any old coasting skipper will tell us that if he wants his schooner to make good time in head weather, the heaviest part of his cargo must not be stowed at the bottom of the hold.

There is—or should be—reason in all things. It is not reasonable to build a topheavy concern, set a stick in the middle of her, poke another awkward pole in one end; then, to prevent her obeying nature's law by tumbling over, spike lead on her keel, as the schoology does with his toy schooner. But, setting these manifest absurdities aside, the cutter, with her great depth, can never be a useful and pleasant boat to cruise in on our coast.

I am tolerably well acquainted with all the harbors, big and little, between New York and Nahant, and by reputation with the rest from Maine to Florida; and will assert that not one-third of them can be safely entered by a boat drawing over five feet of water without the aid of an experienced local pilot. I make this statement advisedly, and the disgusted owners of several keel boats that we have occasionally left ingloriously sticking in the mud, or sawing a rock, could bear me out in the assertion. So I say to intending yacht owners: Rig your boat as pleases you, for the rig you can change; but do not be beguiled into building an extremely sharp and deep craft with a keel, or she will be for sale shortly after her trial trip, like that wonderful Gloucester jack-knife which "made ten and three-quarter knots, close hauled, in a heavy sea." Did she?

T. C.

Rather a doubtful view our correspondent takes of the cutter. Certainly not one in accord with the unprejudiced testimony we are in possession of from gentlemen who have tried the cutter in our own waters and who exhibit not the slightest inclination to part with their keel cutter, but on the contrary could not be cajoled back into the unseaworthy sloop on any account. It must be borne in mind that the FOREST AND STREAM has always and will always maintain the patent superiority of the sloop for smooth water sailing and that our efforts to aid in the introduction of the cutter are directed in the interests of that class of yachtmen who either have not the means, or do not choose to sink a large sum in a costly craft of heavy tonnage, but are content, or even prefer, to do their sailing in small boats of the Corinthian order without, however, in the least circumscribing the sphere of their cruising ground. A twenty-ton cutter is fit to cruise from one end of the year to the other, up and down the coast, among the West Indies

and off Labrador. The person who goes to sea in a shallow sloop should forfeit his insurance policy. To say that we use our yachts for other purposes than Englishmen is unfortunately too true, but we trust the time is not far distant when the same laudable spirit of adventure and love for manly sport which carries Englishmen to sea by the thousand will animate amateurs along our coast as well, and we feel confident that sea-cruising will eventually become not, as now, the exception, but the rule. Every year adds many to the lists of gentlemen who have learned of seamanship and navigation something more than merely trimming a sheet and running for the nearest port. They need a different vessel from the sloop, and they begin to know it.

"T. C." and others seem to overlook the fact that we do not countenance the substitution of the cutter for the sloop, but rather the addition of the cutter as better adapted to a new phase of the sport hitherto scarcely indulged in on this side of the Atlantic, cruising at sea in yachts of moderate tonnage within the reach of the many.

CORINTHIAN CRUISERS.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Nov. 5, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

In relation to small yachts I am induced to give you my experiences as follows: I began with an oak yacht 25 ft. over all, 6 ft. beam and 5 ft. deep; drawing 18 in. light and 2 ft. ballasted, after more vertical keel had been bolted on, which was done to prevent drifting, as her bottom was almost flat. She was as slow as a brick loop, for there was timber enough in her to construct a first-class sloop-of-war. It was impossible to get any speed out of her when hauled on the wind unless she careened to her beam ends. If we cracked on before the wind she would go very well, but for all that, owing to her builder's well-known vagaries, who made as many mistakes in construction as I had perpetrated in designing, she was about as slow and unsatisfactory as your correspondent's sloop will be.

My next attempt was an improvement. It was a 23 ft. boat, 5 1/2 ft. beam, 3 1/2 ft. deep inside, and drawing about 3 ft. of water when ballasted. We had eight 20 lbs. blocks of iron dovetailed into her keel, and an iron shoe weighing 70 lbs. under all. Even then she was so crank that her 13 in. of freeboard would not keep the water out in fine weather unless the crew were up to windward. But she would sail! There was considerable concavity in the latter yacht, and when we changed her to a schooner—she was at first a cutter—we found we had reduced the angle of sailing, although we possessed more canvas. Of course, the philosophy of it was that the hump of the sail came nearer the deck. But she was always uneasy, because her ballast was stowed too low and her keel too thick—2 in.—1 in. would have answered just as well. While I was yachting off New York, her builder changed her rig again to that of a cutter, and one day, during a heavy squall, she capsized and drowned his father.

I agree with you that the cutter rig is far better than that of the sloop; but I go farther, and advocate the schooner rig for all yachts of 30 ft. and over unless they are as wide as a saucer. The Boston yachts are nicely canvassed, and when they have been lengthened without any increase of beam they never, so far as I know, fail to develop speed and weatherly qualities. The utmost limit for a ship is 26 sq. ft. of plain sail for every square foot of immersed midship section. But yachts often carry 100 to 1, and for cruising yachts 75 to 1 is considered very moderate. The reason is at once apparent, and lies in the concavity of yachts and the absence of it in ships. The latter often drift to leeward, while the former do not. Especially is this true of keel vessels.

During the prevalence of light air, when club-topails, balloon-jibs, jib-topails and square-headed mainmast-stayails are set, the proportion as per rule is doubled; and yet yachts of moderate capacity and proper model, like the *Dawnless* and *Wanderer*, are seldom injured at sea to any great extent, or capsized in port unless by ignorant or reckless handling. It was, unquestionably, all of these faults combined which enabled the *Mohawk* to turn turtle as she did, and since that disaster I am glad to see that centreboards have been falling into disfavor, so that the newest and finest yachts are keel vessels of sharp lines, possessing considerable deadrise and increased draught of water, which last does not, to a very great extent, affect unfavorably the important, if not indispensable, item of speed.

My observation and experience have taught me a great deal, and on the strength thereof I have ventured to draught a 30 ft. yacht, which Mr. A. Cary Smith has approved. He saw it last summer, and his worst criticism was that it would be likely to draw more water than I have indicated. For yachts of 30 ft. and less there is, in my humble opinion, nothing so well adapted as white cedar, with light iron bracing and copper fastenings, for the simple reason that minimum weight is indispensable to maximum speed. DEJA DUGO.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON FOR NOVEMBER.

FRESH WATER.
Black Bass, *Micropterus salmoides*; Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius*.
M. gulosus. Yellow Perch, *Perca flavescens*.
Muskalonge, *Esox nobilior*.
SALT WATER.
Sea Bass, *Scombera ocellatus*.
Striped Bass, *Morone saxatilis*.
Weakfish, *Cynoscion regalis*.
Bluefish, *Pomatomus saltatrix*.
Cero, *Cybinus regalis*.
Bonito, *Caranx pelagius*.
Kingfish, *Menticirrhus nebulosus*.

FISH IN MARKET.—Bass, 13; smelts, 25; bluefish, 12; salmon, 20; mackerel, 18; weakfish, 15; white perch, 15; green trout, 20; tarragon, per doz., \$12 to \$30; round fish, 8; halibut, 20; haddock, 6; codfish, 6; blackfish, 12; flounders, 8; sea bass, 20; eels, 10; lobsters, 10; sheephead, 20; frogs, 40; scallops, 61 per gallon; oyster clams, 90 to 75 cents per 100; white-belly, 12 1/2; pickarel, 12 1/2; salmon trout, 12 1/2; red snapper, salt water, 15; hard crabs, \$2.50 per 100.

The first arrival of red snappers, *Lutjanus Blackfordii*, came in on Monday from Savannah. The average weight was

from ten to eighteen pounds. Squid are in active demand for food, at 75 cents per dozen. They are of an India rubber consistency, and have a peculiar flavor disagreeable to most people. The taste for them is an acquired one. We noticed on the slabs seven fresh caught salmon from Halifax, N. S. They are the stragglers which always come in out of season and find a ready sale. Smelts very scarce. Cod have made their appearance in large schools off Long Island shore. Two very fine specimens of bluefish weighing 15 pounds each were brought from Martha's Vineyard Sound.

MOVEMENTS OF THE FISHING FLEET.—The weather has continued unfavorable for fishing operations much of the time the past week, and the Shore fishermen have averaged good prices for the small amount taken. The winter school of codfish are said to have struck in on the Cape Cod shore, and good fishing may be expected soon. The Shore master-elm have done little the past week, and will soon tack out the stock on board and haul up for the season. The Bay fleet are arriving slowly, but the season will soon close. The number of fishing arrivals reported at this port the past week has been 27, as follows: 7 from the banks, 1 bringing 40,000 lbs. codfish and 6 bringing 84,000 lbs. halibut; 15 from Georges with 250,000 lbs. codfish; and 5 from the Bay St. Lawrence, with 1,500 lbs. mackerel. Receipts of Shore mackerel, about 2,500 lbs.—*Cape Ann Advertiser*, Nov. 8.

WANTED.—An order for a 10 lb. striped bass with six fathom line attached. The life-saving station crew at Barnegat Inlet have been very successful with the striped bass, catching from 200 to 600 lbs. per day. In their haul this morning, Nov. 8, with the rest of the fish taken, was one bass weighing 10 lbs. with a cuttyhunk hook in his mouth with six fathom of blue braded line attached. Should this meet the owner of said line, hook and fish, he is respectfully asked to prove property, pay expenses, etc. For further information inquire of G. W. Kinsey, Ashley House, Barnegat Inlet, N. J.

MARYLAND.—*Baltimore*, Nov. 9.—We are having a very exciting time over the taking of rockfish on the long bridge at Ferry Bar. They have been taken from ten to eighteen inches in length for the past three or four weeks by our amateur fishermen. This is something very unusual for these fishing grounds, and affords rare sport for the disciples of old Isaac. The quarry with all is where they came from, as they have been a rare fish in our waters for years past. Mr. A. J. Miller and myself took thirteen on the 6th inst. from ten to seventeen inches. *GREASER*.

WEST VIRGINIA.—*Ronceverte*, Nov. 8.—Mr. Graham, who has charge of the W. Va. State Hatching Establishment, came here on Tuesday last and placed in the Greenbrier 70,000 California Salmon. He had just put in 90,000 at Howard's Creek, five miles above, and sent from here 60,000 to be put in the Elk River at Charleston. These were a part of the 600,000 obtained from the Government establishment and hatched out at the State concern at Romney.

KENTUCKY.—*Stanford*, Nov. 5.—Major Duncan and I spent the last week of October on the Cumberland River, and my section boat and equipment for camping, but lodged with our oarsman, and didn't take tent from depot. Had a large lot of excellent minnows, but the bass and salmon took a spoon so greedily that we used scarcely a fifth of our supply. Many large bass and three salmon, weighing 7 to 7 1/2 pounds, were taken. Small fry by scores. Water low, but clear and pure; and the success of our first fall trip determined us, *Dawnless*, to make an annual excursion there or elsewhere till 1879, when we shall probably waive the fun for a visit to the "Centennial display," wherever that may be. *KENTUCKIAN*.

TENNESSEE.—*Nashville*, Nov. 7.—Our market is overtaken with fish, mostly from the Gulf of Mexico, are getting some rare northern fish as well. At Hemphill's I saw to-day a lake salmon of about ten pounds weight. Sheephead and red snappers from Pensacola are beginning to come in also. Bass and jack are being taken every day in the Cumberland. The river has been rising slowly for a few days, which has put the water in fine condition. Major Burr, a great sportsman of this place, is fond of large game, and is trying hard for a big jack, but he thinks is loitering about the head of the island, but he has not hooked him yet. *J. D. H.*

MISSOURI.—*St. Louis*, Nov. 2.—Fishing is fine. A party went up the Illinois River last week and brought home their catch, amounting to about 700 pounds of bass and croppie. Several bass weighed from five to seven pounds each. *J. W. M.*

MICHIGAN.—*Detroit*, Nov. 9.—Whitefish business poor this year and not profitable.

CALIFORNIA.—*Los Angeles*, Nov. 2.—Frank Crittenden caught, at the South Monica Wharf last week, a Jewish weighing 320 pounds. Sea trout, bonito, mackerel and halibut are abundant.

FISH DYING OF COLD.—We were much struck on the occasion of a visit to Shinnecock Bay a few days since with the fact that the migratory fish, such as the bluefish, which had come into the Bay at the time when the Inlet was open, were all dying. The Inlet having closed, the fish were unable to find their way to the sea, and the water becoming rapidly fresh from evaporation and the supply from the streams, they became so benumbed with the cold as to be perfectly helpless. The natives were taking large fish, weighing six or seven pounds, from the shallow water with their hands and with pitchforks, and of the smaller fish, or "snappers," there were immense quantities. The fish were very fat and in excellent condition for the table.

We may add that very large bluefish, 18 pounds or so, have been taken off Nantucket within a week. Usually bluefish go South with the first frost.

BARBLES HOOKS.—*Chicago*, Nov. 2.—*Mr. Editor*: I noticed in the *FOREST AND STREAM* some comments on the Edgar barbless hooks. While fishing this season up north with Mr. Holabird, I used them for trout and bass. I prefer them in the brushy streams of Northern Michigan, where one must be quick as a flash to pull out my fish. I sent one of them sealed to Mr. Orvis, asking him if it was possible to tie them to make good flies. He sent me four handsome flies which I think would deceive even the

very elect of the salmo tribe. I intend having some made up to try them for fly fishing if spared another season. Mr. Holabird has my sample or I would send to you for your opinion. *W. DAY TOMLIN*.

SHARKS AND TORPEDOES.—English naval officers find much sport in firing explosive bullets at the sharks which follow in the wake of their ships. One good quality of this submarine bass is that he is not frightened by the crack of the rifle, but follows on undisturbed until the bullet strikes him. Then he disappears—down the maws of his fellow-sharks. A new mode of sport is to bait a hook with a good-sized piece of pork, in which is incased a torpedo. This is then carefully lowered and instantly snapped up by the expectant man-eater. The effect is instantaneous. The head and jaws of the monster are blown into fragments, and a bubbling circle in the water marks the spot where, a few seconds before, his dorsal fin was shown above the waves.

THE HELGRAMITE.—*Deatur*, Ill., Nov. 2.—The helgramite described by "Isaak," of Dayton, Ohio, on page 293 of the *FOREST AND STREAM* as "the most killing bait for black bass" is the larval state of the horned corydalis (*Corydalis cornuta*), an insect belonging to the sub-order, *Neuroptera*. The males, in the winged state, are provided with long horns, whence the insect receives its specific and common names. As it exists several years in the larval state before taking on its winged form "Isaak" may readily have found different sizes at the same time. If he will take the trouble to search for them early next spring, and send me just above the water's edge, he may find them, and I have done, undoubtably, their transformations. Both forms, larva and adult, are figured in "Tenney's Elements of Zoology," p. 233. *A NATURALIST*.

We have given the history of the helgramite a great many times in the past few years; but there is nothing like refreshing the memory, and we thank our correspondent who has just favored us. But ten to one, some innocent inquirer will ask us next week what the dobson is, and whether it is any relation to the clipper, helgramite, etc., and whether it might not prove a likely bait for some kinds of fish.—*ED. F. & S.*

BALLOTS AND BAIT BOXES.—When the angler, casting his fly just there in the pool where he knows that famous big trout is lurking, is suddenly disturbed from his repose by the headlong onslaught of Sir Surly Proprietor with shot-gun and bull-dog, prudence suggests that with all speed he take to his heels. But let him rest content when the fence is between him and the dog, nor vex his spirit with needless wrath. There is a surer and sweeter revenge than reviling the man or shooting the dog. The mills of the Gods grind slowly, but for those who bide their time they grind exceedingly fine. It is the unlooked for that always happens. Sir Proprietor may run for Congress some day. Upon the road from his farm with its trout brooks to that coveted seat in Washington he will come unexpectedly upon a man with a fish-pole in his hand, a bait-box in his pocket and a smile of triumph on his face. He goes no farther. The bull-dog welcomes him home and the old trout still resides in the pool. All of which is not fancy; thus saith the daily paper:

It was urged as a fatal fault in a Congressional candidate in Virginia that he had prevented the people from taking "the free and vagrant fish of the Chickahominy," where that river flows through his estate.

TENTING ON KING'S LAKE.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 17, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Our party, consisting of Judd Bame and John Shockey, assistant engineers of the Department of Geology, Sec. J. J. Cross, Broadway Bank; John Wimer, our ex-mayor's son; Messrs. John Kayser, of John Furber and Theo. Scheele, with T. Shockey and Edw. Toombs, of the Fire Department, left St. Louis, per steamer *Lake Superior*, for fishing grounds north. We found the midnight hours on the river decidedly cool. Landed at Buchanan's warehouse at 1:30 P. M., an even 100 miles from St. Louis up the Mississippi River. Several years ago the river, at the point opposite Clarksville, Mo., inundated valuable lands, doing great damage, particularly in high water seasons; and in order to redeem this land a levee was built, called the *Lake Levee*. This levee, in turn, caused another overflow in the opposite country. The citizens of Osage County, Ill., remonstrated against the continuance, so a connection was made between the waters of the *Lake* and those of *King's Lake*. Since that time these waters have held great attraction, and been the favorite resort for fishermen of the *Jeau Watson* school.

Hired an old man to haul our things to the lake, about one-half mile from the river; but when he brought a away-back horse fourteen hands high, and a little mare no bigger than a half a minute, we felt rising doubts as to the ability of the team to draw our heavy load. The doubts finding expression, they were met by the old man, who threw a knowing look into his disfigured face, saying, "Never mind; these yin kin pull any thing their looms at both ends." When harnessed it looked as impossible a feat as for kids to draw our Court House down the levee. But with a *gargon* to do duty at line-jerking, accompanied with great damage, particularly in high water seasons; and in order to redeem this land a levee was built, called the *Lake Levee*. This levee, in turn, caused another overflow in the opposite country. The citizens of Osage County, Ill., remonstrated against the continuance, so a connection was made between the waters of the *Lake* and those of *King's Lake*. Since that time these waters have held great attraction, and been the favorite resort for fishermen of the *Jeau Watson* school.

Our netting at King's Lake, carpenter with disappointment, reminded us of the *Jeau Watson* definition of fishing—"A pole with a worm at one end and a fool at the other." But some fishers had been there before us with nets, which rather damaged our sport. About a mile east of our camp was a body of water, harmoniously named "Cow-Head Slough," and thither we wandered our way in search of piscatory sport. We took some time ones there, but the place, superfluous, some distance to the south. Our informant was the old Governor, president of the transfer. He acted as guide to the small basin named

Mormon Lake, and we were soon enriching our stock with splendid bass and croppie. Mr. Wimer captured one weighing five pounds. Some distance east of this lake is the bed of an old creek, fed by back water from the river. About every spring, and during the summer and fall, the deeper portions are filled with one fish left there when the water recedes. The fishing spots are quite deep, and some are entirely isolated from any other body of water during the dry season. We could find no name for this old creek, so we dubbed it "Sausage Creek" on account of its many hooks. Mr. Kuperle here captured five bass within ten minutes weighing from two and a half to five pounds each. Our first day at this place was so very productive that we were all tired enough when we reached camp with our heavy strings. The next day we had a wagon to assist in the "toting," as our strings were even heavier than those of the day previous.

Our cook, Geo. Washington, Esq., had some disquietude on account of his color. People of Caucasian ancestry, ill, will not take a negro to live in their country. George was made acquainted with this fact on our upward trip. He first thought it a joke, but subsequent inquiries proved it the truth. One of our party had a large revolver, and, as we must have butter and milk, it devolved on George to go to the nearest neighbors for these articles, an undertaking he did not relish much, but happening to see the revolver in Thorne's pocket, he said: "Mister Ed, 'em me dat pistol and see if I don't go for milk and butter." He got the "pistol," put a double-barrelled shot-gun on his shoulder, took his hat, and looked like a walking arsenal as he wended his way toward Anderson's for the desired articles.

Ten or a dozen men in one tent, and no guard over them, no enemy near, can make a heap of muscle on the evening air, and the trees in our neighborhood were serenaded in strains sweet as the owl breathes on the coon: "Awno, awno, who are you, sir?" Cords of wood were consumed, and as the logs shot out their sparks it flitted through my mind how many poor would rejoice to gain possession of the fuel we fed to the flames.

Mr. Shockey performed a Jonaah feat. His line became fast below the water, and in his frantic endeavors to loosen it he mislaid his footing on the tree top upon which he stood, made a few expressions that wouldn't chime well with a choir, and took a dive below. After entertaining us with an exhibition of aquatic athletics, he pulled ashore, and we put him to bed while we dried his clothes. For his heroism and skill he was promoted to the captaincy, Mr. Bame being our commissary, Mr. Wimer lieutenant, and Mr. Thorne corporal. The chief humorist was our lieutenant, who held as much fun as a box of monkeys; but our commissary was the premium singer. We broke camp on Friday, and on our way to the five bank, and were soon aboard the boat that "fetched us here," homeward bound. Stopped at Falmouth with freight to unload. One of the party went out on the bank for exercise, and jumped a standing jump for fun. A member from the country, rather lengthy as to limbs, built like a "grandfather-long-legs," staked along: "I 'low you jumped on Sunday. No? Purry good jump, I can beat it by two foot; do it far two bits." Challenge not accepted, he continued: "I'm the darndest fellow you ever seen. Why? I can play a tune on an instrument you never saw any one else play but me. And he played Crotch. Jim, in snapping his fingers, making clear, distinct tones with perfect time and expression. As his moist finger struck the palm of his hand the tones sounded out clear and round. Acknowledged I never heard the instrument before, and was much interested in the unique character of the performance, and learned that the young man was a 'ner-do-well' fellow named Dougherty, but was truly the owner of rare musical talent. Reached St. Louis in rare spirits, considerably enriched in avoirdupois.

CORPORAL.

Rational Pastimes.

ARCHERY SCORING.

THE good sense of the following communication will commend itself to all archers. It is unnecessary for us to repeat here what we have already said concerning the desirability of some uniform standard for marking scores. One chief element of interest attaching to published scores in contests of all kinds is the opportunity afforded the reader of comparing them with his own work. To this end a common standard is indispensable. That proposed by our correspondent, and already adopted by a number of clubs, is reasonable and convenient. We shall keep our columns open for expressions of opinions from others:

CHAMFORDSVILLE, Ind., Oct. 29.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

I am rejoiced to see so many archers responding to your kind invitation to send in their scores for publication, still some of them neglect the most important point connected with score publication, *i. e.*, to give the size of the target, and the number of arrows shot by each archer for a score. In England there are two scores shot generally, one of seventy-two arrows at 100 yards, forty-eight arrows at 80 yards, and twenty-four arrows at 60 yards, known as the "York Round," and one of forty-eight arrows at 60 yards, and twenty-four arrows at 50 yards, known as the "National Round." The gentlemen in publishing the scores in the *London Field*, and in the *Archery Register*, all explanation is obviated by simply saying "York Round," or "National Round." We have yet no regulation round in this country, and I am certain (after much experimenting) that the English York Round is not suited to general use in this country, because of our lack of leisure, and the great length of time necessary to shoot a match, where say twelve archers shoot 144 arrows each. Such a regulation score is unwieldy, for the further reason that it necessitates the shooting at three separate distances. It seems clear to me that a score should be a certain number of arrows at a given distance. This number, however, should be fixed, understood and adopted by all archers in America. Some young clubs will desire to shoot at 100, 80, and 60 yards, or twenty or thirty arrows at each distance, and some advanced clubs will prefer forty to sixty, while some experts will prefer 60 to 100 or 120 yards. So be it, but at whatever distance the shooting is done, let a certain number of arrows constitute a score. If this is accepted and acted on, then it will only be necessary in reporting scores to give the names of archers, the distance and the scores. I see that it is recommended by the editor that the number of arrows be given also. To do this it would require the further adoption of the number of arrows to constitute an end. This, in England, is generally three arrows. I think it makes very little difference whether we adopt and use this, or any system of "ends" in reporting, as it is of very little interest to archers how many arrows are shot at an end. There is a trifling advantage in shooting an end of many arrows, over shooting less arrows at an end, for the reason that one gets the range, power of the wind, and length

better after a few shots, but this advantage is slight in shooting a score. The "Wabash Merry Bowmen" have adopted, and always used, an end of five arrows, and a score of thirty arrows, and have found each very desirable. They have also adopted a four-foot target for all distances, and find it meets every want. In correspondence with the Highland Park and Chicago Clubs, I find they have adopted the same target and score. The "Kokomo Archers," perhaps the second best club in America at present, have also adopted the same score and target, and have started a manufactory of the most excellent targets I have ever seen, four feet in diameter, ten inches thick, and almost as firm as wood. They are formed of rolls of hay placed lengthwise, bound firmly together and sewn through with hemp twine. The faces are then cut down perfectly smooth. Over this the target face proper is sewn, leaving said so much as to the desirability of uniformity in size of target, number of arrows to an "end," and to a score I now propose the adoption of the score of thirty arrows. The "end" of three arrows, and the four feet target at all distances. Will archers, generally, respond? If the score is not desirable, then what number, so as to the end? If these suggestions are adopted, how easy to report scores so that any reader can tell at a glance how the shooting compares with his own. Thus:

W. Holberton..... 130 Capt Webber..... 118
Or if more desirable to give the ends, score and golds, report it thus:

Ortiana Archers.		Hills Scores, Golds.	
Hills Scores, Golds.	130	7	118
W. Holberton.....	29	7	118

Of course until some such rule is adopted, we should report the number of arrows, distance, hits, score and size of target, or other archers will derive no benefit from our communications. I read some weeks ago in the *FOREST AND STREAM* Mr. Holberton's statement of how many arrows constituted an "end" with the Ortiana Archers, but one taking up last week's paper would not know how many arrows were shot in the score reported, unless he had been a subscriber heretofore. Let us get uniformly better next spring's contests begin.

ARCHER.

HIGHLAND PARK ARCHERY CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is with great pleasure I note the active interest in the glorious sport of archery taken by your paper. In this quiet little suburb, in the outskirts of our Western empire city, Chicago, we have organized a very thriving and healthy archery club, comprising upward of 60 members, ladies and gentlemen. Professor Elisha Gray, inventor of the telephone, is our President, and has done much toward developing the interests of the association and bringing its members together in friendly competition and social intercourse. Next to the Wabash Merry Bowmen, of Crawfordsville, and the Kokomo Archers, our club is the oldest in the West (organized last summer), and has developed some modern degree of skill with the bow. During the past three months our team, composed of H. C. Carver (Master Bowman), F. P. Hall, C. B. Weston, W. M. Goodrich, have shot five public matches, winning three and losing two, and making creditable scores. The highest individual scores made at the different ranges were as follows: 30 yards, 204; 40 yards, 150; 60 yards, 126. At our club range on November 7 and 8 there was a handicap contest, the result of which I give you below. All our shooting is at a regulation 45-inch target:

	Arrows.	Hits.	Yards.
H. C. Carver (60 yards).....	30	24	94
	30	23	84
	20	20	82
	30	23	103
	30	22	86
	30	17	72
	180	127	520
W. B. D. Gray (50 yards).....	30	16	62
	30	20	72
	30	19	63
	30	26	116
	30	18	84
	30	22	104
	180	121	517
H. C. Carver (80 yards).....	30	11	67
do (100 yards).....	30	4	22
O. B. Weston (50 yards).....	30	4	10
do (100 yards).....	30	3	30
H. C. Carver (60 yards).....	120	80	355
A. J. Orr (50 yards).....	120	56	244

Our desire is to stimulate the general interest in archery and to induce other organizations to make public their doings from time to time, that this royal and most beautiful pastime may take firm and enthusiastic hold upon every refined and enlightened community in our land. Let every one realize that there is no medicine so health-giving, no pleasure so delightful and so fascinating.

H. P.

Highland Park, Ill., Nov. 9, 1878.

THE BEST ARE THE CHEAPEST.—A member of the Brattleboro, Vt., Archery Club writes to a New York dealer concerning the Aldred bows: "We are very much pleased with the goods you have sent us. They are admired by all who see them. Some claim that cheap bows are as good as our fine ones, but I find, when the two grades are used side by side, that our bows are very much more satisfactory."

DANCING AGAINST TIME.—Two professional dancing masters have just contested an "International Waltzing Match" in this city. They glided through the gliding waltz for twenty hours. This is four hours better than the performance of a man who danced sixteen hours last year in the same hall. We are willing to match a man against all comers for a great international endurance match of standing on one's head.

THE BICYCLE.—A race recently contested between an English professional and an amateur rider, resulted in the defeat of the former, the amateur's time being: One mile, 2m. 09s.; two miles, 6m. 1s.; three miles, 9m. 03s.; four miles, 12m. 21s.; five miles, 16m. 12 3/4s. That's a great deal better than some railroad time we know of.

COLLEGE FOOT BALL.—In the foot-ball match between Yale and Trinity, at New Haven, last Saturday, Yale won with a score of two goals and ten touch downs to nothing. The teams were made up as follows: Trinity—Forwards—Starks, Perkins, F. P. Wilcox, Elbert, Kneeland, Williams; half-backs—Potwin, Nelson, Boske, Appleton, Washburn, F. Wilcox. The following Yale men played with Trinity: Crouch, forward; Hill, half-back; Bacon and Wilson, forwards. Yale—Forwards—Farwell '79, Lamb '81, Ives '81,

Morehead '79, S. S. S. Eaton '81, King '80, Hull '81, Harding '80, half-backs—Brown, P. G. Peters '80, Thompson '79, Watson '81, S. S. S. backs—Wakeman, Medical, Nixon '81, Badger '81, Referee, S. C. Bushnell, Yale '74. Judges—Trinity, Russell, '80; Yale, Clark, '80.

—The game between Pennsylvania University and Princeton College, played at Philadelphia, last Saturday, was won by the Princeton boys. They scored two goals and four touch downs to one goal for their competitors.

—Harvard defeated Amherst at Cambridge, Saturday, with three goals and six touch downs to nothing. The Rutgers College and Stephens Institute game, at Hoboken, the same day, resulted in one goal for the Stephens club.

BROOKLYN ATHLETIC CLUB.—Fall games at Prospect Park, Nov. 7. Summary as follows:

Two Hundred and Twenty Yards Run—First heat—F. B. Bourne 1st; W. Fisher, 2d. Time, 29 1/2 s. Second heat—Joseph Baker 1st; H. Lansdell, 2d. Time, 29 s. Final—F. B. Bourne, 1st; Joseph Baker, 2d. Time, 25 1/2 s.
One-mile Walk—Charles Mackrell, 1st; W. D. Baker, 2d; B. Richardson, 3d. Time, 9m 25s.
One Hundred Yards Dash—Joseph Baker, 1st; W. Fisher, 2d; H. Lansdell, 3d. Time, 11s.
Running High Jump—John Baker, 4ft 9in; W. Armstrong, 4ft 8in.
Running Broad Jump—Q. C. De Grove, Jr., 16ft 5in; John Baker, 16ft 3in.
Quarter-mile Run—J. G. Hudson, 1st; B. Richardson, 2d; W. D. Baker, 3d. Time, 6m 34 s.
Putting the Shot, 16 pounds—W. Blair, 27ft 1in; J. G. Hudson, 24ft 7in.

Lacrosse (ball) Throw—F. H. Logan, 330ft.
7m of War—Team 1—F. Maxwell, F. H. Logan, Rev. T. S. Siler, H. Lansdell and J. G. Hudson; Team 2—W. D. Baker, John Baker, Joseph Baker, Q. C. De Grove, Jr. and W. Blair. Won by Team No. 1 in 1m 10s.

The games ended with a lacrosse match, the captains being F. H. Logan and Q. C. De Grove, Jr. Captain Logan's side won. Score, 1-0.
Judges—Mr. Barclay and Mr. Wilkinson.

TUFT'S COLLEGE ATHLETICS.—Mythic Park, Boston, Nov. 7.—Following is the summary of the fall sports of the Tuft's College Athletic Association:

One Hundred Yards Dash—Eaton, '80, 1st; time, 12s. Gowing, '81, 2d.
One-quarter-mile Run—Foles, '79, 1st; time, 6m 2s. Friend, '81, 2d.
One-mile Walk—Klinghammer, '79, 1st; time, 8m 37 1/2 s. Presho, '81, 2d.
Five-mile Run—Gowing, '81; time, 5m 5 1/2 s.
Throwing Heavy Hammer—Perry, '79; distance, 84ft 1in; Hic, '81, 53 1/2 ft.
Potato Race, distance, 25 yards—Donovan, '80; time, 2m 45s. Friend, '81, 2m 55s.
Kicking Football—Hall, '81; distance, 144ft 3 1/2 in. Perry, '79, 143ft 8in.
Throwing Base Ball—Donovan, '80; distance, 255ft 6in. Donovan, '80, 280ft 1in.
Three-legged Race—Hall and Mack, '81, 1st, in 14s; Donovan and Friend, '81, 2d, in 16s.
Running High Jump—Perry, '79; distance, 4ft 10in. Hall, '81, 4ft 7in.
Standing Long Jump—Hall, '81; distance, 9ft 11in. Perry, '79, 9ft 10in.
Running Long Jump—Perry, '79, 15ft 6in. Hall, '81, 15ft.
Hop, Skip and Jump—Perry, '79, 35ft 6 1/2 in; Hall, '81, 35ft.
Wheelbarrow Race—Donovan, '80, 1st; Leonard, '81, 2d.

GREENPOINT ATHLETIC CLUB.—The annual fall games of the Greenpoint, L. I., Athletic Club were held at the Manhattan Club grounds, N. Y., Nov. 9. The summary of events is as follows:

Open 100-yards, handicap—Thirty-eight contestants. Won by J. B. Voorhis, Adelphi A. C. handicapped 20 feet, in 10s.
One-mile walk, handicap—Twenty-six entries. Won by M. Chatwick, in 7m 46 1/2 s, actual time.
Four hundred and forty yards—Twenty-five competitors. F. W. Janssen, Staten Island A. C., 65 yards start, won.
One hundred yards for club championship—(Won by D. H. Steel in 11 1/2 s. This gentleman also won the 440 yards club championship in 53 1/2 s.)
Running high jump club championship—Won by B. Rothen, who cleared 4ft 7in.
Three mile walk for club championship—Won by W. H. Purdy in 23m 15 1/2 s.

New Publications.

THE WATVERLEY DICTIONARY: An Alphabetical Arrangement of all the Characters in Sir Walter Scott's Watverley Novels. By May Rogers. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1878.

Few people nowadays go through the whole of the thirty Watverley Novels. New friends are crowding the old ones from the stage; and while Scott is read and always will be read with the interest which a master-mind can never lose, there are comparatively few persons who can accurately locate many of the Watverley characters. In the substantial volume before us, the author has attempted to give such a concise and full description of the Watverley characters that even those who have not read the books shall have an intelligent conception of them and the part they play in the fiction. The plan of the work is in conformity to the demands of the time for condensed and definite information. We think it will prove of great practical utility, and especially commend it to students of English literature.

HELENE: A Love Episode. By Emile Zola. Translated by Mary Neal Sherwood. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 1878. Paper, seventy-five cents.

Zola is among the great fiction writers of the day. His books go through fifty editions in Paris, and do not stop there. Readers and admirers are not confined to France. He has many friends in this country, and their number will, we think, be largely increased by the present volume.

MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER.—We have received: *Popular Science Monthly*, *Popular Science Monthly Supplement*, *Electec Magazine*, *American Naturalist*, *Journal of Forestry*, *American Antiquarian*, *Scribner's*, *Harper's*, *Lippincott's*, *Appleton's*, *Atlantic*.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ZIMMERMAN'S HISTORY OF GERMANY.—Paris 27 and 28. Henry J. Johnson, 27 Beekman st., New York.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INDOLENT IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1878.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guaranty of good faith and be addressed to the FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous communications will be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for dereliction of the mail service if money remitted to us is lost. NO PERSON WHATSOEVER is authorized to collect money for us unless he can show authentic credentials from one of the undersigned. We have no Philadelphia agent.

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CHARLES HALLOCK, Editor.

P. C. HANES,
Business Manager.S. H. TURRILL, Chicago,
Western Manager.

ANOTHER NEW HEAD.—It is said that two heads are better than one. The Hydra had more than two heads, but we do not remember to have read that it ever congratulated itself especially on that account. The great advantage of the multiple possession was that as often as one head was decapitated another took its place. It would be fortunate for some men if this condition of things could apply to their cases. Men are apt to lose their heads, and that finishes them. It is not always nice to be a finished gentleman. This week FOREST AND STREAM has lopped off its old head and put on a new one in the other's place. It may not be quite so picturesque as the one which has stood as frontpiece for so long a time, and some of our Western readers will no doubt miss the "one-eyed bull of the Republican Fork," so glowingly decapitated upon by Dr. Carver last summer. The big moose head in the centre of the diagram will no longer be conspicuous. Yet we need the space for our reading matter which presses upon our columns, and therefore do we sacrifice that which is artistic and beautiful to that which is reasonable and useful. But the paper in losing its head gains a firmer and more substantial footing, and by so much shall both we and our readers profit in a business way. We await the verdict of those who sit in judgment on us.

THE YELLOW FEVER FUND.—The total sum of money given for the yellow fever fund, excluding all private, religious and society subscriptions, and embracing only the cash subscribed through the authorities of the various cities and their committees, amounts to \$1,320,000.

NOTHING IN A NAME.—The names of the army officers who are in pursuit of Little Wolf's band of Indians out West are Lieuts. Hunter and Chase; they didn't catch 'em, nevertheless.

THE MILITARY MATCH.

THE British rifle leaders are breaking out into a vigorous attack of letter writing. All sorts of explanations are offered to make the defeat of the Scotch, Irish, United and other teams appear less as defeats and more of accidental omissions on their part, and it is suddenly discovered that Creedmoor, upon which these visiting teams made scores such as they had never approached at home, was an improper range given to favor the home team to the prejudice of the visitors. Then the conditions of the trophy, which made it obligatory upon those wishing the prize, to come and win it, is found to be irksome, and with an intimation that unless the trophy is sent abroad with an American team as an accompaniment, there will be no more matches; the British riflemen unite in sitting down to see how much the American riflemen will consent to give. These may be strong words, but they are borne out by the record, and in those letters the British riflemen have taken anything but a sportsman's position. The conditions of the Palma match have not altered since they went into it, nor would they in all likelihood ask for changes now had victory been theirs, and to ask such under defeat has a whine about it which is far from the real Saxon spirit of pluckiness which would dictate a fight to the end rather than a cry for terms.

There is a line of battle, however, in which the British riflemen may enter without meeting any preliminary impediments. It is to institute a great military match. The Americans have done nothing in this line. The avenue is clear for the English volunteers to make the first move. As the American marksmen took the initial step in the establishment of the trophy for long-range championship, it would be the entirely proper thing for the National Rifle Association of Great Britain to take in hand the more difficult task of putting in motion a match between teams of military shooters. Compared with the long-range matches, they would be of infinitely wide interest. The fancy element which will always cling about these small-bore contests would not be present in a military match. All rifle shooting has a presumable end in the culture of soldiers, and the nearer this end is brought to the means the greater will be the popular interest taken in the contest.

England, with her great force of Volunteer marksmen, can surely have no fear of any rivalry in this special line of rifle shooting. She has no end of excellent shooters to choose from, and though there might be slight trouble from the *embarras de richesses* when the task of selection comes up, it is certain that the team when chosen would be a strong one, able to shoot on any field, and with the superb regulation weapon of the British army need fear no humiliating comparison when the scores were made up. The field of interest, silent participants in the match would be so large that there would be no difficulty in securing the means necessary to carry out the match. The difficulty with the long-range matches has been the limited number of persons who were sufficiently concerned in the contests to assist in defraying the expenses connected with them. In a military competition it would be entirely proper, if necessity demanded, that government aid should be extended; but the almost certain probability is that no such demand would be made. A test severe enough to bring out the very best effort of the men, and to show in the most emphatic manner the merits or demerits of the arms used, could not fail to be satisfactory to all concerned, and the conclusions reached would be entirely novel, since no such matches have ever taken place in connection with the modern scientific target practice. The ranges should be well covered from the off-hand distances back to the longest ranges over which the military weapons are presumed to carry. Small arms commissions have been appointed in every civilized country, and their conclusions are shown in the various sorts and styles of weapons in the hands of the troop of the several nationalities. The advantages of these pieces can be shown in a marked way by a test before the butts, and to shrink from such trial would be a confession of weakness. What American militiamen lack in numbers, in organization, in experience before the targets, and in a hundred other points in which the British volunteers are thoroughly trained is supplied by an enthusiasm which will carry them over many difficulties and fill up many deficiencies. They are surely in no worse condition than were the American small-bore men in that November, 1873, when the challenge of the Irish champion eight was received and accepted. The British volunteer may rely upon it that the American militiaman will not be found the least backward when the hour for action has come.

LIGHTING THE COAST BY ELECTRICITY.

THOUGH at present the only question to be solved in relation to lighting cities by electricity consists of the hitherto insurmountable difficulty experienced in the economical subdivision of the electric current proceeding from the main centre of supply to a large number of widely distributed individual lights, the same does not obtain in bringing into practical use the electric light to advantage in many of the more prominent light-houses along our coast. Apart altogether from the intrinsic superiority of such lights, due to their greater power in penetrating fogs and hazy atmosphere, it is certain that by the use of electricity we cannot only increase the efficiency of the lighting of the 3,000 miles of coast line for which we even at present provide, but a considerable

saving can be effected in the number of light-houses and the corresponding reduction in the working force, to say nothing of a variety of supplementary uses to which a strong light can be made to contribute in different ways.

The cost of the electric light, as at present generally supplied, is still somewhat in excess of that of wick and oil, material and necessary service included. The excess is, however, small, while the range of the light is so much greater that in many instances intermediate stations, which are now required to keep up the continuity of the lighted horizon for the mariners' guide, could be done away with to no detriment. Again, lights which now serve the double purpose of indicating local dangers, channels or fairways, as well as of a link in the chain as a whole, could be reduced to a lower rank than they at present must necessarily occupy, and by substituting specially colored lenses of a low order their identification would be much facilitated.

One of the most dangerous errors, often the prelude to disaster, to which our coasting fleet is liable, arises from mistaking one light for another, especially when first making a land fall, or picking up one's position again after a spell of thick weather. As the log-slate is not to be trusted to the last mile, cases arise where the master will, for want of powerful night glasses or detail charts, fancy himself with land closer aboard or with ample sea-room between himself and shore, especially when his soundings may be by their nature misleading and only tend to confirm him in his misconception. It is, under such circumstances, a very easy matter to be misled by two similar lights, for their difference in power would be of little or no avail. A reduction in the number of lights of first and second order, and in some cases even of those of a lower class and a substitution thereof of a less number of electric lights of great range, would afford the skipper seeking his position a larger margin of safety than at present, and if a reduction of expenses be not considered a necessity, the multiplying of small colored lights of low range on shoals and dangers, and in fairways generally would seem a policy more progressive than that now persistently pursued—the accumulation of lights, under unfavorable conditions hard to place for the navigator a stranger to the latitudes.

But the electric light at an elevation can be made to subserve many other purposes than the limited functions now fulfilled by the low range wick flame. The diversity of uses to which a powerful illuminator can be put are so striking, and to the navigator along a dangerous coast, of such immediate value, that it is rather strange those in authority should have hitherto given little attention to the benefits and security that might be made to flow from somewhat more progressive ideas if put into practice. Some excellent suggestions have been made in this connection by Mr. McMullen, of London, England, in an interesting little volume describing a cruise, single-handed, in the yacht *Orion*, a craft of some twenty tons. His observations so entirely concur with what our own experience would suggest, that credit should be given the gentleman for having been the first to call the attention of the Board of Trinity to the serious defects of the electric lights at the South Foreland and Portland Bill. To craft plying near the shore they become an absolute nuisance, and it is at all times difficult to estimate their proximity.

The intensity of the light is required only for great distances, and it would seem but natural that some provisions should have been made for tempering the fierce glare when close aboard; not only would the lights thereby be rendered less blinding, for at present they virtually invite collision, but by adopting a shade of some definite color, green or red, or a combination of both, limiting the white rays from the lens to distances beyond one, three or five miles, such change of color being noted on the chart, a warning would be given to the coaster in time to turn him about before he had stood in shore too far. The range of the colored base should be regulated according to the reefs and shoals or banks off shore, and, in the absence of any dangers, will serve the end of taking accurate departures and plotting, out a position on the chart with something more than a guess at the distance of the light, too often very wide of the truth. Nor need the power of the light be materially affected by the arrangement of a colored "warning radius," for only the weakest and least useful prisms at the base of the lens, instead of lending their limited assistance to the general illuminating power at the horizon, could be thrown out of focus and their rays bent toward the base. In such position they would acquire power not before possessed, which would do efficient service in illuminating through colored glass the region of warning. The mariner who finds himself within the range of color knows what he is about and is prepared to keep a sharp lookout, whereas, without such warning sign, he may be rushing on to destruction in a fancied security born of a faulty estimate of the sea-room left him.

With our rapidly advancing knowledge of electricity, it is a satisfaction to know that the Light-house Board is fully informed upon all that may in the least affect the thoroughness of our service, and to it we commend the foregoing for consideration should the introduction of electric lights be contemplated.

ANCIENT CANALS AND MOUNDS OF FLORIDA.—In his interesting article on Marooning, which we print to-day, Dr. Kenworthy says:

"It is to be regretted that some of our scientific institutions

or publishers of magazines or newspapers do not take steps to have a thorough exploration made of the canals and mounds of the South Coast."

While admitting the propriety of the worthy doctor's appeal, we beg to submit that he seems to have forgotten, or at least he has made no reference to the fact, that *FOREST AND STREAM* published, Dec. 30, 1875, a very lengthy article, giving maps and diagrams of mounds and canals throughout a large portion of the interior of Florida, though not strictly of the "South Coast," and supplemented the same this year, June 28th, by a record of other discoveries in the same locality of considerable geographical and historical value.

How Old Slugs was Fished Out.—Old Slugs was not so young nor quite so active as he used to be. It was hard to acknowledge it, but young he no longer was. With advancing age his form grew stouter and his joints stiffer. To sit cramped in a boat waiting for the ducks once was fun; then it became weariness, and now positive agony. Besides, after all the painful crouching he never could rise quickly enough to get a shot. By the time he was in position the ducks were half a mile off quacking with fiendish glee at the clumsy old fool there in the boat. So Slugs set to work to supplement nature by art; to devise something which should supply the place of rusty old knee pans. Long weeks of study finally evolved the Compound, side-lever, self-acting, vertical-impelling, self-adjusting, anti-rheumatic duck-seat, with automatic button attachment. The principle was that of the glass-ball trap which served as a boat seat upon which the hunter could sit while awaiting the ducks, and the theoretical working was this: When the hunter wished to stand up he touched a button; the spring was released, the seat suddenly rose, and the man was shot up, the shot off, and the birds shot down.

Behold, then, the happy Slugs! His boat anchored and decoys out, his patent in his pocket, loaded shells in his gun, fire in his eye, and an anticipatory savor of roast duck tickling his nostrils, seated upon his automatic duck-seat, "calm, silent, imperturbable," waiting for ducks. There they are! The welcome quack strikes upon his ear, and, all unconscious of their fate, they come whirling down among the stupid decoys. Slugs brings his gun to the shoulder, fixes his eye upon the sights, puts his finger on the trigger, touches the button, and—The rest must be gathered from the deposition of the small boy at the inquest. This boy had played hockey that day, and happened to be robbing a bird's nest in a tree on the shore just as our duck hunter touched his button. From his excited testimony it appears that Slugs, clutching his gun, was seen to shoot violently upward some thirty feet into the air, describing a parabolic curve, turning in mid-air with all the grace of a sky-rocket, and plunging with a dull *chud* into the water. The time which elapsed between the catastrophe and the arrival of a boat bringing men must have been, owing to the dazed condition of the lad, about five hours. There, among the lily pads and decoys, they found Slugs sticking straight up, with his head in the mud and his feet in the air. He was in firm, and it took a derrick to hoist him out. Some distance off was found the sunken boat with its bottom torn out, and the vertical-impelling duck-seat missing. The jury decided that it must have gone up; no man ever saw it come down.

The small boy returned to school next day. In consideration of his exploit he escaped a trouncing, and for a whole week was the lion of the school. As he passed through the streets people would say: "There goes the boy who saw Old Slugs go up."

NOTE.—The patent was found in the pocket; Slugs's widow is destitute. If any sportsman would like to help a deserving woman let him purchase the right of the duck-seat, which is warranted to be rapid in action, effective in space, and in all other respects guaranteed as represented. Address "Slugs's Widow," this office.

GAME PROTECTION

TRAPPING RUFTED GROUSE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The law with regard to snaring grouse is of no practical benefit, as for every bird shot ten are snared. The substance of the law is as follows: No person shall at any season trap or snare any ruffed grouse or partridge under a penalty of ten dollars for each bird so taken, unless it be upon his own land. The last clause upsets all that goes before, as many men making a business of snaring birds can have for a nominal consideration the privilege of setting snares on the land owned by their neighbors. It is reported that there are hundreds of birds trapped every week in the towns of Gilmanton, Pittsfield and Bow. While in Boston recently I was surprised to find at a game dealer in Faneuil Hall Market that he received over a hundred birds daily from New Hampshire. I had the curiosity to examine fifty-eight birds which came in while I was in the market from Exeter, N. H., and of the whole number failed to find one which had been shot. If the dealers could be fined for having trapped birds in their possession it would greatly help the cause. As it is, they say that trapped birds command a higher price than those which are shot. This, of course, encourages the trappers. Should the trapping continue (as it certainly will under the present law) ruffed grouse will be as rare in most parts of New Hampshire as they are at present in the immediate vicinity of Boston.

O. M. S.
North Dunbarton, N. H., Oct. 30.

There should be no difficulty here in putting a stop to this trapping. A man has no right whatever to sell the privilege of trapping upon his lands. It cannot be sold. The men who set snares on the lands of other men are liable to arrest and conviction; the payment of a sum for the privilege does not make them the less violators of the statute. A clause making

the possession of trapped birds a punishable offence would prove an excellent addition to the present law.

WILD RICE AND WATER LILIES.—A Massachusetts correspondent writes us that, through the courtesy of the president and another member of the Vinton Point Shooting Club (Ohio) he has been enabled this season to scatter broadcast through his section of country in the Old Bay State the seeds of the *Nelumbium luteum*, or giant North American water lily, and in getting some wild rice in splendid order, both of which it is expected will show good results next year.

WHAT IT COSTS.—To shoot quail, as we recently showed, costs something when we reckon simply the cash expended for powder and shot, ruined pants, etc. But when a man, in addition to all other, drains on his purse, is obliged to pay a good round sum into the public treasury, his quail shooting expenses and the game bagged begin to assume strangely ill-proportioned relations. A prominent Philadelphia merchant paid out \$47.50 as a fine for shooting three quail in New Jersey out of season. This is more than they cost in market.

THE DISCRIMINATING GAME LAWS OF CANADA.

The subject which is again revived in the following letter is one which has been repeatedly ventilated and explained through our columns. The remedy for the evil will be found after self-protection ceases to be necessary. For special reference to Canadian discriminating laws see files of *FOREST AND STREAM* for 1877:

PORTLAND, ME., NOV. 11, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Would it not be well to call attention, through the columns of your paper, to the attitude of the New Brunswick people in attempting to exclude American sportsmen from shooting in that province. It has been my good fortune for a number of years to enjoy, in company of friends (both Americans and Provincials), the varied sport, both over dogs and decoys, which New Brunswick affords; but on my arrival in St. John this October, I learned, much to my regret (and I am happy to say to the regret also of my shooting companions there), that various people of influence had succeeded in passing laws imposing an annual tax of \$20, to be paid by all Americans shooting there. And worse than that, that these measures had been taken for the "purpose of excluding American sportsmen" from participating in the sports of the Province. It is also announced that 239 game wardens are to be immediately appointed, and the law rigorously enforced. Twenty dollars is, of course a mere bagatelle; but in view of the immense amount of game killed annually by Her Majesty's subjects throughout our Western States and Florida, and the not very generous discrimination already made against our people in the matter of leasing salmon rivers, would it not be well for our State to consider the question of returning the compliment by imposing a similar tax on all British subjects? I know my friends in this State will not be slow to join me in taking the initiative here, and showing to the people of New Brunswick that we set as much store by our field sports as they. And furthermore, Mr. Editor, if we are to be taxed \$20 for shooting, may we not next expect a tax of \$100 on every American canoe fishing there?

Yours truly,

REMARKS.—We trust that the United States will emulate their neighbor in appointing proper paid guardians to enforce the game laws over our own territory, and to drive out Canadian poachers and violators thereof by fine or severer measures, if need use. We do not think the discrimination on the part of New Brunswick as against Americans as unjust (if it be unjust) as similar discriminations between some of our own States against each other. We do not take the part of Canada, further than to allow that she has the right to make what laws she pleases, and to enforce them; and to encourage her in making such laws efficient as are in regard to common sense and common amenities between men and men.

The Rifle.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Medford, Nov. 7.—The third and decisive contest between the Medford and the Medford Amateur Rifle Association and Harvard University took place to-day on Bellevue Range. With cool, pleasant weather there were a good many spectators present, and good work was done by the several competitors in the match, the Medfords winning the third by four points. The first match was won by the Harvards on a tie, the Medfords having an "outer" in their score, and the second contest was won by the Medfords, 251 to 227. Following is the result; distance 200 yards:

Medford Rifle Association.									
H H D Cushing.....	5	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4-33
J B Osborn.....	5	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4-33
J K Richardson.....	5	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4-33
J W Vinig.....	5	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4-33
J H James.....	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4-33
John Grady.....	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4-33-244

Harvards.									
H W Powell.....	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4-33
T Russell.....	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4-33
A B Denney.....	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4-33
P B Simpson.....	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4-33
T C Lee.....	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4-33
C A Parker.....	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4-33-240

To-morrow a team from the Massachusetts Rifle Association will visit Walpole, where they will shoot a friendly match at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards.

BELLEVUE RANGE, MEDFORD.—During November the Medford Amateur Rifle Association will hold contests each Wednesday. Match No. 1 was at 200 yards, seven rounds, any rifle and position within the rules, all comers, re-entries, 70 per cent. of total entrance to go to best rifle at close of month.

Match No. 2 is at 500 yards, seven rounds, any rifle and position, open to members only, re-entries, cartons used, 65 per cent. of entrance money to go to four highest scores on the 6th instant. The scores stood:

Two Hundred Yards—J B Osborn, 81; H K Richardson, 30; H H D Cushing, 25; J H James, 27; J Grady, 26.	
Five Hundred Yards—J W Vinig, 81; H H D Cushing, 35; H K Richardson, 31; J Grady, 28.	

A special match is announced for Thanksgiving Day. Distance 200 yards; rounds, ten; open to members of M. A. R. A.

only. Shooting to commence promptly at 9 a. m. Sides to be chosen from members present by Messrs. Richardson and Teel.

ATLANTON vs. WALPOLE.—The return match between the Walpole Amateur Rifle Association and the Atlanton Rifle Association was shot at Walpole on the 9th inst., with the following results: distances, 800, 900 and 1,000 yards:

Walpole—F B Mann, 204; B Reader, 37; 204; R S Gray, 197; T H Gray, 125; F Wesson, 125. Total, 291.	
Atlanton—F B Hazard, 200; E L Freeman, 165; B F Crawford, 177; B J Angell, 161; William Hart, 151. Total, 905.	

After the contest was over, the members of both associations repaired to the residence of William H. Pray, where a bountiful collation was served and a general good time enjoyed.

The first match was shot at the Tyler Mountain range on Oct. 26, the scores standing: 921 for Atlanton and 873 for Walpole.

The Walnut Hill marksmen are anxious to have a shooting shed for use during the winter, and have instituted a match to secure the money for its purchase. The contest was at 200 yards, and the first shoot took place on Saturday last, with scores as follows:

T Sias.....	4	4	5	4	—32	J Nichols.....	3	5	4	4	—20
E B Souder.....	4	4	5	4	—23	H Miles.....	4	4	4	4	—19
J H Williams.....	4	4	5	4	—23	R Bennett.....	4	4	4	4	—19
E Bennett.....	4	4	5	4	—23	H Tyler.....	4	4	4	4	—19
H E Lord.....	4	4	4	4	—21	O Burgess.....	4	4	4	4	—17
J N Tye.....	4	4	4	4	—20	E Rosworth.....	4	4	4	4	—16
J J Jones.....	4	4	4	4	—20						

The shed that is to be erected is to be sixty feet long, with openings on the side toward the targets, for the shooters, and will be furnished with a stove and other conveniences for winter practice.

The twelfth competition in the long-range classified match at Walnut Hill took place on the 6th inst. The wind was reasonably steady during the shooting, ranging from a "9 to 10 o'clock" easterly breeze, not so strong as to materially interfere with the work of the marksmen, who made excellent scores, with a remarkably high average, considering the uncertain light that prevailed.

W H Jackson.									
800.....	4	3	5	5	5	5	5	5	5-70
900.....	4	3	5	5	5	5	5	5	5-71
1,000.....	4	5	5	5	4	4	5	5	5-72-215

J S Sumner.									
800.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5-74
900.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5-74
1,000.....	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	5-75-215

W Gerrish.									
800.....	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5-73
900.....	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5-73
1,000.....	4	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	5-70-211

L Saunders.									
800.....	3	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5-71
900.....	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5-70
1,000.....	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5-69-204

W M Ward.									
800.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5-74
900.....	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5-74
1,000.....	4	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	5-69-201

T Sias.									
800.....	3	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5-69
900.....	4	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5-67
1,000.....	4	5	4	5	5	4	4	4	5-65-168

RING TARGET SHOOTING.—The ring target match which opened on the Bellevue Range, Oct. 21, closed on the 6th; 175 entries and re-entries had been recorded, and from first to last the strongest interest was felt in the match. The conditions of the match were as follows: 200 yards; rifle and position, any within the rules; rounds, five; targets, 24 inches in diameter, divided into inch rings, and counting from 12 (centre) to one on the extreme circumference; shots not to be spotted, but each target to be removed when finished. The leading scores were as follows, odd-numbered men winning the prizes offered:

1 J B Osborn.....	45	43	94	11	J T Tule.....	23	29	67
2 W H Jackson.....	45	43	83	12	D W Allen.....	33	25	66
3 J A Lowell.....	45	41	86	13	B S Southern.....	34	26	66
4 L H Hubbard.....	41	43	65	14	E B Souder.....	31	24	63
5 H K Richardson.....	37	45	82	15	R Howard.....	29	24	63
6 C C Noyes.....	39	39	78	16	W D Quarter.....	23	23	61
7 J H James.....	33	39	78	17	J H Grady.....	23	23	61
8 D Kukund.....	33	36	74	18	J H Harris.....	23	20	49
9 L W Farrar.....	35	37	73	19	S B Riggs.....	21	22	43
10 N W Arnold.....	33	32	65					

Gardner.—A team of four from the Massachusetts Rifle Association went down to Gardner, Mass., on the 31st ult., to show the provincials how to do it, and managed to come out victors of the closest sort of a rub. After a fifty mile railroad ride, the Walnut Hill marksmen took a drive of a mile over to the Gardner range, where a hospitable company and a warm shooting have made them full welcome. The range covered was 200 yards, thirty shots per man, the scores counted on the paper targets after each ten rounds. The scores stood:

Boston Team.									
Hubbard.....	46	45	134	Lowell.....	42	42	42	157	
Osborn.....	46	45	131	Jackson.....	43	42	41	124	
Total.....									517

Gardner Team.									
Pratt.....	42	43	46	181	Benton.....	43	40	125	
Knowlton.....	42	42	126	Robbins.....	43	42	43	126	
Total.....									615

Brockton.—The Brockton Rifle Association members fired at 800 and 1,000 yards on the 31st ult.; ten rounds per distance, the scores standing:

Fales.....	80	1,000	71	Borden.....	500	1,000	71
Packard.....	33	21	57	Holman.....	29	18	47
Cleveland.....	37	19	58	Snow.....	15	10	25

Worcester.—On the 6th inst. the seventh contest for the F. Wesson prize was shot at Pine Grove Range. The following scores were made at 500 yards out of a possible 150: A. L. Rice, 121; Steadman Clark, 207; Frank Wesson, 120; Nathan Washburn, 135; C. B. Holden, 122; Curtis Jenkins, 113; E. A. Bartlett, 133; A. P. Plimpton, 105; H. L. Wesson, 112; H. S. Ball, 121.

CONNETTQUIP.—New London.—A match between teams from Company M, 1st Artillery, U. S. A., under command of Col. Langdon, and Company D, 3d Reg. C. N. G., Lieut. St. Clair, took place on the Government range, Fort Trumbull, on the afternoon of the 8th. The range is located in a meadow to the left of the track of the Shore Line R. R., a short distance from the city, and is inferior in location and in scoring to that of Company A, 3d Reg. C. N. G., at Groton. Ten rounds per man were fired off-hand at 200 yards, the regulars using the Springfield new model, cal. 45, the militiamen the old model Springfield, cal. 60. The

effect of regular practice by the regulars, under the supervision of Lieuts. Cotton and Ingalls, was seen in the clean victory they secured, though a cold, chilling five o'clock wind blew over the range. The full scores stood:

Battery M, 1st Artillery, U. S. A.	
Sgt Coleman.....	3 2 3 4 4 2 9 3 5 20
Sgt Bracken.....	5 2 0 3 2 4 3 3 3 20
Corp Foley.....	3 3 2 3 4 5 3 4 3 33
Corp Carleton.....	3 3 2 3 4 5 3 4 3 33
Pvt Monahan.....	3 3 3 4 3 4 3 3 4 33
Pvt Nelson.....	3 3 3 4 3 4 3 3 4 33
Pvt Wheeler.....	3 3 3 4 3 4 3 3 4 33
Pvt Lang.....	3 3 3 4 3 4 3 3 4 33
Total.....	222

Company D, 84 Reg, C. N. G.	
Lieut St. Clair.....	4 4 3 0 0 0 2 2 3 2-20
Sgt Burrows.....	4 4 3 0 0 0 2 2 3 34
Sgt Foster.....	4 4 3 0 0 0 2 2 3 34
Pvt Raub.....	3 3 3 4 3 4 3 4 3 33
Pvt McKee.....	3 3 3 4 3 4 3 4 3 33
Pvt Rogers.....	3 3 3 4 3 4 3 4 3 33
Pvt DeLoe.....	3 3 3 4 3 4 3 4 3 33
Total.....	198

At a previous match on the 2d inst., the Company D team were defeated on the same range by a Battery C team, the scores standing:

Battery C Team.	
Major McCre.....	26 Pvt Stowe.....32
Lieut Price.....	29 Pvt Kelly.....31
Pvt Rogers.....	25 Pvt Ryan.....25
Total.....	204

Company D Team.	
Capt Shales.....	31 Pvt McKee.....17
Sgt Patter.....	25 Pvt Penner.....15
Sgt Burrows.....	31 Pvt Waley.....15
Pvt Rogers.....	32 Pvt Raub.....27
Total.....	152

New York.—*Oswego*.—The Remington Rifle Club carried through on the 25th ult. and two succeeding days a very successful initial prize meeting. The majority of the members are old military shots, and gave a liberal list of prizes for military weapons. The Forty-ninth Auburn men, who might have enjoyed a lively contest on the Fort Range at Oswego, remained away, so that the battling really occurred on the individual matches, where the scores for leading places ran very close indeed. A haze on the second day delayed the shooting a little, but the marksmen did not care, and there were no spectators to speak of, so that no one was seriously discommoded.

The meeting opened with the Winchester Repeating Rifle Match, at 200 yards, any rifle, open to club members, seven prizes, the first a Winchester Rifle. Scores:

J. Barton.....	5 4 5 4 4 5 4 31	Hamilton.....	24
W. G. Post.....	4 5 4 4 5 4 4 29	Wooten.....	24
Post.....	4 5 4 4 4 4 4 29	Maltry.....	23
Wagner.....	4 5 4 4 4 5 3 29	Hagwin.....	22
Barnes.....	4 5 4 4 4 4 4 29	W. G. Post.....	22
Houghton.....	4 5 4 4 4 4 4 29	P. Rams.....	22
Wellington.....	4 5 4 4 4 4 4 29	Swetticham.....	22
W. G. Post.....	4 5 4 4 4 4 4 29	Clemings.....	22
Chas. Barton.....	26	Baty.....	16
Ward Ames.....	23		

A 1/2 subscription match at 200 yards followed, with four prizes, and 33 out of a possible 35 was a good leading score:

W. G. Post.....	31	J. G. Barton.....	23
E. G. Post.....	23	C. O. Loughlin.....	23
Ward Ames.....	23	E. A. Swetticham.....	21
E. Plank.....	21		

Another subscription match, at 500 yards, gave the team shooters a chance for some mid-range practice, with four prizes. The score here stood:

L. S. Barnes.....	30	P. Y. Perkins.....	24
C. O. Loughlin.....	23	Geo. White.....	23
E. G. Post.....	23	P. Y. Perkins, re-entry.....	23
J. G. Ward.....	21	L. S. Barnes, re-entry.....	21

The team contest was confined to representatives of the Forty-eighth Regiment, four companies with a staff team making up the list of entries. The men used their State model weapon, and with excellent shooting in several of the teams, the victory went to the officers, with 190 points in the possible 250:

Forty-eighth Field Staff and Non-commissioned Staff.

Serge-Maj White.....	4 4 4 4 4 4 20	5 4 4 4 4 21	41
Lieut-Col Houghton.....	4 4 4 4 5 5 22	3 5 5 3 3 19	41
Col. Luquon.....	4 4 4 4 4 4 20	4 4 5 3 2 17	37
Serge-Maj S. B. D. Dunlap.....	4 4 4 4 4 4 20	4 4 3 4 3 17	37
Capt (R. R.) Post.....	4 4 4 4 4 4 20	3 4 2 3 3 15	33

		Company H Team.					
	230	500	T ¹		200	500	T ¹
Capt Barton.....	20	13	43	Lieut Curtiss.....	16	18	34
Pvt Conors.....	13	18	36	Lieut Clemings.....	16	19	35
Pvt Johnson.....	17	18	35		—	—	—
					57	90	147

Totals				81	90	171
Company A Team.						
Lieut Barton.....	20	41	Priv Wood.....	18	15	83
Priv Perkins.....	19	37	Sergt Harding.....	18	12	90
Priv Hall.....	18	17	35			

Totals.....		94	82	176			
Company E Team.							
Priv Swarts.....	50	14	84	Priv Shelton.....	14	12	26
Capt Waugh.....	15	18	23	Priv Spencer.....	15	6	21
Pvt Mills.....	16	12	28				

Totals.....		50	57	13			
Company F Team.							
Capt Thompson.....	21	12	33	Priv Mead.....	21	4	20
Priv Black.....	17	14	31	Lieut Oliphant..	18	4	2
	39	32	93				

To Troop I, N. Y. S. N., was left the entire entry list of the Cavalry team match next on the list. The distances were 200 and 300 yards. Carbines in use. Scores:

Troop I, First Team.			
	200 yards.	200 yards.	Total
Priv Wagoner.....	5 4 4 3-20	5 4 3 5 3-20-40	
Capt Turner.....	4 3 4 3 4-19	4 5 3 4 5-21-39	
Priv Watson.....	3 3 4 3 4-17	2 4 4 5 4-19-36	
Priv Benson.....	3 2 4 5 4-18	4 4 4 5 0-17-25	
		3 3 3 5 4-16-25	

Lieut Wellington.....		4	3	4	3	19	2	5	5	4	19	3	18
Troop I, Second Team.													
Priv Dain.....	1	14	23	39	Priv Benze.....	11	22	3	3				
Priv Kellogg.....	18	20	88	Lieut Havens.....	12	19	3						
Priv Wezan.....	13	17	35										

Totals.....		76	100	100			
Troop I, Third Team.							
Priv Haganbrook....	15	22	31	Priv Hall.....	10	2	12
Priv Goodsell.....	8	21	29	Priv Smith.....	2	0	12
Priv Bartlett.....	7	20	27				

At 200 yards a large number then fought out the Remington Rifle match, a long-range rifle of that make being the leading prize. There were sixteen prizes and thirty-one entries, any rifle, ten shots:

Jones.....	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 34	Calkins.....	35
Barnes.....	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 34	Ames.....	34
White.....	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 34	Hagwin.....	34
Wellington.....	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 34	Kellogg.....	34

Post.....	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 34	Wegan.....	33
J. Barton.....	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 34	Wood.....	33
Houghton.....	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 34	Sayers.....	33
C. Barton.....	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 34	Millis.....	33
Wagoner.....	3 3 3 3 3 3 3 30	Johnson.....	30
Witcher.....	3 3 3 3 3 3 3 30	Rowland.....	30
Swetticham.....	3 3 3 3 3 3 3 30	Doobille.....	29
Clemings.....	3 3 3 3 3 3 3 30	Moore.....	29
Hamilton.....	3 3 3 3 3 3 3 30	Johnson.....	29
Crosby.....	3 3 3 3 3 3 3 30	Greggs.....	28
Perkins.....	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 26	Mend.....	21
Turner.....	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 26		

In the Carbine match, next contested, there was a general use of these weapons, as well by infantry as cavalry, with seven rounds at 200 yards, and nine prizes. The following scores were made:

Wagoner.....	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 34	Wood.....	24
Barnes.....	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 34	Turner.....	23
Post.....	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 34	Wegan.....	22
Johnson.....	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 34	Kellogg.....	20
White.....	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 34	Mend.....	19
Hamilton.....	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 34	Johnson.....	19
Hartson.....	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 34	Johnson.....	17
Wellington.....	2 2 4 4 4 4 4 25	Benson.....	16
Hall.....	2 2 4 4 4 4 4 25	Galkins.....	15
Wagoner.....	2 2 4 4 4 4 4 25	Maltry.....	10
Donovan.....	2 2 4 4 4 4 4 25		

With any rifle, at 200 and 500 yards, C. A. Barton was fortunate enough to carry off the Sharps Rifle prize, a military weapon valued at \$35. The full score for this match stood:

200 yards.	
C. A. Barton.....	4 5 4 4 2 21
R. G. Post.....	4 5 4 4 2 21
P. Y. Perkins.....	4 4 4 4 2 21
P. Y. Perkins.....	4 4 4 4 2 21
A. Crosby.....	3 3 3 3 2 17
J. P. Barton.....	4 4 4 4 2 21
W. G. Post.....	4 4 4 4 2 21
O. J. Jones.....	4 4 4 4 2 21
W. G. Turner.....	4 4 4 4 2 21
F. Wellington.....	5 4 4 4 2 23

The wind-up of the meeting was the FOREST AND STREAM Subscription Match, at 200 yards. The first prize a year's subscription, and four other prizes in money. The scores stood:

Barnes.....	4 4 4 4 4 20	Post.....	15
Perkins.....	4 4 4 4 4 20	Wegan.....	19
W. G. Post.....	4 4 4 4 4 20	Wood.....	15
Wellington.....	4 4 4 4 4 20	Johnson.....	15
Jones.....	4 4 4 4 4 20	Sayers.....	14
Clemings.....	4 4 4 4 4 20	Plank.....	11
Hagwin.....	4 4 4 4 4 20		

NEW HAVEN.—The annual prize meeting of the New Haven Rifle Association took place on the Quinnipiac Range on the 9th inst. with a good attendance, and in several of the matches very close shooting. At 200 yards, all comers, any rifle, the winners were: J. E. Stetson, 31; F. J. Colvin, 31; G. Nichols, 31; F. Allen, 31; A. Allen, 31; H. Nichols, 30; W. Gunn, 30; E. Whitlock, 30; W. E. Stetson, 30; S. C. Kingman, 28. In military shooting at 200 yards the scores were: E. W. Whitlock, 32; H. Nichols, 31; W. Gunn, 31; F. J. Colvin, 30; G. Nichols, 30; J. E. Stetson, 29; W. C. Dole, 29; William Lyons, 29; A. S. Downs, Jr., 28; P. O'Connor, 28; A. Allen, 28; W. F. Murphy, 28; R. M. Walker, 26; W. W. Wetmore, 26; S. C. Kingman, 26. All comers, any rifle, 500 yards, J. E. Stetson, 35; A. S. Downs, 35; W. W. Wetmore, 35; W. C. Dole, 35; R. M. Walker, 35; W. H. Layne, Jr., 34; W. E. Stetson, 34; S. H. Hubbard, 33; H. Nichols, 33; S. C. Kingman, 32. In shooting off the ties of 35 the scores stood: J. E. Stetson, 33; E. A. Folsom, 31; W. W. Wetmore, 31; W. C. Dole, 31; R. M. Walker, 31. At 500 yards, military rifle, and position, the winning scores were: W. Gunn, 33; R. M. Walker, 33; E. W. Whitlock, 33; W. E. Stetson, 33; G. Nichols, 31; E. W. Whitlock, 31; F. J. Colvin, 30; J. E. Stetson, 31; S. C. Kingman, 24; S. R. Smith, 24. The "Bale" match at 200 yards was not a fizzle by any means, and fair scores were made as follows: J. O'Connor, 29; J. McAlpine, 27; H. Hitchens, 27; O. S. Goodell, 26; P. O. Spencer, 26. At the long-range, in winding up, W. H. Layne, Jr. W. C. Dole and S. H. Hubbard were the winners at 900 and 1,000 yards, J. E. Stetson securing both badges of the association.

NEW YORK RIFLE CLUB.—The members of this organization have been contesting for the Blydenburgh badge in weekly competition, at Conlin's gallery, from Nov. 22, 1877, until last Thursday evening, Nov. 7, 1878, when the trophy was finally won by W. H. Dunlap. During this time there were thirty-three competitions there was at all times a lively interest taken in the matches, and the rivalry existing between those who had one or more claims, having won the badge in one or more competitions, was very great. Probably the splendid average shooting of the club in the entire match can be accounted for to a considerable extent in these facts: The terms on which Mr. E. B. Blydenburgh gave the badge to the club were for the effect that the badge would be open to the members of N. Y. R. C. for weekly competition. The members to be handicapped according to the system proposed by Captain Blydenburgh, and adopted by the club. The badge to be won four times before becoming the property of the winner. Conditions of shooting were: Rifle, 32 calibre; position, off-hand; distance, at 200 and 300 yards; targets, proportionately reduced for distance. The badge to be at each target; two sighting shots allowed; rules of the N. Y. R. C. to govern. There were 10,178 shots fired in the competition for the badge. This amount has seldom or never been exceeded. The following is a list showing the number of times the members have won the badge in the competitions: W. H. Dunlap, 43; J. A. Ward, 3; F. H. Holton, 3; Thos. Ritz, 4; J. H. Meeker, 3; N. O'Donnell, 2; F. G. Fullgraf, 2; C. W. Wern, 2; Fred. Alder, 2; M. D. Cleaver, 1; E. Duckworth, 1; Frank Lord, 1; V. Daly, 1; S. W. Sebelly, 1; J. B. Blydenburgh, 1; J. S. Conlin, 1. The system of handicapping used in the match is acknowledged to be the finest yet invented. In fact the large number of winners and the closeness of their total winnings is sufficient proof.

Ogdensburg.—The Ogdensburg Rifle Club has set out to select a team of six to meet any other long-range shooters, and on the 20th ult. the last practice for the selection was held on the Oswego range. The scoring was extended to 1,000 yards, and the Ogdensburg and the Boston riflemen offered to bring out something steep in the way of long-range scores. On the practice day mentioned the scores stood:

Ives.....	800	900	1,000	Tot.	560	900	1,000	Tot.
Hastings.....	74	72	72	218	69	69	69	207
Wagner.....	74	72	72	218	69	69	69	207
Total.....	158	144	144	446	138	138	138	414

Zettler's Rifle Gallery—207 Bowry, Nov. 12.—Weekly

practice of the Zettler Rifle Club on the new point target; possible 30; ten shots, reduced to gallery distance:

M. B. Engel.....	20	R. Zimmerman.....	14
W. Kline.....	19	D. Culhane.....	13
J. Dault.....	18	G. Shurman.....	13
M. Dorler.....	17	L. Treuse.....	9
W. M. Parrow.....	17	C. Volters.....	9
E. Miller.....	17	C. Vanders.....	9
H. Oehl.....	16	C. Hecht.....	7
B. Zettler.....	16	H. Hummer.....	6
M. Kline.....	15		

Fifth competition for a clock; Creedmoor target; possible 50; 10 shots per man:

W. Kline.....	49	R. Beate.....	47
O. G. Zettler.....	46	B. Zettler.....	46
W. M. Parrow.....	45	M. Fowler.....	45
J. Dault.....	45	C. Johnson.....	45
M. B. Engel.....	45	H. Oehl.....	45
E. Miller.....	45	H. Oehl.....	45
L. R. Hines.....	43	G. Vanders.....	43
R. Zimmerman.....	43	H. Hummer.....	43

C. VOLLERS, Sec.

SEPPENFELDT RIFLE CLUB—177 Bowry, Nov. 8.—Creedmoor targets, distance, 125 feet; bull's-eye, 1 1/2 inch; possible 50:

A. H. Anderson.....	50	T. Waker.....	42
W. Seppenfeldt.....	50	A. Scholl.....	41
J. G. Gassner.....	49	C. Lang.....	39
J. Schuetz.....	46	G. Walters.....	39
C. Rast.....	45	J. Houghlin.....	37
J. W. Adams.....	45	J. Houghlin.....	37
L. Nachman.....	43	J. Houghlin.....	37
E. Miller.....	43	H. Rytchberg.....	35
J. R. Chambers.....	43		

G. C. WALTERS, Sec.

Seppenfeldt's Gallery, 177 Bowry.—Tenth Precinct Second Platoon Rifle Team; Creedmoor target; 200 yards reduced 10 shots, possible 60:

D. Ryan.....	45	J. J. Creed.....	40
P. Brennan.....	44	W. Hughes.....	40
J. H. Hines.....	42	E. Bayer.....	40
H. G. Hines.....	42	E. Bayer.....	40
M. Johnson.....	41	W. Statt.....	40

J. J. CREED, Sec.

CLOSE OF THE CREEDMOOR SEASON.—The last day of the season of 1878 at the Creedmoor range is set for Saturday the 23d, when there will occur the sixth competition for the Remington prize, \$300 gold, all comers, any Remington Breach-loading rifle, 10 shots, to be fought at the Creedmoor range, cartridges as furnished from factory of E. Remington & Sons, which will be supplied on the ground, 900 and 1,000 yards, twenty shots at each distance, no coaching or spotting allowed. Fifth competition for the Gildersleeve Medal, 200 and 500 yards, for members of National Guard in uniform. Fourteenth competition for *Swift, Field and Farm* Challenge Badge, members of N. R. A., 200 yards, military rifle, 10 shots, ten shots. Tenth competition for Smiths' Badge, members N. R. A. and N. G. S. N. Y. in uniform authorized military rifle, ten shots for 200 yards. Trains leave Hunters' Point and Brooklyn for Queens at 10 and 11:15 A. M. Returning leave Queens at 4:15 and 6:15 P. M.

—The Board of Directors of the National Rifle Association have decided that in the determination of ties the entire score shall be considered in counting "outers" and "inners" instead of the string at the longest range.

—Another of those sad fatalities, which have no place on a properly conducted range, comes to us from Lansingburgh, where a marker named Edward Lusignere was killed while busy at his duty. The Troy Citizen's Corps was at the range shooting for a company medal. It was nearly dark when the company began to shoot at the 500-yard target. Two men fired one immediately after the other. As soon as the first man had shot, the marker got up without displaying his red flag, when the bullet from the second rifle passed through the wrist of the right hand and then through the pit of the stomach. He lived but a few moments. At Creedmoor the markers, by wearing a pair of stout buckskin gloves, are protected from the possibility of a scratch, and for five years not one serious accident has occurred. There is a perfectly safe butt construction, and none other should be tolerated.

NEW JERSEY.—Brinton Range.—With a cold, raw wind the 31st contest for the Remington Rifle was hurried through on the 9th inst. The distance covered was 200 yards, any rifle, all comers, ten shots. The leading scores stood:

VIRGINIA—*Richmond*.—The annual match of the Deutsche Schuetzen Gesellschaft took place on the James River Brewery Park on the afternoon of the 7th. There was an extraordinary attendance of shooters and with close competition the

water-proof. I had a pair made this fall, weighing three and one-half pounds; have varied for hours through mud and water, and have yet to report damp feet. They can be delivered at the express office in Montreal for about four dollars and a half. The price depends somewhat on the length of limb of the party ordering.

J.E.A.S.

AN IMPROVING GUN.—*Montreal Nov. 9.*—The enclosed extract from the letter of one of my chance correspondents is too rich to be hidden from the light of day: "The gun I had from you two years ago proves all right as far as shooting qualities go. It is not as good for grouse on the wing as when sitting still, but it is improving in that respect."

R. H. K.

RABBIT EARS.—During the four years past in which a bounty of two cents per pair of rabbits' ears has been offered by the government of Idaho, the receipts of ears up to date have been 19,968 pairs. Wanted, some smart Yankee to devise a use for rabbit ears. Apply to Idaho County Commissioners.

THE DITTMAR POWDER.

WILKESBARE, Pa., Nov. 5, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM AND ROD AND GUN:

Enclosed please find a letter from Mr. Tomblee, which gives particulars of the Dittmar accident at Catusaqua. The gun referred to as Mr. Fuller's is the one I supposed belonged to Mr. Eberhart. I have no interest in this powder, but am anxious that sportsmen should not be led by those in whose opinions they put confidence to use an unsafe article. The question is not which is safe, but which is the safer. Everybody knows that without great care black powder is not safe, that it is a very dangerous compound. What Dittmar powder is I do not know, nor would I say that it cannot be as safe as black powder, but that five drachms of it should explode with sufficient force to kill a man, and that it is so much more likely to be sufficient to make ordinary mortals hesitate before using it, and I think dear you from pronouncing it perfectly safe. If Mr. Dittmar wants an authenticated case of an accident with his powder, I think this will fill the bill.

Yours truly,

B. F. DORRANCE.

B. F. DORRANCE, ESQ.

CATUSAQUA, NOV. 5, 1878.

Dear Sir—Your letter has been received by Mr. Eberhart, and he asked me to answer. So, in regard to the Dittmar powder, I would make the following reply: We have nothing but Dittmar's measures. We had a gauge at five drachms and stroked it off at five drachms, and then put on two five drachms and tapped it about as hard as black powder, and then put in 1 1/2 oz. No. 8 shot, and on the top of that a common pasteboard yad. Gun No. 1 was a Parker, weight 8 1/2 lbs., owned by Mr. Schaffner, of Bethlehem. It was broken off clear at the locks. My gun was a Scott & Son, and weighed 9 lbs.; it was so badly bent in the body that it could not be made as it was, nor as safe, so I traded it for a Daly and paid to give \$45 to load. Mr. Fuller's gun was also a Scott & Son, and weighed 10 lbs.; it was not so badly wrecked as the others, but is also damaged. This is about the extent of our experience. I would write more, but owing to my weakness I am hardly able to write this much. I was in bed with fever for two weeks, and this morning is the second time I am out.

Yours truly,

D. A. TOMBLEE, JR.

A TRIP TO SUSSEX COUNTY.

JERSEY CITY, NOV. 5, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Thursday, the 31st ult., the 8:45 train on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad found your correspondent with Dr. C., of Jersey City (a good shot and No. 1 companion), en route for the game section of New Jersey. We were on a tour of investigation, hoping to combine pleasure and information in regard to the best sections in the northern part of the State for grouse, quail, woodcock, etc., for your valuable paper.

Our objective point at first was Bridgeville, in Warren County, directly across the State. We had been properly orientated through the courtesy of Mr. Hollivill, the gentlemanly passenger agent of the road, and we found everything pleasant on the way. Mr. Heffernan proved all that could be asked for in a first-class conductor, giving us valuable information. The same can be said of Messrs. Bruce and Fountain on the other branches.

We soon found on entering the smoking car (most all sportsmen said that we were not the only lovers of the rod and gun desiring to be among the first in the field on the opening of the season, as the guns in several corners, and mysterious looking packs in the racks, amply proved. Upon visiting the baggage car to locate our canine, we found several fine specimens of the setter, with there a pointer, already in the baggage-master's charge. As we sped along, stopping only at intermediate stations in Hudson and Essex counties, our company was very matter-of-factly met by the sportsmen of the road. Newark and Morristown furnished large delegations, and the smoking car soon resembled an arsenal, and the baggage the kennel club show in New York on a small scale. We had no less than thirteen dogs in the baggage-master's charge before we left Morristown. Upon inquiry we found the objective points of the different districts of the trigger to be widely scattered. Some got off at Stanhope, en route for Lake Hopatcong, for grouse, quail and hare. Among these was our friend, Dr. L., of the Jersey City Hunt and Gun Club. We have since learned that he had good luck with Ben Ingram, the shot dog of that region. Some went to Budd's Lake got off at the same station. Others left at Madison, bound for Pine Brook and its celebrated spring resort for snipe. A few continued with us toward Hackensack and the Big Piece, so famous for its game region. Others stopped at Andover and other stations. The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western road passes through the best game section of northern New Jersey, and is the direct route to Pike and Monroe counties in Pennsylvania, so renowned for their wild bird and animal territories.

Upon talking with the conductor and others on the road we concluded to vary our route, and instead of continuing on to Warren County and its rugged, upland grouse, to take a run for quail upon old Sussex, so famous for its grand farms and rich old homesteads. So we were introduced to Conductor Bruce, and, switching off at Waterloo, took the train toward Newton. We got off at the Junction and met with a cordial reception at Farmer Conner's that night, who, with a neighbor, Joe Snyder, left their work and hunted with us the next two days, showing us every attention. We found quail quite plenty, a few grouse and woodcock; and as for hares (rabbits, so-called), we could have shot a back-load, we think, without exaggeration, either day. But we had an invitation from another prominent farmer and famous politician of that section, Hon. Zachariah Price, some six or eight miles beyond. Also from Mr. Henry Osborn and his brother Ned, sons of ex-hon. ex-internal revenue collector, etc. Either we were assured, would never forgive us did we fail to give them a call. At both these places we found everything as pleasant as we could wish. Game in quantity sufficient, with good company at the house and in the

field. The joys and incidents of our stay here I need not dwell upon. How these whole-souled farmers gave us greeting, took their teams from their work and drove us around, showing us the best places for game, and were as much pleased as we at our good shots and successful bags. This feeling among the farmers of Sussex County, we ascertained, was almost universal, very few objecting to gentlemen shooting over their grounds, especially if permission has been first asked. Surely that is worth having is worth asking for, and a polite refusal is rarely otherwise than politely answered. It is these half-grown boys and pot hunters from the cities, that leave the fences down and kill the young turkeys and chickens, that excite the farmers' ire. Human nature is human nature the world over. And the ladies of the households, the farmers' wives and their rosy daughters, how pleasant they made our stay. Those splendid hot biscuit for supper, and the light buckwheat cakes and, especially, such coffee and cream for breakfast. "Never, never shall we forget!"

Of the many happy incidents of our trip—how the Doctor made that snap-shot in the swamp at "the biggest partridge he ever shot at," which upon being retrieved proved to have feathered horns and eyes of far greater magnitude than the ordinary *Junco umbellus*; how the same Doctor wiped the eye of your correspondent at that grouse going down the mountain side at the rate of seventy miles an hour at sixty yards; or the double shots of my humble self at quail, or the double shot of 31 miles, and others of no less interest than these, I do not urge. Suffice it to say we had a grand time, but election day approached, and we had promised to exercise the right of freemen in behalf of our friends, and homeward we bent our way, arriving at Hoboken on the 9:40 train, Nov. 4, well pleased with our trip, and firmly resolved to accept the invitations so cordially extended, and some time, not far in the future, go again. JACOB STAFF.

THE ABUNDANT GAME OF COLORADO.

HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS, CO., Oct. 23, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Early in September we came from Italian territory here, and I went on a tour of 31 miles, which resulted in a treaty of peace and assurances of neighborly friendship. Then came on our way, and on October 1 I set out for a little contract of Government surveying—partly on the Yampah River and the balance here. Have finished the former and just got back. My work was a township about thirty miles below the head of the river, where the stream is about seventy-five feet wide and two feet deep in the current, but there are many deep pools, eddies, etc., which make it a choice fishing locality in the latter part of the season. The country is mostly level, and the river is about four miles wide and twelve or fifteen long; but my work extended eastward from the park, from two to three miles, into very rugged mountains to the west slope of the Gore range. The first elevations are covered with scrubby oak timber and a dense growth of raspberry, sarvia berry, cherry, red hawthorn and other brush, mostly fruit-bearing. The crop had been immense, and great quantities yet remained on the bushes, dried to the consistency of raisins. Here were abundant signs of bear and the long "stump" of the chainman. It was not until we had passed the country much as cattle do a populous pasture. Further back, the mountains rise higher; the slopes and summits are covered with pine, spruce and fir timber; the intervals occupied by aspen groves and little open parks, each with its rivulet of clear, cold water. Here elk were as plentiful as the deer on the other hills, but I observed that although immediately contiguous, they did not seem to range or graze over the same ground. With the constant noise of a surveying party, "a stump," or "a chain," of the chainman, it was not until we had passed the country much as cattle do a populous pasture. 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Foxm.—In the Kingston (Canada) poultry exhibition the judges had some of the game fowls washed in a bucket of water, and it was discovered that they were only common fowls painted.

Faking is much practiced in Europe, and very ingenious devices are sometimes employed to make show animals appear to be what they are not. We have heard of a large rat being transformed into a diminutive black and tan terrier, and painted fowls and song birds are very common.

—A man at Fulton, N. Y., recently laid his finger on the line in front of a buzz saw to feel the momentum of the air. The saw was going so fast that the teeth could not be seen. His finger was taken off. While he was looking at it the firemen came up with the question, "How did you do it?" "Why, I put my finger down so," answered he, placing the other finger down, as he thought, well away from the teeth. To his horror, the saw took off that one too, at the second joint.

—Why is good wine like a bird in the hand? Ans. Because it is worth two in the bush. Shakespeare says good wine needs no bush.

—To cure a tendency to periodical intemperance, use a farinaceous diet, and relinquish animal food.

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This instrument accurately measures the distance a person carrying it walks, showing the amount of daily exercise taken in and out of doors.

Its mechanism is a marvel of simplicity, and can be readily adjusted to any length of step. It is strong and durable, and the size of a small watch. Ladies, Professional and Business Men, Students, Pedestrians, Sportsmen, Farmers, Surveyors and others, will find it very useful. A Table accompanies each Pedometer, giving the number of steps taken in a mile, second, minute, hour and day.

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(Patented June 4, 1878.)

Combining a CAMP LANTERN, HAND LANTERN, HEAD "JACK" and WAFF "JACK." FERGUSON'S RUST PREVENTER. Safe to handle, will not gum. Waterproof and preservative for boots, etc. Plum's Lubricating Oil, Insect Repellent, etc., etc. Send for descriptive circular.

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The "NEW RECOIL PAD," price \$2. Pronounced by the "Forest Stream," Feb. 21, 1878, the best contrivance made for the purpose. Every sportsman should have one.

Also a cheaper quality rubber pad, stuffed with hair, \$1.

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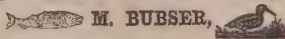
Total cash assets, as per Insurance Commissioner's report,.....\$14,466,920 53
Total surplus as per Insurance Commissioner's report,.....1,621,078 53

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Shells for breech-loading shot-guns on hand and loaded at the shortest notice to order. Constantly on hand a good supply of Guns, Pistols, Fishing Tackle, and Sportsmen's Articles in general.

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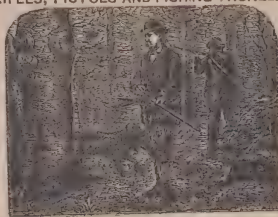
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FLIES tied to order from any pattern at shortest notice.

LINES, waterproof and tapered, oiled, Braided Silk, Braided Linen, Grass, Hair and Silk, Etc. Walking Can Rods.

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Patent Adjustable Floats and Sinkers.

BLACK FLY REPELLENTS, 60 cents per bottle, and everything required by fishermen and anglers.

OPTICAL GOODS.—Compasses, Field and Marine Glasses, Telescopes, Microscopes, etc., etc.

Also EVERYTHING pertaining to the Sporting Line.

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Guns, Rifles, Etc.

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PARKER & CO. announce their last important sale of Breech and Muzzle-Loading Shot-Guns and Rifles, &c., to take place on Saturday, Nov. 16, at one o'clock, when the sporting fraternity will have the last chance of buying an elegant gun at half its usual cost. This sale is peremptory. The guns are all warranted superior and complete in every particular, and are really the best that's made.

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Wonderfully Simple, Wonderfully Strong. First Prize Over All Others at the Great St. Louis Fair.

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WARRANTED IN EVERY RESPECT.

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Double and Single-Barrel Shot-Guns, Pocket Rifles, Pocket Pistols, and the noted Hunter's Pet Rifle. Special attention is called to our Double Breech-Loading Guns. They are simple in construction and manufactured with great care from the very best material. They are pronounced by experts "the best gun in the market for the money." Send for catalogue.

Our Shooting Gallery Rifle is the favorite everywhere.

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SEND FOR CATALOGUE OF 1878.

W. W. Greener's Champion Treble Wedge Fast, Breech-Loader.

THE WINNING GUN.



At the international pigeon shooting, Monaco, Feb. 1878, the Grand Prix de Casino, an object d'art valued at £100, and a money prize of £200, this the greatest prize ever shot for at Monaco, was competed for by sixty-six of the best shots of all nations, and won by Mr. Choimondy Fennell, with a full-choke bore Wedge-Fast Gun by W. W. Greener, killing 11 birds out of 13 at 23 yards and 1 foot and 9 3/4 yards. He also won the second event, killing 8 birds in succession at 33 yards, making a total of 19 birds out of 20. This is acknowledged to be the best shooting on record. The winning gun at the choke-bore match, 1877, being 17 guns by the best London makers, and winning the silver cup, valued at 60 guineas, presented by Mr. J. Purdy, the gunmaker.

The winning gun also at Philadelphia, 1876, in the pigeon shooting match between Capt. Bogardus and Mr. South for \$500 a side, South killing 58 birds out of 100, using one barrel only.

The winning gun also at the great London Gun Trial, 1876, beating 102 guns by all the best makers of Great Britain and Ireland. THE PATENT TREBLE WEDGE FAST BREECH-LOADER is the strongest and most durable ever invented, and the most successful of all period. Patented in the United States, Oct. 3, 1877; No. 163,982. BEWARE OF INFRINGEMENTS OR IMITATIONS.

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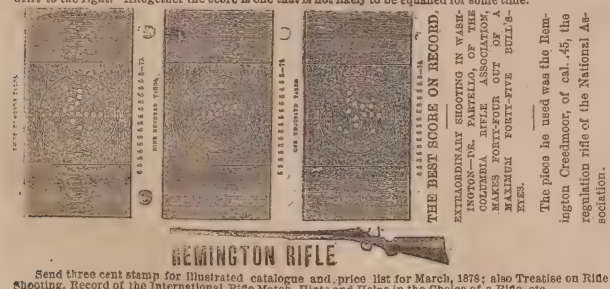
REMINGTON.

NEW YORK HERALD, MONDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1878.

PARTELLO'S TARGETS.

The Washington Marksman's Wonderful Score—Diagram of the Shooting at 800, 900 and 1,000 Yards.

Joseph Partello's score of 224 out of a possible 225 is the theme of discussion and the subject of admiration throughout sporting circles here in the national capital. The modest clerk of the War Department suddenly finds himself a lion of immense proportions. Subjoined are diagrams of the three targets made by Mr. Partello. They show wonderful shooting. At 800 yards he opened with a one o'clock "bull," about eight inches in, but did not group his succeeding shots in any particular order until he reached the ninth, which he put to the right of the true center, landing the tenth in the exact center, the eleventh a little to the left, and the twelfth again to the right. At 900 yards he opened with a ten o'clock "bull" well in, and grouped his second, third and fourth to the right of the center. The most remarkable thing on this target is the string of shots from the upper edge of the eye down the center. These are the eighth, ninth, tenth and eleventh of the string, with the twelfth a few inches to the left of the first. At the third he almost put his bullet on the true center. The two shots high left are the fourth and eighth. The fourteenth was a "hipper" at two o'clock, showing the same tendency as at 900 yards to drift to the right. Altogether the score is one that is not likely to be equalled for some time.



Send three cent stamp for illustrated catalogue and price list for March, 1878; also Treatise on Rifle Shooting, Record of the International Rifle Match, Hints and Hints in the Choice of a Rifle, etc.

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GREAT REDUCTION.

LISTEN!

The Sportsman's Bell tells the position of the dog, causes the birds to fly closer. Valuable in early woodcock shooting, cocking and general shooting, where the cover is thick. Sold by dealers in guns and sporting goods. Samples sent by mail postpaid, 50 cents. BEVIN BROS. MANUFACTURING CO., East Hampton, Conn. sept19 2m

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COCKER SPANIEL Breeding Kennel

M. P. MCKOON, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y.

I keep only cockers of the finest strains. Sell only young stock. I guarantee satisfaction and delivery to every customer. These beautiful and intelligent dogs cannot be beaten for ruffed grouse and woodcock shooting and retrieving. For terms and prices including stamp will get printed pedigree, circular, testimonials, etc. 110 1/2

FOR SALE—One Irish setter dog, 16 months old. Color, bright red. Address G. O. EBERLY, Easton, Md. nov12 21

The Kennel.

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MEAT FIBRINE DOG CAKES.

Twenty-one Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals awarded, including Medal of English Kennel Club, and of Veterinary Kennel Club, New York.



None are genuine unless so stamped

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1 South William Street, N. Y., Sole Agent.

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CURE FOR DISTEMPER. Cure for Worms, Purging Pills, Alternative Cooling Powders. Cure for Rheumatism, Lungworm, and Chest Founders. Cure for Jaundice, Tonic Constitution Pills, and Cough Pills. Cure for Canker of the Ear, Liniment for Sprains, Stimulant for the Growth of Hair, and Mange Lotion.

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Fleas! Fleas! Worms! Worms! STEADMAN'S FLEA POWDER FOR DOGS

A Bane to Fleas—A Boon to Dogs.

This Powder is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animals, or money returned. It is put up in patent boxes with sliding pepper box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and efficacious.

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A CERTAIN REMEDY.

Put up in boxes containing a dozen powders, with full directions for use.

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Setters and Pointers Bred, Broken, etc.

Young Dogs handled with skill and judgment.

Address, H. C. GLOVER,

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Splendid kennel accommodations; dogs have daily access to salt water. oct10 11

COCKERS! COCKERS!

Sportsmen in want of first-class cocker spaniels write at once to CHAS. S. HITCHCOCK, Secretary Oudon Kennel Club, Franklin, Delaware County, N. Y. Stock and delivery guaranteed. Price \$15 each for dog or bitch pups. sept12 11

POINTER PUPPIES.

By imported champion Spaniel, out of imported female, now eight weeks old—color, liver and white markings—three dogs, one bitch, price each \$30. Also one red Irish setter bitch, whelped June 12, by imported Dash (see New York, 1878), out of imported Flora (see New York, 1878). Price \$25. We are taking orders for delivery of pups whelped Sept. 21 by champion Spaniel, out of our Gypsy (see Cal. out of Psyche; see New York, 1878). LINCOLN & HELLVARY, Watertown, Mass. oct11 11

Dogs for Sale.

On account of departure of the owner for Europe the following dogs are offered for sale very low. Lemon and white pointer Till, winner of 1st prize N. Y. dog show, 1871. Red Irish setter, Snaky, bred by T. J. Jernon, Esq. of Gordon prize winner. Liver and white Gordon bitch Zadie, Dick, red setter, sired by one-eyed Sano. All the above are broken dogs. Also four pointers, 12 months old, by Kent out of Zadie. Can be seen at the Tapirian Kennels, Babylon, L. I. For price, etc. address C. DUBOIS WADSWORTH, Esq., Babylon, L. I., or the Kennel Editor of this paper. nov14 21

FOR SALE—Well broken setter dog, 2 1/2 years old. For particulars apply to AUG. REYNOLDS, Foxhounds, N. Y. nov12 21

FOR SALE—Seven Gordon setter puppies out of any Bess, sired by Mudge's Sam, winner of 1st prize at the New York Bench Show. Address G. S. THOMPSON, Box 163, Roxbury, Mass. nov12 21

The Kennel.

DOGS BROKEN—Gentlemen desiring to have their dogs broken, used by me, will please communicate at once. Want them fitted for the field or season opens. Shall go South for the winter with the dogs. My extra country pups, or as a personal companion. He is full-blooded, highly bred. Price \$100. Application must be made at this office. Address C. oct12 11

THE NEW YORK KENNEL CLUB offer for sale an exceedingly handsome black, white-and-tan setter dog, not thoroughly broken for the field, but admirably suited to the game of country play, or as a personal companion. He is full-blooded, highly bred. Price \$100. Application must be made at this office. Address C. oct12 11

FOR SALE—Liver and white pointer, about three years old. Further particulars, address G. R. FELIX, Auburn, N. Y. nov11 11

FOR SALE—Full-blooded Gordon dog, color, black and tan; age, 15 months; very handsome and good shape; never been hunted, but will stand quail in yard, and on any. The only reason for the seller, business will not allow it. His sire is the best dog in Lancaster on game. Price \$135. H. D. VONDERSMITH, Lancaster, Pa. nov14 11

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FOR SALE—Three Cocker Spaniel Pups, two dogs and one bitch. Good breed, Price, \$8 each. Address GEORGE POPEWELL, Bedford Old Road, Fall River, Mass. nov14 11

SETTER PUPPIES FOR SALE, out of Queen, sired by Seltzinger's Caesar, Bally's Fannie, sired by Levering's Harry, he by Seltzinger's celebrated City of W. W. FAULKNER, Jr., 205 Oxford street, Philadelphia. nov14 11

DOG WANTED.—The advertiser wishes to purchase a really first-class setter dog or bitch. Must have extra speed, staunchness and nose; be broken on quail and woodcock; be handsome and three years old. For such a dog will pay a fair price. Address J. H. S., room 105, Hotel Brunswick, N. Y. nov14 11

WANTED to exchange a good-size Irish setter dog, 19 months old, partly broken, for a well broken bulle or Irish setter bitch, not over 18 months old, and a half year old. Address I. KAMP, Lock Haven, Pa. nov14 11

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FOR SALE.

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Seed for Sale. R. VALENTE, Janesville, Wis. oct12 11

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FOR SALE—Crestal Spring Fish Farm and Ponds. Grounds, Oakland, Bergen County, N. J. Buildings cost over \$1,200; five years old; stable frame villa; all modern improvements; tenant's house, stables, etc. A fine four horses; twelve acres, four acres covered with from twenty to thirty ponds; fine garden; 100 young fruit trees; apple orchards. Address B. B. C., care this office. jels12 11

PERFECTS FOR SALE—Perret Muzzle. All kinds of Sporting Dogs. Send for circular. Address C. VAN VECHTEN, Victor, Ontario Co., N. Y. oct31 21

A REAL BARGAIN.—James Allen, English dog breeder, has a fine shot-gun, 14 shots, 2 1/2 inch extra fine laminated barrels; top action, pistol grip, light weight, strong robust; used but twice; in perfect order, as good as new; suitable for all kinds of game; patent cleaner in case and leather cartridge belt thrown in. Sold only for want of use. Price \$40. Address for terms to examine gun, L. S. Kane, N. Y., Times office. nov14 11

FOR SALE—A W. & C. Scott & Son's breech-loading shot-gun, 12 gauge, 28-inch barrels, Damascus barrels, an 1 rebounding lock and pistol grip. For further particulars address M. C. WORTH, North Brookfield, Mass. nov14 21

SHOOTING AT CORRIQUICK.—A half-interest in one of the finest shooting properties on Corriquit Sound, comprising 200 acres, for sale cheap; or shooting privileges for the season will be sold to ten gentlemen at \$5 each. The property comprises some good points. For title deeds and particulars apply at this office. nov14 11

HEATH, is E. 4th street, Cuyahoga, Ohio, will send a new "Excelsior" Game Bag, worth \$4, for \$4.50, postpaid. nov14 11

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WANTED, a breech-loading 8-gauge gun, second-hand. Address Box 2,768, Boston P. O. nov14 11

WANTED.—A Spencer sporting rifle, must be in good order. Address P. O. Box 1760, New York.

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SPORTING, MINING, SHIPPING AND BLASTING POWDERS of all sizes and descriptions. Special grades for Shot, Musket, Cannon, Mortar and Mammoth Powder, U. S. Government standard. Powder manufactured to order of any required grain or proof. Agencies in all cities and principal towns throughout the U. S. Represented by

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No. 1 to 7, strongest and cleanest made, in sealed 1 lb. canisters. Higher numbers specially are recommended for breech-loading guns.

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For water-fowl, strong and clean. No. 1 to 5 in metal kegs, 6 1/2 lbs. each, and canisters of 1 and 1/2 lbs. each.

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The best for rifles and all ordinary purposes. Packed in FG and FFGG, the best of the finest. Sizes, FG in wood and metal kegs of 25 lbs., 12 1/2 lb. and 6 1/2 lbs., and in canisters of 1 lb. and 1/2 lb. All of the above give high velocities and less residue than any other brands made, and are recommended and used by Capt. A. H. BOGARDUS, the "Champion Wing Shot of the World."

BLASTING POWDER AND ELECTRICAL BLASTING APPARATUS, ALL ITALY POWDER of all kinds on hand and made to order. Safety Fuse, Frictional and Platinum Fuses.

Rampralls, showing sizes of the grain by wood cut, sent free on application to the above address.

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Nos. 1 (fine) to 6 (coarse). In 1 lb. canisters and 6 1/2 lb. kegs. A fine grain, quick and clean, for upland prairie shooting. Well adapted to shot guns.

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Nos. 1 (fine) to 5 (coarse). In 1 and 1/2 lb. canisters and 6 1/2 lb. kegs. Burns slowly and very clean. Shooting remarkably close and with great penetration. For field, forest or water shooting, it ranks any other brand, and it is equally serviceable for muzzle or breech-loaders.

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FFG, FFG, and "Sea Shooting" FG, in kegs of 25, 12 1/2 lb. and 6 1/2 lbs. and cans of 5 lbs. FFGG is also packed in 1 and 1/2 lb. canisters. Burns strong and rapid. The FFG and FFG are favorite brands for ordinary sporting, and the "Sea Shooting" FG is the standard rifle powder of the country.

Superior Mining and Blasting Powder. GOVERNMENT CANNON & MUSKET POWDER. ALSO, SPECIAL GRADES FOR EXPORT OF ANY REQUIRED GRAIN OR PROOF, MANUFACTURED TO ORDER.

The above can be had of dealers, or of the Company's agents in every prominent city or warehouse at our office.

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SHELTON'S Auxiliary Rifle Barrel for Breech-Loading Shot-Guns.



This barrel can be placed in a gun ready for use in a second of time with the same ease as a cartridge, and can be removed just as expeditiously. There is no wear on the rifle barrel, nor on the shot-gun, and it cannot get out of order. With the Auxiliary Barrel, which weighs about one pound, almost instantly a breech-loading shot-gun can be converted into an accurate rifle. The AUXILIARY BARREL will fit any standard make of gun of 10 or 12-calibre—calibre of rifle .32, .38, or .44, as desired. Length of barrel, twenty inches. The shells used with the best advantage are the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.'s cartridges, No. 32 and 33, extra long, and No. 44, model 1873. Send for a Circular and Price List.

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P. O. Box 715

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

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(TRADE MARK.)

In Fall Meeting of N. R. A., at Creedmoor, Sharps Rifles were entered in sixteen matches; took first prize in twelve of them, and good prizes in the other four. Among them the

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The New York State team, using the Sharps Military Rifle, won with a score of 974. Best score by any other rifle, 960.

The International Military Match.

New York State Team, with Sharps Military rifle, 1,044. Best by any other rifle, 903.

The Inter-state Long-Range Match.

Average per man with Sharps Rifles, 213. Other rifles used averaged respectively 193 and 197. THE WIMBLEDON CUP, won by Mr. Frank Hyde with a Sharps Rifle with a score of 143 out of a possible 150 at 1,000 yards. THE LEACH CUP, won at Spring Meeting with a score of 205. Best other rifle, 197. For the Grand Aggregate Prize at Fall Meeting, three competitors each, with Sharps Rifles—Mr. Frank Hyde, Col. W. H. Clark and Capt. W. H. Jackson—fired on a score of 340 points. THE LONG-RANGE MILITARY CHAMPIONSHIP, won by Capt. J. S. Barton, with a Sharps Military Rifle. All prizes in this match were won with Sharps Rifles. AMERICAN TEAM WALK-OVER (First Day).—J. S. Sumner made, with a Sharps Long-Range Rifle, the extraordinary score of 241 points out of a possible 225 at 800, 600 and 1,000 yards.

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BRIDGEPORT, CONN., UNITED STATES.

New York Warerooms, 177 Broadway.

W. & C. SCOTT & SON'S FINE BREECH-LOADERS

Are Hard to Beat for Quality, Finish and Shooting Powers.

CAPTAIN BOGARDUS HAS WON A NUMBER OF GREAT MATCHES IN ENGLAND WITH HIS FINE TRIPLEX 12-GAUGE BREECH-LOADER, MADE BY W. & C. SCOTT & SON.

[From CAPT. A. H. BOGARDUS.]

W. & C. Scott & Son:

Gentlemen—Before leaving England for my home in America, I wish to express my fullest satisfaction in the terrific shooting power of your choke-bore guns. I now possess two heavy 10-bore, each with extra 12-bore barrels; also a light 12 and 20-bore; all of your make, which cannot be excelled in the shooting qualities, and impossible to beat in the solidity and power of your patent Triplex Action. I used your gun in my two recent matches with Mr. Pennell, June 23 and July 23, at which time I scored 70 and 71 in each match, winning by two birds; also in my match with Capt. Shelley, July 19, at which time I scored 38, "the highest score on record," and in the International Match with Aubrey Coventry, Esq., at Brighton, Aug. 6, for £1,000, which I won by killing 79 out of 100. All of the above matches were at 100 birds each, 50 yards rise. As evidence of the durability of your gun, I have shot one 10-bore over 50,000 times and it is still in good condition.

Believe me, yours very truly,

A. H. BOGARDUS, Champion Wing Shot of the World.

[From COL. JOHN BODINE, New York.]

W. & C. Scott & Son:

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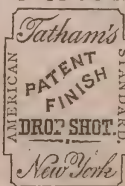
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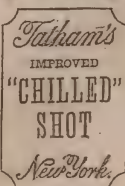
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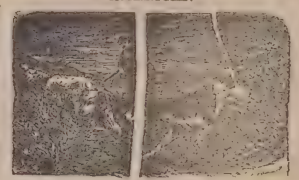
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Describing the Habits, Habits, and Methods of Hunting and Shooting the American Partridge—Quail; Ruffed Grouse—Pheasants, with directions for handling the gun, hunting the dog, and shooting on the wing. Price, 12c. Liberal discount to the trade. To be had at book stores generally. Also for sale one double-barrel breech-loading central fire shotgun, 12-gauge. Address,

Frank Schley,

Oct 11

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New and enlarged edition, containing instructions for glass ball shooting, and chapter on breeding and breaking of dogs by Miles Johnson. For sale at this office. Price 25c.

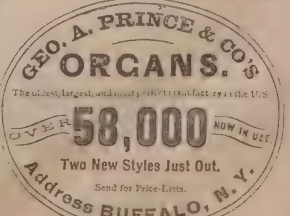
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Gen. Passenger Agent,
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LONG ISLAND RAILROAD, MAY, 27, 1895—

Ferryboats from New York to James Slip (daily except Sundays) 30 minutes, and from Thirty-fourth Street, East River (daily) 15 minutes previous to departure of trains, from South Wall street, Fulton and Catharine streets (daily) 30 minutes previous to departure of trains from Depot, corner Flatbush and Atlantic avenues, Brooklyn. Trains leave Brooklyn and Long Island City (Batter's Point) as follows: For Greenport, Sag Harbor, etc., 5:30 A. M., 4 P. M., and on Saturdays at 5:30 P. M.; For Patchogue, etc., 9:30 A. M., 4:30 and 6 P. M.; For Babylon, etc., at 9:30 A. M., 4, 4:30, 5:40 and 6 P. M.; For Port Jefferson, etc., at 10 A. M., 4:30 and 6 P. M.; For Northport, etc., at 10 A. M., 5:30, 9:30 and 6:30 P. M.; For Locust Valley, at 8:30 and 10:00 A. M., 3:30, 4:30, 5:30 and 6:30 P. M.; For Far Rockaway, etc., at 9:30 A. M., 4:30, 5:40 and 7 P. M.; For Garden City and Hempstead, at 9:30 and 10 A. M., 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30 P. M., and 12:15 night, and from Long Island City, at 9:30 A. M., 1:30 and 6:30 P. M. SUNDAYS—For Port Jefferson, Patchogue, etc., 9 A. M., Babylon, etc., 5 and 7 P. M.; For Locust Valley and Locust Valley, 9 A. M., 3:30, 4:30, 5:30 and 6:30 P. M., and from Long Island City only 9:30 A. M. and 6:30 P. M. Trains for Rockaway, Long Beach, Garden City and Hempstead, at 9 A. M., 2:30 and 6:30 P. M., and from Long Island City only 9:30 A. M. and 6:30 P. M. Trains for Rockaway, Long Beach, Garden City and Hempstead, at 9 A. M., 2:30 and 6:30 P. M., and from Long Island City only 9:30 A. M. and 6:30 P. M. 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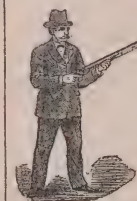
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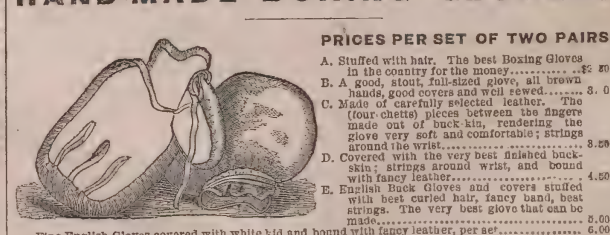
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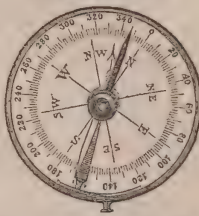


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Rare is the rosbud of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning out-mastered the metre.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;
Never a shrike that dows, but a majesty sceptres the dowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did enfold him;
Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs, the painter is hunted and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is bidden;
Under the joy that is felt life the infinite issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolized is greater;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving;
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the dead is outdone by the doing;
The heart of the wooer is warmer, but warmer the heart of the wooed;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where those shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.

—RICHARD REALE, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

For *Forest and Stream* and *Rod and Gun*

Marooning—No. 4.

(Continued.)

I REACHED our camp at noon, and after paraking of lunch, consisting of a royal bird stew, I started for Punta Rassa, trusting that the message of "All well" would reach me by telegraph. Eight miles from Doctor's Pass I noticed a narrow pass, which may be entered at high tide; one mile and a half further, a small but navigable one. At the end of two miles I reached and passed an island one mile and a quarter long, with a good channel at its southern end, and at the northern end a wide pass, after which an island three miles long, bounded to the north by a wide and deep pass, named Estero. I entered this pass, and followed it to the eastward for half a mile, and anchored under the lee of an island. Mosquitoes proving troublesome, I decamped and anchored near the sandy point of an island on the north side of the pass. I retired early, and about 9 p. m. I was disturbed by my dusky companion with the exclamation "My G—, Doctor, what is dat. Ain't it something coming to catch this nigger?" I left my blankets and noticed the outline of a large gater on the beach. I seized my Winchester and administered a half dozen doses. In the morning I found a dead gater eleven feet long—a victim of keeping bad hours. From this pass (Estero) a navigable inside passage exists to within twelve miles of Doctor's Pass, and a survey in my possession shows a narrow inside passage, extending two miles further to one of the narrow passes previously referred to. As to its navigability, I cannot express an opinion. To the north a wide and deep inside channel leads to Bowditch's Pass, distant from Punta Rassa two miles. Estero Pass is one of the main channels leading into Estero Bay. Corkscrew River, a stream laid down on all maps, enters the bay at its southeasterly end. Owing to the isolated position of the country on each side of this river, the absence of inhabitants, and its never having been visited by sportsmen, I deem it worthy of notice.

Early in the morning I departed from Estero Pass, and left Big Hickory Island, two and a quarter miles long, in the rear, next Little Hickory, one mile long, and then Estero Island, six and a half miles long. Two miles from the northern end of Estero Island, I landed at Punta Rassa. At half-past four I received a telegram containing unwelcome news, necessitating me to depart immediately, and make all haste for home. The weather was threatening, and unless a severe gale set in I felt assured that I could find my way with the lead to the island of Uspiti, at the northern end of the bay. Before dark I passed Boca Ciego Pass, and as darkness set in I was favored with a severe gale from the eastward. The rain poured down in torrents. It was very dark. The bay extended six miles to the eastward, a heavy sea soon rose, and the desirability of finding a harbor suggested itself, more especially as the lead was my only guide to track a tortuous channel. In most of the bays and in shoal water along the coast a thick coating of broad-leaved grass covers the bottom, and whenever the water shoals there is an end to waves and

breakers. I was on the leeward side of the channel, with inky darkness and unknown country to windward. I put the *Dovi* before the wind, and as I entered the breakers dropped the anchor and luffed. I dropped sail, and as soon as the cable felt the strain I was in skulloo but calm water inside the breakers.

I was up by daylight, and found that the gale had abated, and after attending to the wants of the inner man, I steered north. Boca Grande entrance is nearly a mile wide, with one of the strongest tidal currents in the United States. Before I reached Boca Grande a fresh hand took a turn at the billows, and the wind fairly howled. The wind was easterly, tide and half flood. At this point the bay is twelve miles wide, and a very unpleasant, chopped and irregular sea presented itself. I had confidence in my little craft, fancied that her captain knew a thing or two, and as I was anxious to reach home I determined to attempt the passage. I shall never forget the peculiar motions of my boat, or the shaking up to which I was subjected. My dory had never been in such a lumpy and dusty place, and I made him sit to windward. It was amusing to see him present his bare cocoon as the seas would break over the boat. About mid-channel the performance became decidedly unpleasant, and, with an elongated visage, Mr. Darkey remarked: "The old woman will never see this nigger again; may the Lord have mercy on us." The channel passed, I bore away for the shoals to the east of Big Gasparilla, and then for my old anchorage at Little Gasparilla Pass, at the northern end of Gasparilla Island. I retired early and prepared for to-morrow's work, a trip outside for a distance of thirty-eight miles to Little Sarasota Pass. By following the inside passage to the northward, leaving Charlotte Harbor at Kettle Pass, and entering Sarasota Bay at Casey's Pass, the outside, or sea trip, can be made in about thirteen miles. As I dislike beating about among mud flats, sand bars and oyster reefs, I determined to take the outside track.

Last fall two young gentlemen consulted me regarding a cruise along the S. W. coast of Florida. They had an open but able boat. I advised them to provide her with a moveable cabin, but they fancied that a tarpaulin cover would answer. I recommended them to leave Sarasota Bay at Casey's Pass and enter Charlotte Harbor at Kettle Harbor Pass. I suggested the advisability of starting at daylight, so that if the wind died out they could reach their destination by the assistance of an ashken breeze. They started a little before noon; it became calm, and, instead of using their oars, they waited for wind. In the afternoon a black cloud appeared in the west, and very soon a stormy breeze set in, and instead of making for Kettle Harbor, they anchored in eighteen feet of water near the shore. They pitched a tent, turned in and left their Fifteenth Amendment in charge of the boat. The latter slept like a top and paid no attention to his lodging place. During the early part of the night their bateau parted her painter, and landed on the beach. About midnight the cable parted, and the next morning their boat was in the breakers and swamped. With great difficulty they saved their firearms and other impedimenta in a damaged condition. The wind abated, but, as they were unable to free their boat of water, they were compelled to send a messenger to Sarasota Bay for assistance. Between Casey's Pass and Kettle Harbor the beach is very steep, making it dangerous to beach a boat. With a fair wind and an early start no trouble need be experienced in making the trip between the two passes referred to. I have made three trips along this portion of the coast and found them pleasure trips.

I left Little Gasparilla Pass at 6 A. M., reaching Kettle Harbor Pass. I entered it and found it one hundred and fifty feet wide with six feet of water in the channel. Crossing Tampa Bay, I had to contend with a severe northeast, and found the road very lumpy and dusty. Leaving Halley's Keys I had to beat to Cedar Keys in the teeth of a severe norther. The second night at dark, after leaving Halley's Keys (islands), I was in sight of the light of the stab heap fire at the mill at Cedar Keys. Satisfied that if the weather did not get too thick, and I could keep the fire at sight, that I could make Cedar Keys about eight miles distant. After dark the rain, wind and darkness increased, and I lost sight of the fire. I was eight miles from land and a stormy norther was blowing, and I deemed it advisable to make a harbor. It was blowing so heavy and the boat cut so many capers I could not utilize my boat compass. Aware that the wind was north, I resolved upon steering east and trust to luck. After waiting for some time I heard the surf breaking on what I had reason to believe was an exposed oyster shell bar. Eyes were useless, so I trusted to ears. Listening to the break on the bar, I steered a course parallel with it for several hundred yards, when I detected a point where there was an absence of breakers. I steered for the quiet spot and soon found myself at anchor under the lee of an exposed oyster bar. When day appeared I examined my surroundings and found that I had passed safely through a channel not over fifty feet wide between the points of two exposed oyster shell bars or reefs, very numerous between Cedar Keys and the Withlacoochee.

Between Cedar Keys and the Ancilote Keys, a distance of sixty miles, the trip can be made inside the reefs in shoal and calm water. From the latter islands the inside route (inside the reefs) can be taken to Casey's Pass in Sarasota Bay, a distance of eighty-five miles. From Casey's Pass to Estero Harbor is thirteen miles outside reef. From the latter to Estero Pass (with the exception of about two miles between

Punta Rassa and Bowditch's Pass) the inside route can be followed to Estero Pass. From this to Doctor's Pass, thirteen miles, the outside route must be taken; and from the latter the inside passage can be followed to the southerly end of Eons Island, and from this point to Cape Sable, by keeping in shoal water over the grassy flats, a mill pond surface will found. Hence in a distance of 280 miles there are but two points of thirteen miles each where the sportsman would be compelled to go outside. If he was provided with a suitable boat, and if wind and weather were studied, these outside trips would be a mere bagatelle.

The southwest coast of Florida is remarkable for the absence of rain and storms during the months of November, December, January, February and March. Last winter was an exception to all rules, more rain having fallen than during the winter months of the preceding thirty years. Last fall I was favored with very rough and rainy weather for at least half the time, and when I had the most exposed places to navigate I was, as a general rule, favored with gales. On my first trip on the southwest coast I saw no rain for fifty-three days. In the morning it was calm, as the sun rose the wind would set in from the eastward, working to the southward and westward. During fifty-five days of cruising we did not reef a sail. The rough weather of last winter was exceptional and may not be experienced again within the next half century.

Fancying that some of your adventurous readers may not attempt a cruise on the S. W. coast, a few suggestions may not be out of place. I made the trip in a boat sixteen feet long, carried fifteen gallons of water, supplies for six weeks, gun, rifle, fishing tackle, stove, bedding and other plunder. It is surprising how much can be stowed in a small boat, and yet ample room saved for sailing her and sleeping at nights. For a party of two or three who are disposed to enter the passes and navigate the inside passages, I would recommend a cat or sloop rigged boat from 20 to 22 feet long, with 8 or 6 feet beam. The boat should be supplied with a light, moveable cabin to protect at least two-thirds of the cockpit. In addition to this a canvas awning should be provided to place over the boom and fasten on each side. This will keep out rain and wind and supply sleeping quarters for a fifteenth amendment if one is carried. A small bateau or Bond boat would prove very convenient. I have tested Bond's boats on the southwest coast and can recommend them. Owing to their light draft and ease of handling they are peculiarly adapted to the coast and requirements of sportsmen. A bateau fourteen feet long with oars can be purchased in Cedar Keys at a cost of about \$14. If any party should contemplate taking a trip "down the coast" they could have such a boat purchased or built by communicating with Doctor Robt. McIlwaine, the obliging host of the Island House, Cedar Keys. From New York to Jacksonville by schooner the freight is \$20 or 25 cents per ton, but would be about twelve dollars, and by steamer say twenty-five to thirty. The freight by rail from Jacksonville to Cedar Keys on a boat was \$1.03 per cwt., and I have reason to believe that this rate will continue. Boats adapted to the cruise may be purchased in Jacksonville. If the purchase and transportation of a boat proved objectionable, crafts from two to six tons can be chartered in Cedar Keys at from four to six dollars per day. When not under way the captain would assist in cooking, and his assistant or chief officer, a sort of ship's "Jimmy Ducks," can be utilized in any capacity—more especially in the consumption of make antidote lying around loose. The crafts referred to are comfortable, and as a general rule the captains are acquainted with the shoals and the larger entrances. The great objection to be urged to craft of from four to six tons is their drawing too much water to enter many of the passes and lagoons, or navigate many of the smaller streams, the very localities sportsmen wish to visit. The boat for the sportsman south of Punta Rassa must be one adapted to enter shallow lagoons and run over mud flats—a craft of light draft, and one that can be rowed in an emergency or propelled by a pushing pole.

If parties have the time to spare they could run down the coast from Cedar Keys to Cape Sable and return. Without a pilot they would find many troublesome places. I worked the coast on several occasions between Cedar Keys and Punta Rassa and have reason to believe that I am posted with reference to the location of every sand bank, oyster reef, and mud flat along the coast—the result of an intimate acquaintance with these objects. The best course would be to transport a boat by steamer to Manatee, and thence avoid the intricate navigation north of this point. From Manatee to Charlotte Harbor with favoring winds is about two days' sail, and about two more to Doctor's pass. In my notes published in the *FOREST AND STREAM* and afterward republished in "Camp Life in Florida," I have given more directions for working the coast from Cedar Keys to Punta Rassa.

If the tourist shipper has favoring winds and could work to the northward. After reaching Manatee, Tampa or Cedar Keys the boat could be sold at auction, and would probably bring two-thirds of her cost. If Key West should be made the point of departure I would advise parties to engage a pilot to guide them to Hurricane Key. The charge might be \$10. Or else purchase a portion of the series of five charts showing the Keys from Key West to Bay Honda channel. A pilot or good man is absolutely necessary, for there is but one channel leading through the Keys. The map of Florida published by the War Department and reproduced in 1878, is the largest

With the right hand take the arrow by the middle and pass it under the string and over the bow; when the pile reaches the hand the forefinger of the left hand may be clasped tightly over it; the right hand now glides back to the neck, and grasps it with the thumb and finger, the cock feather is looked for and the arrow slid down the bow and arranged with the cock-feather upward and in a line with the handle of the bow; during this maneuver the bow may be held horizontally; it is brought by a semi-circular sweep of the arms into an almost perpendicular position, the forefinger of the left hand entirely detached from the arrow, and the whole of that hand grasping the bow at the handle, while with the right the arrow is adjusted to the string. By the time the bow is raised to the proper position and the arrow brought to a level with the ear, it should be nearly three-quarters drawn. The position of the body should be facing at right angles to the target, the face being turned directly to it, the eye looking straight at the gold. Aim should now be taken, and the bow kept fully drawn for more than a second, or it will be injured, but the arrow loosed at once.

A celebrated *premier danseuse* once affirmed that of all the attitudes she ever studied not one was so graceful or displayed the form to better advantage than that which the body assumed at the moment of drawing the bow. As almost every archery club has its own special rules for the practice of the pastime, it is not necessary to enter on those points which are merely technical; besides, there are now several works published which contain everything of value and importance in this direction. A few suggestions as regards dress, however, may be pardonable. In a variable climate like our own all out-door amusements must be pursued with some caution, if one would preserve the health. Hence it is evident that some costume should be chosen that will not only be graceful and effective, but which will preserve the body from chilly winds, dampness of the atmosphere, etc. The shade of green is especially handsome, and a handsome shade of the now popular myrtle-green in cashmere or camel's hair, or for late autumn an all-wool light ladies' cloth or heavier camel's hair cloth of some kind. The walking dresses of today are, many of them, quite as pretty, tasteful and appropriate for archery costumes as anything that could be devised. The shoes should be strong, double-soled French calf, or kid. The hat must be appropriate for this costume is a jaunty felt Derby, in color to correspond with the dress; if possible, of this, however, is unimportant, as indeed may be said of the costume in general, provided rules of comfort and good taste are followed.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Four years ago, when archery had not become as popular in the United States as it now is, we published in *FOREST AND STREAM*, very full information relating to the whole subject contained in the series of articles on pages 153, 248, 262, Vol. II. [which see].—Eds. F. & S.

Fish Culture.

SEASONABLE FISH CULTURE.

AT this season of the year owners of water are, be-
gunning to think, if they have not been wise enough to think of it before, of the improvement of their subaqueous territory, or of its maintenance in a thoroughly satisfactory state. If a farmer does not sow seed, he does, surely, not expect to receive a crop from his land; but people seem to expect, fish or even not how they may, that an inexhaustible natural supply will just be good enough to make up the amount deducted from the strength of the river or lake.

Firstly, then, as to the question which a proprietor of water often asks himself, Shall I order eggs or fry? Of course, under some rare circumstances, it becomes a matter of impossibility to hatch on the spot, and then fry hatched elsewhere, and brought, it may be from a long distance, must be turned in and left, which is naturally inclined to, to fight the battle of life. Generally, however, it could be so arranged that a box or two can be rigged up somewhere on an estate; but people are afraid of losing some of the eggs, and so forth. Well, one cannot go to an insurance office and effect an insurance, or even have an open policy, on fish eggs; but it must be remembered that the difference in price between eggs and fry will cover some loss, and the pleasure and interest with which the progress of development is watched would in most cases quite repay any slight loss. The cost of an apparatus, whether the old-fashioned trough or the new metal box is very slight, and when once fixed it is there for a long time, always ready, and wanting very slight care and attention to keep it in good working order. It must be remembered, however, while giving full credit to the hatching capability of the new California box, that ample provision must be made for the transfer of the fry when hatched to a place where they may spread about, or overcrowding will bring its sure result; for young fish require, in proportion to their size, just as much freedom for development and oxygen as any other animal. This is of course a matter for settlement by each individual according to his own circumstances, and needs no more attention from the writer; but the general principle must be stated that, wherever conditions will permit, the egg should invariably burst in the water which it is intended to inhabit as a fish. Long and extensive personal experience has taught the writer that, in spite of all care, parcels of fry get left at railway stations, having to change trains, etc.—all against them, especially if left on an open platform, with a bright April sun shining down upon them. Again, people do not perhaps realize that when on arrival for two or three hours, or won't, and think they have justifiable cause of complaint in thus losing their fry. All this is avoided by purchasing ova, and more, for ova in large establishments are often overcrowded; whereas in the smaller apparatus, where the needs of one stream or part of a stream are concerned, there is no excuse for such a state of things.

Having said so much, it will be well at once to proceed to a review of the various species. Two much care in the selection cannot be taken, as the bad strain is not so easily eradicated when once introduced. Monetary considerations should never be allowed to stand in the way of the owner of water; a good strain is never dear, a bad one never cheap. A man wants but a few thousands of ova to start with, even in a perfectly sterile water; and a yearly supply of one or two thousand will keep the place well stocked, so long as the rod only is used. Where poisoning exists, of course no eggs are to be taken; but in all cases where artificial culture is adopted, the poacher will have been carefully looked after beforehand.—*London Field.*

SCREENS FOR OUTLETS TO TROUT PONDS.

New York, Nov. 12, 1878.

EDITOR *FOREST AND STREAM*:

I desire to call the attention of fish culturists and those interested in the same to the importance of erecting proper screens at the outlet of all lakes which have been stocked the last few years. The young fry of the shad especially, in searching for running water, will more or less escape. The expense is trifling. Put down a post on each side of the tank, a cross piece top and bottom; nail on clove one inch wide, one inch thick, and half an inch apart. This will prevent them from escaping if the cleats are two feet or two and a half above high water. Leaves will also work through.

T. E. PORTER.

The remarks of our correspondent are well-timed and well worth considering. No doubt many breeders, especially farmers and amateurs, lose many fish in this way, and attribute their losses to any other cause but this.—Ed.

AMERICAN FISH IN ENGLISH WATERS.—We copy the following statements from the *London Field* regarding the success which has attended the transplanting and culture of American fishes in English waters. The recital must prove most interesting and encouraging to every person whose attention has been directed to the subject:

The American brook trout, (*Salmo fontinalis*), perhaps the handiest of the *Salmonidae*, has been extensively imported and widely spread throughout English waters. Without any doubt or exaggeration, it must be admitted to be one of the best fishes to grow in lakes well supplied with springs, where it can have a wide range and abundance of natural food. It cannot bear being cooped up in a small space; and that, it seems to us, is the only fault about it. Some friends of ours, however, never cease railing at it, declaring it to be as savage as a pike or *S. ferus*, and that, when let out of a grated confined space, it would down pretty near to the sea. Now, of course, these things did not happen. Why? The fish, in our humble judgment, pined for liberty and a diet congenial to their nature; not finding either suitable range or food, they became irritable with their companions, devoured them, and, when they once had a chance of liberty of action, had "a good fling," as the saying has it. We almost daily pass along a little stream in which *S. fontinalis* and *S. fario* have co-existed for some time; it is perfectly open for escape, but they seem perfectly happy together, and increase in numbers, living cheerfully and happily side by side, growing at a very fair pace, though not artificially fed, simply because the natural food is round about them and sufficient for their needs. They can go into the main stream whenever they like, and do so; but they usually return after a short excursion.

This is certainly a proof that, under certain circumstances, the *S. fontinalis* is a stay-at-home, perceivable, well-disposed creature; but it must have range, and be kept in boxes for any length of time after feeding, irritability and cannibalism set in; and one will certainly be observed with the tail of another protruding from its mouth, and spinning round and round, suffering from the effects of its rash meal.

S. vincolati and *guinnati* are but little known from experience in this country; they are reported to be true salmon, which can, and do, exist without entry into salt water. It would seem that they are well suited to our larger waters. *Coregonus albus* (the fish of the American continent). This is admitted on all sides to be a fish of great interest, more especially to our Scotch friends. The Lochs of Scotland are declared by competent authorities to be the places best adapted to its requirements, and it is very much to be hoped that the attempts to be made this season to acclimatize it in them will meet with great success. In its Canadian and American homes, it ranks high in the estimation of all who know it, and it must be remembered that they know what fishes are about there quite as much as we do. It must be borne in mind, however, that only certain waters would naturally suit for its introduction. It is therefore unlikely that this fish will ever attain the same wide-spread popularity as its compatriot the *S. fontinalis*.

Salmo thymallus (grayling).—This fish possesses one great advantage, namely, that it affords sport to the fly fisher at a time when he has lost the rod would have to be laid aside. On the other hand, some persons assert that grayling tend to drive away trout; so that, where the trout are of a quite satisfactory character, it may be good policy to exclude this fish. However, we see the two co-existing and flourishing in Derbyshire and many other places.

AMERICAN FISH EGGS ABROAD.—Salmon eggs sent by Prof. Baird in charge of Fred. Mather to England, France, Germany and Netherlands, arrived in most perfect condition; no fungus. Herr Haack, Director Imperial Establishment at Hünningen, reports them the finest that he ever saw. Reports from England mention American black bass received by the Marquis of Exeter, who has also given a large order for eggs of brook trout to Mr. James Annin, Jr., of Caledonia, N. Y.

FISH HATCHING IN CANADA.—Mr. Sam'l. Wilnot, of the Dominion Hatching Establishment, at Newcastle, Ontario, writes, Nov. 10th:

"I am wonderfully busy just now filling up the several fish breeding establishments under my supervision; returns from my assistants already show upward of eight millions of salmon ova laid down. The season for gathering salmon, trout and whitefish eggs is now at its height, and I anticipate the pleasure of shortly heralding the quantity of ova taken from them at fully four fold over the salmon."

MICHIGAN—*Detroit*, Nov. 11.—Mr. Editor: Mr. E. R. Miller, the President of our State Fish Commission, is now taking the whitefish ova at Mr. Gray's, at Gros Isle, and intends to hatch from fifteen to eighteen millions of white fish, two hundred and fifty thousand brook trout and three to five millions lake trout this year. Mr. Jerome is now at Milwaukee superintending the getting of the lake trout. The whitefish will be hatched as usual at Detroit. The other varieties will be hatched at Pokagon.

KEE TASI.

WHITEFISH IN MICHIGAN.—*Niles*, Nov. 18.—We are just through laying down upon the trays of our Detroit Hatchery between fourteen and fifteen millions of whitefish eggs, and a better lot we have never secured. They were obtained at the fishery of Thomas Gray at Gros Isle, fourteen miles from Detroit. The outlook for a successful hatch was never more promising.

GEO. H. JEROME.

Natural History.

ABOUT OUR GROUSE—No. 4.

BESIDES those grouse, of which we have already spoken, there remains to be considered the genus *Lagopus*, which includes nearly the various species of ptarmigan. Of this genus we have in North America only three representatives, and about them, for reasons which are obvious when we consider the region which they inhabit, but little is known.

The ptarmigan differs from all the other grouse in having the feet heavily feathered quite to the claws, in turning white in winter, and in having but fourteen tail feathers. In many of their habits, too, they are strikingly different from their nearest relatives. While most, if not all, grouse are polygamous, the ptarmigans mate in spring, and the pairs remain together throughout the summer, the males manifesting scarcely less affection for the young than the female, and being equally courageous in defending them on the approach of danger. They are Arctic in habitat, and the only species which is found in more moderate climes is our white-tailed ptarmigan.

This bird is the only one of the genus found regularly within our borders, and is confined to the loftiest peaks of the Rocky Mountains, where, amid the eternal snows that lie deep on the sterile and storm-swept summits, it finds a climate well suited to the necessities of its existence. In the depth of winter, when the ground is deeply covered with snow, even these birds find it impossible to remain on the mountain tops, and at this season descend to the timber line, where they feed on the buds of the willow, quaking aspen, and other shrubs and trees. At this season many of them are killed, for, being rarely disturbed by man, they are very tame, and are easily approached.

The white-tailed ptarmigan was first described by Mr. Swainson, in the "Fauna Boreali-Americana," from specimens procured in the Rocky Mountains by Mr. Douglass, but it is said to occur as well among the high mountains of the Sierra Nevada Range. It is found sparingly on the highest mountains of the former chain, but is nowhere sufficiently abundant to make it worth the sportsman's while to procure it. How far to the southward its range extends is not definitely known, but there is little doubt that it exists in New Mexico and, perhaps, even further south. Northward it probably occurs as far as Alaska, although we know of no record of it having been taken in this latitude.

During the summer these birds are found in pairs on the tops of the high mountains, and here their nests are prepared and the young carefully tended until they are old enough to look out for themselves. The nest is usually placed in a little hollow at the base of a rock, and is scantily lined with dried grass. Here the female deposits her eggs—how many is not yet certainly known, but, judging from analogy, they should number from eight to twelve. They are covered with dark blotches and scratches of wine color and purple, and so numerous are these markings that the ground tint is quite obscured by them. The young chicks leave the nest as soon as hatched, and follow the parent birds over the great gray rocks to the spots where the choicest food is to be found. Should an enemy approach the little brood, one of the old birds at once attacks him while the other attempts to lead away the young to a place of safety, or, if this is impracticable, signals them to hide. When in company with the young, both male and female are very bold, and are said to fly into danger without the least hesitation. A writer tells us, too, that on discovering a nest of eggs which a female of this species was brooding, the bird refused to leave her position, and when he lifted her up to see what was under her she pecked at his fingers like a common hen under similar circumstances. The young in a few weeks are able to fly, but the family remains together until the succeeding pairing season.

When started from the ground the white-tailed ptarmigan flies swiftly, and for a considerable distance, but it is usually very tame, and usually prefers to walk a few steps from one's path, and there conceal itself.

In summer the white-tailed ptarmigan is varied with dark brown and tawny bars, but the tail is white at all seasons. The superciliary membrane is bright red in the breeding season, paler at other times. The bill is more slender than in our other two species of this genus.

This bird is the smallest, as well as one of the most beautiful, of all our grouse, and it is also one of the rarest. Comparatively few sportsmen know it, and the specimens which are obtained go almost altogether to enrich the naturalist's cabinet. It can never be confounded with any other species, for it is the only one in which the tail is always white.

The rock grouse (*Lagopus rupestris*) is the most boreal in its habitat of all our grouse, and on this account less is known of it than of any other species. It occurs very sparingly in Newfoundland, where it is called the mountain partridge, but occurs more abundantly in Labrador and in the barren grounds of the interior north to Melville Peninsula. From the highest latitudes they perform a partial migration southward in winter to the timber lands, where they feed on the buds of the stunted trees which grow in this desolate region. In Labrador they collect during the winter on the highest ground, where the wind has swept the snow from the earth, and there feed on the scanty vegetation which grows on the rocks.

They breed in the open country of the interior, and are in many places extraordinarily numerous, having large broods. The flesh is said to be dark, and much inferior in taste to that

of the willow grouse. The rock grouse is intermediate in size between the white-tailed and willow ptarmigan. Its plumage in summer is black and yellow barred, and in winter it is white, except the black rectrices (tail feathers), and a line of the same color through the eye.

The largest of our ptarmigan, and a bird which affords no little sport to the residents of Newfoundland and the Fur Countries is the willow grouse (*Lagopus albus*). This species is abundant in the British Possessions east of the Rocky Mountains, but only occurs in the United States as an accidental visitant. One instance is on record of its having been captured in Massachusetts, but it is possible that this may have been an escaped bird.

The Hudson Bay region seems to be a favorite locality with this bird, and Hearn says that they are enormously abundant there, and that he has seen as many as four hundred in a flock. Their food in summer consists chiefly of berries, but in winter they feed almost entirely on the buds of the willow, birch and alder. The change of plumage in this species, as in the other two, takes place very gradually, and the summer garb is usually not completely assumed before June. It is hardly necessary to say that both the summer and winter dresses are admirably adapted to the circumstances of the ptarmigan's life, and are in the highest degree protective. The narratives of Arctic travelers all bear witness to the difficulty of discovering the birds when the ground is covered with snow, and even when they alight among the willows it is often difficult to distinguish them from the masses of snow which cling to the branches. In Newfoundland this species is hunted almost altogether with dogs, but in the Fur Countries, where they are so abundant, they can generally be found without the aid of a canine assistant. Many of these birds are shipped in a frozen state from St. John's to England, though happily this has not yet been done as a matter of business.

(To be continued.)

EARBONES, OR BRAIN IVORY OF FISHES.

ORNITHOLOGISTS and fish-culturists, when investigating the anatomy, physiology, and habits of the various kinds of fishes, sea or freshwater, have paid hitherto but very little, and not sufficient attention, to the auditory powers of these water animals.

Fishes, especially deep-sea, live under circumstances so very far removed from human ken that it is almost impossible to gain a definite knowledge of what they do in the depths of the ocean. I think, therefore, that we fish-culturists should begin to study the earbones of fishes as helps to ascertain their habits.

I acknowledge with gratitude that I owe this suggestion to Capt. P. Jackson, of the "Oasis," Barnstable, who, when we were there on an official inquiry, most kindly presented me with a most beautiful collection of the earbones of fishes, "brain ivory," as he so appropriately calls them.

We must, in considering this matter, go back one step. Mammals, birds, etc., live in the air, and they receive impressions of sound by means of the vibrations of the air; fish, on the contrary, live in the water, and through that medium, therefore, receive any impressions of sound. Accordingly, we find that the great Creator has given to animals, whether aquatic or terrestrial, an ear admirably suited for the conditions under which they live. Our own ear, for instance, is highly complicated. Sound causes a very delicate membrane called the tympanum to vibrate. These vibrations are communicated by means of three small bones; strange to say, these bones resemble objects in daily use among ourselves. The first bone is called the malleus, or hammer, the second the incus, or anvil, and the third the stapes, or stirrup. The sounds are collected by the external ear, and in connection with this external ear there are muscles under the skin; but these muscles are not much used by ourselves, though it is possible that if we took a baby, and taught him to use the muscles of the ears, that after a time he might be enabled to cock his ears in a doglike manner. "The muscles that move the ears can be seen in full work in such animals as the horse.

The eye of the horse is crepuscular, or semi-nocturnal, and all common men will tell you that horses go better at night than in the day. During daytime they trust principally to the ears, and horses in a listening mood may be observed with one ear cocked forward, the other backward. To creatures such as fishes, external ears would be of no use, but would be a hindrance and obstruction; nevertheless they have bones in the ears, and these of a beautiful character.

John Hunter, with his usual sagacity, examined into this subject. He writes: "The organ of hearing in fishes is placed on the sides of the skull, or cavity which contains the brain, but the skull makes no part of it, as it does in the quadruped and bird, the organ being a distinct and detachable part. It varies much in the different genera of fishes, but in all it consists of three curved tubes which unite one with another. The whole organ is composed of a kind of cartilaginous substance, and in some fishes is crusted over with a thin lamella to keep it from collapsing. The canals terminate in a cavity, in which cavity there is a bone or bones. In some there are two bones, as in the cod. The Jack has two cavities. We find in one of them two bones and in the other one."

Let us now examine the beautiful preparations made with so much care by our friend Capt. Jackson, of Barnstable. These otoliths, or ear-bones of fishes may, I think, at once be classified, and I place together in order of size—First, the bones of the cod. Secondly, those of the hake. Thirdly, those of the haddock. Fourthly, those of the whiting. Fifth, those of the conger. Sixth, those of the turbot. Seventh, those of the sole. Eighth, those of the gurnard. Ninth, those of the smelt or sparring. Tenth, those of the salmon. Eleventh, those of the trout. They all seem to be composed of substance which Captain Jackson properly calls osseous ivory, or brain ivory, but they differ much in shape and appearance. For instance, the otolith of the conger is exactly the shape of a small sole; it is an inch and two-eighths in length and three-eighths in width. The cod's bones are as nearly as possible the size of a common horsebean split, the bone is curved upon itself, reminding of a caterpillar in progression. The haddock and whiting are much

the same as the cod, but smaller. The ear-bone of the conger is small, thin, and glasslike. The turbot's ears are the shape of a ballotis or Venus's ear shell, but deeply dentated at the margins. Sole's ears remind one, on a small scale, of the cowrie shell, as used as money by some of the tribes in Africa. Gurnard's ears are saucer-shaped. Filchard's ears consist of a bone folded on itself, very like a shrimp after boiling, only white. Salmon's ears, strange to say, consist of two parts. I can liken them to nothing better than a young salmon, with the umbilical sac attached, just come out of the egg. Trout's ears are of a somewhat similar shape, only smaller. I am of firm opinion that if Captain Jackson will continue his inquiries, it will be of immense practical use to all fishermen. No one knows better than the herring fishers of Loch Fyne that herrings are greatly affected by noise. I give samples of the witnesses' evidence:—"The herrings are retarded in their progress by trawls. The noise is of more consequence than the nets; the herrings, as soon as the boat is struck, go away. The fisherman strikes the gunwale of his boat on dark nights to see where the herrings are." Another witness described the noise made by the fishermen to the hammering in a Glasgow ship-building yard. Witnesses told us that the fish were kept away by the firing of the Volunteer Artillery.

The first general observation that I draw from Captain Jackson's specimens are, that the floating fish have different otoliths to flat fish, and the flat fish have different ears to mid-water fish, such as salmon, etc. In studying the economy of the ocean, the evidence of the fish themselves is of the highest importance. I wish, therefore, to advise our friends to study the ear-bones of fishes. It is only necessary to boil the head carefully, and "the brain ivory," so called, may be discovered. This brain ivory, Mr. Seale aptly observes, is very like very strong porcelain, such as used by the dentists for artificial teeth. This porcelain is made into the shape of the teeth, burned in a very strong heat, and has superseded all kinds of ivory.—*Frank Buckland in Land and Water.*

In no fish are the ear-bones more conspicuous or strikingly beautiful than in the sheephead of our interior lakes (*Lepidodotus*). To most persons they are known as "lucky stones" and are prized as pocket pieces, being often carried for years to insure good luck. They are shaped something like a tamarind seed, and have the appearance of milk quartz.—*Ed. F. & S.*

BIRDS OF DOMINICA AND ST. VINCENT.—The collections in ornithology made in these islands by our correspondent, Mr. Fred A. Ober, have been submitted to Mr. Geo. N. Lawrence, the eminent ornithologist of this city, and the new species discovered have been described by that gentleman, mostly in the *Annals of the New York Academy of Science*, and have been duly noticed in the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM*. The complete result of Mr. Ober's explorations, however, have only just been published, and we have to thank Mr. Lawrence for two pamphlets—one, "A Catalogue of the Birds of St. Vincent," and the other of the "Birds of Dominica." Both papers are replete with interesting matter, containing not only the results of the study of the ornithologist, but also the notes of the collector made on the spot.

Of the birds of St. Vincent, fifty-nine species of which are mentioned in the catalogue, six new ones have recently been described by the author of this paper, besides several new varieties. The catalogue of the Dominica birds gives about the same number of species found as at St. Vincent, but there are several birds inhabiting each of these islands which do not occur on the other. Perhaps the rarest bird in the whole list is the Imperial Parrot (*Chrysotis augusta*), of which several specimens were secured; other parrots and several rare humming birds were noted and secured. One striking feature of these islands is the entire absence of birds of the woodpecker family, although, as Mr. Ober remarks, all the conditions favorable to their existence would seem to obtain. Neither are there any squirrels, although the woods produce thousands of nut and seed producing trees.

These papers will be read with eagerness by all ornithologists, and the notes which are furnished by the collector are of great value. The territory explored is but little known, and Mr. Ober's letters (soon to appear in these columns), narrating his travels and labors, will prove of the greatest interest to our readers.

We understand that this indefatigable worker is not altogether satisfied with the material that he has collected, and that he proposes to visit these islands again for the purpose of completing his collections.

SCIENCE NEWS.—While each month that goes by sees the death of some newspaper or periodical, there are constantly appearing courageous individuals who do not fear to enter the journalistic field and to father weak yet hopeful offspring, which, after a short struggle, perish through inanition and give place to others of their kind. A better fate than this, and a long and prosperous existence is what we hope for the *Science News*, a fortnightly journal of science, whose first number appeared November 1. It is edited—and, knowing the gentlemen who have it in charge, we can say ably edited—by Messrs. W. C. Wyckoff and Ernest Ingersoll, and is published in Salem, Mass., by Mr. S. E. Cassino, of the Naturalist's Agency.

The peculiar features of *Science News* are to be the prompt publication of scientific news and information on current scientific literature; there is also a correspondents' column, in which, under the heading *Notes and Queries*, much valuable information will no doubt be collected.

This new venture in scientific literature has our best wishes.

KID GLOVE CULTURE.—What we wrote the other week about certain efforts being made in Minnesota to raise a breed of long-legged frogs for market, has attracted the attention of

a Boston servant who recalls to mind some notable attempts to grow kid gloves, described by Max Adler, who furnished a Boston paper with an outline of the scheme as follows:

"We are engaged now in developing a scheme for growing kid gloves upon the original animal. Our old friend Darwin teaches us that you can do almost anything with breed by judicious selection, and we are convinced that, with little care, it will be possible to produce a beast whose skin, when stripped off, will make a seamless kid glove. Our first experiments are with lizards. A lizard has four legs and a tail. Now we believe that eventually the off fore-leg can be developed into a thumb, while the three other legs and a tail can be arranged as fingers. We are crossing lizards with short tails with those with long legs, and we are now looking around for a variety of lizard with a button or two on his neck, for the purpose of breeding it in with the others, whose eyes will answer for button-holes. The ultimate result promises to be startling. It will break up the old glove trade and drive Jouvin to suicide. Thus it is that human ingenuity advances human civilization."

The foregoing ideas indicate a state of scientific progress which is very gratifying. The frog scheme dwindles into insignificance.

THE GRASSHOPPER MOVING SOUTH.—A recent letter from Panama informs us that the grasshopper plague has reached Columbia, and that great distress has ensued from the damage done. The locust, which has ruined the crops of so many years in the West, has, we think, never been known to occur so far south, and if the animal referred to in the advice is the true *Caloptenus spectus*, his presence in Columbia calls for a word of explanation from entomologists. The locality visited by this calamity is the fertile valley of Cauca, one of the most populous portions of the district. The injury done by the insect is summed up as follows: All growing crops have been completely ruined—sugar-cane, corn, wheat in the upper portion of the valley, and all sorts of grasses—so that the cattle cannot subsist, except in a half starving condition. The prices of provisions are exorbitantly high, and as the sugar estates and large haciendas have suspended work, the poor are unable to purchase the necessities of life. The government, with a view to furnishing them with means of support, is pushing the construction of the Cauca Valley Railroad, which will give employment to thousands.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.—The meeting of October 26 was characterized by the election of four new members, and by the reading of three very interesting papers by Mr. Merriam, Mr. Pearsall and Mr. N. T. Lawrence. That of Mr. Merriam was on habits of the yellow-bellied woodpecker, *Sphyrapicus varius*, taken in Lewis County, N. Y. He said that in this locality they far outnumbered all other species of their kind. They gratify their taste for noise by drumming on its roofs, leaders and like resonant substances, and appeared to take great delight in it. Each has its own particular place, which is frequented at all times of the day. They would go to these places, and then striking in quick succession for a moment on the old stone hitch-post, the driving vibrations of the females join in this amusement, but not so extensively as the males. By the middle of May all this is ended, and the duties of incubation occupy their time. They denude trees of their bark, which mischief has been attributed to the porcupine and the larger woodpecker. They feed on the inner bark of trees, cutting a circular hole and drinking the sap as it runs out; but they do these places afterward as a trap for unwary insects, which come to the punctured places to drink and are got caught in the exudations, and afford a fine feast for them. This drinking of the sap was corroborated by Messrs. Pearsall and Huyler. Mr. Pearsall, in his paper entitled "Notes on Grand Menan," spoke of the early nesting of birds there the present season. June 3, found most of them well advanced; nests and eggs, however, were taken from the yellow-bellied flycatcher, the red-breasted nuthatch, black-throated blue, and black-capped warblers, *Dendroica cerulea*, *striata*, and *maculosa*. The peculiar accumulation of gum on the edge of the hole inhabited by the red-bellied nuthatch, *Sitta nana-boracensis*, probably placed there by the feet, to which it sticks, when the bird is running up and down the pine trees. Puffins' eggs were taken on the Seal Islands, which is about their most southern breeding limit. Mr. Herrick also stated that he had found them there, but that it had been accidentally left out of his list of the "Birds of Grand Menan." The question of the southernmost breeding habitat of Leach's petrel, *Gymnophanes leucorhoa*, was discussed in this connection, and it was strongly maintained that they would yet be found breeding on Long Island. Their habits are so quiet, and as they only approach their nests at night, they would only be observed by a very close search. As an instance, Mr. Pearsall said he took a nest from under the stone forming the lower step to the light-house at the Seal Islands, N. B. Both Leach's and Wilson's petrels are found all summer in Long Island Sound. Mr. Lawrence spoke of a visit to the Schoodic Lakes in Maine in June of this year, and also noted the early nesting of birds, and of the apparent scarcity of birds in the heavy timber. The Indians, he said, were scandalously robbing the "birds' nests" and when they were caught were rapidly driving them back to the most unfrequented parts of the State.

FRANKLIN BENNER, Secretary.

THE "ROCK" BASS OF BEAR LAKE.—The *Weekly Territorial Enterprise*, of Nevada, has, Nevada, describing a fossil fish which is on exhibition in that city. It is of a rich warm brown, and unless closely inspected, is liable to be mistaken for a painting or drawing. The fish is exactly one foot in length by four and a half inches in width in the widest part, and in shape closely resembles the common perch. It has one dorsal fin, which is spread to its full width. There is no second dorsal fin, nor is any ventral fin shown. The anal fin is on the side of the body, and is very close to the head, or tail, which is forked and beautifully spread. These fins are as perfect as could be drawn by any artist. Every bone, large and small, in and connected with the vertebrae is perfect and beautifully delineated. The gills are also handsomely shown, and the eye is quite lifelike, both the dark and the white parts being well preserved. The fossil appears to be that of the whole and perfect fish so compressed that, except that the backbone resembles a drawing. The backbone is the only part raised above the general surface of the stone, and it stands out to about what would be the natural size of

the vertebrae of a fish of the size mentioned. This splendid fossil came from Bear Lake, Idaho, and was presented to Mr. Cole by Daniel Cook, the well-known mining man. Mr. Cole has what appears to be an exact copy or made to this fossil.

ECCENTRICITIES OF THE RUFFED GROUSE.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

I would seem from the various accounts given by your correspondents of the ways of muffed grouse, each giving the result of his own observations, that there must be a wide difference in the habits of this bird in different parts of the country. The fact that people see the same thing differently, and that some see more than others with the same opportunity, will not explain all the variations in their statements, though they will some of them, such as the performance of the act of drumming, hanging on the wing, or not, when rising, the difficulty or ease of shooting and such matters, but not such as that the bird always drums on a log and never on a rock, nor stumps; that he always drums on a hollow log, that he never drums in the fall, that he drums more or less than in spring, that there are in some regions overgrown cooks of eccentric habits known as "king partridges," while in others such royal fowls are quite unknown, though grouse of ordinary rank and habits abound therein. If we accept this explanation of these discrepancies we shall be much more likely to get at interesting facts than if we are so unwise and impolite as to deny the truth of every statement of which we have not had ocular proof.

I never have noticed, the conditions of the atmosphere being equally favorable, that the drumming was any louder when the bird was on one object than when on another, but this has doubtless been owing to lack of close observation, and when another spring comes I shall try to satisfy myself on this point. Last spring I thrice dashed a grouse from a rock on which he was drumming, to which I was led by the sound, which seemed to me no different from ordinary, but did not succeed in seeing him in the act. Logs are their usual drumming places here, but hollow ones are not often chosen than those which are decayed almost to mold, and so can add nothing to the volume of sound made by the birds wings.

I cannot see that "Penobscot's" explanation of the grouse being in unusual places in the fall is a whit more reasonable than the old hunters', for why should partial migration be more likely to take place at this season than in winter, or in spring, which last would seem the likeliest time, the instinct which prompts them to replenish the earth being then most active.

They become accustomed to showers and the noise of the wind early in life, but the falling of the leaves comes but once a year, witnessed there for the first time by the birds of that season and forgotten perhaps by the next one. Are not all the wild inhabitants of the woods wilder then than at other times?

The statement with which "Penobscot" prefices his explanation, namely: that the ruffed grouse chafes pertinaciously to its chosen location, "a flock, unless frequently hunted, scarcely moving over ten acres of ground in a season," is another proof to me of the difference in habits, for here they are of all birds the most uncertain to find in any particular place.

You may flush a score in a piece of cover to-day and find not one there to-morrow; and the next day, and on some days a bird may be plenty in a certain wide range of woodland, and on others almost none can be found there, I remember hunting over a hilly piece of woodland containing some four hundred acres or so in which some grouse are almost always to be found, but on that day we did not find a bird till, at last, coming to a hollow through which a small brook runs my companion and I dashed certainly not less than fifty on a quarter of an acre. This, I think, was in September. In November of another year I hunted over the same ground with a little success, till in the afternoon, when I was clearing where there were a number of small, barberry places from two to five feet high I started a grouse from the sunny side of almost every other pine. On both occasions all the birds in the tract seemed to have gathered, for some reason, into close companionship. In the first instance I surmised that they had come to the brook to drink and by chance all to that particular part of it. In the other I was quite at a loss for a reason for the unusual congregation.

No more can I account for the scarcity and wildness of ruffed grouse this fall. Last fall they were unusually plenty, continuing so through the winter and spring, and remained themselves great sport in the woods then for years before and, I cannot remember any storm that could be supposed to have seriously affected the eggs or young birds, nor have beasts and birds of prey been plentier than usual. Can any one help to clear up the mystery? While asking questions I wish to inquire if there are any muffed grouse in New Jersey, or in Martin's Vineyard, where Herbert speaks of the being carefully preserved at the time he wrote his "Field Sports." I should very much like to see the experiment tried of re-stocking their old haunts at the East, and also stocking parts of New England where they are not known to have existed. I see no reason why they might not thrive even here, now.

A. W. H. S. S.

Woodland, Farm and Garden.

AN INTERESTING CHAPTER ON BEES (1718).

BY PAUL LUDLEY, F. R. S.

A Method Lately Found Out by a New Bee for Discovering Where the Bees Hide in the Woods in Order to Get Their Honey.

THE hunter takes a pistol or trencher with a little sugar, honey or molasses spread on it (in a clear sunny day), and when got into the woods sets it down on a rock or stump in the woods; this sweetener the bees soon scent and find out, for it is generally supposed a bee will scout honey or wax above a mile's distance. The hunter secures in a box or other convenient one or more of the bees as they fill themselves, and after a little time lets one of 'em go, observing very carefully the course the bee steers, for after he flies in the air he flies directly or upon a straight course to the tree where the hive is. In order to do this the hunter carries with him his pocket compass, his rule and other implements, with a sheet of paper, and sets down the course. Suppose it to be west; by this he is sure the tree must be somewhere in a west line from where he is, but wants to know the exact distance either south or north (we'll suppose north) a hundred paces or rod (if it be more it will be more exact, because the angle will not be so acute) then he takes out another bee and lets him go, observing his course also very carefully: for he

being loaded, will, as the first (after he is mounted a convenient height), fly directly to the hive. This second course, as I must call it, the hunter finds to be south, 54 degrees west; then there remains nothing but to find out where the two courses intersect.

The foundation of all this is the straight or direct motion of bees when bound home with their honey, and this is found to be certain by due observation and experience of our hunters every year, and especially of late years, since this mathematical way of finding honey in ye woods has been used with such success.

An ingenious man of my acquaintance ye last year took two or three neighbors that knew nothing of ye matter, and after he had taken his bees, set the courses the first and second bee steered, made the offset, and, taking ye distance from the two stations to the intersection, ordered them to cut down such a tree, pointing to it. The laborers smiled and were confident there was no honey there, for they could not perceive the tree to be hollow or to have any hole for the bees to enter by, and would have dissuaded the gentleman from felling the tree, but he insisted on it and offered to lay 'em any wager that the hive was there, and so it proved to the great surprise of ye countrymen.

I cannot dismiss this subject without acquainting you with the fact that all the bees ye have in our gardens or in ye woods, and which now are in great numbers, are the produce of such as were brought in lives from England near a hundred years ago, and not ye natural produce of this part of America, for the first planters of New England never observed a bee in the woods until many years after the country was settled; but that which proves it beyond question is our Aborigines (the Indians) have no word in their language for a bee (as they have for an eagle, a turkey, a deer, &c.), and therefore proper to ye country (and) therefore for many years called a bee by the name of Englishman's fly.

Our people formerly used to find out honey in ye woods by surprising and following one bee after another by eyetill, at length they found out where the bee breed.

AUTUMN LEAVES.—Lamp shades made of autumn leaves are very beautiful. To make them, cut the shade the proper shape in stiff white paper, when the leaves, which have been previously dried and pressed, are arranged on it in a wreath, and fastened securely by gum. The whole is then covered with a very coarse net, and the edges bound with gilt or colored paper. The effect of the light shining through the shade is exceedingly pretty, and it is one of the cheap decorations which all persons, possessed of a little taste and ordinary skillful fingers, may make for themselves.

DISCOURAGING TO FLORIDA FRUIT-GROWERS.—The Key West *Key of the Gulf* says:

The experience of this year seems to be extremely discouraging to the prospects of the extreme southern portion of the peninsula ever being settled up and utilized as a fruit-growing region.

The Kennel.

HUNTING IN GREAT BRITAIN.—When an Englishman speaks of hunting he means following hounds, either on horse, back or on foot, in pursuit of deer, foxes or hares. For hunting the deer there are in England 14 packs of stag-hounds, and in Ireland 4 packs. For hunting the fox there are in England 141 packs of foxhounds, in Ireland 20 packs, and in Scotland 9 packs. For hunting the hare there are in England 95 packs of harriers and 18 packs of beagles; in Ireland 43 packs of harriers, and in Scotland 3 packs. This makes a total of 346 packs; 25 couples to each pack would be a low estimate, as some of the packs of foxhounds run up to 60 couples, and one—the Duke of Beaufort's—has 78 couples. We therefore find the total number of dogs used in Great Britain for "hunting" alone (not shooting) to exceed 22,000.

AFTER REYNARD.—Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 13.—Col. W. H. Johnson, one of our most indefatigable fox hunters in this country, has been out lately with his excellent pack of six and a half couples of hounds, with Bumble as their leader. His first day's run was after a gray fox, which, after a sharp chase of two hours, succeeded in getting to his hole. The next day, however, we were successful. This time he started a red fox, which, after a very break-neck pace of some two hours was kept up, they managed to kill in the hills near the White Creek Turnpike. Since last year the colonel has added several fine hounds to his pack. One of them was bred in North Carolina and the other in Virginia. J. D. H.

OBESITY IN DOGS.—One of the most common complaints of old dogs, but more particularly household pets, is excessive fatness. An inordinate development of adipose matter, no doubt, is highly satisfactory in a pig, or in a South Sea Islander's dog, but in the Western hemisphere, at least, where the dog is used for entirely different purposes, such a condition of body is entirely objectionable. A proper plumpness of appearance denotes health; but when the animal oil, called fat, becomes ordinally disproportionate to the rest of the body, it proves a source of numerous diseases. Blaine, who wrote sixty years ago, and whose works on the diseases of dogs have not been surpassed for the sound practical knowledge they evince, says that the natural tendency of dogs to obesity is caused, not only for any dog may be fat by excessive feeding and little exercise. Provided the accumulation has been quick, the dog may be reduced to his former state without prejudice; but when a dog gradually accumulates fat from indolence, then the obesity becomes so completely a disease, that even exercise and abstinence will not always wholly reduce him; for the generation of the adipose substance is so habitual a work of the constitution that, however little food the animal takes, short of starvation, still little forms fat. That this is true may be shown by the notorious fact that many fat dogs eat but little. There are two sources of fatness; one is overfeeding, the other is want of exercise, and when, as is very frequently the case, both causes happen to meet in the same subject, the accumulation is certain. When the dogs are overfed, whatever is taken into the body more than the general secretion requires, is either converted into fat, or forms some other unusable secretion, as an matter in the case of canker, or scabs on the skin in mange. Exercise increases all the usual secretions; hence, under strong exercise, more nutriment is required, and thus in such cases, full feeding does not

produce fat; but even in full exercise, provided some of the usual secretions are stopped, though the others may be in full force, yet an over-accumulation of animal oil is apt to take place; thus, spayed bitches and castrated dogs become fat, however they may work. Fat more readily accumulates in middle-aged and old dogs than in the young, and the fat of old dogs is more hurtful to them than that in the young, the reason of which appears to be, that all aged animals have their fat piled more upon the surface of the body. A state of excessive fatness is an almost certain forerunner of asthma. It is also the parent of mange, canker, and other eruptive diseases, and not unfrequently it occasions fits, from the pressure it produces on the vessels of the head and chest. Furthermore, the authority we quote says that he has also seen the excessive accumulation of it produce disease of the heart and large vessels, terminating in the rupture of one or the other of them.—*Land and Water.*

BIRMINGHAM DOG SHOW.—This important English show was held on Oct. 21 and three following days. The judges were: For fox and wire-haired terriers, Mr. J. A. Doyle; for bloodhounds, deerhounds, grayhounds, mastiffs and St. Bernards, the Rev. G. F. Hodson; for Newfoundland, sheepdogs, Dandie Dinmonts, Bedlington, Pomeranians, Dalmatians and non-sporting puppies, Mr. Matthew Hedley; for retrievers, pointers, setters, spaniels, dachshunds and sporting puppies, Mr. Wm. Lort; and for bull dogs, terriers, all except fox and wire-haired terriers, pugs, Italian grayhounds, Glenhead and King Charles spaniel, Mr. J. Percival. The following is a list of the winners in the pointer and setter classes:

Pointers.—Large—Dogs: 1st, W. Arkwright's Tramp; 2d, J. Mayon's Bob. Com., W. M. Bryant's Bang. Bitches: 1st, J. H. Whitehouse's Reine; 2d, J. K. Bartram's Nell. High com., W. H. Brewer's Princess Bon Bon, and R. P. Leach's Alma. Com., E. Bullock's coll and E. S. Burdson's Pan. Small—Dogs: 1st, E. P. Leach's Basso Whitehouse's Whiskey's Wray. Very high com., H. Reece's Rock. Com., H. T. Veitch's Don. A very good class. Bitches: 1st, J. H. Whitehouse's Lady Pearl; 2d, W. Arkwright's Prude II. Very high com., S. D. Hine's Helen. High com., J. Edwards' Nellie and S. D. Hine's Leda.

Setters.—English (other than black and tan)—Dogs: 1st, Major Richard's Ned; 2d, J. Richardson's Bruce. Very high com., J. E. Platt's Rock II. and J. H. Whitehouse's Cave. High com., J. T. Jackson's Dash. A good class. Bitches: 1st, Major Ireland's Ruby; 2d, J. C. Fauntleroy's Puff. Very high com., C. J. N. Gray's Jess III. and S. W. Wildman's Kate. High com., W. Cooper's Dutchess and E. Platt's Daphne. Black and tan—Dogs: 1st, J. T. Richardson's Duke; 2d, H. Mapplebeck's Blossom. Very high com., T. H. Salter's Rex. High com., C. Fauntleroy's Prince, T. Jacobs' Marquis, and J. R. Trevithick's Monarch. Bitches: 1st, H. Mapplebeck's Mona; 2d, J. H. Salter's Countess II. Very high com., J. T. Richardson's Bee and R. Trevithick's Stella. High com., S. D. Hine's Mae. Irish—Dogs: 1st, J. T. Richardson's Pam; 2d, C. Osborne's Count Fosco. Bitches: 1st, withheld; 2d, J. T. Richardson's Peggy.

THE NATIONAL DOG SHOW, BIRMINGHAM.—The prizes to be competed for at the show to be held in Curzon Hall, on the 2d of December and three following days, as appears from the schedule, amount to more than £1,000, being an increase of £84 over last year. Four £5 silver cups will again be presented by Messrs. Elkington & Co., as will also three other silver cups of £5 each by Mr. J. H. Whitehouse, Mr. J. H. Jones, Messrs. Marshall & Co., and in addition Messrs. Spratt, Patent Dog Biscuit Manufacturers, a silver cup value £25 for the best dog or bitch in the blood-hound, deerhound, grayhound, pointer, setter, and retriever classes; and Mr. R. L. Purcell Llewellyn, a silver cup value £10 for the handsomest dog or bitch in the show used with the gun, the competition being limited to pointers, setters, retrievers, clumbers and other than "fancy" spaniels; the Mayor of Birmingham (Alderman Kenrick) gives a silver cup, value £5 5s, for the best sheep dog of all classes, and Mr. A. C. Ashwin a silver cup value £5 for the best spaniel of all classes. A champion class is provided for deerhounds (dogs and bitches), and one for rough sheepdogs (dogs and bitches) the prize in each case being a silver cup value £5. There is likewise a new class for Irish terriers, with two prizes of £5 and £3; and there will be two classes for smooth sheepdogs, one for dogs of last year, and one for dogs of this year, of £3 and £3, and for bitches £4 and £2. For fox terriers not exceeding 18 lbs. there will be a third prize of £3, and for bitches not exceeding 16 lbs., a third prize of £2. All prizes amounting to £7 will be paid in cash, and not in silver cups as heretofore. Among the new regulations is one to the effect that the dogs of exhibitors residing in this locality, and those which are accompanied by keepers, may be delivered at the Shirley, M. E. fox and wire-haired terriers, Mr. J. A. Doyle, Skyes, Dalmatians, Bedlington, Yorkshire and Irish terriers, Rev. G. F. Hodson; bull dogs, Blenheim and King Charles spaniels, Mr. J. W. Berrie; dachshunds, Rev. G. F. Lovell; poodles, Italian grayhounds, Maltese rough-haired dog, not decided; pugs, Capt. E. Digby Boycott.

ALEXANDRIA PALACE DOG SHOW.—The following are the judges appointed for this show, which is to be held near London on Dec. 13 to 16: Bloodhounds, mastiffs, St. Bernards, Dandie Dinmonts, black and tans (English), smooth-haired toy terriers, and non-sporting puppies, Rev. W. J. Mellor; Newfoundlands, spaniels and sporting puppies, Mr. W. Lort; deerhounds, grayhounds, not decided; foreign dogs, Rev. G. F. Lovell; pointers, Mr. J. H. Whitehouse; setters, sheepdogs, retrievers, bull terriers, pug and dog puppies, Mr. E. Shirley, M. E. fox and wire-haired terriers, Mr. J. A. Doyle; Skyes, Dalmatians, Bedlington, Yorkshire and Irish terriers, Rev. G. F. Hodson; bull dogs, Blenheim and King Charles spaniels, Mr. J. W. Berrie; dachshunds, Rev. G. F. Lovell; poodles, Italian grayhounds, Maltese rough-haired dog, not decided; pugs, Capt. E. Digby Boycott.

ROSS DOG SHOW.—The seventh annual exhibition of dogs took place at Ross, Herefordshire, on Thursday, the 24th ult., under the able secretaryship of Mr. Frederick Cooper, Mr. W. Lort judged single-handed, and with his wards, says the *Hereford Herald*, we entirely enjoyed it. The following were the winners in the sporting class: Pointers—1st, H. Reece (Rock); 2d, W. Evans (Lady). High com., J. Pearse, (Bob). Com., J. H. Mayo (Till), W. E. Hancock, S. P. Marfell (Belle), H. L. Lutwyche (Raik), and J. Birmingham (Shot). Setters—1st, H. Mapplebeck (Mona); 2d and very high com., C. J. N. Gray (Jess III. and Ranger).

—The next dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club in this city will probably be held in April next. The date will be fixed at the next meeting of the club.

—A dog show will be held at Troy, N. Y., in January next.

FOUR MILK FOR WORMS.—Under date of Nov. 16 a correspondent gives the following as his experience with sour milk for worms in puppies:

About a week ago I noticed that my dog's coat was getting dull, appetite voracious, feces black, and several other symptoms of worms were apparent; also a gradual desire to lie down after a run. I accordingly gave him a dish of sour milk on an empty stomach for three consecutive days, and this morning discovered that he had passed a large, round, white worm, about six inches long. Whether this result is due to the milk I cannot, of course, say. At all events, it has in this instance shown the presence of worms. H.

NAMES CLAIMED.—Mr. Treat Potter, of Manchester, N. H., claims the name of Maggie for his red Irish bitch pup (Rufus-Cigarette), whelped June 27, 1878.

—Mr. John P. Barnard, Jr., of Boston, Mass., claims the name of Ruby for his black and tan setter bitch, by Allison's Ruben (Lang-Rubin), out of Mr. T. T. Sawyer, Jr.'s, Nellie (Stokes' Shot-Nellie).

—Mr. D. P. Bosworth, of this city, has bought from Mr. John C. Dowling his imported cocker spaniel bitch, and claims the name of Gip for her.

—Messrs. Lincoln and Hellyar have sold of their litter of pointer puppies, by Snapshot out of Gypsy, one brace to C. O. Damarin, of Portsmouth, Ohio, who also purchased from them the imported setter dog Frank II., one to S. T. Hammond, of Springfield, Mass., one to J. E. Moody, Brooklyn, Conn., and one to E. B. Austin, of Cherrifield, Malco.

—Mr. D. M. Sharpnook, of Petroleum, W. Va., has sold his cocker spaniel dog, Dom, to Mr. E. F. Beardslee, of Gouverneur, N. Y.

—Mr. E. F. Mercillott has sold to Nelson J. Place, Jr., of N. Y., one dog puppy, lemon and white, also one to Robert Spitzer, of Brooklyn, L. I., one dog puppy red and white, both by Quail out of Mr. Morford's kennel, out of Grace, winner of first prize at N. Y. Bench Show.

—H. F. Tates (Greensboro, N. C.) red Irish setter Ruby-Tippoo-Ruby (Ducat stock)—whelped, on Nov. 10, sixteen puppies, ten dogs and six bitches, sired by champion Joe. Ruby has been very prolific, her two previous litters being fifteen and twelve respectively.

—Mr. Geo. P. Webster, of Columbia, Tenn., lost his red Irish setter bitch Nell a few days ago. The supposition is that she was stolen.

—Mr. H. H. Winslow, of Kokomo, Ind., has bred his English setter bitch Pocohontas (Rock-Dora) to Mr. L. H. Smith's Leicester.

—Mr. Smith's Pearl has been bred to Paris.

DOG POISONING.

The following description of the manner in which a correspondent's dog was saved from the effects of what was very evidently a case of poisoning will be valuable to those who may be so unfortunate as to have dogs treated in a similar manner:

CHICAGO, Nov. 11, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

On Sunday morning, Oct. 27, I was out walking with my dogs, and as I returned home I noticed one of them acting strangely. She seemed to be trying to get something out of her mouth. This she continued until I reached home, the time being nearly one hour. After my return the symptoms seemed to grow worse, accompanied with a considerable twitching of the muscles and frothing at the mouth. Thinking that the symptoms indicated strychnine poisoning I immediately took active measures to counteract its effects. I first gave a dose of salt which acted in about ten minutes, but as she did not seem to improve I followed it by a second dose. This seemed to afford relief for a short time, but soon the paroxysms returned in an aggravated form, and we concluded that it was a case of kill or cure, so proceeded with very energetic measures. We began the course with a large dose of ipecac, but it failed to have the desired effect (as it relaxed the muscles to such a degree as to fall to vomit), but proved in the end to have been the best we could have done. This dose we followed by another dose of salt. She now began to have fits, but still having some faint hopes of saving her we gave her about a pound of lard; after this she grew gradually worse until she had had six fits, the last one continuing for nearly two minutes. This was followed by a copious discharge of the medicines which had acted as a powerful purgative.

These we followed with large and laudamum, as she still seemed to be suffering intensely. When we had administered thirty-five drops of laudamum it seemed to have the desired effect, as she gradually grew better, and in the course of a week was entirely recovered, with the exception of her sense of smell which she seems slow in recovering. A medical friend of mine (Dr. C. E. Juddes) attributes our success entirely to the use of ipecac, as it relaxed the muscles and thus caused the fits. The whole course of treatment occupied the time from 12 M. until 4 o'clock, during which time she had seven fits.

E. H. S.

STAY THE MONUMENT!

Regarding the use of the seton as a remedy for distemper and sour milk as a cure for worms a correspondent sends us the following:

WARREN, Nov. 11, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

I read in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 21, under the caption "Cure for Distemper," of a new discovery, that of introducing a seton in the neck of the sick dog. Hereabouts it has been practiced for years with success. I also noticed in the same journal, under date of November 7, under the caption "Distemper," quite a lengthy article for the alleviation of the afflicted of the canine race, of a cure for worms in dogs by the use of sour milk. I called the attention of Mr. P. S. Hackett, our dog king, to that article, when he smilingly remarked, "I'll tell you a story about corn milk." "About fifty-five years ago when I was a lad my father came into possession of a deer or foxhound which soon showed signs of ill health. We did all we could for the poor fel-

low, but in spite of care and family skill he fell away to a mere living skeleton. Finally one morning my mother placed a tub containing six or six gallons of sour milk out at the door. Very soon our Sport fell to eating it and continued until it would seem he must burst; in fact, he was blown up like a bladder. Well, nothing was thought of the affair until toward night, when the poor animal's bowels commenced to move, and such a discharge of worms, of three or four different species, I do not think ever before was recorded in history. The sight was sickening and baffles description. The hound recovered its health at once and lived to a good old age." Thus it will be seen that setons and sour milk are old remedies, and you will be justified in staying the erection of a monument in memory of your correspondent.

CRAIG LISON.

YACHTING AND BOATING.

HIGH WATER FOR THE WEEK.

Date.	Boston.	New York.	Charleston.
Nov. 15.....	2 25	11 40	11 38
Nov. 16.....	2 24	11 39	11 37
Nov. 17.....	4 18	1 11	0 28
Nov. 18.....	5 16	2 04	1 24
Nov. 19.....	6 14	3 02	2 24
Nov. 20.....	7 12	4 04	3 22
Nov. 21.....	8 08	5 04	4 23

SOMETHING ABOUT CUTTERS.

FROM Mr. J. G. Wheeler, West Cowes, Isle of Wight, England, we have received a large assortment of photographs of British yachts, including many notable racers, schooners, cutters and yawls, Mr. Brassey's two yachts, the auxiliary steamers *Meteor* and his present 500 tonner *Sunbeam*. From Mr. Brassey we learn that this famous vessel, which made a cruise around the world with Mr. Brassey in command, is now cruising in the Mediterranean, as his owner and family have by no means tired of life at sea, though they spent a year afloat not long ago. *Sunbeam* is the largest yacht ever built, is of composite build, iron frames and wooden skin; measures 532 tons, Y. R. A. R., and is 150ft. long between perpendiculars; 27ft. 6in. beam, and 13ft. 9in. depth of hold. She is rigged as a barkentine, and is supplied with engines of the compound inverted type, two cylinders, 24in. and 42in. by 21in. stroke, 70 H. P. nominal. Contrary to British custom, she is painted white. At her main peak, the burgee of the R. Y. S. has been carried abroad in every sea and climate. The *Meteor*, Mr. Brassey's former yacht, is about as homely a concern as could well be devised, and he is certainly to be congratulated upon having shifted his flag to a much handsomer vessel. Among the schooners we note the *Iris*, a new steel clipper with plumb stem and of beautifully clean model. Her stern is unrivaled. To us she looks like a good one in a stiff breeze. She, too, is painted white, a change in custom almost as heretic among Englishmen as a departure from the stereotyped sloop is among us.

Then there is among the yawls the big *Lufra*, tonning hard on to 210, an able, wholesome looking craft, which was one of the first to come to the line as a racer under this rig, and whose success at Englishmen to work up the advantages of this species for cruising and racing purposes. Of the "national rig," as our cousins abroad are wont to speak of the cutter, we have before us numerous examples. *Vanesa*, invincible among the "twenties," with her fourteen racing flags aloft, one of Dan Hatcher's famous turnouts, and a fine specimen of the thoroughly seaworthy crack of the day. She measures 48ft. 3in. from stem to sternpost on deck; 9ft. 8in. beam and 2ft. 8in. depth of hold. Noted for her power and staying qualities in a kick up, we should like to know the sloop that could hold her own in a turn to windward with this pretty weatherly clipper. *Heroine*, another wholesome ship of 50 tons, built by Vanhail in 1863, is a beauty to look at. Mr. Wheeler has chosen an excellent position in taking this craft's photo, for all the deck fittings and her rigging are shown with minuteness and a clearness hardly to be expected in the murky atmosphere of the average channel weather. With bulwarks almost waist-high, and in every way fitted to put to sea for a long voyage, she is known as a smart one among the best racers of the day, a living witness to the fact that cruising and racing qualities may be combined to no small extent in one and the same craft.

And what shall we say when we come to *Mosquito*, known the world over as one whose performances have shed lustre upon her designer, the first to give to a yacht sharp, hollow lines with midship section well aft. We have no desire to throw cold water upon good American patriots who labor under the misapprehension that Storer's work, as exemplified in the *America*, can claim the honorable distinction of having first turned the tide against "cod's head and mackerel tail," an old time dogma that had come down to modern ages with all the sanctity that centuries of custom could weave about a glaring fallacy. Long before the timber was cut for Storer's beauty, *Mosquito* had been afloat, and when our own schooner first made the British coast the iron cutter had become a ship of several years. Launched by Mare, of Blackwall, in 1848, she commenced her career as a star by handsomely beating all the stub-nosed, round-bellied craft of the day when once her tiller cut into the hands of a racing skipper. *America*, and won in her 1853 no less a craft than *Mosquito*, a clipper from her long style in a race with the sloop *Julia*, a clipper from her own yards, who has few equals even at the present time, and a sloop that could show a clean pair of heels to *Vision*, *Gracie*, *Addie*, and the whole lot of that stripe. Yet there are those "doubting Thomases" who will not be convinced that a well designed cutter and a high rate of speed are readily attainable. *Mosquito* changed hands ever so many times in her eventful career, sailed under the colors of many nations, and in the hands of British Isles, only to turn up again at the hale old age of thirty years, a smart flyer yet, and as handsome a ship as one

need wish to lay eyes on. Give credit where credit is due, *Mosquito* was a wonder for her days, a bold and most successful departure from the musty traditions of the past, and a lantern of criticism should be thrown upon the narrow-minded age and the rigid conservatism of barbaled custom, bravely cast off the fetters of imbecility, struck out in paths then untrodden, and carried through to success and victory bold innovations in face of frowning and derogatory public opinion!

This honor is claimed by both Mr. Dillehorn and Mr. Waterman. The records are not clear to whom is due the praise of would have been upon the genius and luck that brought forth a design which after thirty years of time still stands the test of the refinements since her launching day, undergone by naval science, so let the present generation, in the broad generosity of the times, meet out equal fame to the candidates alike, for to both of them probably could be traced the origin of *Mosquito*'s lines would fair Chio but unseal the past to the admiring verdict of to-day.

Not for long voyages and family cruising give us the sixty! None too large and none too small. Room enough for all on board—maid, nurse, baby and all. A sixty is a ship you can go around the world in with ease and luxury. *Iona*, a racing craft of this size, a very handsome cutter, recalls to mind the attempts of Mr. Ashbury, when disgusted with his bulky, uncomfortable schooners, he again fell back upon the narrow form. *Iona* did not fail to fulfill expectations among other British cracks, she certainly is a yacht of speed not to be despised, and a very handsome one at that. The "forties," which give such good racing sport around the water, are well represented by *Mjosett*, the photo before us showing her right abeam as near as possible, with her canvas set, giving a fair idea of a Laphone suit; but why will Englishmen in their racing craft adhere to the old rig against racing their mainmasts to the boom? Why the unnecessary roach along the foot? All well enough in a cruise, to be sure, for tricing up the tack is a paramount to shortening sail and a handy thing in squalls, when with the peak dropped the force of the wind is as good as neutralized. Those who witnessed the fall reign of the Atlantic Y. C. in New York harbor may recall to mind the predicament that schooner found herself in when struck by the fiercest gust that came lowering down from N. W. and when at the critical moment her mainsail refused to come down. A pull on the tack tricing line would have averted all danger in a moment. As it was, she barely escaped following *Mosquito*'s wretched fate. For cruising a tack tricing line is a handy affair, but for racing our cousins abroad should lace all round as taught and flat as they can.

What with a variety of reasons, the little freemasonry of our craft has assumed a British aspect to such an extent that we almost hear the cry of "traitor" from those good persons who think it base abjection to look beyond the limits of our borders. For the sake of historic truth we are willing to become a martyr, to suffer for our friends' very good intentions.

YACHTING NEWS.

A YACHTSMAN'S OPINIONS.—A gentleman, well known in amateur circles as a thorough yachtsman, who tools his own craft on Corinthian principles, writes as follows, and we are not sure but what there is considerable force in his remarks, relating to the present style of yachting in metropolitan waters:

My best sympathies do go, and always will go, with any effort you may make tending to discourage the style of yachting at present pursued by New York yachtsmen (so-called), sea-jockeys and fresh-water dandies, by whom, I am sorry to say, some very excellent yachts are owned. Yachts of this class, which I will join with you in heartily condemning. There are, however, in the vicinity of New York more good seaworthy yachts than there are true yachtsmen to sail them. So I say, with all my heart, educate the sailor, and the boat will be found ready to carry him wherever he dare to go.

BUFFALO YACHT CLUB.—Fifteen new members have been added to the club. Captain E. B. Dorr, well-known in marine insurance circles, Peter C. Doyle and Wm. A. Abell were elected honorary members at the meeting of Nov. 15. Several new boats were to be added to the fleet.

LAKE YACHTING.—*Delleille*, Ont., Nov. 11.—The yachting season being at an end, all the yachts of the fleet have been stripped and hauled out for the winter; that is to say, all but the *Danettes*, which are probably will be taken out and rebuilt in the spring. Several of the other yachts will be overhauled before they again greet the waters of the bay, some will have alterations made in their canvas, and others will be fitted with new "mainsail," so that next season all will come out again in first-class trim.

PORT TACK.

REGRETABLE ACCIDENT.—Mr. Whitlock, long and favorably known in the ship chandlery business on South street, met with an accident recently, being thrown from his wagon while out driving near his home in Matawan, N. J.

OAR AND PADDLE.

ST. LOUIS BOATING.—A four-oared race took place at St. Louis, November 17, between the *Modoc* and St. Louis crews of the City Course, from Arsenal wall up stream to stake-boat, one hundred yards below the bridge and return. Distance, about six miles. St. Louis crew won in 47m. 30s., after a close race.

NASSAU BOAT CLUB.—At the eleventh annual meeting of the Nassau Boat Club, held November 11, the following gentlemen were elected for the ensuing year: President, Robert L. Read; Vice-President, William Brookfield; Secretary, J. H. Giffin, Jr.; Treasurer, James Willis; Captain, G. G. Peterson; Coxswain, James D. Foot; Trustees, J. H. Abell, Jr., Henry P. Havens, Walter B. Wilson, William B. Kemp.

ROWING ON THE TYNE.—On the Tyne, England, November 11, John Hawdon beat William Lumsden. It is stated that Hawdon is to be matched against Hanlan, the American champion, early in spring.

A FEW WORDS TO "CORINTHIAN."

HALIFAX, N. S., Nov. 11, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

I have read with interest "Corinthian's" letters in favor of the American model and rig, and am glad to find him advocating his views so earnestly, though I entirely differ from him. At the same time, I wish his eagerness to prove himself right did not lead him into very awkward blunders, which tell against the value of his arguments. In his letter of Oct. 25 he says: "When the plucky Ashbury brought his cutter-yacht *Cambridge* to these waters

he found himself and yacht out-styled by our whole fleet in rotation. What was the consequence? When he returned he brought the *Livonia*. Was she a cutter? No; all who ever saw her would not hesitate a moment in pronouncing her an American type of vessel of the usual characteristics—large ball and small displacement." The Italics are my own. "Corinthian" has scored against himself in his anxiety to score against the cutter. *Cambria*—as I must say he ought to know, was never a cutter, but always a schooner—is a schooner now, and was one when he raced in New York. *Livonia*, again, was a compromise between the American and English types of a schooner-yacht, and though fast, as he says, was by no means at the top of the tree in England any more than *Cambria* had been. *Sappho* and *America* were the best of their class on this side—the Ashbury yachts were not in the same position with regard to their rivals in England. I would like to see the recent English schooner-yachts, such as *Colonia*, *Sea Belle*, or *Miranda*, racing with our crack American schooners of equal tonnage. I think "Corinthian" would open his eyes then. I wonder, too, the match between *Vision* and *Gracie* did not strike him as containing valuable lessons as to rig. But of this more anon. I shall return to the subject in some of my future issues. Meantime, the more discussion we have on these points the better for our grand sport. Winter is the time to write, and FOREST AND STREAM, the American yachtsman's organ, the paper to write to.

ROBERT CHOX.

CORINTHIAN CRUISERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALY. NOV. 4, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

As I sat myself down this evening in my old leather easy chair, with a fresh charge in the brown old meerschaum, and unfolded the last number of the FOREST AND STREAM, I felt "at peace with all the world and the rest of mankind." Turning first to the Yachting column, as is my wont, the letter of "Corinthian" on "Corinthian Cruisers" met my eye, and to its perusal I gave "marked attention," and saw in the article some very sensible ideas. Then followed your comments. I couldn't stand it, and have hung up my old "brown" and opening my desk, have just dipped my lance (pen) in ink (inkstand) to come to the rescue.

Let me premise my arguments by stating that, combined with a very decided weakness for guns, dogs and rods, last but by no means least is my fondness for boats, yachts and yachting. Claiming to be a Corinthian in the fullest sense, with thirty years' constant practice and experience in all sorts of boats, in all sorts of waters, in all sorts of yachts, from the 20ft. cat-boats to craft of 100 tons, it may not be egotistical to claim some familiarity with the question.

Beginning with a review of "Corinthian's" suggestions, I will say that in the main I agree with him, but am somewhat amused at the evident timidity with which he approaches the question of beam. He says he would give a boat of 30ft. keel 12 or 13 ft. breadth. Don't be afraid, my boy, nor dread ridicule. Give her 18 1/2 ft.—not an inch less. And you are sound also on the question of depth; give her not less than 4 1/2 ft., and you will never regret it; for if there is any one craft to be despised it is a shallow boat—a tea saucer—with your lee deck under water whenever you have a wales breeze.

With 19 1/2 ft. beam and 4 1/2 ft. depth you will have an able, staunch and comfortable boat, that will stand up and carry sail with the atomable English cutter is dragging her lee rigging in the water, and her deck presents the angle of a steep barn roof, capping everything below deck, and playing grand smash with the crockery. Give her a long floor and breadth, for of floor therein you get speed; not over 6 in. deadrise, and carry the bearings well out; sharp knuckle, so as to gain every inch possible of bearings—don't fear she will be ugly, it don't show, being under water—gives you wide view of cabin and berth, and makes her stiff and able. Don't cut your ends away; let your bearings run well aft; it adds materially to her stiffness, holds her up, and makes her buoyant in a sea-way. Don't mind her people tell you she will thrash. She won't; nor will it make her steer badly. And while on that subject, don't cut your deadwood off too short. Let it run well aft, for it insures steadiness, and takes the strain from your rudder. Now you have a good, buoyant bottom with a long floor, which means speed as well. And don't be humbugged by those who will tell you a broad boat can't sail; breadth of beam is not detrimental to speed, *malgre* the accepted opinion.

The next point is your centreboard. Your ideas are correct as to length. It is also unnecessary to build it high; 3 1/2 ft. from keels is quite sufficient. Put a water-tight cap on the top 10 in. wide, and a coaming each side, 1 1/2 in. high, to keep your lamp and dishes from sliding off when carrying a press of canvas; and attach swinging table-leaves each side of your centreboard case, with brackets to swing out to support them when in use. If you want your boat to steer like an arrow, add a small centreboard aft by building your deadwood up to the cockpit floor, with a slat for the board. Builders will tell you this cannot be done; that it weakens your boat, because it cuts off your floor timbers that should run across. Bosh! It can be done. The floor timbers that run across forward between the forward centreboard and the after one are quite sufficient for strength; and again, abaft the after board there is ample chance to strengthen. The after board is worked by an iron stiff rod, with an eye in the board, which permits of its lying flat in the groove in the cockpit floor. Now, you have the option of using it or not. It is good on the wind, and when running free. Show it down, and you need scarcely touch the tiller. Your boat will not rudder nor broach to, and all the usual strain and pressure on the rudder is relieved. I do not claim the after board as original with myself, but experience in its use I do claim, and if I was to build fifty boats would never omit it. It is no experiment, but the experience of a dozen years' standing.

Now as to rig. The sloop rig has unquestionably the advantage in speed, as it has been demonstrated over and over again that the more canvas you get in or on sail, the more speed; but it also involves labor, and as comfort and an absence of crew is the desideratum, it is sensible to make a little concession to that object, i. e., cruising light-banded. There remains, then, the choice of two rigs—that of the schooner, and the yawl or dandy—the latter originally English, but if modified in some particulars, is handy, and possesses the merit of rendering reefing unnecessary. Let your jib be in one piece—not according to the English idea, with

one coming down to the heel of the bowsprit, which then becomes a stayail; but give her a good sized jib, and the usual length of bowsprit; set your mainmast well forward; then place a second mast abaft the cockpit, with considerable rake (2 in. to the foot at least). Run out astern a binnacle, or short bowsprit—or stern-sprit, more properly—a good stout spar, properly secured inboard, requires no guy or bobstay to support it. On this driver-mast put a leg-of-mutton or Bermudian sail about one-fourth smaller than your jib, with a boom, a block on the end of the binnacle through which your sheet reeve, and comes inboard to a cleat at the foot of the mast, and easily reached from the cockpit. The boom of your mainsail should just clear your driver-mast. The sail on the driver-mast has a short jack-yard or piece of wood similar to the "sliding gunter," a block on same through which your halliards are rove, the standing part made fast to the binnacle in your topmast single block, by which means you can carry up the peak of your sail nearly as high as the truck of your topmast, in place of an unnecessarily tall mast.

The sail being shaped precisely like your jib—i. e., leg-of-mutton—the advantages of the rig can only be appreciated by actual use. When the breeze admits, you can carry all sail. When it comes on too heavy, lower your mainsail, and run under jib and driver; or you can lower both jib and driver, and run under mainsail alone. It is seldom that you cannot carry either jib and driver or mainsail, and if your sail is properly balanced your boat will work equally well under either. In coming about, if the breeze is light, or the sea so rough that it is doubtful if she will do it, a little pull on your driver to windward will throw her around immediately.

In close work, getting under way, or coming in to a wharf, you can handle your boat under the reduced sail of jib and driver easily and safely. If you want to deaden headway, haul your driver square around, like throwing a topkail back. This is the handiest rig for amateurs—in fact, the easiest handled of all rigs I ever tried, and there are none that I have not experimented with. One man can easily hoist and manage all three sails.

The schooner rig everybody knows too well to render it necessary to refer to it, it is the next best to the yawl or dandy rig; but don't you be persuaded to adopt that of a sloop when either of the others are open to you. That great thrashing boom is a dreadful affair in a blow and rough water. Your sail is too large, requiring reefs.

The San Francisco Yacht Club are adopting the dandy rig almost universally, and you could not persuade any one of the owners of yachts in our waters who have once tried it to use any other. It is strictly a Corinthian rig, and dispenses with two out of three men before the mast. The owner and one man are quite force enough to handle a yacht of 50ft. if so rigged, and is demonstrated with us constantly.

Now as to that English cutter or tapeworm. Of all the mean uncomfortable (below and on deck), wet, nasty, disagreeable crafts that ever floated, they can take the palm. If you want to take a perpetual bath—half the time under and half the time out; if you want a diving-bell, then build a cutter. They have no stability, they go down on their sides without feeling the influence of their lead keels and tons of iron until leverage is obtained, and then they stop; but by that time the lee rigging is in the water, and half the deck under. A nice, comfortable craft for pleasure, certainly! Of what use is a modeled bottom to them, when they do all their sailing on their sides? And as for safety and stability, I will take the centreboard flat-bottomed craft I have described, and down out the cutter in any weather or any sea! My flat-bottomed craft will neither dive nor thrash with 6 in. deadrise; she has buoyancy, and stays on top of the water. The prejudice against centreboards and flat-bottoms has arisen from the great defect not in their model, but the fact that they are too shallow. All they want is more freeboard; give them the same freeboard you give a cutter, and then try them side by side.

In a cruising yacht, in the Eastern waters as well as here, it often happens that you want to run close in shore, or into a shoal bay for shelter. Your long-legged cutter can't go in; or if she does, when the tide falls she tumbles down on her side, and when it rises there is a good chance for her filling if a hatch or sky-light is kept off, before she will right.

I will pass on the question of cabin comforts, the accommodations being reduced to the dimensions of an omnibus, and come to the objectionable cockpit. The Bay of San Francisco at times can show some water as rough as Long Island waters probably. Our winds are heavy, but in all my cruising—and I have kept up a pretty lively gait at it for twenty years in California—I never took a barrel of water into the cockpit. Again, I sent a schooner-yacht of 47ft. over all (centreboard, with a bottom; 16ft. beam, such as I describe; with just 6 in. deadrise) on a voyage to the South Sea Islands. Her first port was the Sandwich Islands, 2,000 miles; thence to the Navigators, 3,000 miles; thence to the Marshall group, 1,500 miles further; and in all that cruise, with all sorts of weather, she never took water in her cockpit. Another instance: I sold a schooner-yacht of 80ft. over all, with open cockpit, 7 in. deadrise; built so lightly that the wise ones said she never would get over the Bar, viz.—bent oak frames, 2x3; plank, 1 1/2 in. before plating; deck plank, 1 1/2. She sailed for the South Sea Islands, making the fastest passage ever made, with one exception, to Honolulu and to the Navigators; and was used for a year subsequently, beating up against a rough sea and strong trade winds at the Lelands; and the captain wrote me that he never pumped her or took a bucket of water in the cockpit, and seldom on deck. So much for buoyancy and flat bottoms.

We have in our bay a class of vessels called the square-toed—flat bottoms as flat as a house floor, centreboards, square bows, with simply sloping ends—that go outside all along the coast, and invariably out-sail and out-weather the round-bottom craft; and there is not a solitary record of one of them ever having foundered or come to grief. They lay to with more ease to themselves and comfort to their crews than the round-bottomed vessels; and there are several instances of round-bottomed schooners laying to in company with these vessels, losing their great leads, while old square-toes bobbed up and down, reeling gracefully from an ugly sea, saying, "No, I thank you; I am not ambitious to buck at you," their buoyancy keeping them on top of the sea all the time instead of plunging into it. The seas may occasionally strike the square bows heavily, but they are strong and can stand it, and do. The sea never gets aboard, however, and old Jock paces the deck smoking his pipe, dry and comfortable,

And now, if I have not cooked the goose of cutter advocates effectually as I hope, it is all because some people are so stubborn and obstinate that they are not open to conviction. But I say to you, my Corinthian friend, don't you be persuaded to build a cutter; build just such a craft as you describe (I will send you a drawing, showing the after centreboard and rig, if you desire), and you will not only have a staunch, able, powerful and comfortable boat, but a fast one; and you can carry sail and wear your store clothes, while your cutter friend in his oil skins will look like a chicken in a thunder storm. Take the advice of one who has tried them all, and has learned all he knows about the subject from personal experiment as a Corinthian, doing a good share of the work at that.

I omitted to say that your frames, as you give dimensions, are unnecessarily heavy, 2x3 at butts, and 2x2 at top would be ample; plank, 1 1/2. Don't make the great and usual error of loading your boat down with timber; it makes her lazy and heavy. Another point: paint every stick that goes in her as it goes in; it prevents water soaking, preserves your boat, and makes her lively and buoyant.

Now let the cutter fiend strike back and I will come at him again. PODGERS.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

CANOEING ON LAKE SUPERIOR.—No. 2.

OUR stores for the trip consisted of 200 lbs. bacon, 40 lbs. flour, 2 bush. beans, 2 bush. peas, 3 bush. corn, with coffee, tea, sugar, lard and butter—the latter articles being considered effeminate luxuries. Also, five gallons of spirits and a keg of tobacco for the Indians. It is customary on these voyages to eat only twice a day, and it is astonishing to see the quantity the men will dispose of. They make a very nutritious and palatable soup of pork and peas, and the usual bread is made of flour, water and lard, baked in a frying-pan.

A gill-net was very useful on this lake. This is arranged with stones and floats of wood, to keep it expanded, so that the whitefish getting their heads into it are caught by the gills. The whitefish of this lake are very large, weighing from three to ten pounds, and they have been taken of fifteen. They are much firmer and fatter than those of the lower lakes. They have very few bones, but otherwise resemble the shad in appearance. They are, however, not so oily, and one can eat them for a long time without tiring of them. Mr. Agnew, the Collector of the port, tells us that two-thirds of the population subsist entirely upon whitefish and potatoes. The Indians on the lake subsist on them almost exclusively, and I have never seen a more healthy and comfortable looking tribe than the Chippewas.

It is a beautiful sight to witness the taking of the whitefish in these rapids by the Indians. Two of them propel a canoe into the midst of the rapids, and the one in the bow, when he sees a fish, directs his companion to fly by a signal, and when near enough he seizes his large-bowed scoop-net, and generally secures it. It is curious to see one of them resting his whole weight on his pole, and pushing the canoe along with his feet, apparently a part of the canoe itself. They also kill sturgeons of large size with the spear in these rapids.

Having broken camp and loaded our canoe, we started, and being relieved of about 600 lbs. of stores sent by the big *Aster*, she glided through the water with great speed. As we passed from behind a projecting rock, Pierre exclaimed, "Voilà Gros Cap!" and we beheld the lofty chain of primitive rocks jutting boldly out into the lake, and severed by the action of the descending waters from its continuation at Point Iroquois, on the southern side, by the St. Mary's River, which is here about four miles wide, although from the height of the land it appears to be much less. The bay which we had to traverse being shoal, is dangerous in rough weather, but the wind, though adverse, was not strong enough to give us any trouble. A sail was seen in the distance, which we concluded must belong to a surveying party under Dr. Houghton, who have been exploring the Upper Peninsula for copper mines. Their *Macina* boat came down before the wind at a great rate, and was soon alongside of us. We landed together on the Point, and they showed us their field books and surveys of the coast, and gave us minute directions for finding the various objects of interest on our way to the head of the lake. They had been three months in the wilderness, and knew nothing of the Harrison campaign, their going on, and were even ignorant of the virtues of "hard cider." Their dress and appearance was very rough, and their leader was so lithe that the Indians gave him the name of "Muckwa," or the Bear. It is their custom to name all strangers from their personal peculiarities, and at the Sault I myself was called "Nea-vus-keen-zhe," or Four Eye, from my spectacles.

After smoking a pipe together we parted, they going down to the Sault, and we heading northward. After a pull of two hours against a strong wind we arrived at the Cape, and coasted along its precipitous shores, which rise to the height of several hundred feet; here clothed with the deep green and massive foliage of the pine, and again showing the naked and weather-stained rocks, which, as you approach the point, are of an iron-rust color, and covered in many places with yellow moss. A tiny rivulet found its way over the mass of rock, and fell, broken into foam, from a point three hundred feet above us almost at our feet. Two small, rocky headlands inclose a beautiful little bay, which affords a complete shelter for canoes, and a safe place for unloading them, which must be done at some distance from the shore, the voyageurs getting into the water and holding the frail vessel away from the rocks.

At the farther end of this bay our voyageurs had pitched our tent, and were cooking at a blazing fire, the smoke of which curled lazily up in deep blue wreaths, which contrasted finely with the dark-green pines and firs in the background. The towering crags, rough and serrated, came down to the water's edge in successive projections, clothed with evergreen foliage, the rugged outlines of Gros Cap terminating the range. I tried to sketch this charming scene, but the mosquitoes and sand-flies attacked me in such swarms that I was glad to retreat to the tent and envelop myself in a cloud of tobacco smoke.

August 1.—Rose at an early hour, and started without breakfast, so as to make the traverse of the wide arm of the lake from Gros Cap to Point Pelee Blanc, a distance of twenty-one miles. Nine

lated, double-voiced, lead-colored felt hat, complete your costume. A three-piece rod from 10 to 10½ feet long, of split bamboo or ash and lancewood, with 40 or 50 yards of line, either all dead silk or the last 20 yards of that material; a leader of silk-worm gut six or seven feet long, with loops for drop-fly and a hook of fine tied by yourself or by some professional who has fished himself and doesn't merely profess, make you now ready for the fray; with snack in your breast-pocket, a heavy leather string for your fish, and landing net at your back between your shoulders, with a handle short while unused, but capable of lengthening when ready to be used. You must fish near natural or artificial obstructions in the streams where pools are formed, such as naturally cause the fish to rest and collect in considerable numbers. Just as a rule in any way except directly up stream, as then your line tends to drift back against your legs. Casts made obliquely up or down stream can be managed so as to let the current tighten your line before recovery for another cast. With these modifications your general progress may be either up or down stream. Keep out of sight and fish the space between yourself and the best ideal spot you have noted mentally, so as not to scare or pass over fish in unexpected localities. When wading you need not cast usually farther than 10 or 12 yards, though in open pools the longer the cast, provided always it be neatly made, the more apt you are to hang a fish. When a fish rises a slight but deliberate movement of the wrist away from the fish fastens the hook in the outer jaw, and then you must keep your line taut and give and take line according to his violence, until he is exhausted enough to be drawn over your landing net (fastened at your back with a loop knot in front, to be loosened as soon as your fish is thoroughly tired). Then you may, if not in a flurry, lift him in out of the wet. The gut of your leader ought to be single salmon gut, and your flies tied on single salmon gut upon hooks a trifle larger than trout fly hooks and of the same materials, only your bass flies may be a little more gaudy and showy. The bass will take all the trout flies, and some that the trout won't take. They must be tied on stronger gut and slightly larger and stronger hooks. Even ordinary trout flies, if tied on selected gut, will take bass of two or three pounds, and five-pounders are rarely taken with the fly in these parts. If you fish from a boat you can cast near and toward the shore on larger streams than are conveniently fished by wading in the morning or evening, when you find them feeding along the margin of portions of the stream, hardly to be called pools. The composition for your shoes is made of alligator, wax, oil and India-rubber. You may remember the ingredients by the phrase "T. W. O. India Rubbers"—equal to the initials of tallow, wax, oil and India rubbers. A ten or ten and a half foot rod was chosen, because with such you can cast far enough, and on account of its shortness you can carry it in thick woods and fish pools with branches overhead, which you could not do with a long rod. The leather string can be used in mid-stream, and should be tied when fish are on it to a leather belt at your wrist. The Ferguson fly, the Montreal, and some tied after specimens sent by the writer to Orvis, of Manchester, Vermont, are successful here on the Potomac and Goose Creek. Any real that does not overrun in casting will do. I use a Conroy multiplier with the balance handle destroyed—that is, I broke off the handle, and after filing the little brass ball opposite the handle flat, put on a handle which turns easily and well but does not overrun. A Milton Kentucky lead would, no doubt, do as well. If some ingenious mechanic would invent a multiplier, whose handle did not project beyond the circumference of the side-plates, he would confer a favor on the angling fraternity. The exact time that the black bass spawn is not known, but is supposed to be from 15th of May to 15th of June, or perhaps to 1st of July. In October and November the bass are in deep water, and casting is taken then with the fly, except from a boat, by casting not far from shore and approaching the fish from the centre of the stream. T. W.

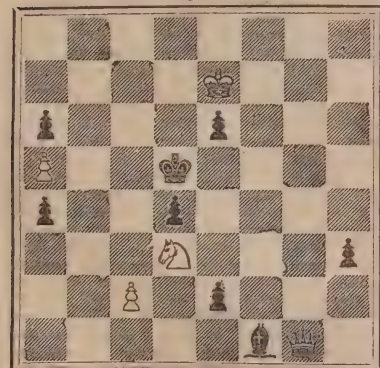
Leedsburg, Va., Sept. 10, 1878.

The Game of Chess.

Notice.—Chess exchanges, communications and solutions should be addressed "Chess Editor FOREST AND STREAM, P. O. box 54, Wolcottville, Conn."

Problem No. 32.

Motto: Forgive and Forbear.



White to play and give mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS—NO. 29.
1—K
2—Mat

Game No. 32.—IRREGULAR OPENING.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1—P-Q4	1—P-K4	11—R-Q	11—P-Q4
2—P-K4	2—P-K4	12—R-Q	12—P-Q4
3—Kt-Q3	3—Kt-Q3	13—Q-K5	13—Q-K5
4—B-K5	4—P-Q4	14—Q-K5	14—Q-K5
5—Kt-K4	5—P-Q4	15—Q-K5	15—Q-K5
6—Kt-K4	6—Q-Q4	16—Q-K5	16—Q-K5
7—Q-K5	7—Q-K5	17—P-K4	17—P-K4
8—Q-Q4	8—Q-K5	18—Q-K5	18—Q-K5
9—Q-K5	9—Q-K5	19—Q-K5	19—Q-K5
10—Q-K5	10—Q-K5		

NOTES.

(a) Much better than P-Q4, which was formerly played here.

(b) By no means advisable, for Black could at any rate reply with K-

B2, but it is hard to find any good move for White at this point. If he plays P-Q4, Black answers with P-Q4, and B-K4; and if R-Kt, the Black Q can check at R4.

(c) White no doubt thought to make it hot for his subtle opponent by the move, but Black, as they say on 'Change, had already discounted all that.

(d) A clever sacrifice, which, in connection with the next move, shutting out the White Q from the game, well deserved to win.

(e) Leading to a forced mate, and of course far preferable to taking the R.

(f) He might also have played—

17—Q-K5 P-Q4 18—Q-K5 P-Q4 19—Kt-Q3 19—Kt-Q3 20—P-K4 20—P-K4 21—Q-K5 21—Q-K5 22—Q-K5 22—Q-K5 23—Q-K5 23—Q-K5 24—Q-K5 24—Q-K5 25—Q-K5 25—Q-K5 26—Q-K5 26—Q-K5 27—Q-K5 27—Q-K5 28—Q-K5 28—Q-K5 29—Q-K5 29—Q-K5 30—Q-K5 30—Q-K5 31—Q-K5 31—Q-K5 32—Q-K5 32—Q-K5 33—Q-K5 33—Q-K5 34—Q-K5 34—Q-K5 35—Q-K5 35—Q-K5 36—Q-K5 36—Q-K5 37—Q-K5 37—Q-K5 38—Q-K5 38—Q-K5 39—Q-K5 39—Q-K5 40—Q-K5 40—Q-K5 41—Q-K5 41—Q-K5 42—Q-K5 42—Q-K5 43—Q-K5 43—Q-K5 44—Q-K5 44—Q-K5 45—Q-K5 45—Q-K5 46—Q-K5 46—Q-K5 47—Q-K5 47—Q-K5 48—Q-K5 48—Q-K5 49—Q-K5 49—Q-K5 50—Q-K5 50—Q-K5 51—Q-K5 51—Q-K5 52—Q-K5 52—Q-K5 53—Q-K5 53—Q-K5 54—Q-K5 54—Q-K5 55—Q-K5 55—Q-K5 56—Q-K5 56—Q-K5 57—Q-K5 57—Q-K5 58—Q-K5 58—Q-K5 59—Q-K5 59—Q-K5 60—Q-K5 60—Q-K5 61—Q-K5 61—Q-K5 62—Q-K5 62—Q-K5 63—Q-K5 63—Q-K5 64—Q-K5 64—Q-K5 65—Q-K5 65—Q-K5 66—Q-K5 66—Q-K5 67—Q-K5 67—Q-K5 68—Q-K5 68—Q-K5 69—Q-K5 69—Q-K5 70—Q-K5 70—Q-K5 71—Q-K5 71—Q-K5 72—Q-K5 72—Q-K5 73—Q-K5 73—Q-K5 74—Q-K5 74—Q-K5 75—Q-K5 75—Q-K5 76—Q-K5 76—Q-K5 77—Q-K5 77—Q-K5 78—Q-K5 78—Q-K5 79—Q-K5 79—Q-K5 80—Q-K5 80—Q-K5 81—Q-K5 81—Q-K5 82—Q-K5 82—Q-K5 83—Q-K5 83—Q-K5 84—Q-K5 84—Q-K5 85—Q-K5 85—Q-K5 86—Q-K5 86—Q-K5 87—Q-K5 87—Q-K5 88—Q-K5 88—Q-K5 89—Q-K5 89—Q-K5 90—Q-K5 90—Q-K5 91—Q-K5 91—Q-K5 92—Q-K5 92—Q-K5 93—Q-K5 93—Q-K5 94—Q-K5 94—Q-K5 95—Q-K5 95—Q-K5 96—Q-K5 96—Q-K5 97—Q-K5 97—Q-K5 98—Q-K5 98—Q-K5 99—Q-K5 99—Q-K5 100—Q-K5 100—Q-K5 101—Q-K5 101—Q-K5 102—Q-K5 102—Q-K5 103—Q-K5 103—Q-K5 104—Q-K5 104—Q-K5 105—Q-K5 105—Q-K5 106—Q-K5 106—Q-K5 107—Q-K5 107—Q-K5 108—Q-K5 108—Q-K5 109—Q-K5 109—Q-K5 110—Q-K5 110—Q-K5 111—Q-K5 111—Q-K5 112—Q-K5 112—Q-K5 113—Q-K5 113—Q-K5 114—Q-K5 114—Q-K5 115—Q-K5 115—Q-K5 116—Q-K5 116—Q-K5 117—Q-K5 117—Q-K5 118—Q-K5 118—Q-K5 119—Q-K5 119—Q-K5 120—Q-K5 120—Q-K5 121—Q-K5 121—Q-K5 122—Q-K5 122—Q-K5 123—Q-K5 123—Q-K5 124—Q-K5 124—Q-K5 125—Q-K5 125—Q-K5 126—Q-K5 126—Q-K5 127—Q-K5 127—Q-K5 128—Q-K5 128—Q-K5 129—Q-K5 129—Q-K5 130—Q-K5 130—Q-K5 131—Q-K5 131—Q-K5 132—Q-K5 132—Q-K5 133—Q-K5 133—Q-K5 134—Q-K5 134—Q-K5 135—Q-K5 135—Q-K5 136—Q-K5 136—Q-K5 137—Q-K5 137—Q-K5 138—Q-K5 138—Q-K5 139—Q-K5 139—Q-K5 140—Q-K5 140—Q-K5 141—Q-K5 141—Q-K5 142—Q-K5 142—Q-K5 143—Q-K5 143—Q-K5 144—Q-K5 144—Q-K5 145—Q-K5 145—Q-K5 146—Q-K5 146—Q-K5 147—Q-K5 147—Q-K5 148—Q-K5 148—Q-K5 149—Q-K5 149—Q-K5 150—Q-K5 150—Q-K5 151—Q-K5 151—Q-K5 152—Q-K5 152—Q-K5 153—Q-K5 153—Q-K5 154—Q-K5 154—Q-K5 155—Q-K5 155—Q-K5 156—Q-K5 156—Q-K5 157—Q-K5 157—Q-K5 158—Q-K5 158—Q-K5 159—Q-K5 159—Q-K5 160—Q-K5 160—Q-K5 161—Q-K5 161—Q-K5 162—Q-K5 162—Q-K5 163—Q-K5 163—Q-K5 164—Q-K5 164—Q-K5 165—Q-K5 165—Q-K5 166—Q-K5 166—Q-K5 167—Q-K5 167—Q-K5 168—Q-K5 168—Q-K5 169—Q-K5 169—Q-K5 170—Q-K5 170—Q-K5 171—Q-K5 171—Q-K5 172—Q-K5 172—Q-K5 173—Q-K5 173—Q-K5 174—Q-K5 174—Q-K5 175—Q-K5 175—Q-K5 176—Q-K5 176—Q-K5 177—Q-K5 177—Q-K5 178—Q-K5 178—Q-K5 179—Q-K5 179—Q-K5 180—Q-K5 180—Q-K5 181—Q-K5 181—Q-K5 182—Q-K5 182—Q-K5 183—Q-K5 183—Q-K5 184—Q-K5 184—Q-K5 185—Q-K5 185—Q-K5 186—Q-K5 186—Q-K5 187—Q-K5 187—Q-K5 188—Q-K5 188—Q-K5 189—Q-K5 189—Q-K5 190—Q-K5 190—Q-K5 191—Q-K5 191—Q-K5 192—Q-K5 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A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INDICATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1878.

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T. C. BANKS,
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Western Manager.

COMING ROUND.

BUT a very short time ago it would have been considered high treason to even mention the yawl rig as likely to obtain standing in America. From a letter by "Podgers" in this issue it will be seen that even one of the country's best patriots has so far disfranchised himself as to advocate a foreign rig. Modified somewhat, of course, the jump from the old time rig of the brick lighter to that of a sea-going yawl is too abrupt to expect the leap to be made at once. But it will all come in due time, and with the yawl, the cutter as well. To a sea-faring person the advantages of either rig are so patent that we venture to base a prediction upon this fact, that the day is not far off when yawl and cutter will cease to excite astonishment, for they will be common in our waters. When a stout defender of everything and anything American can so far cut adrift from the Bourbonism characteristic of yachting in America as to rig out a boomkin aft and deliberately sail with a "stub-tail" boom, there is hope indeed for better things to come. First, one step, then another, finally the last. *Ce n'est que le premier pas que coûte.* Cutters in a modified form are multiplying in these waters faster than the most sanguine advocate of a handy rig could hope. Old prejudices once pierced soon give way to nobler aims. Even such racing machines as *Vision* and other sloops, in which everything was sacrificed to speed in a mill pond, will never come back to the single jib.

The yawl in San Francisco, the cutter rig in New York and Boston: how long can the shallow sloop hold out against a model worthier the name of yacht? Such radical opinions as these will call down upon our head anathemas by the ton from the faithful. In time, though, even the most loyal will sing another tune. Our word for it, we know whereof we speak.

But the case shall not by any means be conducted *ex parte*. Our columns are alike open to all—to the sloop sailors, the smooth-water racers, to the cruisers and the patriots, who

would rather die by their flag than slack an inch to progress and reform!

In the meantime FOREST AND STREAM scores one for the yawl rig.

THE LESSER ANTILLES AS A TOURIST'S RESORT.

LET us direct the attention of pleasure seekers, and especially of our gentlemen who own yachts, to these Windward Islands. Our adventurous friend and correspondent, Fred A. Ober, has just returned from a two years' cruise among them. He is a naturalist and a photographer. He has brought home trophies, charming souvenirs, and numberless mementoes of the natural attractions of these enchanted isles, which have revived the remembrance of a hundred romances whose scenes were laid among the waving palms, the coral reefs, and mountain forests which overlook and gem the sub-tropical seas. To the ignorant and uninitiated the unfolding of his album and portfolio are like the revelations of wonderland. They recall to mind the earliest recorded American discoveries; the weird history of the Spanish Main; the savagery of barbarous races of men; the mysteries of the enchanted isles of Shakespeare's time; the outfitting of armadas, the search and scramble for precious stones and gold; and the bloody story of conquest or failure. Here is where Columbus first sighted shore; yonder is the island of Robinson Crusoe, so literally described by Defoe in all its details; there is where the Empress Josephine was born, who shaped the fortunes of Napoleon. On every little separate sea-girt realm are imperishable mementoes of ancient deeds and great achievements which seem to be forgotten in these latter days, but which are most intimately related to and interwoven with the world's past history and the fate and status of great nations.

But what other conception has the modern school boy of the West India Islands except as wilderness territory possessed by its primitive inhabitants, or long since abandoned to negroes who have become worse than savage because they have relapsed from semi-civilization to primitive savagery? The pictures he draws are of ruined estates choked up by weeds; and overrun by reptiles, who form such a horrid cordon around each sea-girt shore that all the luxuriance and wealth of tropical products and beautiful plumage of rarest birds offer no compensation for the dangers of approach; no life on shore save the screams of harsh-voiced birds, and nothing to break the monotony of the unrolled sea save the dip of the paddle and the chant of half-nude men in log canoes.

Twenty years ago Anthony Trollope wrote a book entitled "West Indies and the Spanish Main," of which two dozen pages only were devoted to the Lesser Antilles, and some four hundred to Jamaica, Cuba, Central America, etc. This is about the proportion of knowledge which most people have of the islands of the Caribbean Sea. Certainly there is no intercourse kept up between them and the continental hemispheres. Postage on letters is twelve cents, and on newspapers absolutely prohibitory. The few dingy colonial weeklies give only meagre abstracts of those events which especially interest their respective diminutive domains. There are no lines of steamers, no sailing packets, and no means of communication except by vessels which call for sugar, fruit and native wares. The aristocratic proprietors of the islands keep up their little courts and social distinctions, and drink imported clarets, Sauterne and Bass' ale to their absent friends in France and Great Britain. The French people never have seen France; generations before them were born on the islands; they have never seen other little worlds than their own; and our correspondent assures us that they thought it impossible that he could be an American. "He must be of some other nation, for he did not look rough or speak through his nose." The only American representatives the innocent Creoles had ever seen were the skippers who come to their wharves and quays from the seaports of New England.

One of these days Mr. Ober will write a book in which will appear sketches of natural scenery and photographs of art which will astonish those residents of Europe and North America who know nothing of the dwellers in the intermediate seas—nothing more than those dwellers know of us! Instead of savages and barbarians they will see noble cities like those of Basseterre in Guadeloupe and St. Pierre in Martinique, whose delightful, well-lighted stone piers with well kept steps; quays shaded by trees; pure water conduits through the streets; handsome shops and houses; and all the evidences of polite and good society; make one envious and ambitious to emulate. There are memorial temples and statues, lagoons like those of Venice on which barges float under overhanging trees, shaded avenues and iron-fenced parks. An hour's ride by carriage will convey one at any time from oppressive heat to the cool upper altitudes of the forest-covered mountains, where refreshing springs gush out of the cliffs and tumble over rocks in successive cascades on their way to the sea. On some of the very mountain tops are lakes, nay, one of them (in Dominica) boiling hot. Some of the little harbors are circular, and absolutely so land-locked and sea-washed by breakers that a vessel often has to wait for weeks for a fair wind to wait her out. All varieties of tropical fruit abound. At Barbuda is most excellent deer hunting, from English imported stock. Feathered game abounds. The natives, too, are not full negroes, but mixed people of all tints, from pale white to bronze. Even the Caribs who once ate human flesh, a hundred years ago, are comely to gaze

upon. Many of the women have beautiful long hair. They dress in modern style, and make comfortable company for lone naturalists and wanderers from home. Were it not for very venomous snakes on a few of the islands nothing would mar the beatitude of these Edenical retreats.

What place, then, more charming for a winter cruise? Last year two of our most adventurous and sensible yachtsmen visited portions of the West Indies; but they told us little, if anything, of what they saw, or how they enjoyed their voyage. When Lord Dufferin, prince of sportsmen, took his yacht *Foam* to high latitudes, he wrote a book, and that which the world knows best of the icy regions he visited is to be found between its leaves. Let our own Americans spend their leisure time in exploring this enchanting realm of peace and novelty. We have advocated the construction and use of sea-going craft, so that some equivalent besides precarious prize cups and pennants could be obtained for lavish expenditure of money and spread of canvas. Here are golden opportunities to try the merits of centre-boards and keels. We have in one of our clubs a representative of America's best nobility, and the owner of a yacht long celebrated who annually takes his family on a summer cruise to the northward. There are others who habitually winter in Florida. Let the example of our more adventurous and practical yachtsmen be followed more generally; and now that we have indicated the route for them, we guarantee that they will be more than satisfied when they have once put our advice to a practical test.

Our readers will be interested in looking at the portrait of Mr. Ober in this week's paper. We understand he will soon take another voyage in behalf of the Smithsonian Institution. Meanwhile we are encouraged to expect a series of letters from his pen, prepared from his diary and giving a general account of his two years' travels.

ORIGIN OF THE SLIDING SEAT.

THE first records we have of the practicable application of the principles of the sliding seat date back to 1857. The idea seemed to have been taken from the local customs in vogue among New Castle, Eng., boatmen. Their boats were provided with very wide thwarts, carefully greased, ("slushed") and the men working the long heavy oars had their trousers shod with leather in the seat, and slid across the thwarts at every stroke. This practice was induced by the nature of the work, the boats with heavy loads requiring long, slow strokes with sweeps of considerable weight. Before the mechanical contrivances for accomplishing the same object came into use, the long stroke was accomplished in shell rowing through means identical with those of the less scientific oarsmen of the lumbering New Castle conveyances, and one of the peculiarities of the oarsman's uniform consisted in a well greased stern to facilitate his slippery operations in a pull. When once the value of the new style had been generally accepted in rowing circles, it was not long before inventive genius was brought to bear upon the subject and a more perfect movement secured through mechanism than could be depended upon from the sources of grease, always liable at a critical moment to dry up, leaving the crew to fall back upon the old short chop or take the chances of setting something a-fire by friction. We believe the credit of first accurately getting afloat with a sliding seat is due to Mr. J. C. Babcock, formerly captain of the Nassau B. C. of this city, but he abandoned the arrangement after a short test, for what reason we cannot state, though he was in favor of its introduction. The rig was not allowed to fall into disuse, for in 1870 Walter Brown took out a patent and fitted up a six-oared gig for the New York Rowing Club with the sliding seat. This boat was probably the first one so supplied in which a regular race was rowed. But for want of experience the slide was given too great a range, and the crew did not work well together. Brown himself gave up the rig after having experimented with it for a season. His seat differed from those in use at the present day only in some of the practical details. It consisted of a stout leather bottom stretched across a frame sliding in grooves in horizontal pieces. The range was ten inches, but six inches only were found to be of actual service. In England, Mr. J. Searle, one of the best known builders of light craft about London, took out a patent for an improved slide. The seat was of wood, and supplied with metal studs at each end, cupped out at their base and grasping rods of glass, along which they traveled. At the ends of the rod were rubber buffers, intended to ease up the last of the movement and help in sending the seat off in the opposite direction. On account of the repeated breaking of the rods, copper and steel were finally substituted, and arrangements of this kind are now most common in England. A variety of patterns have come into use with us, but from the large number of accidents happening, in the way of unshipping the slide, it is certain that there is plenty of room for further improvement. It would seem simple enough to devise some plan whereby the recurrence of such mishaps could be entirely obviated. The only wonder is that the necessary precautions have not been generally adopted long ago.

THE LURAY CAVERNS.—Subterranean caverns are wonderful chiefly because they are buried and hidden from sight. Hidden things are mysterious and therefore interesting. Viewed in the light of open day, the curious rock formations, diversified contours, and broken surfaces would appear simply as counterparts of hundreds of localities above ground which attract no special attention or mention. Remove the tellurian crust which covers the Mammoth Cave, Weyer's

Cave, and scores of other celebrated great caverns, as we would the crust from a pie, and we disclose physical features which are reproduced above ground in the Yellow Stone Park, the Valley of the Rio Grande, and the canon of the Colorado, where we find broken ravines, bottomless springs, huge basins, lakes, monoliths, buttes, terraces, and innumerable fantastic shapes in rock work, weather-worn and battered by time. We do not gainsay that the wonders beneath the earth appear more wonderful to us than those above it. To geologists and the Creator they are not more so. But, assuredly, when heightened and intensified by the glare of torches thrown into all kinds of lights, shades and reflections, and twisted and transformed into all conceivable shapes, we are excusable for being held in breathless astonishment and admiration at the spectacle, and spellbound by what seems almost supernatural. The unaccustomed eye and mind become almost superlatively in their contemplation, and nervous persons find their resolution inadequate to endure it. Quite recently a new cave has been discovered at Luray, Page County, Virginia, which without doubt surpasses all others in the variety of its features, if not in its area. If the accounts in the New York *Herald* be true, there is nothing conceivable in art or nature that is not reproduced here with more or less truthfulness of detail. There are natural bridges, grottoes, springs, lakes, cemeteries, blacksmith shops, staturary, hallways, chambers, leaning towers, groups of columns, masses of ruins, cascades, stairways, corridors, galleries, pulpits, drapery, pendant monoliths, frescoes, arches, domes, colonnades, precipices, ledges, stalactites and stalagmites of most beautiful varied colors, formations of shell-work and moss, angels' wings, eagles' wings, candelabra, mosaics, chandeliers, stalactites shaped like arrows with heads complete, chasms, crystal walls, crystal basins, lap robes, cornices, busts, a theatre, fish market, bath-house, chapel, monuments, a cave with 106 separate springs, each in a distinct basin, leaves in frost work, sphynxes, centaurs, a stone vegetable garden, rotundas, bowers, pagodas, steeples, canopies, besides live bats, tracks of animals by the thousand, bones and skull of a fox, piles of unslacked lime, floors of ready-made bricks already laid, locomotive and tender of dark stone, to say nothing of a "beautiful almost transparent curtain one-eighth of an inch thick hanging in three folds, one of red, one of blue, and one of brown."

The entire explored area is computed at from 80 to 75 acres. The *Herald's* correspondent entered by a very small half-hidden hole in the side of a hill in Page County, Virginia; but he expects eventually to find his way out by the big crack in Black Mountain, North Carolina, where it was split by the recent earthquake.

Many years ago Porto Crayon printed in Harper's Magazine a very beautifully illustrated article describing Weyer's Cave, which is also in Virginia. There is no reason to doubt the existence of the Luray Cavern in the same region, but we wish to hint just here that the fancies and imagination of the *Herald's* correspondent hold clean over Porto Crayon and discount him so far out of sight that we don't expect to see or hear from him again. The *Herald* man ought to file his *Cave* at once, and place his clay model and map of the Luray wonder in the grand hall of the Patent Office. We have a full description of the cave from our own correspondent in Virginia which we shall print next week.

STEAM LINES TO FLORIDA.—The prospects for an increased travel to Florida this winter are very bright; indeed, the movement is already so heavy, that new lines and additional boats are being entered. One of the jauntiest, staunchest, and most comfortable of all the vessels is the new side-wheel steamer *St. John*, which has just been added to the Quintard line. It was built by Arthur Leary, Esq., with especial adaptation to the through route, and will run from Charleston to Savannah, Jacksonville, and Palatka, seventy-five miles up the river. Such confidence have the owners in her speed and the requirements of tourists, that they expect she will make two trips per week! As each round trip is at least 600 miles, they will have to beat the historical "Lively Sally" to do it. Her passenger accommodations are even luxurious—private parlors, double beds, suites of rooms, etc. She draws only 7 feet of water, and is commanded by Capt. Vogel, formerly of the *Dictator*.

Mallory & Co., of this city, long known in connection with our coastwise navigation, are pushing forward a new enterprise, the consummation of which a fortnight ago, was welcomed by the people of Florida with demonstrations of the greatest satisfaction. This enterprise consists in placing an ocean steamer on their line of sufficiently light draft to run from New York and cross the bar at Jacksonville. The first achievement was made by the steamer *Western Texas*, which reached Jacksonville on November 6. She was drawing 8½ feet of water, with 1½ feet on the bar. Five thousand persons visited her at her dock. The event was duly celebrated by the citizens. Capt. Hines, her commander, says there is very little doubt that regular trips can be made. These trips will be made once a fortnight for the present. It is hoped to add another vessel within six months.

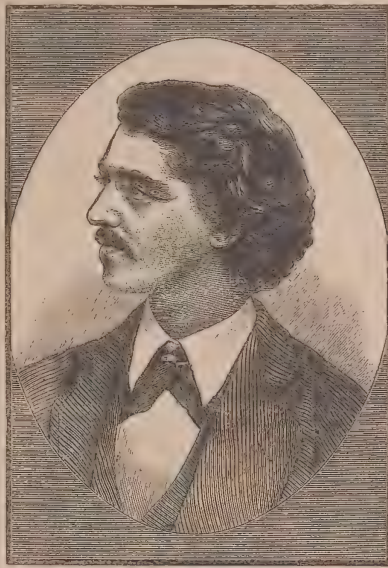
The *Western Texas* is the first regular ocean steamship which ever entered Jacksonville, although many previous efforts have been made, some of which were attended with disaster.

The *Western Texas* touches at Port Royal, S. C., and Brunswick, Ga., thus affording comfortable means of communication to many who have heretofore gone by rail to those places. The trip from New York to Jacksonville consumed

about four days, including stoppages. This fine ship was built by John Roach, at Chester, Pa., last year for Messrs. Mallory & Co. She is 1,121 tons burthen and has a capacity of 3,000 bales of cotton. Her length is 235 feet. She has accommodations for 32 first cabin and 20 second cabin passengers. On her return trip to New York the *Western Texas* crossed the Jacksonville bar in a gale of wind.

From a commercial standpoint, it is expected that this steam line will divert from Middle Florida a portion of trade which has hitherto found its outlet in Savannah.

In this connection we desire to mention that Dr. F. D. Lente, one of our best known physicians and scientists, has published a timely pamphlet of 56 pages entitled the "Constituents of Climate," which all invalids should read who contemplate a visit to Florida. It is particularly full of information regarding the meteorology and endemic influences of Florida. He indicates what diseases are contracted in Florida, and what are cured by going to Florida. The first, which are of malarial type, are purely local; the greater part of the State is altogether exempt from them. Of the latter are enumerated pulmonary consumption, Bright's disease, throat and bronchial affections, dyspepsia, nervous disease, etc. It is published at Louisville, Ky., Medical Journal Book Concern, 104 Greene street.



FREDERICK A. OBER ("Fred Beverly.")

Frederick A. Ober was born in Beverly, Mass., in 1849, a descendant of Richard Ober who settled in Beverly 250 years ago. Beverly is the birth-place of Hon. Robert Rantoul, Lucy Lacombe, and other persons of note. Young Ober early imbibed a fondness for field sports and natural history, and while yet a mere boy had collected and preserved nearly all the birds of New England, and noted their habits, in the rough prosecution of which he did not spare skin or clothes. So strong was his passion afterwards that he abandoned a lucrative business in which he embarked early in manhood, and went to Florida. Indeed, he has subordinated mercantile pursuits to science ever since; and in this brief statement is contained the history of his life. He has made several trips into the unvisited parts of Florida, living for a time among the Seminole Indians, and penetrating to swamps which few others have ever been able to reach. His past two years have been spent in the Caribbean Sea, with results of the most satisfactory kind, we have no doubt that in the prosecution of his researches he will add much to the stores of natural science in future years.

MAJOR JACOB WAGNER.—This gentleman, who is well known to the "moonshiners" of the Blue Ridge and mid-county mountain ranges, if not to all our readers, favored us with a call a few days since. He is one of the best diplomats as well as fighters who have ever dealt with illicit manufacturers and revenue defrauders. It was the good fortune of the chief editor of this paper to be attached to his command for five weeks in the fall of 1876, and to inspect and participate in his operations against the law-breakers. Full testimony of his efficiency and of the adventures of the trip was published in five columns of the New York *Herald* last March, prepared by Mr. Hallowell's pen. The narrative is full of incidents. Major Wagner has been eminently successful in all his campaigns of the past six years, and while he has fought and obstructed the enemy at every point with great courage and pertinacity, it speaks well for his discretion and official amenity, to say that he has the respect and esteem of the very class of men against whom he is warring. Quite recently he negotiated the surrender of a noted outlaw and forty men who had held the Government forces at bay for months in Tennessee, walking into the enemy's camp unarmed and

unattended. His arguments convinced the offender of his folly in continuing resistance. The Major is in town on official business.

SHORT LESSONS IN WOODCRAFT.—Several years ago, under the head of "Syllable Leaves," we published many useful hints which are now incorporated in the chapter on "Woodcraft" in Hallowell's "*Sportsman's Gazetteer*." The following additional instructions may some time be of service to persons not already familiar with them. They are the common lessons of everyday life in the bush, and a knowledge thereof may be of service. Simple expedients often save much trouble and add greatly to the comfort of the rambler and sportsman:

1. Notes of the barred owl and loon indicate rain within twelve hours. In the fall wet weather follows the cry of the tree-frog.
2. Bark grows thickest on the north side of trees. Girdle a tree if you wish to tell which is north.
3. The centre of rotten stumps affords dry stuff for kindling fire in dreaching rain.
4. A torch which will last many hours is made from half-inch strips of cedar bark bound together in faggots two feet long, or more.
5. To hold a bark boat in a swift current, set the pole, oar or paddle on the bottom at an oblique angle with the side of the boat resting against it. Very little strength will be required.
6. To mend a birch canoe cut a patch of bark large enough to cover the fracture: sew it on with an awl and stout cord or hemlock roots; then apply a piece of natural spruce gum to the seams or joints with a glowing brand used as a soldering iron is used.
7. To carry a fish of two pounds weight and upwards, place it between hemlock boughs of the proper length, tied together at both ends and in the middle, with bark, roots, or cord. It will keep fresh and sweet a long time, is easily cured, and will not soil what it touches.
8. To mend a broken oar or paddle, bevel the fractured parts so as to make a neat joint, pass a wooden plug through both, and serve neatly with twine to cover the joint. Or, having made a joint, as above; bore two gimlet holes two inches apart; double four feet of wire so that the ends will pass through the holes in the same direction; then whip or serve neatly with the wire, and finish with a service of twine.
9. For night shooting, chalk the gun barrels lengthwise from breech to muzzle; or, make a foresight by lashing a V-shaped stick to the muzzle. By bringing the object within the V, a good head can be drawn.
10. When a tree breaks off, strips of hay from a load, the hay falls on that side of the tree toward which the cart is going. In summer hay is carted from the field to the barn, unless stacked where cut. In winter it is carted out from the barn to stock employed in cutting logs, wood, etc. Salt or wild hay is most generally stacked. It can be distinguished from field hay by the taste and smell.
11. An excellent moccasin, nearly waterproof, is made from the hind leg of a moose, cut above and below the hock, forming the heel. It is wholly without seam, except where sewed up at the toe. If tanned with the hair on, it is very warm when worn in dry snow.
12. The well of one's boat, when empty of fish, makes a most excellent wash tub or basin.
13. A table is easily constructed by taking a turn with a rope around each trunk of three or more trees or saplings conveniently near together; haul taut, make fast, and lay boards on top.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.] OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING—DUCKING ON THE POTOMAC—VIOLATION OF THE PROTECTIVE LAWS, ETC., ETC.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 16, 1878.
WHEN Charles I., in 1632, made the grant to Lord Baltimore, that distinguished nobleman two years later settled with his colony within the limits of the present State of Maryland upon the stream now known as the St. Mary's River, which empties into the Potomac a few miles from its mouth. Although the grant was for a much larger tract than the State of Maryland now occupies, this spot was selected for the colonial seat of government, and I have always believed that the controlling reasons which influenced Lord Baltimore to locate there was the abundance of fish, oysters and wild fowl found in the vicinity. St. Mary's County is a peninsula, with the waters of the Chesapeake Bay washing it on the east, the Potomac River on the south and west, while the St. Mary's and Patuxent Rivers, both navigable streams, drain its interior. The forests were filled with game; the waters were bountifully supplied with many varieties and the most desirable food fish; the soil was a rich, black mould, and everything gave promise of peace and plenty. As these things attracted Lord Baltimore and his followers, so do they attract the sportsmen of Washington and Baltimore to-day, as the county is easy of access to both cities. Adjoining St. Mary's is Charles County, with a river front of forty or fifty miles on the Potomac; then comes Prince George's County, which surrounds the District of Columbia, except on the northwest, where we have Montgomery County. Several of these counties cover an area of more than 500 square miles, over which are hundreds of acres of stubble fields, where the partridge breeds in luxurious plenty. Wheat, corn and tobacco are the staple products of these counties, but in some of them the land has been much exhausted. On the other hand, intelligent tillage has brought some sections up from almost a barren wilderness to fertile fields. But I did not start out to write an agricultural letter. I mention briefly the prominent features of this neighboring county, so vast in extent, so easy of access, and so abundantly supplied with game. I have often started out at four o'clock on a frosty November morning, driven fifteen or twenty miles from Washington, had a good day's shooting, and returned home by eight o'clock in the evening. There are not many Eastern cities which can boast of superior sporting advantages, either for field or aquatic shooting, than Washington.

In Prince George's County partridges may be shot from October 15 to December 20; Montgomery County, from October 15 to December 15; but Charles County has no local

of all this is: Don't shoot until you know what you are shooting at. It is better to lose a dozen deer through delay than to shoot one man through haste.

CANADA—Cobourg, Nov. 16.—Party got back a few days ago with eight fine deer. We do all our hunting here with dogs, as it is nearly all a "burnt country." Plenty of ducks at the lake and lots of powder burnt, but we do not hear of many big bags.

BLUE BILL.

MASSACHUSETTS—Wareham, Nov. 5.—The game laws in the old Bay State were up on the first day of November, and on the evening previous the register of the Kendrick House, Wareham, with a score of fancy bird dogs in the office, showed the unmistakable fact that a war on feathers was declared for the morrow. At an early hour in the morning the scene of professionals, with their thoroughbreds, demonstrated the probabilities of the evening before by the forward movement of six shooters in the following order: Mr. P. S. Hackett, of the Kendrick House, Wareham, and Dr. J. F. W. Wilson, of the Hub, took a westerly course from the village; while Messrs. D. F. Wilbourn, of Holbrook, E. M. Coles, of Middleboro, A. Ward, of Brooklyn, and Pete Wamsley took to the east. The result of the two days' hunt was figured up as follows: Eleven partridges, thirty-two quails, and one white hare. The aggregate of the two days' hunt was a sad disappointment to the hunters as well as the sitters around fully explained. During the entire summer the general talk has been that quails were unusually abundant, and the honest expert and sportsman counted scores of berries in the bag, so to speak; but in their stead the huntsman simply found small distracted parts of berries of wild birds, made so in the few days previous by men who hunt with bull-dogs. Another year and those poaching intruders on honest sportsmen will be looked after.

New Bedford, Nov. 12.—Since the opening of the season for quail and partridge several of our sportsmen have been on the alert with dog and gun, and several large bags of quail have been taken, as well as considerable numbers of woodcock, although for the most part the latter have about gone to the winter resorts. Black ducks and sea fowl extremely plenty.

CONCINA.

CONNECTICUT—Lakeville, Nov. 18.—Buffed goose have been very scarce with us this fall, especially young ones. I know that a good many broods were hatched, but when the season opened there were only four or five left in a brood, and in some cases they were gone altogether. Foxes are very numerous, but it don't seem as though they could kill all the birds. Woodcock were also scarce.

W. H. W.

NEW YORK—Atlanticville, L. I., Nov. 10.—The day before the act was off for shooting quail, one of our so-called sportsmen, Eugene Jackson, and his brother went out and killed seven. This any other person, being a good shot, could have done, but they are mostly law-abiding, and do not try to take so mean an advantage as this. It is worse than going out a month or so before the time, as far as the advantage is concerned. The law should be made with a heavier penalty for shooting in the last week of the act's being on. Hon. A. H. Dailey, Surrogate of King's County, and a friend of his, have been at the Balsey House, shooting ducks and quail. The latter are very plentiful, and the former equally so, but very wild.

W. F. H.

Shelter Island, Nov. 14.—The wild fowl here, so far, has not been so good as usual, though some little success with the coot has been had with the batteries. The fowl are very wild, and almost unapproachable with sailing boats, and they are shy of batteries; but if there should be a mild winter they will doubtless be plentiful and tame, as was the case last winter. Brant, geese and broadbills have scarcely appeared here, in Peconic and Gardiner's Bay. These are not their natural feeding-grounds, though they often pass over them in their migratory passages.

I. McL.

Brooklyn, Nov. 15.—Just returned from Boonton, N. J., with friend. In two days' shooting bagged eleven ducks, thirty-two quails, forty-six rabbits. Country hard and rough for tramping.

E. W. M.

DELAWARE.—The market hunters have been shipping great numbers of ducks from the Chesapeake Bay. The fall fuselage is a vigorous one.

MARYLAND.—Rabbits and partridges are plenty in Frederick County. The high tide the other day along the Choptank drowned great numbers of birds and rabbits.

VIRGINIA—Richmond, Nov. 19.—Game has not been found in even fair numbers near this place during the season so far, and I have only small bags to report, my best being twenty-five partridges and three hares to one gun, and five woodcock and two hares to two guns, all of which were made last week.

CHARGE.

Mecklenburg, Nov. 14.—Geese are now affording much sport for the boys about the Roanoke River. The guns are out and the men, too, and the geese are falling all about.

Tappanahock, Nov. 15.—The steam yacht *Lurline*, of New York, has arrived here. Her owner, Mr. Lorillard, and a party of friends are hunting on the Tappanahock. A party of Baltimore gentlemen have been hunting in the lower part of the county, and report good success.

SHIRSHALE.

TENNESSEE—Savannah, Nov. 9.—We have had several killing frosts, and shooting is much improved. Ducks have begun to come in small bunches. I killed the first snipe of the season yesterday. They were very fat, and in the condition for the table. A large gray eagle, measuring seven feet two inches from tip to tip, was killed about one mile and a half from town yesterday. He was found in a thicket of cane and vines by a party out in pursuit of turkeys, and, being unable to fly on account of the dense growth, was easily shot. Turkeys and squirrels reported quite plentiful.

WILL.

Nashville, Nov. 13.—Messrs. Willard and McCann bagged last Saturday on Captain Robinson's farm in Williamson County 41 quail, 10 field larks, 4 rabbits and a few squirrels. One of the ducks being brought from Reelfoot Lake, where the shooting is said to be better than ever known before. Gennett & Co. received yesterday over three hundred brace of ducks, mostly mallards, from there. Rabbits and opossums are being hawked about the streets and in the markets. The oldest sportsmen about here tell me that such fine sport was never known about here as this year's.

J. D. H.

Columbia, Nov. 16.—Quail plentiful and hunters numerous; good bags frequent. The best to date are eighty-eight, from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M., scored for Willis Connor and Walter Parker, each killing forty-four; Web Ridley, Jr., forty-five from 12 M. to 5 P. M. within four-mile circuit; Messrs. Chaffin and White twenty-five in three hours' shooting. The weather has been rather unfavorable for hunting, being very dry and dusty. The rain of last night will revive the good shooting. Messrs. Parker, Craig, Kiltrel, Harris, Kindel, Brooks and Brown went to Cecil's Camp, remained five days and killed four deer, Parker, Craig, Kiltrel and Brooks killing one each. Report them scarce.

VAL.

FLORIDA GAME DROWNED OUT BY RAINS.—The submerging by the heavy rains of the Everglades and Caloosahatchee region has caused great suffering among the Indians as well as among the whites. Deer and wild stock have collected on little dry knolls and black-jack cedars scattered about in that section. On some of these knolls the deer are reported so thick and gentle as to make no effort to get out of the way, and therefore easily captured or killed. The Indians are bound, if they are not already doing it, to deplete on the stock of the cattle owners of that section. Mr. Dennis O'Hickey, living near the Caloosahatchee River, some 15 miles above Fort Myers, caught the finest king fish fresh water trout with a hook and line in his yard.—*Key West Key.*

OHIO—Hamilton Co., Nov. 15.—Shooters of high and low degree are abroad in the land, and the Bob Whites are being with a fuselage in every field. Very little rest is given them even on Sunday, and some complaints are getting decidedly restless over this Sunday violation. Some complain that little attention is paid to the warning signs on "posted" premises.

W. McK. H.

Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 16.—Have returned from a successful quail shoot at Otis, O. Was accompanied by Jas. C. Hart, E. O. Sage and Chas. Hayden. Messrs. Sage and Hart are now at Jamestown, O., and to-day I received a telegram from them saying, "We have struck a bonanza," which I interpret that they have found plenty of quail.

H. H. M.

MICHIGAN—Roscommon.—The deer in this county have been badly depleted by continuous raids. It is estimated that there are not a thirtieth part of the number to be found here formerly.

Detroit, Nov. 16.—November 11 Albert Hill took a trip down the river for a little sport and bagged eleven ducks. The next 12 Charles Chappie took a run out for partridge, having very poor luck in the morning. On the 13th met the Blackley brothers, Raymond W. and Spencer returned from a four days' hunt with the following line bag: 48 quail, 31 partridges, 53 rabbits and 53 squirrels. November 13 Geo. S. Foote was up to the St. Clair Flats for ducks and bagged 13. James Battle was out on the 8th and 9th insts. and bagged 15 quail and 4 partridge. A. J. Rogers and a friend returned from a three days' trip on the 9th inst. with the following bag, 1 turkey, 6 partridges, 4 quail 7 ducks, 2 rabbits and 5 squirrels.

DAVIN.

MINNESOTA—St. Paul, Nov. 14.—The club had their last pigeon match for the season last week, but I did not attend and have not heard the result. Zimmerman probably will send you the particulars. Duck shooting has been first-rate this fall, and there are plenty of these birds here yet. Some two weeks ago Col. L. H. and two friends killed 150 in two days. Snipe, too, have been pretty plenty. I went out a short distance back of my house and got quite a number.

JOHN.

CALIFORNIA.—A letter from a member of the Wheeler Expedition, dated at San Bernardino, November 3, to a gentleman in this city, says: "Have just returned from the mountains of San Gabriel Creek, only 60 miles from Los Angeles. The country is very rocky and bushy, with an occasional deer flat, and streams in every direction abounding in trout. The trout are now spawning at the head of the streams. As a rule there was too much brush for fly fishing, and I used worms. At one place I caught 81 trout in 30 minutes, while another man took 47 in the same time. The best catch I made was one thirty of a pound. The best catch I made with a fly was 15 trout in an hour, all taken from the one pool, and the largest weighing 1½ pounds. Deer were plenty, and I killed two (a buck and a doe) one day. The country just teems with quail, and we get from two to four at every shot. So you see we do not want for game."

W. H.

OREGON—Eugene, Nov. 5.—The prairie goose shooting is very good this season, and we are having excellent sport. On Friday evening four of us chartered a wagon and team and drove about nine miles from town, camping under some oak trees and sleeping in a barn near by. In the morning we were out at our stands in the stubble fields before daybreak, and as soon as it became light enough to shoot the geese commenced coming in to feed from their mountain lakes, and our four breechloaders kept up a constant war, the old loaders sometimes sailing along within thirty feet of us. Occasionally a flock of ducks whirled past, and now and then a flock of snow geese and sand-hill cranes. As the fog rose and the sun came out when they ceased flying, and the shooting was over for that day. We came home well satisfied, with our bag of 38 geese, fifteen of which fell to me. The next Saturday the same party killed 32 geese, and last Saturday three of us made a high in 20 minutes, and took 90 in three hours. Duck shooting will be good this month when the swales are filled with water.

J. G. S.

CARD'S ROTARY GLASS BALL TRAP.—We have recently been enabled, through the kindness of Mr. William E. Crutenden, of Cazenovia, N. Y., to experiment with one of these traps, and we can conscientiously recommend it to all of our readers who take pleasure in shattering the swiftly flying glass ball.

The peculiar feature of the trap is the rotary motion imparted to the arm in pulling it off, thus preventing both shooter and puller from knowing the direction which the ball will take, and rendering the shooting much more difficult than it is in the ordinary straight-away traps. The spring is strong, and the ball is sliding and darting off always in an unexpected direction, seemed to us to resemble a ball in the speed and straightness of its flight. We can think of no better practice for the tyro than shooting at balls sprung from one of these traps, and in truth we have seen them puzzle more than one veteran.

We do not see why one of these Card traps should not be quite as useful in match shooting as the five traps that are sometimes used. Crutenden's advertisement will be found in another column.

HOW SHOT IS MADE.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 4, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Dear Sir: It may not be interesting to some of your readers, especially those who indulge in shooting, to know something of the manufacture of shot, and, with your kind permission, I will give you the result of what I learned from a visit to T. W. Sparks' shot tower.

This lofty tower, which looms up 150 feet above the ground, has been a landmark in our city for more than seventy years (the works having been founded on the 4th of July, 1805) and is well worth a visit. It was my pleasure to inspect this place under the guidance of Mr. L. W. Tracy, the gentlemanly and efficient superintendent of the works.

For the purpose of showing me the whole *modus operandi*, I was conducted by a spiral stairway up to the very top of the tower, where I saw more than a city and an surrounding country is obtained; but the view from the inside looking downward between the heavy wooden railing, is not so pleasant, as the opening through which the shot descends into the well becomes so apparently narrow as it nears the bottom, that nothing can be seen but darkness. I asked Mr. Tracy where a man would go if he fell through that opening, and he answered that it depended very much upon what sort of a life that man had led. "Some," he said, "are supposed to go to heaven when they leave this mundane sphere, and others are said to go to—the other place." I was satisfied, and asked no more conundrums.

In the highest room in this tower, and also in another apartment half way up, are furnaces and melting pots, and into the latter is placed the prepared metal from which the shot are cast. The melted metal is poured into a cast iron pan, the bottoms of Russia sheet iron, perforated so small that for the No. 12 and other small shot the holes would scarcely admit the point of a pin. The melted metal oozes through these holes and enlarges, and forms in globules on the under side and drops a fall of seventy-five feet into a well containing from six to eight feet of water. The larger size shot, from No. 4 to F, are cast at the top of the tower, and have a fall of 150 feet into the water. The process is as follows: A curious arrangement, for while the smaller size, or bird shot, enlarge after they ooze through the perforated bottoms of the pans, the larger size are cast in pans with holes larger than the size shot desired, as the metal in that case contracts in cooling. Great care is necessary in mixing the metal, as, if not of the proper quality, it would run through the holes and drop in strings, and so shot could be produced.

The shot is taken out of the water, and placed in drying pans and carried up a short distance, from which it is allowed to run through an inclined trough into a receiver, which process dries it. From the receiver it passes into a rumble, which cleanses it, thence through a screen on to glass tables. These glass tables are five in number; the first one is slightly inclined, so that the shot can roll over it on to the second, which is less inclined, the incline of each diminishing until they arrive at the last one, which is perfectly flat. There is a space of about two inches between each table, and a fall of about two and a half inches from one to the other. The shot that are perfectly round roll over the first table a distance of about three feet, and, skipping the gap, fall upon the next table, and so continue until they reach the last one, from which they roll into another pan. All the shot that imperfect shot fall between the tables and are collected together for remelting. From these last receivers the shot passes by means of pipes into a cone-shaped brass cylinder perforated with holes the exact standard size of No. 12 shot, which revolves by steam. There are eighteen of these cylinders perforated from No. 12 to No. 1, and also B, BB, BSB, T, T and F, connected by pipes, and the shot flow from one to the other. These pellets that cannot pass through the No. 12 holes roll on to the No. 11 cylinder, and so on through them all up to F. Each cylinder has a zinc-lined box under it, into which the shot fall, and so perfect is this arrangement that scarcely ever is a wrong font shot (to use a printer's phrase) found among them. The boxes into which the shot fall are connected with the packing department on the lower floor by means of pipes, through which the shot pass, into iron boxes, and are carried by steam; a small quantity of plumage is mixed with the shot. A few revolutions of the box containing the shot thus mixed with plumage gives them a brilliant polish. The shot are then weighed and packed in canvas bags, marked and numbered, and are ready for shipment.

The buckshot are kept in a receiver by themselves, whence they pass into a revolving cylinder which scales and polishes them, and they are then turned out, a small quantity at a time, upon an inclined wooden table, the perfect ones roll down the table and fall into a receiver, while the flat or imperfect ones remain stationary upon the table, and are thrown out for remelting.

The chilled shot undergo the same process as the others, the only difference being in the mixture of the metal, which requires great care; for, if the metal is too hard, the shot break after leaving the gun, and their efficiency for penetration (which is really their principal recommendation) is entirely destroyed.

O.

GAME IN ARKANSAS.

VAN BUREN, Ark., Nov. 6, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

It would seem that the fact of our having the finest small game country in America, and the best of the world's waterfowl, is not generally known. Nevertheless, it is certainly true that we have quail in such abundance that small boys often kill them with stones. The country literally swarms with them in and on stubble fields, prairies, woodlands, etc. Our lakes and sloughs in the great bottoms on the Arkansas River swarm with ducks of all kinds ever found in the Western country—mallard, teal, buffalo heads, black and gray ducks, broad bills, twenty-five miles from the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad, which runs from Little Rock to the Indian Territory, a distance of 170 miles, tracing the river valley through the entire distance, crossing numerous large, bold, running streams of water which afford as fine fishing as the most sanguine Waltonian could desire. Black bass, croppie and bream are numerous, and bite at almost every kind of bait. If these facts are known to sportsmen here in the old Southwest, it seems strange that so few of them come out to hunt and fish

where the game is so plenty. We have, however, an occasional visitor, and very recently one of marked distinction—an old veteran sportsman whose name is illustrious as a profound jurist, poet and philosopher—I mean Gen. Albert Pike, now of Washington, D. C., but whose name has long since been identified with the early history of our own dear old Arkansas. The old general, together with a traveling companion, Mr. W. M. Ireland, arrived among us some five days ago, fulfilling a long promised visit of the former, who at once announced his desire for a trip to the woods and a snooze among the owls and catamounts on the banks of McLaughlin and Rose lakes or Bayou Maize, in short, a camp hunt amid the deep solitudes of primitive forests visited by himself and friend twenty years ago. A single day was required to prepare for the trip and we were off, and a four hours drive found us on the banks of the beautiful land among the boats in readiness, which consisted of a couple of small batteaux each capable of accommodating two shooters and retriever, one of which could only be used for shooting and the other engaged in a piscatorial pursuit. It being desirous to have both fish and ducks for supper, each boat was soon under way—one to the ducking grounds and the other to the best fishing water. Myself and Chas. Dreessen went for the ducks. One half mile drifting landed us among the Little Louis and Flag Islands of McLaughlin Lake, a region consisting of two to three feet water interspersed with alternate islands of high flag and lotus or manocan plants. The ducks come to this place to roost, and about one hour of the finest shooting that can be desired was had, and the result excellent. Fifty mallards and a few teal fell around us in one hour; a couple of brecht-loaders did the work in short order. On arriving at camp we found that the fishing party had returned with abundance of fish, consisting of black bass, croppie and bream. Our cook was not long in preparing a sumptuous supper of fat ducks broiled, and fried bass and croppies, which needed no appetizer to stimulate the palate for a square meal, which was partaken with little ceremony. Thus ended the first day. The night was clear and a sharp frost greeted the eye on the following morning. We remained five days, but a spot brought to big over two hundred ducks, squirrel and quail not counted, fish in such quantity as could not be eaten by the whole party, three darkies included. The party consisted of nine all told, besides divers visitors amounting to fourteen at one time. Our two visitors, already mentioned above, were entirely delighted with their short excursion and the company which kept augmenting to the last, and by the final arrival of the far-famed hunter and crack sportsman, Maj. W. M. Ireland, was as Bill Gil and I, and well known by all Western Arkansians. OLD SPORT.

A LETTER FROM FRANK SCHLEY—HIS HUNT WITH GILL SCHLEY ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE OPENING OF THE PARTRIDGE SEASON IN FREDERICK CO., MD.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

The fifteenth of October opened beautiful, warm and clear. I felt my spirits rise with the glorious day, and proposed to my brother Gill we should have a hunt. My buggy was soon at the door, and with Nellie (pointer bitch), Dick (red pointer) and Bob (red pointer), started with plenty estates and drinkables and with lots of ammunition, about seven o'clock in the morning for a spot brought to big over two hundred ducks, squirrel and quail not counted, fish in such quantity as could not be eaten by the whole party, three darkies included. The party consisted of nine all told, besides divers visitors amounting to fourteen at one time. Our two visitors, already mentioned above, were entirely delighted with their short excursion and the company which kept augmenting to the last, and by the final arrival of the far-famed hunter and crack sportsman, Maj. W. M. Ireland, was as Bill Gil and I, and well known by all Western Arkansians. OLD SPORT.

We were now going about a mile from Frederick. Everything was going along first-rate. The three dogs were whipping every field in gait style. All at once a buggy passed us, going toward Frederick. The buggy contained two men, and the three dogs came running in toward us. My best dog, Dick, was the first to jump out of the buggy with the two men in toward Frederick. We halted and called, and whistled with all our might, but to no purpose, the dog was going with the buggy, and now they were about a mile off. Nothing was left me but to turn my horse's head, put him to the trot and follow on after them and get my dog. I felt very much a man, although somewhat discouraged at the turn affairs had taken, knowing well that we had lost the dog. I turned my horse's head and started, anticipating. Quickly I turned my horse and buggy, gave the horse the reins, came down on him with the whip, and sped along at a rapid rate, the dogs running, the dust flying, the horses going at a full dead run and we following at the top of our voices.

We were now going about the top of our speed, and were fast gaining on the dog and the buggy. I was just going up the hill at the cemetery gate, and the noise from our following did not appear as yet to attract his attention, and I thought at this time we would be compelled to follow the chase through the town. We had not yet checked our speed, and were still fast gaining upon them. When the buggy and dog struck the pike at the cemetery gate we were then about two hundred yards off from them, and we followed at the top of our voices, but we could not make him hear. All at once I grabbed my breech-loader and fired three successive shots. This instantly attracted the dog's attention, and he seeing the other two dogs now for the first time found out his mistake. He came bounding down the road at a terrible rate of speed, and when he got to us he was very glad. He jumped up, wagged his tail and tried to tell us how he had made the mistake. We turned our horse again and started down the road on our way. We got out and hunted a field on James Hood's farm, but did not find anything. We continued on farther and hunted a field on Finis's Farm. Nellie came to a point about the middle of the field. I said to Gill, "Look there, Nell has got a whole covey," and again I said, "Be careful Gill, and let us kill as many of them as we can." Gill said, "I cautioned him not to shoot too much in a hurry, to take his time and to pick out his birds and take good aim, and try and kill one with each barrel as they got up. There stood Nell as stiff as a poker, not a muscle moving. She would catch my eye sometimes while she was crouching there with such a conscious glance, which said truly and plainly, "Tread lightly and carefully, the game is at hand." I then turned to Gill and asked if he was ready, his reply was, "I am." I then said to my brother, "I cooked both barrels of my gun and with my mouth full of powder, I was in front, my horse on the trigger of my gun, I walked in and kicked in front of the dog. One bird buzzed up, and it had hardly got out of the stubbles before Gill's gun cracked and he killed it. There was not another bird there, nor not one; I don't know when I was ever so fooled as I was this time. This bird was a scattered bird, and some hunters had been in the field before us. As a matter of fact, I had been in the field and there was a crowd of sportsmen, they looked like a picket line during the war. They had all muskets, carbines and dogs of every description. They all knew me, but I only knew one of them, and he was John

Gumber. They told me they had raised a flock of partridges in the field where they were, and they were scattered in every direction, and they were hunting now for them. While I was conversing with them one single partridge got up from right under my feet. My Scott gun cracked and the bird fell literally blown to pieces by my fire. The crowd hooted and shouted, and they looked at me and my gun as if I was something wonderful to behold.

We lost much time here. It was now near ten o'clock, and we only had two partridges. We left and got in our buggy and went on farther. About two miles farther on we heard great firing in front of us, and on coming up to the spot we found Captain Patton, Lewis McMurtry's head clerk, with a fine brace of dogs, beating some thick cover, where he had driven a covey of birds. He had killed four of them. The sun was just setting, and now it was dark, and the moon almost played out. He said, "Mr. Schley, if you want to shoot you can help yourself; the birds are all scattered around here."

I hitched my buggy, pulled off my coat, called up my dogs and pitched into the cover. I beat the tall, rank weeds and high grass for about a half hour, and only found one bird, and I killed that. I had to hunt for a half hour before I found it, it being so very, very hot the dogs could not smell it. Here we lost much time, and now it was dark, and the moon almost played out. He said, "Mr. Schley, if you want to shoot you can help yourself; the birds are all scattered around here."

We got in our buggy and went down the road farther. I heard a partridge calling in a field, and, looking over, I saw in the same field a pump. I said to Gill, "We will hunt that field, and we will give the dogs some water." We halted and hatched our horse and pumped some water for the dogs, and took a drink of water ourselves. We beat this stubble field all over, but not a bird did we find. We beat across the field down the road farther in a small piece of wood just where we were going. We got in the buggy and drove right for this piece of woods. When we arrived there we found Col. Bluebaker and George Hergersimer, with three or four dogs, and they were shooting at a great rate. Their guns were cracking, cracking every minute. It was now near twelve o'clock. I said to Gill, "We will sit something." So we halted and sat under the trees and ate a little, and while we were eating these fellows were firing away. But they had not yet seen us. When we were through with our lunch we walked over to them. They were very glad to see us, and said they had raised two or three coveys in the field and that they were all scattered around. They said, "Pitch in and help yourselves." I threw my gun from my shoulder and called my dogs, and I made them beat the ground very closely. I raised eight single birds and two rabbits, and I killed every one of them, and made some beautiful shots. It was now fast going on one o'clock, and Col. Bluebaker insisted on us going with him and his partner to a spring, about a half mile off. The spring is known as Shellen's Spring. Way down on the "manor," he said, he had fired oysters, whisky and pickles. He wanted us to eat with him. So we all started for the spring, and spread our little blankets on the grass, and we were all fed, the horse and dogs and watered them. We were enjoying the beauty of the day as much as the refreshments. In a short time we bade our hospitable friends good-day and left, they going toward home, we going farther down the road.

We drove about two miles, and passed through the big Manor Woods near Adamsdown. Here we hitched our horse in a large open woods, known as the Big Manor Woods. Now we had gotten out of the limits and cover, and the wind, and everything was as quiet as the grave. Now and then the wind went whistling through the branches and leaves, but the sound of the sportsman's gun was not to be heard. Here we found plenty of birds and all full coveys. We did excellent shooting. One covey we killed twelve birds out of. We had as high as six birds lying dead at one time, not having time to pick them up. Shooting so fast with our breech-loaders, many of them would fall in high, rank grass and briars, which made awful hunting for them. Many birds we lost, but we did splendid shooting. But hot, dry and thirsty; don't talk. The dogs all lay down and panted, and we could not get any air in this place, and there was not a drop of water near us, not even a mud-puddle. Gill remarked, "I am so hot I don't know what to do. I really can't spit any more. I know of a small house about a mile off, and I know water must be close to it." So we went into the buggy and put whip to the horse and went for this house. We were then in the wind, a colored woman made her appearance, and I gave her twenty cents to get us a bucket of water. She soon got it and we all had a hearty drink, which we enjoyed very much. It was now fast drawing toward sunset, and we were about ten miles from home. We turned our faces homeward. We beat a thick wood full of briars and second growth timber on our way home. We could not find a single bird. We lost one of our dogs, Bob, and could not find him high or low. On our going back to the buggy, a mile off, we found him all broken up, standing under the buggy. He did not know us, but when he saw Dick and Nell then he was all right. We arrived home about half-past eight, and counted our bag, and found we had 47 partridges, 2 rabbits and 1 hawk. This bag beat any one bag on the first day as far as we could hear from. So we got the honor of bringing home more birds than any one that was out that day. We went to bed tired and slept soundly until morning. On the next day we fully intended going again, but the day proved so hot and dry we concluded to put it off. So ended our first day of the partridge season, and, hope we may be as successful on our next hunt.

FRANK SCHLEY.

A TURKEY HUNT IN WESTERN MARYLAND.

EMERSONVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 31, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

While preparing a short vacation in Allegheny County, Maryland, I ran across a famous wild turkey hunter, and we started one morning as day was breaking for a hunt on Big Savage Mountain. A brisk walk of an hour brought us to the foot of it, and, before starting up, I had dressed his old-fashioned rifle, a piece that "Porte Crayon" had immortalized in his sketches of Virginia and Maryland mountains. Indeed, I caught myself saying to myself, "Porte Crayon" might have run across and have used Jake as the origin of one of his "savage hunters." He told me that he had better keep a lookout for a pheasant, so I put in a shell of No. 7 and one of No. 6 so I would be prepared for birds of any kind smaller than the turkeys, which we did not expect to see before afternoon. We kept straight up the mountain side, Jake going, as it seemed to me, at a double click, but in reality a very moderate gait. Every few hundred yards I would sit down and wait for my breath to catch up. However, all things must come to an end, as did our journey to the top. We reached the top and began to descend to what is called Cranberry Swamp, where Jake assured me pheasants and woodcock were plenty. On reaching the

ground I searched it thoron big, and came to the conclusion that Jake's plentiful birds must have gone visiting, for a solitary woodcock was the only bird that I saw. I went to the top of the Mountain and raveled north for about five miles and began to descend. On reaching the bottom we separated to look for squirrels that seemed to have gone after Jake's birds. I lit my pipe and lay down behind a log to wait for Jake to come back and to rest. Presently I heard in the woods above me a loud gobble, Jake trying his call, thought I, soon I heard a whistle, and I saw Jake molting for me to approach him. When I got close he asked, "Did you hear them? The dog scattered the dogs; let's go up the hill." So off we went for another fifty miles as Jake said, but not a mile in reality. We posted ourselves between two fallen trees, and Jake commenced to yell, "Soon an answer come from our right—'peep, peep.' The call continued with its answering 'peep.' Soon a loud gobble, gobble, from our left was heard. We slowly shifted our guns to bear on the approaching gobbler, and I looked at my shells to make sure I had No. 2's in both barrels. Soon I saw the gobbler jump down from a log, and, with two or three hens, walk rapidly toward us. Jake, having stopped; his call, cautioned, 'Make sure you fire, and don't move.' I had lain in ambush for human game a times past, and my nerves had not failed me then, neither did they now. I followed the magnificent looking bird till he was just entering a spot that was clear and—bang went Jake's rifle. The gobbler disappeared as if the ground had opened and swallowed him. Jake had shot at a hen and missed. She ran a few steps, stopped to see the direction we were in, and I let her have the right barrel. As soon as the gun cracked Jake ran and picked up the bird, a full-grown hen. Up the hill again was his command, and off we started for another half or three-quarters of a mile. Again we posted ourselves behind a log and took a quick smoke for about a quarter of an hour. Then Jake opened his mouth and brought out the call. Less than ten minutes brought an answer from down the hill. A very few minutes brought it in manifest of Jake, who killed it. It proved to be a young hen. The last shot from the rifle not having made more noise than a cap snapping, we recommenced "calling." Ten minutes passed, and an answer was returned from the brush behind us, so close that I did not dare to climb over the log. So wheeling slowly around on my heels, I brought the gun to bear just as the turkey came in sight, about fifty yards off. I covered it and pulled not one trigger, as I intended to let both barrels go. I saw a male had planted both heels against my shoulder. The next instant my gun was crashing away at the log, and Jake was bringing the turkey to our pile that now looked very respectable. It began to grow late, and, being about seven miles from home, we packed the turkeys on our backs and started. By the time we reached the village our turkeys had increased to a hundred weight. ENGINEER.

LUBRICATORS FOR GUNS.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

If the rusty surface of a barrel be examined under the microscope it will be found to present an uneven surface studded with thousands of holes which serve admirably as conservatories of moisture, and tend to the oxidation of the affected metal. Grease and oil are then simply applied to serve as an impermeable barrier to the air, the oxygen of which ever present in millions of free molecules attacks readily any substance for which it has affinity and forms in its combination with it the oxyd which we commonly call rust. As long as barrels of guns are perfectly smooth but few retrets are present in which oxidation favored by the sportsman has to exert its power, but when they are once attacked the sportsman has to exert his power to keep them from rusting. The difficulty to this is none the less on account of the many different materials of the trigger plates, the nipples of muzzle-loaders and the plungers of breech-loaders, as the deep greases that they favor rusting. Near salt water, where the air is frequently charged with minute and actively corroding particles of saline substances, guns suffer most, and an efficient lubrication is there of the highest importance. After using, with poor success, about all of the advertised preparations, which on paper guarantee absolute immunity from rust, and finding them near and on the sea more or less worthless, I tried at last, and obtained highly satisfactory results by applying mercurial ointment, which when once well rubbed in prevents effectually all damage. A Frank Wesley rifle and a Fox breech-loader treated in this manner were the only arms which emerged bright and clean from the wreck of a vessel which terminated, during the latter end of last summer, a shooting excursion to Labrador in which I had participated. Previously to packing up I had a lot of ointment melted and applied by means of a soft camel hair brush to the barrels and locks. The issue was also well lubricated and the nipples next closed with the grease. The barrels were greased with it. A couple of newspapers were wrapped around to detain the grease on stock to prevent the grease from being rubbed off, and in this manner they were, without any further additional care, packed into the traveling trunk. The wreck of a vessel is a hard affair on the passengers and their effects, particularly their shooting implements. I passed unfortunately through this ordeal, and trunks, guns and all were washed about a whole night in the overboarded cabin of our stranded schooner, and the consequences did not allow of their drying even after they were rescued the next day. The rifles were so wet that many of my fellow passengers who had escaped unhurt, but were coated all over with rust, and they had been well oiled and smeared with several kinds of highly advertised rust preventers. The blue ointment alone stood the trying test, and not a solitary red spot was visible on the guns treated with it, when at last after two days of delay a chance for thorough inspection was afforded. I have learned, additionally, that I gain time and lessen trouble by not removing all the grease from any easily affected corners, as the iron does not so liberally hermetically protected and I use space then common machine oil for the plants and screw barrels and locks. Whenever I shall take another journey to the sea shore I shall put my trust in the experience of the past and by simply applying a coat of the ointment over all exposed parts avoid the trouble of continually overhauling and inspecting every part of my armament. L.

THE DITMAR POWDER.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Nov. 10, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

In answer to Mr. D. A. Tomblie's letter in your last issue I have to say that my powder is absolutely safe when used according to instructions. This was a case of overloading. I suppose the guns in question were either 12 or 16 bore. For the 12 bore I say proper charges are 3½ drs.; for 10 bore, 3 drs. In this case 6 drs. had been used. I suppose it was G powder, which I make expressly for Capt. Bogardus's use and which has come into great favor on account of its lightness. It is a very strong powder, and I see no reason why sportsmen should use more than what I recommend. I say in my circulars larger charges would give no better results, but strain the gun. Of the coarser grades, or if my ride powder is used in shot guns, larger charges can be used without strain to the gun, but of no more than recommended. Captain Bogardus has used this powder in his 20 bore, Sigs. gun, but if I remember right only 1½ drs., with good results, which shows that it can be used in the lightest charges.

I am for light charges with black powder too, as I find that the heavy charges only show their effect on the shoulder, but as there seems to be a tendency to use heavy charges I will make a powder from now which

ESTABLISHED 1820.



NEW YORK:

48 Maiden Lane, 35 Liberty St.

Miscellaneous.

Kentucky State Lottery.

EASTERN AGENCY, 699 BROADWAY.

Class W Draws November 30.

One prize of \$14,000, one of \$5,000, and one of \$5,000.

1896 PRIZES DISTRIBUTING \$87,925.

Whole Ticket, \$1.

WILLIAMSON & CO.,

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The Kennel.

COCKER SPANIEL
Breeding Kennel

OF

M. P. McKOON, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y.

I keep only cockers of the finest strains. Sell only young stock. I guarantee satisfaction and safe delivery to every customer. These beautiful and intelligent dogs cannot be beaten for ruffed ground and woodcock shooting and retrieving. Correspondents including stamp will get printed pedigrees, circulars, testimonials, etc. 1017

COCKERS! COCKERS!

Sportsmen in want of first-class cocker spaniels write at once to CHAS. S. HITCHCOCK, Secretary United Kennel Club, Franklin, Delaware County, N. Y. Stock and delivery guaranteed. Price \$15 each for dog or bitch pups. sept12 tf

POINTER PUPPIES.

By imported champion Snapshot, out of imported Fannie, now eight weeks old, color, liver with white markings—three dogs, one bitch, price each \$30. Also one red Irish setter bitch, whelped June 12, by imported Dash (lat. New York, 1895). Price \$35. We are taking orders for delivery of pups whelped Sept. 21 by champion Snapshot, out of our Gypsy by Cal. out of Psyche. lat. New York, 1895. LINCOLN & HELLER, Warren, Mass. oct31 tf

Dogs for Sale.

On account of departure of the owner for Europe the following dogs are offered for sale very low: Lemon and white pointer 7 1/2, winner of lat. prize N. Y. dog show, 1877. Red Irish setter, Snaky, bred by J. Jerome, Esq. Gordon setter, Kent, a prize winner. Liver and white Gordon bitch, Zedie, dog, red setter, bred by Joe Eyed Sanchez. All the above are broken dogs. Also four puppies, 1 month old, by Kent out of Zedie. Can be seen at the Taphall, Kennels, Babylon, L. I. For price, etc., address C. DUBOIS WAGSTAFF, Esq., Babylon, L. I., or the kennel editor of this paper. nov12 tf

THE NEW YORK KENNEL CLUB offer for sale an exceedingly handsome black, white and tan setter dog, not thoroughly broken for the field, but admirably suited to a gentleman's country place, or as a personal companion. He is full-sized and highly bred. Price \$100. Application must be made at this office. Address C. oct15

\$50 will buy a thoroughly broken red and white setter bitch, with a pedigree for 90 years. Address E. J. ROBBINS, Wethersfield, Conn. nov14 tf

DOG WANTED.—The advertiser wishes to purchase a really first-class setter dog or bitch. Must have extra speed, staunchness and nose; be broken on quail and woodcock; handsome and about three years old. For such a dog will pay a fair price. Address J. H. S., room 105, Hotel Brunswick, N. Y. nov13 tf

WANTED to exchange a good-size Irish setter dog, 19 months old, partly broken, for a well broken native or Irish setter bitch, not over three years old, and a half year old. Address I. KAMP, Lock Haven, Pa. nov14 tf

FOR SALE—Setter dog, four years old, broken, will retrieve from land and water. Price \$25. JAS. ROY, Vienna, Trumbull Co., O. nov12 tf

FOR SALE—A liver and white setter dog, three years old, thoroughly broken on all kinds of game, reason for selling, no use. Price \$10. Address J. K. P., care of Scott & Co., Buffalo, N. Y. nov21 tf

FOR SALE—Having more dogs than I need, will sell a large pointer dog, three and a half years, and a pure red Irish setter, three years. Both of these are prize winners, and first-class field dogs. Sold for no fault. For pedigrees and full information address H. B. J., 177, N. Y. P. O. nov21 tf

SHOOTING AND WINNING.—In a race at the late Ballard County (Ky.) Fair, one of the jockeys, who was to ride at one hundred pounds, weighing only seventy, the extra thirty pounds were added in the shape of two wet blankets. After starting, the blankets slipped to the mare's left side, and slipped upon her flank at every jump. The saddle also turned, and, in his efforts to right it, the jockey—a juvenile edition of the Fifteenth Amendment—lost one of his reins. Nothing daunted, the darky clung to the mare's back like a circus monkey, and, urging on the frightened animal, landed her a winner of the race. When the mare was stopped the saddle was under her belly and the blankets were dragging at her heels. The darky was delighted with his success, but declares he will "nebbur ride wid dem cursed blankets no mo'."—Turf, Field and Farm.

BULLET PROOF CARS.—A firm in St. Paul, Minn., patentees of a fire, bullet and burglar proof railroad car, has addressed a letter to the Post-office Department, tendering the use of their invention to the Government, free of royalty, for the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Railroads. These cars are regular railroad monitors, the doors and windows being constructed so as to close automatically on a spring being touched, and with sufficient force to kill the intruder who attempts to prevent it. The cars are also provided with inside breaks and apparatus for detaching them from the rest of the train. The value of the mails passing over the two roads named would seem to make such cars desirable; but the Department has no authority to build or purchase such cars, or any other, as they are supplied by the railroads and form a part of the contract stipulation.—Washington Republican.

Messrs. TIFFANY & CO.'S stock of Plated Ware for the Fall Trade comprises:

Soup Turcens,	Ten Sets,
Vegetable Dishes,	Tete-a-Tete Sets,
Meat Dishes,	Hot Milk Pitchers,
Oyster Turcens,	Coffee Urns,
Pepper Boxes,	Tea Kettles,
Salt Cellars,	Small Coffee Pots,
Sardine Boxes,	Butter Dishes,
Water Pitchers,	Syrup Pitchers,
Salvers,	Tea Caddies,
Goblets,	Salad Bowls,
Etc.	Etc.

The forms are new and the repousse chasing and massive mountings as elegant as solid silverware, from which it can be distinguished only by the trade-mark stamp upon each piece.

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CHAMPAGNE.

BOUCHE FILS & CO.,
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PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS, latest invention. Anybody can operate it with perfect success. Complete outfits from \$5 to \$30. Chromo Photography outfits, \$5. Holographs, 42 1/2. Send stamp for full information to S. BACKMAN & CO., Manufacturers, 275 Pearl St. N. Y. sept20 13

PHOTOGRAPH OF Actresses, comic, etc., 10 for 25 cts. List of books, etc. S. R. LUDDEN, 8 Lincoln, Me 1013 17

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SETH GREEN'S
Patent Needle-Pointed Hooks.
Trout Flies tied to order, \$2 per doz.
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(TRADE MARK.)
STILL TRIUMPHANT.

In Fall Meeting of N. R. A., at Creedmoor, Sharps Rifles were entered in sixteen matches; took first prize in twelve of them, and good prizes in the other four. Among them the

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The New York State team, using the Sharps Military Rifle, won with a score of 974. Best score by any other rifle, 960.

The International Military Match.

New York State Team, with Sharps Military rifle, 1,044. Best by any other rifle, 903.

The Inter-state Long-Range Match.

Average per man with Sharps Rifles, 213. Other rifles used averaged respectively 193 and 197. THE WIMBLEDON CUP, won by Mr. Frank Hyde with a Sharps Rifle with a score of 143 out of a possible 150 at 1,000 yards. THE LEIGH CUP, won at Spring Meeting with a score of 205. Best other rifle, 197. For the Grand Aggregate Prize at Fall Meeting, the competitors each, with Sharps Rifles—Mr. Frank Hyde, Col. W. H. Clark and Capt. W. H. Jackson—tied on a score of 300 points.

THE LONG-RANGE MILITARY CHAMPIONSHIP, won by Capt. J. S. Barton, with a Sharps Military Rifle. All prizes in this match were won with Sharps Rifles.

AMERICAN TEAM WALK-OVER (First Day).—J. S. Sumner made, with a Sharps Long-Range Rifle, the extraordinary score of 231 points out of a possible 225 at 500, 900 and 1,000 yards.

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MEAT FIBRINE DOG CAKES.

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Fleas! Fleas! Worms! Worms!
STEADMAN'S FLEA POWDER FOR DOGS

A Bane to Fleas—A Boon to Dogs.

This Powder is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animals, or money returned. It is put up in patent boxes with sliding pepper box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and efficacious. Price 50 cents by mail, Postpaid

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Splendid kennel accommodations; dogs have daily access to salt water. oct10 tf

LISTEN!
The Sportsman's Bell tells the position of the dog, causes the birds to lie closer. Valuable in early woodcock shooting, cocking and general shooting, where the cover is thick. Sold by dealers in guns and sporting goods. Samples sent by mail postpaid, 30 cents. BEVIN BROS. MANUFACTURING CO., East Hampton, Conn. sept19 13

For Sale.

FOR SALE.

One million brook trout eggs—ready for delivery

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MINNESOTA FARM.—For sale, 1,650 acres improved land in Rock County, Minnesota, with farm house, three barns, corn house, hog house, grain house, fences, trees, windbreaks, elevator, windmill, wells, grading, running streams of clear water; directly on line of St. Paul and Sioux City Railroad; price \$15,000. Only one half mile by rail from county seat. Sold only to increase farming interest in immediate neighborhood. No small bargain to be had in the entire West. Photographs shown and full specifications given on application to CHAS. HALLOCK, office of FOREST AND STREAM, N. Y. oct31

FOR SALE—Crystal Spring Fish Farm and Plover Grounds, Oakland, Bergen County, N. J. Building cost over \$1,500; five years old; guthrie frame villa; all modern improvements; tenant's house, stables, etc.—in one, four horses; twenty-three acres, four acres grove, with from twenty to thirty ponds; fine garden; 100 young fruit trees; apple orchards. Address B. B. F., care this office. jels15

FOR SALE—A W. & C. Scott & Son's breech-loading shot-gun, 12-gauge, 28-inch barrels, Damascus barrels, and rebounding locks and pistol grip. For further particulars address M. A. BUIS, WORTH, North Brookfield, Mass. nov14 22

FOR SALE—One Irish setter dog, 16 months old. Color, bright red. Address O. M. BYERLY, Easton, Md. nov14

FOR SALE—A fine breech-loading shot-gun, made by Chas. Webley, 12-bore, adze action, 32-inch twist barrels; as good as new; has not been fired but a few times. Price \$35. W. box 121, Metuchen, N. J. nov21

FOR SALE—A fine Webley, top-snap, double bolt, 12-gauge gun; extended rib, pistol grip, 28-inch bounding locks, laminated barrels, weight 7 1/2 lbs.; always in wear. Price \$75. W. HOLBERTON, 117 Fulton Street, N. Y. nov21

FOR SALE—Large case of stuffed birds, size 3 1/2, 6 in. by 3 1/2, containing about twenty (mostly game) birds. Price \$50, or will exchange for breech-loading shot-gun, and pay difference. Address No. 5 Day street, Room 10, New York City. nov21 11

Wanted.

ANY ONE wishing to trade four-horse power Engine and Boiler complete for 12-gauge breech-loading shotgun, best make, with inside barrel, case, shells, etc. Address, with and for full description, D. M. SHARPBACK, Petroleum, West Virginia. nov21 11

WANTED—A fine second-hand, London made "Dough" preferred shotgun, in good order (a 30-inch) preferred. Address, with full description and lowest price, M. Box 1,503, Pittsburgh, Pa. nov21 11

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ESTABLISHED 1820.

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Full set of fine FLEXIBLE WATERPROOF DUCK for \$10, sent free of ex. on receipt of price. A fine Coat for \$5, sent free on receipt of price.

"PRACTICAL HINTS ON DOG BREAKING"

being a comprehensive work, treating on the art of breaking the dog for the field, and is especially adapted to the wants of amateur sportsmen. Price 25c. Prospectus of the finest kennel of setters and spaniels in Indiana. Write for particulars.

nov21 ft



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MICROSCOPE.

This is a new pattern of high power microscope; attractive in design and simple in operation. It stands upon three supports, and has a mirror for throwing an intense light upon the object. Can be used either standing upon the table or held in the hand. This microscope has a high magnifying power (4000 times the area), and makes the slightest object look wonderfully large, bringing out the smallest portions, and showing up the minutest details. In a single half looks like a huge cable, and the foot of a fly like some queer animal creation. Multitudes of objects will suggest themselves when one becomes acquainted with the use of this instrument, which is simple and easily understood. It is interesting, entertaining and instructive.

N. B.—This is a high-power microscope for examining minute objects, such as are quite invisible to the naked eye. Price by mail, postage \$1.50. Send for forty-eight page catalogue of skates and useful novelties.

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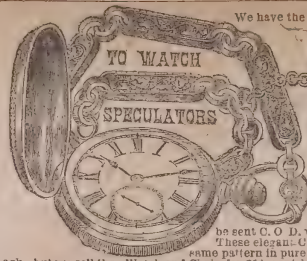
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Admission, 50 cents. Reserved seats, 10c. extra.



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This barrel can be placed in a gun ready for use in a second of time with the same ease as a cartridge, and can be removed just as expeditiously. There is no wear on the rifle barrel, nor on the shot-gun, and it can be got out of order. With this Auxiliary Barrel, which weighs about one pound, almost instantly a breech-loading shot-gun can be converted into a most accurate rifle. The AUXILIARY BARREL will fit any standard make of gun of 10 or 12-calibre—calibre of rifle .32, .38, or .44, as desired. Length of barrel, twenty inches. The shells used with the best advantage are the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.'s cartridges, No. 32 and 38, extra long, and No. 44, model 1873. Send for a Circular and Price List.

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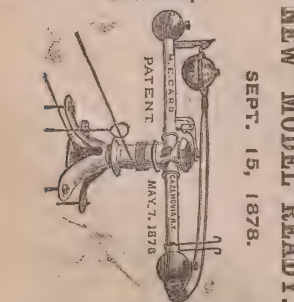
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The only practical cartridge holder in use. Will carry brass cartridges, and positively prevent wads from starting on shot. Suitable for either paper or brass shells. These cartridge holders can be easily attached to any hunting vest or coat front. A vest will hold 80 of the cartridge holders. Two dozen of these holders only weigh 5 lbs. One belt complete, with 30 holders attached, only weighs one pound. The belts can be perfectly adjusted to fit either a slim or large man. Will deliver to any address, and prepay postage on belt or any number of loose holders on receipt of the following prices: Spring brass cartridge holders, per dozen, \$1.25; adjustable belts with 30 spring brass holders, complete, \$4. Elegant nickel-plated holders and buckles, the gayest and nicest belt in use, \$5. We solicit correspondence from dealers. All our belts are made of the finest Russian leather, and have Neck-Straps on (not shown in cut). Cash must accompany orders. Send money by registered letter on Serena, Ill., or P. O. Money Order on Ottawa, Ill. Send 1 cent stamp for sample holder. Address all orders to POOLER & JONES, Serena, La Salle Co., Ill.

sept26

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SEPT. 15, 1878.

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THE WINNING GUN.



At the international pigeon shooting, Monaco, Feb. 1878, the Grand Prix de Casino, an object d'art valued at \$100, and a money prize of £705, the greatest prize ever shot for at Monaco, was competed for by sixty-six of the best shots of all nations, and won by Mr. Chomondrey Pannell, with a full-choke bore Wedge-Fast Gun by W. W. Greener, killing 10 birds out of 12 at 28 yards and 1 foot and 2 1/2 yards. He also won the second event, killing 8 birds in succession at 100 yards, making a total of 19 birds out of 20. This is acknowledged to be the best shooting on record. The winning gun at the choke-bore match, 1877, beating 17 guns by the best London makers, and winning the silver cup, valued at 10 guineas, presented by Mr. J. Purdy, the gunmaker.

The winning gun also at Philadelphia, 1876, in the pigeon shooting match between Capt. Bogardus and Mr. South for \$500 a side, South killing 56 birds out of 100, using one barrel only. The winning gun also at the great London Gun Trial, 1875, beating 102 guns by all the best makers of Great Britain and Ireland. THE PATENT TREBLE WEDGE FAST BREECH-LOADER is the strongest and most durable ever invented, and the most successful gun of the period. Patented in the United States, Oct. 5, 1875, No. 163,323. BEWARE OF INFRINGEMENTS OR IMITATIONS.

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A New Expansive Concentrator, with wire wad, for use in breech and muzzle-loading guns, making straight-bores shot as well as choke bores are supposed to. Cheap, convenient, safe and sure. For sale by gundealers generally at \$1.35 per hundred for 10-gauge, and \$1.10 for 12-gauge; 10 and 12-gauge now ready; other sizes to follow. Packed 50 in a box.

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A. B. KAY & CO., Newark, N. J.

Buck and Heavy Drop Shot Cartridges for Long-Range, Deer, Duck and Goose Shooting.

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The Bohemian Glass Works would respectfully call the attention of all dealers in Glass Balls to the fact that the Paine Patent Filled Ball is the STANDARD and ONLY BALL MADE TO A SALE, therefore we would respectfully caution the dealers against laying in a stock of unsuitable articles for the Spring Trade, when you can purchase the Best Ball ever made at a price less than can be charged for other inferior balls.

No other ball affords the PLEASURE of the Feather Filled Ball, and no other Ball is as beautifully made. It will break in every instance when hit by shot, and is sufficiently strong to prevent breakage either by transportation or falling on the grass.

Every ball is weighed and examined, then packed with the greatest care, in barrels of 300.

Send for price list. Special inducements to the trade.

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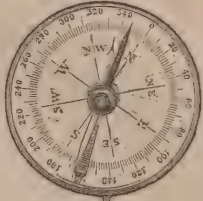
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FOREST AND STREAM

ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

Terms, Four Dollars a Year.
Ten Cents a Copy.

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For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun, VOICES OF THE FOREST.

IN my rude canoe on the quiet lake,
I sit in the calm moonlight;
Where tall trees throw their shadows,
And sweet sounds fall on the night;
Where the air breathes through the tall old pines,
With many a sigh and moan;
A choir of a hundred voices I hear,
Though I sit here and sing alone.

The stars look down from the sky above,
And up from the waters below;
The fire-fly flashes his tiny lamp
With its phosphorescent glow.
I hear the voice of the whippoorwill,
The deep notes of the frog,
And the many mysterious voices that greet me,
From forest and lake and bog.

I hear the beat of the solemn owl,
The sound of the wood-duck's call;
The trout, as it leaps from the lake in play,
And I feel its splash and fall.
The grating teeth of the deer as he feeds,
And I hear his stamp in the lake;
Toward the shore glides an antlered buck,
Leaving his rippling wake.

I hear the sound of the insect choir,
And I feel their piercing sting;
I hear the chattering squirrel's cheer,
And after the loon's clamor ring;
The muffled drumming of partridges
In the tangled brush near by;
The hoarse croak of the raven,
And the tree-toe's piping cry.

Only a few boat lengths away,
There's a deep ravine near a beautiful bay;
There's a grove of pines, with their garments green,
And their shadows lie dark on the waters between.
As I steeled for the spot there issued a sound
That curdled my blood, and made my heart bound,
"A panther," I whispered; and homeward I went;
O'er the waters I flew, and hurried to tent.
"Why man," I laughed to the guide; "what's whitened your cheek?
'Twas no panther, but only a screech-owl's shriek;
No more in these forests the panther prowls,
'Men raised in the woods are not sea-died at owls.'"

—STEPHEN.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun

Field Sports in San Diego Co. Cal.--No. 1.

By T. S. VAN DYKE.

ALAND about as unknown to the sportsman as Alaska, about as unknown to the majority of Californians themselves as Kamtschatka; pictured by the imagination as a burning waste; tenanted mainly by Mexicans, Indians, tarantulas, snakes, centipedes, scorpions and deas; despised, ridiculed and abused by the State to which it belongs,—is the county of San Diego. After what I heard about it in the places as above, it was not without many misgivings that I ventured into the living tomb it was described to be, and should hardly have done so had not all reluctantly admitted that it had what I was in search of—the best climate in the State. I find it so vastly different from all that I had been led to believe that I must, for the benefit of a certain class of sportsmen, give some description of it, for I believe it is destined to become for them one of the best known and most valuable resorts that our country affords.

A high mountain chain, cutting the county in two, shuts the western portion entirely out from all influence of the terrible Colorado desert, which covers the entire eastern half, and leaves a climate and country totally different from that of Arizona and the neighborhood of Fort Yuma. From this mountain chain the land breaks away toward the far-shining Pacific, forming a country about as large as New Jersey, containing all varieties of climate, scenery and soil. Throughout the whole of this, poor land was so abundant that nature was compelled to stack it, and as time was precious in those days, the job was done in such a hasty and careless manner that it lies slung around loosely in all directions and shapes. Everywhere are vast piles, from 1,000 to 3,000 or 5,000 feet

high, and some 7,000 or 8,000. The intervals are filled with lesser piles, vast ravines or table-lands, which, in turn, are cut up with ravines, valleys and gulches innumerable, of all widths, depths and lengths.

The country is not, as would be supposed from its climate, a drab heap of bars, brown hills, though such in places are numerous enough; but here and there lies, like a quiet lake in the frowning frame of its surroundings, a lovely and well-watered valley, with thousands of acres of the richest land and gardens, and fields of perennial green, while the majority of the hills are robed in vestments of eternal green of every variety of shade from the dark velvet to the most delicate of the light tints. This "chapparel" consists mainly of bushes from five to fifteen feet in height, of a nature that would flourish luxuriantly on the southern slope of a fresh-baked brick. As we recede from the coast, timber appears in the canyons, and as the land rises higher it grows larger and thicker, and spreads out from the canyons up the mountain sides, and covers the tops of the high mountains with dense forests.

In the lowlands the streams are dry in summer, and half the time even in winter, and the water is generally warm and poor for drinking; but in the mountains are many living streams and springs of delicious cold water.

The scenery is, of course, not so grand as that of other portions of the State, and yet is sufficiently fine to be highly attractive. On every hand are mountains that, if in the Adirondacks, would be sung in song and blazoned in story by a thousand giants. Here and there great rugged cliffs of gray, impassive granite have elbowed their resistless way thousands of feet into the blue dome of heaven, and long chains cleaving the sky with serrated backs rise in all directions. Smaller mountains and ridges innumerable lie scattered in all directions; and over all has been sown in wild, reckless profusion myriads of granite boulders of every size and shape. Along the mountain passes they stand like grim sentinels of the land, far up along the peaks, and on the points they lie grouped like frowning fortresses, and away out upon the plains they sometimes stand like giant mill-stones in a giant country. From almost any mountain top may be seen the silver shaven of the peaceful ocean, with its high rocky islands, to the south the ragged mountains of Mexico, and to the east and north peaks and chains of all sizes up to 11,500 feet. Long canyons filled with richest verdure of a dozen shades wind their sinuous arms in loving embrace almost around the mountain's neck. On all hands may be seen the long green trail of some stream which, though sleeping for years below its sandy bed, still keeps the adjacent land in every living beauty, and far away toward the coast the table-land rolls away in long, billowy swells. All this, in winters when we are blessed with a few decent showers, is spattered from valley to mountain crest with a profusion and variety of flowers that benumbs the wonder of even the most enthusiastic rambler about flowers in Upper California and Colorado. The resources of this section are, like those of Southern California, generally far short of the extravagant nonsense with which the real estate sharp lands his ever-ready blunderbuss to beg the Eastern gull, yet also much greater than one accustomed to the rich prairies and copious rains of the west would at first suppose. But these I shall pass, as I have to deal only with its resources for the sportsman.

To the climate, however, justice has never been done, even by its best friends. It is thought high praise to call it "semi-tropical." It is a insult, and I think Heaven it is "semitropical." It is San Diego climate, the finest, not in the world perhaps, but in any civilized part of the world where an American can live and enjoy life. I do not say this because I live here, but on the contrary, I live here for the same reason that I say this; because, from a thorough comparison of U. S. records with those of other places, from the unvarying testimony of numerous travelers and climate-seekers in every part of the world, and from a three years' residence, I am convinced that, from the year round, there is no place where one can live so many days out of doors without suffering from heat or cold, rain, mud, winds, and other climatic discomforts. At the casual end of the Pacific rain belt it gets less rain than any other habitable portion of our country, while the unfailing sea-breeze, formed by the suction of the ascending heated air of day, makes the summer temperature of the coast far less unpleasant than that of even Massachusetts. Though the winter is theoretically a "rainy season," unfortunately for anything like agriculture it practically is not. About three years out of five the winter is much drier than the driest summer ever seen east of the Rocky Mountains, while the summer is only an eight months' chain of attenuated dryness long drawn out. The average winter is like the loveliest of October weather at the East. Day after day and week after week the sun climbs the same old cloudless arch and sinks behind an immaculate curtain of amber and rose. An occasional approach to the winter of the North. The damp, curvating heat of Florida is unknown at any time of year, and while the winter days are always warm enough to burn in shirt-sleeves, they are never so hot that a coat is uncomfortable. The temperature of the coast is cooler in summer than that of Maine, yet warmer in winter than that of South Carolina. Back in the country it is a few degrees warmer by day and a few cooler at night; yet the mercury seldom reaches 90, and 100 no oftener than in New York. Owing to the great dryness of the air, which enables the never-failing breeze to re-

move the perspiration very fast and allows a rapid radiation the moment the sun is gone, making very cool nights, the summer is, instead of a nuisance, a positive luxury compared with anything to be found East. Of course there are exceptions. On the mountains there is more rain and some snow and ice in winter, and some few canyons and basins shut off from the breeze are extra hot in summer. But the climate-seeker can always take his choice from a great variety of climates. Once in eight or ten years there will be an extra wet winter (though the wettest ever known gave only seven or eight inches of rain, the average being eight), and once in ten or three years the whole State will be swept for a day or two or three by a scorching sirocco. The air is extremely dry, and either in winter or summer meat may be dried without salt or smoke. I have never found a place where anything like malaria is so utterly unknown, though it could doubtless be produced by excessive irrigation in summer of large tracts, a thing of which, however, there is no danger with the present rainfall.

To my great surprise I find it remarkably free from insect or reptile pests. Both insects and reptiles are numerous; but not of the fraternal kind. No festive gnats or black fly hankers for your blood, and the impressive bug, that in the Northern and Eastern hotel so gently o'er the sleeper stealthily, is here unknown. The mosquito and midge are found in but few spots; the diabolical wood-lice luggerth no closer than at the East; and no flegger makes geological explorations in your crust. An ant will occasionally mistake an unsuspected shank for a beanpole and ascend to investigate, and a flea will once in a while demand payment, though I lived here two years before one presented me his bill. In three years, mostly spent in hunting, I have seen but ten rattlesnakes, the most poisonous kind; five or six tarantulas, one scorpion and one centipede. The county has a population of 5,000 or 6,000 whites, fully equal in intelligence, culture, hospitality and respectability to that of any rural portion of our country, and far superior to that of some portions. The Indians and Mexicans number about the same, and are quiet, orderly and nearly all industrious. The county is well governed, and life and property are as safe as in any part of California, and far safer than in many parts of our country.

For the invalid sportsman who is compelled to hunt climate for a living, or who would escape for a time the rigors of a Northern winter, San Diego Co. offers some peculiar advantages. He will find abundance of game and the easiest county to hunt in that he has probably ever seen. Either in a wagon or on horseback, as well as on foot, he can go almost anywhere where the game is without the slightest danger of getting lost, without plunging through swamps, mud or water, without treading and swearing his way through sawgrass, canebrake or briars, or incurring blisters upon an endless succession of fallen logs, tangled vines, roots, etc. There are some thick patches of cactus as well as heavy chapparel, but there is no necessity at all for going into either to find game in abundance. Here he will find within a short distance of his boarding place vast game preserves, upon which the resident sportsmen can make no visible impression, and which are barred to the market hunter by law.

For the sportsman who is lawless, the county offers most of transportation, price of ammunition, cheapness of other meat, etc. Quail abound here in quantities of which the Eastern sportsman has no conception, and the shooting lasts from September till March, being the very best when our Eastern fields are closed by both law and snow. Hares and rabbits (an unscientific distinction, but I will make it for convenience, nevertheless) are very abundant on the low lands and broad valleys. Rabbits of a variety peculiar to this section, are smaller than the jack rabbit of the plains and the cotton-tail of the East, and as much superior in flavor to them or the white hare of the North as the woodcock is to the woodpecker. For years I would not notice the detestable little bunny of the East; but those keep in a kind of brush or low waist-high, through which they run and dodge in a way that makes capture almost impossible, and even if they will be out along the shore, they are difficult to soon fill the bag of the tyro who cannot shoot running. In winter every lagoon abounds with ducks, which, owing to the dry banks and smooth surroundings, are very easy to get at; and although the shooting is inferior to many parts of the West and Northern California, yet it is by no means to be despised. Good bags can be made by the tyro, and he who wants the glorious wing-shooting may find only a comrade or two in the way that makes capture almost impossible, and even if they will be out along the shore, they are difficult to soon fill the bag of the tyro who cannot shoot running. In winter every lagoon abounds with ducks, which, owing to the dry banks and smooth surroundings, are very easy to get at; and although the shooting is inferior to many parts of the West and Northern California, yet it is by no means to be despised. Good bags can be made by the tyro, and he who wants the glorious wing-shooting may find only a comrade or two in the way that makes capture almost impossible, and even if they will be out along the shore, they are difficult to soon fill the bag of the tyro who cannot shoot running.

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No royal woodcock here goes twisting and whistling upward through the timber, and no lordly grouse bursts from the brake with booming wing; but the dear little snipe is here in some places, and along the coast-wet, curlew and plover are very abundant, while doves, meadow larks, highlanders, etc., are plenty for those who want such game.

In the high mountains is a beautiful variety of quail, larger a little than dear old Bob White; a distinct and beautiful variety of pigeon, and a gray squirrel, apparently the same as the most beloved friend of my boyhood, except that it lives in the trees and ground as well as trees, though I think the tree squirrel is still another variety.

The shooting season here is practically endless, as by the

time the quail season closes the young hares and rabbits are almost full grown. At an instance of the ease of hunting here, I will give a case within my personal knowledge. Three years ago, during a stay of three months at the excellent house of J. O. Miner in El Cajon Valley, Mr. E. L. Ford, of the publishing house of J. B. Ford & Co., New York, killed something over 250 ducks, 200 hares and rabbits, and scores of plovers and doves. The gentleman had never before touched a gun, and I cannot say that he was not able to pull half a mile an hour, and rarely left his buggy to shoot. There are plenty of places where this can be done by any one of gumption, though I believe El Cajon to be the best place for nearly all kinds of small game, and Miner's is certainly the best place there to find accommodations, a good host and hostess, and plenty of home comforts. Such as that I found it during a year's residence with him. For sportsmen out of health, I cannot say that this is as good a place as the upper part of the State and many parts of the West and South. It is doubtful if there is any shooting as good here as it may be found farther north. The duck and deer hunting certainly is not, and neither geese nor snipe are so abundant. But for the invalid this is just the place, and I think any one who was well would enjoy a winter here.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

THE ADIRONDACK UNVEILED.

"A HOWLING WILDERNESS."

IT was autumn. I had always been wild to go to the primeval seclusion of the wilderness. When a boy I used to speak whole chapters of Murray's Guide, at Sunday-school exhibitions, and I read the accounts of those early surveyors who could not plant their tripods without danger of striking a bear's toe; but never until this year were the bright dreams of my youth realized. An article in a Northern paper stating that bears were so plentiful that it was almost impossible to keep pumpkin-pies for a day, and that they were frequently discovered up the grape vines before breakfast—I mean the bears—so crazed me that the next day found Don Albani and me in an Adirondack stage starting for "the wilds where never man trod." My chum was dressed in a delicate maroon velvet jacket with point-lace collar. Inside and out of his coat were a hundred or more labelled pockets. Some held cartridges, others essence of peppermint and curiosities in general, such as a whale's tooth, and the scalp of an Indian, which he alleged he took. This latter he always showed to the driver when the vehicle became excessively protracted in its momentum.

It was a wild ride. I do not mean that the speed was great, except at one time when an irate steer charged us and stuck his horns through the back-board, pushing us up the hill at a rate never equalled before or again by that stage. Albani cut off the steer's head, and we preserved it as a memento; but you will hardly believe me, his rage was so great that for two miles he followed us without any head. At the first bend of the road, however, in his blind fury he kept straight on into the iron wall we were melted up into. From iron, horse nails and other useful articles.

Our expectations of the woods were greatly disappointed when we found the persistence with which rail fences and houses clung to the side of the road. Then, too, the telegraph poles never gave out, and the wires were in no place devoid. The natives, who regarded us in the light of Arctic adventures or religious fanatics, jeered the sides of the road and exclaimed: "I reckon you'll get a devil's spruce down afore you come out," and other annoying words. The horses usually walked a mile or two and then paused to recover breath. Sometimes our stop was at a prehistoric hotel or postoffice, at others by the side of a pearly trout brook, where the water literally boiled with—the horses. No trout seen there for fifteen years. As I said before the crowds became so annoying at the hamlets that we were obliged to lecture on temperance in order to rid ourselves. It is the only thing that makes them move.

We stopped for dinner at what was called a hotel, and were regaled on what we at first supposed to be venison, but which proved to be woodchuck. The proprietor said there was "good shootin' off 'em," and tried to induce us to stay, but woodchuck had no charms at four dollars a coach," and the driver commenced his afternoon performance of breaking forty clothes poles on the horses backs in two consecutive hours without sleep. For twenty miles we sat silent, too full to speak—full of gloomy forebodings, I mean—except the driver who drank whiskey without a license at this temperance hotel. We passed Catamount Mountain and Panther Gorge, in which a herd of swine were feasting. I recoiled in horror at the wilderness. The hunters once still pursued us, and toward the latter part of the journey we were annoyed by peddlers selling lavender neckties and gum. We saw no hand-organ grinders, however, and took courage. At last we came to a place where there was no fence, and a sigh of relief broke from our imprisoned souls. Then a river, on its smooth surface myriads of "water fowl"—all belonging to Bill Spooner.

Darkness was coming on, and we were starving. The driver offered some spruce gum, unprotected, from the lower abysses of his pocket, but we thanked him, saying: "O kind sir, dear sir, save yourself! You are of value to the community. You drive a stage; carry the mail and help your fellow creatures. Take the gum yourself and live! We are nothing but bears from Wall street." He only smiled as the glow of the hotel lights broke upon us. We were weary and hungry, and the driver, as several of the greatest hunters in the woods had chewed on that piece, and it was of historic interest.

We were in the wilderness. It was a very civilized sort of a place. From the grand piano were issuing soft symphonies, and gentlemen, whom we were informed were guides, dressed in swallow-tails, were entertaining the ladies with hunting adventures. It seemed hardly possible that the belated creatures were guides and could carry a man five miles a day. We asked the proprietor how many deer he had seen that day and if the piano did not frighten them. Albani and I fairly leaped for joy when he said the deer rather "liked the piano, and often poked their heads in the window of an evening." He also told us that a bear was roosting up a tree not half a mile distant, and that they had a hook and line out for him. The method is this: A catfish-line of from a mile to a mile and a quarter in length, has a shark hook at one end

baited with a freshly killed cur—the bears are such curious fellows—this is then carried its full length by a man, assisted by another with a cane to keep panthers from seizing the bait. On their return all the boarders seize the unbaited end and anxiously await a bite. The bite of a bear is quite similar to that of a pickerel, only more so. At the first nibble the boarders all twist their limbs around the stove and other immovable objects, and suspense reigns supreme. A quick pull announces that he has swallowed the pup, and all are glad to get all pull in. Of course several trees always hang to the bear and many ferns. The ladies then gather the autumn leaves and press the ferns, and the bear is converted into grease and other useful articles.

If the bear is not dead by the time he reaches the hotel the children stick pins into him and poke his tongue until he faints. No bear bait, no bear bait, and no bear bait is the able to vindicate the reputation of our respective fairies. Since the law prohibited trout-fishing then, we were served with what were called "canned trout," so nicely preserved that the man who caught them (the day before) would not have believed them the same fish. They were a little dangerous, however, as they had been shot on the runways, and the sharp pellets of shot stuck in our throats, making it necessary to blow about twenty times and other articles of furniture in order to scrape them down.

That night the lake was convulsed by a terrible storm. The hotel rocked like a light-house and many were sea sick. Lemons could not be had for love or money, and the water came into the parlors so suddenly that a party of two young gentlemen and two ladies had to take refuge on the piano. They were finally rescued in boats. By the pale glare of the lamps the trout could be seen swimming around all over the first floor and it was confidently expected that there would be good fishing in the dining room for a week. Imagine our surprise the next morning to find the entire establishment as dry as if there never had been a flood. Of course the deluge was the prevailing subject of conversation, and it was generally believed to be one of the faults of President Hayes in not attending to the weather.

Just before the storm broke out, I came out and prepared to fish from the piazza. There was a look of calm indifference on his face as he slowly drew out a quarter of a mile of line and fastened a nice croton bug to the end of it. The boarders en masse came out to see him and predicted his utter failure. They did not know their man. A member of the International Scientific Protective Benevolent Game Association advanced and warned Albani not to fish out of season, but on his proud countenance he said he was not allowed to speculate. He looked noble as he surveyed the spring mass of spectators. I trembled for him and whispered, "Do take in 200 yards, just for my sake, Al!" He only smiled. Slowly he untangled the line and threw straight up. The delicate cord ascended, the croton bug kicking. No sooner had it reached its apex than with the speed of lightning Albani grasped it and it sped over the house, chimney, parlor and kitchen. Then the crowd cried, "It's coming back, boys! Show it!"

The loud whistle of the line, like an aerolite or rocket harp announced its return. The friction with the air had set the bug on fire, and only a flame of glaring light marked its place. It came back and sped across the lake its full length amid the cheers of the dumfounded crowd. But stay! what new wonder awaits us? Lo! the hook has hit in a tree and snatched the wary black duck from his roost. Another cheer. Albani grasps the reel and the duck comes skipping across. He has wrung his neck. Amid the applause the piazza fell, which increased our bill materially. Again Albani steps forth and draws the line. This time he used a short cord. Whizz it goes back; but alas! the falling of the piazza had made Albani nervous, and the cruel line went swooping into one of the rooms and returned bearing on its point a ladies' switch.

"Another misplaced switch," the crowd cried, and screams came from the apartment, "It's all I had in this world" (Adirondacks); but the switch had sunk never to rise again. To make a long story short, a horse had to be killed that day for his tail, and with this temporary substitute she returned to New York for repairs. The horse's hide was then made into buckskin gloves and other useful articles for the party. We remained just two days more. On the first we ascended a mountain called Marcy, from which the guide said we could see the Mississippi River. We examined it carefully with a glass, however, and pronounced the water too clear for that river, it was more likely some cove of the many streams which flow from the Rocky Mountains. We saw the red workmen return at night with their dinner pails across the East River Bridge, and then we came back to the hotel. On the second day Albani and I each killed one of a deer. 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For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

HIGGINS' SINGLE-BARREL PIGEON MATCH.

HIS name was Higgins, and he came running into the office to say that a blue pigeon had flown in through the broken window on the third floor, and he wanted to know if he might not go up there and catch it. We assented, and went along to see the fun. Armed with an old broom, together we repaired to the scene of action. On one side of the room reclined a whisky barrel, while a dozen barrels of cotton were ranged near the wall opposite. Above the barrel the pigeon was discovered clinging bat-like to the wall near the rafters. Broom in hand, Higgins cautiously poised himself on the barrel and aimed a blow at the bird that would most infallibly have settled him had the barrel remained firm; but it shot from under him, and instead of bridging down the pigeon, Higgins himself was brought down, floored by whisky, as it were. We, the umpire, scored "no bird." The pigeon left his resting-place, and after circling round the room a few times, perched on a bale of cotton. Higgins picked himself up, and, brushing off the dust, tried it again. To reach the prey he lifted himself on top of a bale of cotton, on which the dust of two months had gathered. Crawling cautiously along on hands and knees, he approached the pigeon, which calmly awaited his coming. It seemed so tame we brought him to take it alive, and as it was our warehouse, he laid aside his broom and reached out his hand to grasp the unsuspecting victim; but he had no salt to put on its tail, and as he clutched at it the bird flew again, while we, in the language of a colored base-ball player, called out, "Joining; why don't you catch him on the few?" He was mad now, for it was hot and dirty work climbing along the cotton, and as he descended with the broom, and rushed toward where the pigeon had again alighted, he gave vent to his feelings in language which, though not celestial, might under the circumstances be termed "pigeon English." This time he hurled the broom at the bird with great violence, but missed and hit himself. The pigeon was now roused, and flew and round the room, while Higgins chased him, striking at him in the wildest way. It had become a question of endurance, when suddenly the bird, through him of the broken window by which he had entered, and out he flew, leaving Higgins to brush off the dust and wish himself a "canny Scot," that he might cut the pigeon wing and thus curtail his flight.

SNIGSBY.

Fish Culture.

MASSACHUSETTS—Gloucester, Nov. 15.—The Fish Commission secured some two millions of codfish eggs Wednesday, and put them into the hatching cones. Everything promises a successful opportunity for thoroughly testing the practicability of artificially hatching the eggs of the codfish.

MARYLAND.—Thirty thousand salmon have been deposited in the Elk River tributaries, and fifteen thousand in the Chester River at Millington.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.—It is not of at all uncommon occurrence that credit is given where it does not belong, and that one man receives a reward for the success of another man's work. An instance in point has just come to our notice. In a letter to the London *Field* of the 2d inst., a correspondent writing of the piscicultural prize recently awarded among the annual prizes of the French Accimatization Society, says:

The next recipient on the list is M. Teller, whose services consisted in constructing an apparatus suitable for the transport of *Salmo gairdneri* ova from California to Europe; the thought and care he bestowed on the same having done much to insure the safe arrival of the last consignment of eggs, and thus render possible the introduction of Californian salmon into French waters. The apparatus in question is composed of two iron boxes situated one within the other, the intervening space being filled with ice and sawdust. The ova, having a layer of ice above and below it, occupy the center of the inner box, and a few small holes in the latter allow the ice water to escape. Thanks to this cautious arrangement, the temperature remained during the whole voyage at about 36° Fahr.; incubation was retarded, and the eggs did not hatch out till some time after their arrival in Paris.

Commenting upon this in the next issue of the *Field*, our esteemed friend Fred Mather goodly naturedly says:

Part of the above is not only news to me, but very funny news, as I brought the eggs over, and never saw nor heard of the box described; nor had any suggestions from any person in France upon the subject, nor have I told any one the temperature at which they were kept, which, instead of 36 deg., was 49 deg. The facts are these: I was then U. S. Fish Commissioner, and the United States Commissioner on Fish and Fisheries, wished to make a shipment of eggs of the California salmon (*Oncorhynchus gairdneri*) to Europe, and I was selected to accompany them. They were packed in moss in California by Mr. Livingston Stone, and I proposed to re-pack them in New York in boxes containing a number of flannel trays, with an ice chamber on top. Mr. Stone was fearful that exposure to the air in repacking might hasten the development of the eggs, as it was a question of responsibility, I only packed 25,000 in the refrigerator, and these were the only ones saved. My box had several faults: The eggs would roll on the trays if the box was tipped up, and the cold air did not get down to the bottom. This year Herr Von Behr, Pres. of the Deutsche Fischerei Verein, ordered 100,000 eggs, on condition that I should re-pack and accompany them. The box I arranged the ice chamber with a grating below instead of a few holes, made the frame smaller to allow an air passage all around, used mosquito netting instead of cotton flannel, and cut out air passages in the tops of the frames to allow circulation over the eggs, fixed a cover of netting to lie upon the eggs, which, when wet, prevented their rolling in some degree. I sailed from New York on the 12th of October with the following shipment: 250,000 for Germany, 100,000 for Holland, 100,000 for France and 10,000 for England. The latter arrived now at the Free Museum at Liverpool, in charge of the curator, Mr. T. J. Moore, and part in the Southport Aquarium. My box was of rough iron boards, and only cost, frames and all, seven shillings. Its dimensions were 25in. high by 14in square, in-

gun! and spare the fingerlings! O lover of the rod! And so shall thy days end in quiet, peace and happiness, and thou shalt not "see red" in the rosy hours of the morn, nor "dream black" in the still, solemn watches of the night.

The Count during all one morning's sport had been unusually taciturn—his was the very soul of all locality; for, except an occasional *Sacre*, when a big fellow would get away, or a suppressed *mille tonnerres* when they took off his minnow, he stood stern and silent on his log.

Myself (loq.)—"My dear Count, you do not seem to enjoy your angling this morning. What is the matter?"

Count—"Ah! my dear young friend, it makes the feeling of sorrow over me to think that this beautiful stream runs in the *La Belle France*, where so many would enjoy these big bass, these gay perch, all of colors the most beautiful."

Laughing at the unexpected turn which the Count's patriotism had taken this morning, I proposed, as we had a walk of four miles over the roughest ground in all Kentucky, that we return to camp. Bill shouldered the fish in a large corn sack, the Count his Wesley Richards, and the two rods, and so up the river to our camp. Being considerably in advance of the rest, on turning a sharp bend in the stream I saw a large clump of teal, which were gallily disporting themselves in a still shallow on our own side. Stopping, with monitory finger on lip, I motioned to the Count to come to me. He had insisted before we started on loading his gun with buck-shot, for "fear of an encounter of buck," and now, drawing the charge quickly as possible, I poured into each barrel about a half-handful of No. 6 shot—a supply of which Bill had brought with him—and telling the Count to creep to a large red oak, about forty yards from the birds, I waited with much interest the denouement.

The melancholy *culpatia* of the morning was now transformed into the experienced, enthusiastic duck-hunter. Throwing off his broad Panama hat, the Count threw himself flat on the ground and worked his way up the oak from where he was to shoot. Raising himself on his knees, he poised the heavy gun, and fired. He meant what a roar! Never had I thought that a shotgun could crack so loud. Running up to the oak I found the Count lying on his back, gazing vacantly at the branches over his head. With the aid of Bill I raised him to a sitting posture. Rubbing his hand ruefully on the top of his head and anathematizing all the duck guns in the world, and this special one in particular, in the choicest French, we gathered enough from his disjointed statements to learn the following facts:

The Count in loading his gun for the "encounter of buck" in the morning had put in two full charges of powder, and I had put in more than that quantity of loose shot, and, of course, when the gun was fired, she resented the overcharges, and, jumping like an *enferme diable*, had landed on the crown of the head of the kneeling shooter.

Result—A contusion about the size of a walnut and a general laziness for about fifteen minutes.

So soon as I could speak for the suppressed laughter which seemed almost killing me, I offered him my condolence in the politest French that I could muster, but the exile from sunny France evidently looked upon himself as a victim of a deep conspiracy between myself and the innocent Bill.

However, when that sable son of Africa returned, bearing the spoils of that lucky shot, the good-natured Count forgave me instantly, and, with some money gifts, Bill also.

There they lay, ten fine, fat blue-wing teal, those which, if served with a sprinkling of lemon and their own gravy, no better bird flies. Once more we wended our way to camp, and, arriving there, found the Doctor skinning a noble buck, which had fallen to his unerring aim.

Soon the rest of the party came straggling in with some turkeys adding to our list of game.

And the tale of the red, red deer and the red, red wine disappeared that night. I could chronicle how the valiant Gail, after many heavy potatoes and being reminded of his mishap of the morning, challenged the Doctor to mortal combat on the spot; how Pete fell into the river, being enticed to do so by a baleful trap laid by the innocent-looking Bill; how the lawyer and the two farmers shot at a spot, by torchlight; all this and much more could this veracious historian chronicle, but Apollo plucks his robe and says, "Enough!"

As one day in camp is very like another, I shall end this pleasant reminiscence of old times by saying that we all got back safe to the haunts of civilization, bringing back as rich spoil two deer and a number of turkeys. Of fish, I need say no more than that we had all we could eat while in camp, and of ducks, abundance.

And there goes the big-hearted Doctor and the mercenary Count? It was but just now that they were here walking through these pages with me, evoked from memory's mystic depths by the magic of my old steel pen.

Yes, they and hundreds of others are gone before. May I meet them in the unknown hereafter, knowing and loving them better, if possible, than I did on earth.

Patently,
Lafayetteville, Ga., Sept. 30, 1878.

ST. CLAIR.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

SIALIA: THE STORY OF A BLUEBIRD.

SHORTLY after noon of a beautiful June day, many years ago, the writer of this article started forth, as was his custom in his unregenerate youth and before the game law was amended, in search of adventures and birds' eggs; but principally birds' eggs.

He had not gone far when he saw seated upon a branch of an ancient pear tree a motherly-looking bluebird, with an apparently well-beloved family of three. He no sooner saw this beautiful family group than he determined to possess one of its members, and immediately proceeded to carry this determination into effect.

As they were out of reach, they must be started from their position before anything could possibly be done. This was easily accomplished, and while the parent bird plotted two of them away in safety the other, probably a fast youth who was impatient of parental control, took another direction, determined, apparently, to shift for himself. But he found, as many another in his position has found, that he lacked strength and experience.

He flew a short distance, hotly pursued by his prospective captor; but his strength soon failed him and he was constrained to alight, which, from inexperience, he did in a rather

awkward manner. Striking upon his feet, he fell forward and turned completely over before he came to a perfect understanding of his position. But he was not to be taken yet, and immediately launched out upon another flight, shorter than the first. His manner of alighting was very similar to that already described; but he was now too much exhausted to attempt another flight. Casting his eyes about him he saw a large oak leaf, under which he immediately thrust his head, and imagined, in his simplicity, that he was safe from all danger; but he was mistaken. He was so large, or, more properly, the leaf was so small, that the greater portion of his body was left exposed. He was picked up tenderly and carefully, and, with his prize securely held, the captor flew away at more than ordinary speed (wishing to avoid being himself captured), as, in the excitement of the chase, he had been led into the back-yard of a crusty neighbor, who would probably, had he known the facts, have taken measures that might have resulted in mutual dissatisfaction.

Sialia was duly installed in a large cage, and his captivity commenced. For a long time he was very disconsolate, and seemed in danger of going into a decline; but the elastic spirits of youth triumphed, and he forgot his earlier days and settled down to his new life. His contentment and the attainment of this happy state of feeling was hastened by the introduction between the bars of his cage of a few of the creeping things of earth. It may be here remarked that the quantity of food which would disappear into that cavernous opening in his head, commonly called a mouth, was wonderful—even fearful—to contemplate. He grew constantly in size and beauty—and certainly there was abundant opportunity for improvement in it—until he reached a young bluebird being only second in ugliness to a young robin.

His life was uneventful and apparently happy for a time; but one day, while upon another predatory expedition, a goldfinch's nest was discovered, and after some trouble one of the young was secured and borne homeward. This infant, together with another of the same species, taken a few days before, was put in charge of Sialia, to be educated and reared in the way they were used to.

Upon their being placed in the cage with him he seemed for a time to be at a loss as to how he should conduct himself, and from time to time he cast curious glances from the corners of his eyes toward these (to him) strange birds. But this constraint on his part soon wore off. After sitting quietly for a time—no doubt meditating and coming to the conclusion that these new companions of his would be his rivals in the attention of his friends, and being assayed by jealousy—he commenced, at first cautiously, and then boldly, to crowd them toward the end of the perch. As he was much the largest of the three, he soon had them in uncomfortably close quarters, so close, indeed, that one of the finches, in fear of being crushed, pushed through between the wires of the cage and flew aimlessly about the room. It was soon caught, however, and returned to the cage. Finding that this manner of proceeding would afford him no permanent relief, he refrained from any further practice of it, and they lived as peacefully as might be under the circumstances. In fact, after a time, he came to take great interest in their welfare; and to prevent them from injuring themselves by over-eating, as in their youthful carelessness they were liable to do, he would gorge himself nearly to bursting. But he was not accurate in his calculations as to the amount which a finch should eat, and it was found advisable to take him by the finches from Sialia.

He found great pleasure in playing with them, and he was frequently with difficulty prevented from swallowing them and thus bringing himself to an untimely end. He always resisted these precautionary efforts in his behalf, and protested loudly and volubly upon every such occasion.

One day he escaped from his cage and took a prominent position on the top of a neighboring tree. Of course the first thought was how to get him back to his cage. Nothing would induce him to return until a piece of bread was held in water, his favorite food—was temptingly displayed before him, when he immediately descended and allowed himself to be caught and returned to his captivity.

If petted and handled often he became quite fearless, but if neglected for a few days his wild nature asserted itself, and he would grow suspicious of every one who approached him. Sometimes, in his efforts to escape, he would carefully push himself into the pocket or sleeve of the person who was holding him, and seemed not in the least disconcerted at the strange quarters in which he found himself.

The cat, which was full-grown when Sialia was first caught, became accustomed to seeing him, and at last took hardly any notice of him; but he never failed to notice her when she gave him an opportunity. The cage was frequently left upon the floor, or he sprang back, as he would, at the sight of her, and his tail was almost certain to get a kick, which made her in time come to consider that neighborhood an unpleasant one.

His door being one day left open he appeared unexpectedly at the dinner table, or, rather, upon the table. He immediately helped himself to that which stood nearest, which, unfortunately, happened to be salt. This evidently did not suit his taste, for he sprang back in a short time, and his expressive astonishment and wonder spread itself over his expressive countenance. Then he commenced a series of backward movements round and round that salt dish, shaking his head violently in his efforts to free his bill from the salt, particles of which still clung to it. At another time he inadvertently took a sip of hot tea, and afterward he was very cautious how he tasted anything with which he was not familiar.

It was his usual custom to keep very late hours, eating and amusing himself by lamp-light at any time between the hours of nine and twelve in the evening. He took great pleasure in catching flies about the room in the daytime or evening, as the case might be—it seemed to make little difference with him. He would perch upon a finger and allow himself to be carried from place to place in search of prey. Upon being placed in reach of an insect he would immediately seize it and swallow it with evident relish. If the fly was beyond the reach of the person holding him he would leave his position on the finger and fly up to the place which it occupied, and after disposing of it would return to the perch. Of course he always had better success in the evening, because while he seemed to see perfectly well by lamp-light the flies were not so fortunate, and fell an easy prey.

His fate is still a mystery. One morning in the early summer, when he had been with us for but little more than a year, we found his cage door partly open, and Sialia was not inside. We never saw him again. The cage stood near an open window, and it is possible that, finding his door open or having opened it himself, he passed out through it and the open window to freedom, or perhaps to death, which latter is probable from his inexperience to take care of himself.

O. F. EARLE.

side; it held twelve frames, each carrying 3,000 eggs. With, as you see, a slight knowledge of how the eggs came over, and hearing for the first time of what had been done in France toward bringing them safely, you may imagine how amused I was when I read the above quotation in the *Field*.

From all of which it will be seen that at least one gold medal of the Acclimatization Society has gone to the wrong place. We do not know that the cause of American fish culture, or of American ingenuity, as applied to fish culture, will suffer for all that, nor do we apprehend that Mr. Mathers' efforts to transport his salmon eggs across the ocean will be any the less energetic or less successful; but if more medals are to be given it might answer the purpose as well perhaps hereafter to give them where they belong.

WISCONSIN—Madison, Nov. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On the 10th of December the State Fish Commissioners will meet in Milwaukee for the purpose of consulting with the city authorities in the feasibility of establishing a permanent fish hatchery. Previous experiments have proven that the small amount of money thus far annually spent in pisciculture has not been in vain. At the Milwaukee hatchery activity prevails. Superintendent Welch reports that he has finished taking lake trout eggs, and has about four millions eggs in the boxes. At Saugetuck and Escanaba men are at work securing ten millions of eggs for the Milwaukee hatchery. It is expected that two millions of whitefish will be hatched at Madison; also, half a million of brook trout. At Madison everything is in first-class order. One hundred and fifty thousand California salmon have been hatched, which are to be distributed throughout the State. The following is the new law taking effect from November 1: "Any person who shall catch or take any fish from the waters of Lake Michigan within this State, or of the east side of Green Bay, with any trap or pound-net, the meshes of the pot of which are less than one inch and a half from knot to knot, or technical language, of a pot less than three-inch meshes, shall be punished by fine not exceeding \$10 for each day's unlawful use of such net." The prompt enforcement of this law will save millions of fish which otherwise would be ruthlessly destroyed. ROVER.

ENGLISH FISH CULTURE IN 1668.—In 1668 letters patent were granted to "Walter Underhill the elder, Walter Underhill the younger, and Samuel Walton," for "a way for preserving and bringing of salmon alive and well conditioned to the City of London and other places, from Newcastle and Berwick and other places, being their own invention, and never before used or practiced in this the realm." Unfortunately no specification has been preserved of this interesting discovery. We hardly see the direction the invention could have taken, bearing in mind the difficulties of traveling. Seeing that modern pisciculturists would be sorely tried if they tried to do the like now with salmon in any number, a detailed account would be very interesting.—*London Country.*

SEVERN TROUT IN NEW ZEALAND.—A correspondent of a London paper, writing from Otago, says: "Trout fishing is now fairly established in some of the creeks and rivers, and really good sport can be had. The trout were originally got from the river Severn, and have increased wonderfully; they grow much larger than any trout I ever saw in England. I have caught one myself of over 8 lbs., and dozens between that weight and 4 lbs. It is an everyday occurrence to catch them 4 lbs. or 5 lbs. Any passable sort of fisherman should get a basket of from ten to thirty fish a day, weighing from half a pound upward; it is not allowable to take fish under seven inches long."

GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION OF SALMON OVA IN GERMANY.—The German Fischerei-Verein announces its intention again this year to distribute impregnated salmon ova gratuitously to all existing piscicultural establishments throughout the German Empire that may care to apply for them. Last year more than two million impregnated ova were distributed among the several societies applying for them, in addition to about 900,000 grayling ova and many thousands of various *Oreogelidae*.

ARTIFICIAL BREEDING OF STURGEON.—The efforts made this year by the Rendsburg and Magdeburg Fischerei-Verein to carry on the artificial breeding of sturgeon have completely failed. Among the fish secured by the Rendsburg Society very few indeed were females, and not one of these contained roe. The Magdeburg Society were equally unfortunate.

—Last June Mr. D. G. Colwell procured several thousand young eels and placed them in the mill pond. They were about two inches long at that time. Last Saturday, while working in the mill race, he caught one which was over seven inches in length, showing that they have grown about one inch per month since placed in the pond. In about a year from now we may expect good eel fishing in the Shiawassee. —*Fenton Independent.*

—Palmer & Sons, of Boscebel, Wis., advertise trout eggs for sale.

Natural History

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun. SCIENTIFIC NAMES OF THE BLACK BASS.

SINCE the publication of the name *Micropterus pallidus* (Raf.), Gill and Jordan, as a substitute for *Micropterus nigricans* for the scientific name of the large-mouthed black bass, I have received numerous congratulations, verbal and written, from brother fishermen on the appropriateness of the name "selected," and I presume that my colleague in this matter, Professor Gill, has had a similar experience. Lately, a correspondent of *FOREST AND STREAM*, Mr. A. F. Clapp, suggests that the name *Micropterus salmoides* be likewise "stamped out" to make room for some more appropriate appellation. It seems timely, therefore, that we should "rise and explain."

The name *Micropterus pallidus* is not a name of our own selection, but a name which by the laws of scientific nomenclature we are bound to use. By the operation of these laws

every genus must bear the oldest (generic) name bestowed on any of its members, unless this name has been previously used for something else, or is glaringly false (not simply irrelevant or inappropriate), or is otherwise illegible; every species must bear the first (specific) name imposed upon it (unless, as before, it be for one species or another illegible), and the proper name of any genus must be made by combining the above mentioned specific and generic names.

This is the law on the subject, and, as elsewhere, the law is usually, though not always, simply right. We accept many meaningless or even objectionable names to avoid the confusion attendant upon arbitrary changes. Were it not for these rules science would ever suffer, as it has much suffered in the past from the efforts of the improvers of nomenclature—men who invent new names for old objects for the purpose of securing their own personal glory. The names *Gryllus*, *Grinch*, *Heichenow*, or what not, after them. In the words of "a right Sagamann," John Cassin: "There is not, evidently, any other course consistent with justice and the plainest principles of right and morality, and, in fact, no alternative, unless, indeed, an operator is disposed to set himself up for the first of all history, as is said of an early Chinese emperor. The latter course, in a degree, singular as it may appear, is not entirely unknown, and has been practiced by a whole school of modern science as a much cow rather than as a transcendent goddess, a distinction in classification first made by the great poet Schiller."

Now, as to the names of our species of bass, I take it for granted that the reader knows (a) what a black bass is and what it is not (b); that there are two species of black bass, the large-mouthed and the small-mouthed, the latter being with most anglers the black bass, *per se*, and the other the off horse; and (c) what the difference between them is. In any event you will find it all written in Professor Gill's most excellent paper, "On the Species of the Genus *Micropterus*," in the "Proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in 1873."

The earliest published notice of a black bass with a scientific name was of one of the small-mouthed kind, sent to Lacépède from South Carolina. This species he named *Micropterus*, and otherwise detestable custom of our erring Southern brethren of calling a black bass in the river, or a weakfish in the sea, a "trout." Now, we may presume that the great French naturalist was puzzled by this name, and put on his spectacles to see what in the world could be "trout-like" about such a fish, with its coarse scales and spinous fins. To him it looked more like a wrasse or cunner, *Labrus*, called trout; but no matter, it must resemble a trout somehow or the Americans would not call it so. So he put it down in his great work as *Labrus salmoides*, the trout-like *Labrus*, to the everlasting injury of the fish. The name is not only senseless, but bad Latin, the proper form of the word being *Salmonoides*.

Lacépède had another specimen of the black bass, without label, and from an unknown locality. This one he gave the last rays of the dorsal broken and torn loose from the rest, and was otherwise in a forlorn condition. This specimen he considered as a genus distinct from the other, and he gave it the name of *Micropterus dolomieu*—"Dolomieu's small-in." Dolomieu was a friend of Lacépède, who had had about as much to do with the fish as George Washington or Victor Hugo. No one could tell, either from figure or description, what this *Micropterus dolomieu* was, but Cuvier, thirty years later, found the original type and pronounced it a black bass, in poor condition, and declared that "the genus and species of *Micropterus* ought to disappear from the catalogue of fishes."

Then the versatile and eccentric Professor Rafinesque appeared upon the scene, and in rapid succession gave the small-mouthed black bass names enough for a whole family. First he called it *Bodianus achiyan*, being told that the Canadian voyageurs knew the fish by that name. Then afterward specimens of different sizes appeared as *Callurus punctulatus*, *Lepomis trifasciatus*, *Lepomis flecularis*, *Lepomis salmoneus*, *Lepomis notatus* and *Eleutheron culture*. Soon after Le Sueur with a lofty scorn for Rafinesque and his doings, named specimens of different sizes, *Callurus fuscatus*, *Callurus olivaceus* and *Callurus minimus*. Lastly, DeKay, in 1842, called it *Centrarchus obscurus*, and we hope this may be the last.

Now the name *Micropterus*, but, of course, it is, of course, the one to be adopted. But suppose we "stamp it out." Is *Micropterus dolomieu* any better? Out with it! *Micropterus achiyan*? Just as bad. I fear that the "stamping out" process would have to be continued too long. You may spell it *salmonoides* if you like, but you cannot get rid of it.

Now for the large-mouthed bass. The oldest description we find is that of a young specimen from the Ohio by Rafinesque, in 1819, of *Lepomis carolinensis*. The description is good enough, and not altogether correct, but the name is a happy inspiration, as good as *salmonoides* is bad. Soon after (1833) Le Sueur described the same fish from Florida as *Cichla floridana*, a name which would be well enough if it were confined to the streams of the orange groves, but it seems rather narrow in view of the fact that the fish is found in Mexico and Manitoba, and everywhere between.

Next, a specimen came to Cuvier from Valenciennes, under the title of "Black Bass of Lake Huron." To their eyes the fish was black enough, but not a *Black* (*i. e.* *Labrus*), and they called it *Huro nigricans*, the "Black Huron," making a new genus for it because their specimen had but six dorsal spines, the last four having been broken off, leaving two dorsal fins. The colored figure which they published remained a standing puzzle for some time.

In Dr. Kirtland's private copy of his own fishes of Ohio he had carefully drawn off and colored a copy of Cuvier's figure of his Black Huron, and had all his life sought for such a fish in the lakes and never found it. About a year before his death, Dr. Kirtland asked me if I had ever seen that fish or could tell him what it was, and I had the pleasure of informing him that it was a demoralized black bass. Next, in 1854, Professor Agassiz, thinking that this fish in the Tennessee River could not be the same as in Lake Huron, called it *Gryllus notatus*, a good name enough but 34 years too late. In the same year, specimens from Texas were named *Gryllus nactus* by Baird and Girard, but the fish is found in other streams than the Rio Nueces. Then a nasty & d excellent name, *Gryllus megalomus*, was given by Mr. Garlick in 1857, which closes the American synonymy, but the disease has broken out in France again, and Messrs. Vaillant and Bocourt of Paris, who ought to know better, again gave it the name of *Gryllus notatus* and *Gryllus variabilis*. The poorest business a French naturalist can engage in is that of describing new species of American Fishes. A good share of our cumbersome and confusing synonymy is due to Gallic assistance.

Now in 1873 Prof. Gill, in his masterly review of these species, followed the thread back only to *Huro nigricans* in 1838, and so called the big-mouthed black bass, as he was bound to do, *Micropterus nigricans*. The names *floridana* and *pallidus* were presumed by him to refer to the other species, for the reason that he had never seen a big-mouthed black bass either from the Ohio River or from Florida. In 1876 Prof. Goode had collected it in Florida, and so felt bound to restore Le Sueur's name and to call it *Micropterus floridana*. In 1877 called Professor Gill's attention to the fact that there were big-mouthed as well as small-mouthed black bass in the streams where Rafinesque fished, and he agreed with me at once that the *Lepomis pallidus* of Rafinesque was the big-mouthed, which is why the big-mouthed black bass Oswego bass, grass bass and bayou bass is *Micropterus pallidus* (Rafinesque), Gill and Jordan at present date, and such may it ever remain.

Now, as to the name of the genus itself, the difficulty is just as great. The name *Micropterus* is unquestionably the oldest. But (a) we are perhaps not absolutely certain that the original *Micropterus dolomieu* was a black bass at all; (b) it was described as distinct under the cronomic impression that it had a fat adipose fin behind the dorsal, and (c) the name (small fin) refers to this imaginary peculiarity, and is therefore incorrect.

On the other hand, the black bass really has smaller fins than any of its relatives, and the name has therefore a certain appropriateness. I think, with professor Gill, that it should be retained, although Professor Cope and others, as good authority as we are, are inclined to demur.

Next comes *Callurus* (beautiful tail), not a bad name, for the young bass have the tail ornamented with black, white and yellow, but not a very good name. Then come *apleus* (scaly opercles), previously applied to the sunfishes, and therefore not usable, for a bass. Then come Rafinesque's *Aplites*, *Nenacampsis*, *Diophtes* and *Aplousion*, unworthy of any attention, although for some reason *Diophtes* has kept up a sort of life, while the other three have wholly died.

Next come the name *Huro* for the large-mouthed, and *Gryllus* for the small-mouthed. Of course the two do not belong to separate genera, and the name *Gryllus* was given as the black bass was sent to the museum at Paris. Thus our two species are often called in foreign books the Black Huron (*Huro nigricans*), and the Salmon-formed Growler (*Gryllus salmoides*). The name *Gryllus* is a graceful one, and has been used more frequently than any other, but there are seven names ahead of it on the record, and first come first served and synonymy take the hindmost.

The names *Labrus*, *Bodianus*, *Cichla* and *Centrarchus* belong to wholly different fishes, and were given by different authors through mistakes as to the relationship of the black bass.

I trust that this hasty and rather polemic account will be of some service to the numerous class of my fishing brethren who like to be right in their use of names and who want to know, you know, who, like Wilhelm Tell, cannot "laage priet" an older whaler. DAVID S. JORDAN.

Irvington, Indiana, Nov. 8, 1878.

A SPARROW'S CHIRUP FROM EUROPE.

MR. EDITOR: LANSING, Oct. 27, 1878.

I am much amused at the bitterness which the sparrow-war in America has assumed, and cannot forbear laughing when remembering a funny melancholy German who emigrated to America in 1834 or '5. He had been there about two months or so, when he said "shook his head, looking sighingly, 'No, I cannot live in a country where there are not even sparrows,' and returned to old Vaterland. But (arceus) he had been there for two months or so, when he became again homesick for America, shook his head in a melancholy manner, looking sighingly, 'No, I cannot live in a country where there is no sparrow in your porridge pot,' and returned to America. Sparrow absence in the new world, and consequent emigration in the old country drove him half a dozen times across the sea, until he at last died about 1855 in Hohenheim, sighing uningly with his last gasp, 'Sparrow,' and pointing with his shaking finger to a bold cock sparrow which, amorously chirping, strutted on the sill of his open window."

When I was a little boy the nunsism of my father had to send every year several hundreds of sparrows' heads, together with a certain number of claws of birds of prey and raven's talons, to the Emperor of Austria, and I remember that the Emperor's cooks used to come to the conclusion that the sparrow was a nuisance. Very soon, however, the law had to be revoked, for caterpillars and other insects caused such destruction that the clamors of the farmers and gardeners became general. Since that time the sparrows remain unmolested, though they are not more protected than any other birds.

I cannot contradict those American enemies of sparrows who assert that they are most quarrelsome birds, and drive away ducks, geese, catbirds, etc. I can only state my experiences here in Europe. The sparrow is a nuisance, a little fellow, but I never yet saw it quarrel with other birds, except sometimes with swallows, which also build their nests under the roofs of houses. The sparrow not rarely takes possession of a forsaken swallow's nest, and refuses to give it up on the return of the lawful owners in summer. I frequently observed the war going on between both parties. The sparrow maintained his position inside the fort, and I never noticed that other sparrows assisted him. But it was different with the swallows. The injured couple-companions of the sparrow, when they returned with a whole lot of friends, which attacked the robber defending the narrow entrance of his castle. The swallows becoming convinced that it is impossible to drive out the usurper, they very frequently execute a diabolic stratagem: Each of them carries in its bill some clay or mud, and the entrance to the nest is very soon strongly walled up by the cruel, skillful masons. It is by no means rare to find a dead sparrow in such a walled-up swallow's nest.

Flinches, linnets, red-pollars, nightingales, etc., build their nests on trees or shrubs, and I saw them never molested by sparrows; these did not even quarrel with the redpolls, which build their nests also in houses. In winter you can see wood larks, fancies and yellow-hummers mixed up with sparrows in the streets, and I never saw them quarrel.

It is asserted that sparrows nip the hair from the fur of trees. I must say that I never noticed such a practice either, and do not believe in it. In spring, when the trees are budding, many small insects collect around the buds, and it may occur now and then that the buds of them are accidentally damaged by the sparrows, searching for insects; but, more true that sparrows like grain, but little is done in spring; and, moreover, it would be the luckiest of the sparrows require soft food, insects, caterpillars, etc., and the like, and it is astonishing what quantity of this is required for half a dozen of such young gluttons. When the breeding time is over, and the young sparrows are able to swallow grain food, the harvest is nearly brought in, and the fields are a most empty. The damage they can do is, indeed, not very great, and not to be compared to that which would have been caused by the caterpillars and other

Insects which the sparrow swallowed in the breeding time. More serious is the damage done by sparrows to the cherries and grapes, which always have to be protected against their greediness, especially in city gardens. But not only sparrows are lovers of cherries; many other kinds of birds have the same taste, and we call them, in general, cherry birds, though there are amongst them starlings, thrushes, etc., and a variety of other kinds.

After all, I think you had better leave the sparrow alone, else you might repent it. However, this world belongs to men because we appropriated it, and not to sparrows; therefore, we would advise to subject this bird to the game laws, and permit its shooting during a certain time, in order to prevent its numbers from increasing immediately. I assure you, a sparrow-soup is a most excellent dish, and, even eaten roasted, I think it quite as good as any roe-bird. To conclude, I shall give you a prescription for such a soup, and, at the same time, one to get easily the material for it.

When snow is covering the ground, lay on it a long board, put on it some oats or barley, and place yourself in such a manner as to look over the whole length of the board. Load your fowling piece with the finest shot you can get—we call it "Vogelstunt"—and you will kill ten or twenty sparrows at one shot. After having properly feathered and cleaned the birds, have them roasted in butter rather sharply. These roasted sparrows are crushed in a mortar to a pulp, and from which soup is made. This soup is strained through a fine hair sieve and served hot. Of course a skillful cook will know how to improve it, but I assure you it is good, and people here believe that some of the most admired qualities of the sparrow are transferred to the eater of such an invigorating dish.

CORYN.

HABITS OF RATTLESNAKES.

CAMP THOMAS, A. T., Oct. 11, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

I will be glad if you will tell me how the rattlesnake of the eastern slope wears its rattles. My impression is it is with the broad side down; here it is with the edge or narrow side. A gentleman connected with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe R. R. Survey recently asked me if I had observed that rattlesnakes always coil to the left. I had not; but since then my observations and those of my friends whom I have asked confirm it, and I believe it as constant as the law which determines the direction climbing plants take. I do not know whether it has been noticed before or not. The reason for observing the habits of reptiles is about over, I am glad to say; one gets a little too much of it. On a March 1 made in July and August I killed eight rattlesnakes without leaving the road, and often heard them rattle when it was too dark to see them. The day before I got back to my post I killed two large rattlesnakes—one with seven rattles, the other with nine—at one shot with a carbine, something rather unusual. Arizona is rich in reptiles and poisonous insects, but the ugliest brute I have seen is the Gila Monster. It is a lizard, I think, and grows to be about two feet long; it is black, and curiously marked with pale yellow & gray lines. It will bite anything it can reach, and holds on to a stick until lifted from the ground; but is not at all poisonous. It lives on insects, young rabbits, or anything of the sort it can get, and is a voracious feeder. I forgot to say I stuffed a rattlesnake a short time ago, which measures six ft. 2 in. in length, and six in. in circumference at the largest part; number of rattles, seven. I lately killed one half the size with fourteen.

G. H. MORAN, M. D.

We believe that the rattlesnake of the East carries his sounder broadside to the ground, though we have never seen one of these snakes east of the Missouri except when coiled and ready for a fight. The coiling always to the left has not, we think, been previously noticed.—Ed.

THE GOOSE-FISH.

MALDEN, MASS., Oct. 22, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Please send enclosed a little sketch which I made of a most remarkable looking fish which was taken at Wells Beach, Me., while on a shooting trip last month. He measured 43 in. in length; width of head, 1 1/2 in.; weight, 52 lbs.; color, very dark brown, and belly white. The local fisherman pronounced it a monk-fish. Is that the correct name for it? What are its habits, etc.? Any information you can give me will be thankfully received.

A. H. JONES.

The fish is the Angler (*Lophius Americanus*), sometimes also called goose-fish. It occasionally attains a weight of seventy pounds. It is extremely voracious, and devours great numbers of fish. Sea birds, too, are often captured by it, and we call to mind one instance in which no less than seven large ducks (*Oidemia*) were taken from the stomach of one of these monsters.

This reply has been unavoidably delayed, for which accept our apologies.—Ed.

The Kennel.

MR. DAVIDSON AND HIS ACCUSER.

THE editor of a Western contemporary has brought a direct charge of fraud against Mr. John Davidson, one of the judges at the late Minnesota Field Trials. The charge is that Mr. Davidson so altered the judges' scores as to bring a certain dog from the position which he fairly occupied to another to which he was not entitled, while another dog was thus placed below where he, or she, should have been. This charge, strange to say, does not emanate from the owner or owners of any of the dogs entered and presumably wronged; nor does it originate with any officer or member of the Minnesota State Sportsman's Association, under the auspices of which the trials were held. The accuser is that great upholder and defender of public morals, the editor of our esteemed Western contemporary. Notwithstanding the fact that the columns of our esteemed contemporary have contained several of those anonymous communications for which our contemporary is famous, and which have the impress of never having been burdened with one of Uncle Sam's postage stamps, and in all of which the tenor is loyal in conformity with the original accusation, we believe that the sportsmen of the country who investigate dispassionately the evidence in the case, and are aware of the animus which exists on the side of the accuser, will be satisfied of Mr. Davidson's entire innocence. For four or five years past no man has been so prominently

before the public, or at least that portion of it interested in dogs, as John Davidson, and no man ever earned a more honorable record for sterling integrity and unswerving honesty. Why, it has passed into a proverb almost that he could be better coaxed not bought, and that his dearest friend stood no better chance of receiving an award from him than the merest stranger. Now we are suddenly confronted with an accusation which, if it could be sustained, would at once shatter this fabric and cause men to ask, "Whom can we trust?" But there are wheels within wheels, and those who are enabled to read between the lines can see plainly into the whys and wherefores of these charges. There is a "ring" in this country which seeks to control everything connected with dog matters, field trials and bench shows, and which would even dictate the stud dogs to be used by breeders. John Davidson was a man whose independence placed him beyond the reach of this ring. They could not use him for their purposes, and his popularity and influence were such that he was a thorn in their sides. So the fat went forth that he was to be crushed, and hence this accusation. For ourselves, our confidence in him is unshaken, and we are greatly mistaken if this confidence is not shared by a large majority of sportsmen in this country. Our contemporary suggests that his days of judging are over; we do not believe so, and confidently expect to see him appointed to judge the sporting classes in the large bench shows that will be held in Boston, Philadelphia and New York during the coming spring. Not long since, when an English judge was proposed for the New York show, our esteemed western contemporary energetically protested, and it published a letter from one of its firmest adherents, in which he—the firm adherent—stated that none of his dogs should ever be exhibited at any dog show where John Davidson was not judge. We can see no reason, as yet, why the writer of that letter should have reason to change his mind.

Our esteemed western contemporary seeks to revive the almost defunct National American Kennel Club, and in accordance with the policy shadowed in the accusation against Mr. Davidson, suggests to exhibitors of dogs that they should decline to show them at any show not held under the jurisdiction of the N. A. K. C. This is dictation with a vengeance. We believe that had the National American Kennel Club been originally organized upon a proper basis, and could it have secured a membership of several hundred, so that breeders and exhibitors could feel as though they had some representation, it might possibly have been productive of some good, and its committee appointed for the purpose might have acted as a court of arbitration whose decisions might have met with respect. But we have it from the lips of one of the founders that it was intended to be a close corporation. We were informed last spring—and the information came from the secretary—that the N. A. K. C. was composed of nine members. This was previous to the election of members at the meeting in this city in May. Where are the many persons whose names have been proposed and who have been elected members? The inference is that, not having paid their dues within the time mentioned in the constitution and by-laws of the club, their names were dropped from the list. This being the case, we believe that the meeting at Syracuse, in June, 1877, for the purpose of electing officers, when, after much tribulation, the necessary quorum of five members was obtained, was not legally constituted, and that at least two of those present were not members at all.

We apprehend that at the principal dog shows, which will be held at Boston, Philadelphia and New York, under clubs the membership of any one of which exceeds that of the N. A. K. C., the rules in force will be those which seem most satisfactory to such clubs, or shall have been prepared and adopted by a committee composed of delegates from the Massachusetts Kennel Club, the Philadelphia Kennel Club and the Westminster Kennel Club.

DETROIT BENCH SHOW.

DETROIT, Mich., Nov. 16, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

I inclose you the prize list of this show. I have no doubt we shall hold a very successful one. Detroit was the first to hold a regular classified bench show in this country and it was very successful. We have changed rule 7 to read that all the progeny of imported sitters shall go into the imported class, also that no dog is to be entered in more than one class, except that they can enter in the special classes. This we think is a very good beginning for the next year. Our vice-president and committee are composed of the best sportsmen, who will do all in their power to make the show a success.

All the railroad companies have been written to with the view of getting the dogs transported free of charge, a full account of which I will forward you for next week's paper. The prize lists are now ready and can be had by addressing me at room 15, Merrill Hall. Entries close Dec. 31.

Since writing you last week, we have received replies from the railroad companies which we communicated with. The following railroad companies will carry dogs free when accompanied by their owners, viz: Penn. Central, Erie, Wabash, Grand Trunk, Great Western of Canada, Mich. Central & Canada Southern. Lake Shore and Michigan Southern charge 25 cents for the first 100 miles and 10 cents for any additional miles or any fractional part. The New York Central has issued very important instructions to conductors and baggage masters, saying that the company do not make any charge for dogs when accompanied by their owners, but the baggage man cannot demand more than \$1. The Great Western and the Grand Trunk Railroads will also issue return tickets for one fare and a third to all parties who wish to visit the show. Certificates must be previously obtained of me for presentation to the ticket agent.

The committee will publish a separate Special Prize List. The following specials have already been promised: M. Coers.

M. S. Smith & Co., jewelers, etc., will give a very handsome silver cup, value \$50; Messrs. Parker Brothers donate one of their fine guns, value \$150, they will name the class of dogs which it is to be given to at an early date; the Dead Shot Powder Co. and the Austin Powder Co. each donate a keg of their best powder.

The committee wish through your columns to invite all dealers in sporting goods to make an exhibition of their goods, as a room will be assigned to them for that purpose. I will send you some prize lists, which please give out to any parties who wish them.

Yours truly,

CHAS. LINCOLN, Supt.

The rules and regulations of the show are about the same as those in use at previous shows.

DIVISION 1.—SPORTING DOGS.

- Class 1—Imported English Setter Dogs.—For the best, silver cup or \$20 00; second best, silver cup or \$10 00.
- Class 2—Imported English Setter Bitches.—For the best, silver cup or \$20 00; second best, silver cup or \$10 00.
- Class 3 (From imported stock)—English Setter Puppy, Dog or Bitch, under 12 months.—For the best, silver cup or \$10 00.
- Class 4—Native English Setter Dogs.—For the best, silver cup or \$20 00; second best, silver cup or \$10 00.
- Class 5—Native English Setter Bitches.—For the best, silver cup or \$20 00; second best, silver cup or \$10 00.
- Class 6—Native English Setter Puppy (Dog or Bitch), under 12 months.—For the best, silver cup or \$10 00.
- Class 7—Imported Irish Setter Dogs.—For the best, silver cup or \$20 00; second best, silver cup or \$10 00.
- Class 8—Imported Irish Setter Bitches.—For the best, silver cup or \$20 00; second best, silver cup or \$10 00.
- Class 9 (From imported stock)—Irish Setter Puppy (Dog or Bitch), under 12 months.—For the best, silver cup or \$10 00.
- Class 10—Native Irish Setter Dogs.—For the best, silver cup or \$20 00; second best, silver cup or \$10 00.
- Class 11—Native Irish Setter Bitches.—For the best, silver cup or \$20 00; second best, silver cup or \$10 00.
- Class 12—Native Irish Setter Puppies (Dog or Bitch), under 12 months.—For the best, silver cup or \$10 00.
- Class 13—Gordon Setter Dogs.—For the best, silver cup or \$20 00; second best, silver cup or \$10 00.
- Class 14—Gordon Setter Bitches.—For the best, silver cup or \$20 00; second best, silver cup or \$10 00.
- Class 15—Gordon Setter Puppies (Dog or Bitch), under 12 months.—For the best, silver cup or \$10 00.
- Class 16—Pointer Dogs over 55 lbs. weight.—For the best, silver cup or \$20 00; second best, silver cup or \$10 00.
- Class 17—Pointer Bitches over 50 lbs. weight.—For the best, silver cup or \$20 00; second best, silver cup or \$10 00.
- Class 18—Pointer Dogs under 55 lbs. weight.—For the best, silver cup or \$20 00; second best, silver cup or \$10 00.
- Class 19—Pointer Bitches under 50 lbs. weight.—For the best, silver cup or \$20 00; second best, silver cup or \$10 00.
- Class 20—Pointer Puppies (Dog or Bitch), under 12 months.—For the best, silver cup or \$20 00.
- Class 21—Irish Water Spaniels.—For the best, silver cup or \$10 00; second best, silver cup or \$5 00.
- Class 22—Retrieving Water Spaniels (other than Pure Irish).—For the best dog or bitch, silver cup or \$10 00; for the best dog or bitch, silver cup or \$5 00.
- Class 23—Cocker Spaniels.—For the best dog or bitch, silver cup or \$10 00; second best, silver medal.
- Class 24—Field Spaniels (other than Cockers).—For the best dog or bitch, silver cup or \$10 00; second best, silver medal.
- Class 25—Fox Hounds.—For the best couple (dogs or bitches), silver cup or \$15 00; second best, silver medal.
- Class 26—Beagles.—For the best dog or bitch, silver cup or \$10 00; second best, silver medal.
- Class 27—Dachshunds.—For the best dog or bitch, silver cup or \$10 00; second best, silver medal.
- Class 28—Fox Terriers.—For the best dog or bitch, silver cup or \$15 00; second best, silver cup or \$5 00.
- Class 29—Greyhounds.—For the best dog or bitch, silver cup or \$10 00; second best, silver medal.
- Class 30—Scottish Deerhounds.—For the best dog or bitch, silver cup or \$10 00; second best, silver medal.

DIVISION 2.—NON-SPORTING DOGS.

- Class 31—St. Bernards.—For the best dog or bitch, \$10 00; second best, silver medal.
- Class 32—Newfoundlands.—For the best dog or bitch, \$10 00; second best, silver medal.
- Class 33—Shepherd or Collie Dogs (Rough or smooth coated).—For the best dog or bitch, silver cup or \$10 00; second best, silver cup or \$5 00.
- Class 34—Bull Terriers.—For the best dog or bitch, \$10 00; second best, silver medal.
- Class 35—Black and Tan Terriers.—For the best dog or bitch, \$10 00; second best, silver medal.
- Class 36—Skye Terriers.—For the best dog or bitch, \$10 00; second best, silver medal.
- Class 37—Yorkshire Terriers.—For the best dog or bitch, \$10 00; second best, silver medal.
- Class 38—Scottish Terriers.—For the best dog or bitch, \$10 00; second best, silver medal.
- Class 39—Toy Terriers. (Bough or smooth coated, under 6 lbs. weight).—For the best dog or bitch, \$5 00; second best, silver medal.
- Class 40—Pugs.—For the best dog or bitch, \$10 00; second best, silver medal.
- Class 41—Miscellaneous.—For any breed of dogs that have not been assigned a regular class silver medal will be awarded.
- Class 42—Irish Dogs.—For the best performing trick dog the Judges will award a silver medal.

THE PITTSBURGH DOG SHOW.—In answer to inquiries regarding this show we would say that it will be held about January 8 and last three days.

A HINT FOR BREEDERS.—Whether a bitch should be served more than once is a question which is very frequently asked, and has been answered in the negative by most noted breeders, as Laverack, Llewellyn, etc.

The reason for this answer, except that a second service is usually unnecessary for impregnation, we have never seen in print. For the sake of preserving the strength of dogs used in the stud we will give the physiological reasons for supposing the extra service of no avail if attempted before an interval of at least twenty-four or forty-eight hours, and consequently being an unnecessary drain on the dog's strength.

Contrary to the commonly received notions, the spermatozoa of the male (see article on "Breeding for Sex" in issue for October 24, 1878) is not ejected at the time of intercourse from the testicles, but are being constantly developed by these organs, and pass forward through the spermatic cords

August 1, **Harlem**; **22 Race for Dowling Cup** (to be presented by yacht winning it five times—won on Sept. 13, 1877, by **Empire**—**D**—open to 20ft and under, 4 entries, **Emma D** wins.
 August 1, **New Market**, **N H**; **Regatta**; 7 entries, **Phantom** wins.
 August 1, **Provincetown**; **21 Race for Dowling Cup**. First class, 2 entries, **Dauntless** wins; second class, 5 entries, **Katie Grey** wins; third class, 4 entries, **Minnie A** wins.
 August 3, **Swampscott**; **D Y C** 40th **Regatta**, 23 Championship. First class, 5 entries, **Ariel** 1, and takes champion pennant, (sailing with **Francis**); second class, 3 entries, **Rancy** 1, and takes and holds champion pennant, **Avon** 2; third class, 6 entries, **Mirage** 1, **Bessie** 2. **Mirage** takes pennant, (sailing with **Psyche**.
 August 3, **Provincetown**; **Prov Y C** **Regatta** (**Union**). Sails, 3 entries, **Provincetown** 1, **Provincetown** 2, **Provincetown** 3; second class sloops, 3 entries, **Fairy**, **Boat Y C**, **Camellio**, **Race**; 2; third class, 8 entries, **Provincetown** 1, **Ina**, **May**, 2; fourth class, 8 entries, **Sam**, **Weller** 1, **Eva**, **May** 2.
 August 3, **Longbury**; **Long Y C** **Regatta**. First class, 5 entries, **Pericles** 1, **Pericles** 2, second class, 3 entries, **Alice** 1, 2; third class, 3 entries, **Eddie** **C** 1, **Minnehaha** 2; special class, **Little Charlie**, **w. o.**
 August 3, **San Francisco**; **S F Y C** **Regatta**. First class, 7 entries, **Vision** 1, **Vision** 2, **Vision** 3, **Vision** 4, **Vision** 5, **Vision** 6, **Vision** 7, **Vision** 8, **Vision** 9, **Vision** 10, **Vision** 11, **Vision** 12, **Vision** 13, **Vision** 14, **Vision** 15, **Vision** 16, **Vision** 17, **Vision** 18, **Vision** 19, **Vision** 20, **Vision** 21, **Vision** 22, **Vision** 23, **Vision** 24, **Vision** 25, **Vision** 26, **Vision** 27, **Vision** 28, **Vision** 29, **Vision** 30, **Vision** 31, **Vision** 32, **Vision** 33, **Vision** 34, **Vision** 35, **Vision** 36, **Vision** 37, **Vision** 38, **Vision** 39, **Vision** 40, **Vision** 41, **Vision** 42, **Vision** 43, **Vision** 44, **Vision** 45, **Vision** 46, **Vision** 47, **Vision** 48, **Vision** 49, **Vision** 50, **Vision** 51, **Vision** 52, **Vision** 53, **Vision** 54, **Vision** 55, **Vision** 56, **Vision** 57, **Vision** 58, **Vision** 59, **Vision** 60, **Vision** 61, **Vision** 62, **Vision** 63, **Vision** 64, **Vision** 65, **Vision** 66, **Vision** 67, **Vision** 68, **Vision** 69, **Vision** 70, **Vision** 71, **Vision** 72, **Vision** 73, **Vision** 74, **Vision** 75, **Vision** 76, **Vision** 77, **Vision** 78, **Vision** 79, **Vision** 80, **Vision** 81, **Vision** 82, **Vision** 83, **Vision** 84, **Vision** 85, **Vision** 86, **Vision** 87, **Vision** 88, **Vision** 89, **Vision** 90, **Vision** 91, **Vision** 92, **Vision** 93, **Vision** 94, **Vision** 95, **Vision** 96, **Vision** 97, **Vision** 98, **Vision** 99, **Vision** 100, **Vision** 101, **Vision** 102, **Vision** 103, **Vision** 104, **Vision** 105, **Vision** 106, **Vision** 107, **Vision** 108, **Vision** 109, **Vision** 110, **Vision** 111, **Vision** 112, **Vision** 113, **Vision** 114, **Vision** 115, **Vision** 116, **Vision** 117, **Vision** 118, **Vision** 119, **Vision** 120, **Vision** 121, **Vision** 122, **Vision** 123, **Vision** 124, **Vision** 125, **Vision** 126, **Vision** 127, **Vision** 128, **Vision** 129, **Vision** 130, **Vision** 131, **Vision** 132, **Vision** 133, **Vision** 134, **Vision** 135, **Vision** 136, **Vision** 137, **Vision** 138, **Vision** 139, **Vision** 140, **Vision** 141, **Vision** 142, **Vision** 143, **Vision** 144, **Vision** 145, **Vision** 146, **Vision** 147, **Vision** 148, **Vision** 149, **Vision** 150, **Vision** 151, **Vision** 152, **Vision** 153, **Vision** 154, **Vision** 155, **Vision** 156, **Vision** 157, **Vision** 158, **Vision** 159, **Vision** 160, **Vision** 161, **Vision** 162, **Vision** 163, **Vision** 164, **Vision** 165, **Vision** 166, **Vision** 167, **Vision** 168, **Vision** 169, **Vision** 170, **Vision** 171, **Vision** 172, **Vision** 173, **Vision** 174, **Vision** 175, **Vision** 176, **Vision** 177, **Vision** 178, **Vision** 179, **Vision** 180, **Vision** 181, **Vision** 182, **Vision** 183, **Vision** 184, **Vision** 185, **Vision** 186, **Vision** 187, **Vision** 188, **Vision** 189, **Vision** 190, **Vision** 191, **Vision** 192, **Vision** 193, **Vision** 194, **Vision** 195, **Vision** 196, **Vision** 197, **Vision** 198, **Vision** 199, **Vision** 200, **Vision** 201, **Vision** 202, **Vision** 203, **Vision** 204, **Vision** 205, **Vision** 206, **Vision** 207, **Vision** 208, **Vision** 209, **Vision** 210, **Vision** 211, **Vision** 212, **Vision** 213, **Vision** 214, **Vision** 215, **Vision** 216, **Vision** 217, **Vision** 218, **Vision** 219, **Vision** 220, **Vision** 221, **Vision** 222, **Vision** 223, **Vision** 224, **Vision** 225, **Vision** 226, **Vision** 227, **Vision** 228, **Vision** 229, **Vision** 230, **Vision** 231, **Vision** 232, **Vision** 233, **Vision** 234, **Vision** 235, **Vision** 236, **Vision** 237, **Vision** 238, **Vision** 239, **Vision** 240, **Vision** 241, **Vision** 242, **Vision** 243, **Vision** 244, **Vision** 245, **Vision** 246, **Vision** 247, **Vision** 248, **Vision** 249, **Vision** 250, **Vision** 251, **Vision** 252, **Vision** 253, **Vision** 254, **Vision** 255, **Vision** 256, **Vision** 257, **Vision** 258, **Vision** 259, **Vision** 260, **Vision** 261, **Vision** 262, **Vision** 263, **Vision**

September 4, Philadelphia; Handicap match. Wm O Eckenbush beats Lulu.

September 6, South Chicago; Ch Y C Regatta. First class, 2 entries, Cora wins; fourth class, 3 entries, Irtius wins.

September 7, Chicago; Handicap match. C B's (second class), Irtius w; third class, 7 entries, Pen wins; skiffs, 3 entries, American Girl wins.

September 7, Toronto; I C Y C Regatta, 5 entries. Price of Waterbury, Commodore Cup and Holder Cup for C B's, taken by sch Oriller; Holder cup for deep boats, taken by Brier.

September 7, Lachine, Can; Race. Cabin boats, 3 entries, Sappho wins; open boats, 2 entries, Panama wins.

September 7, Beaver; N S Y S Open Race, 4 entries, Maiz, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796

tries, Viking, S Boston, J. Shadow, E Y O, 2; second class, schrs, 3 entries, Brezo, Boat Y, 1, Mist, D Y G, 2; third class sloops, Eureka, S Boston, w o; fourth class sloops, 2 entries, Annie, S B Y O, 1.

October 10, Harlem; 5th Race for Dowling Cup, 6 entries, Emma D wins.

October 10, S Boston; Match. Fancy, B Y C, beats Scamp, B Y C.

October 11, S Boston; Match. Scamp, B Y C, beats Fancy, B Y C.

October 11, S Boston; Match. Fancy, B Y C, beats Scamp, B Y C. Best two out of three.

October 12, Haverhill; Riv Y C, Match for Champion Flag. Lizzy Warner beats Ellipse.

October 15, New York; Match. Gracie and Vision, both N Y C sloops; both disabled, no race.

October 19, Marblehead; Second handicap match between Foam, E Y C, and Rebecca, E Y C. Foam wins; third match postponed till next season.

October 22, New York; Match. Gracie beats Vision.

October 23, Quebec; Match for \$100. Enid beats Leontine.

November 5, New York; Nerens Y C Regatta. Queen Mab beat Rebecca, Alice and Annie.

—G. A. Badger, of West Quincy, Mass., has patented a registering device for magazine guns, whereby the user can tell how many discharges have been made. Write to him and find out about it.—*Advs.*

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON FOR NOVEMBER.

FRESH WATER.
Black Bass, *Micropterus salmoides*. Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius*.
H. pallidus. Yellow Perch, *Perca flavescens*.
Muskellunge, *Esox nobilior*.

SALT WATER.
Sea Bass, *Scorpaenopsis ocellatus*. Cero, *Cybius regale*.
Striped Bass, *Morone saxatilis*. Bonito, *Sarda regalis*.
Weakfish, *Cynoscion regalis*. Kingfish, *Menticoccus nebulosus*.
Bluefish, *Pomatomus saltatrix*.

MOVEMENTS OF THE FISHING FLEET.—The number of Bank arrivals reported at this port the past week has been 13. Six of these were from codfishery trips, bringing 300,000 lbs., and 6 were halibut, with 40,000 lbs. The number of Georges arrivals has been 7, and the receipts 100,000 lbs. codfish. Eight arrivals have been reported from the Bay St. Lawrence, bringing 1,500 blbs. mackerel. The receipt of shore mackerel for the week have been about 800 blbs. The boat and dory fishermen have met with good luck when the weather favored, and will reap handsome returns from the inshore visit of the codfish schools. The number of fishing vessels absent on voyages in different branches of the fisheries last Friday was as follows: Georges, 46; Banks, 33; Bay St. Lawrence, 25; potato voyages to Prince Edward Island, 12; Shore fishing, 30; Newfoundland, 4. Several of these have arrived during the week, but others have left port, and with the exception of the Bay fleet, these figures may be taken as representing the proportion of vessels now engaged in different branches of the fisheries. The Shore mackerel fleet hesitate to haul up lest there should be a spurt of fat fish for a day or two to close the season. The fleet are doing little, though one Swampscott vessel reported a good fare one day last week.—*Cape Ann Advertiser, Nov. 22.*

CONNECTICUT—New London, Nov. 21.—There has been on exhibition the largest black bass ever taken in Lake Konomoc, weight 44 pounds. Have had a new experience in fishing for hickory shad at Niantic, and was agreeably surprised. Hook them and then have a care for your tackle. With a rush they are off, then up, then down, and leap higher and often than black bass, and require more delicate handling. *MISAL.*

NEW YORK—Shelter Island, L. I., Nov. 21.—The bunker fishing is over for this year, and the yachts and steamers are laid up, and factories closed and men paid off. It has been a rich year for them. *SALAO.*

TENNESSEE—Nashville, Nov. 21.—O. E. Hillman and a party of friends have just returned from a week's fishing expedition in Caney Fork, a tributary of the Cumberland River, about 150 miles above this place. They had magnificent sport, taking a large number of jack, some of them weighing as much as 7 pounds each. Mr. Hillman says the best jack fishing to be found in the country is in the Cumberland River above Point Isabel, which is the head of navigation, and so far from a market that the stream is not pillaged by pot fishermen. Jack up there are often taken weighing 12 and 14 pounds. *J. D. H.*

ARKANSAS—Jacksonport, Nov. 10.—Some fine strings of black bass (big mouth) from 1 to 64 pounds weight. Striped bass (*M. chrysops*) in fair abundance, mostly taken by trolling. Jack salmon are beginning to take the minnow. Altogether the brethren of the angle are having good times. *YEEL.*

ILLINOIS—Illinois River, Nov. 6.—The Illinois is remarkable for the quantity of fish in its waters. They sell here at two cents the pound undressed. But I wish specially to notice a new feature. This is at the "new lock and dam across the river just at these hunting grounds, completed last year by the State and United States jointly for navigation purposes, vast quantities of black bass and other large fish have been caught throughout the summer and fall with the rod and hook fishing. Bass weighing from one to ten pounds are sometimes caught almost as fast as the spoon drops to the water, and I am reliably informed several hundreds are caught by one person in a day. They congregate below the dam and bite at almost anything thrown over. The reports are truly wonderful. *H. W. MERRILL.*

FLESH AND SKIN TINTS OF TROUT.

THE English papers are assiduously investigating the causes of varied tints in the flesh of trout. Any information which can be added to that already known on this point will be much appreciated by ichthyologists. We append what a late copy of the *Country* (London) says on this head:

Trout, when of small size, are generally distinguished by slate-colored bands or blotches on the side, resembling those on the parr, which has rendered it difficult for an inexperienced eye to detect the difference between the two fishes. The distinguishing features between them consist in the parr possessing a more delicate and rounded form, a shorter nose, a smaller mouth, and in having the caudal and tail fin more

deeply forked; while the larger size and great muscular power of the pectoral fin forms in itself a complete distinguishing feature. The slate-colored bands on the sides are also narrower in the parr than in the trout; the general spotting rarely extends beneath the central line; and two dark spots on the gill-covers are an inseparable mark of distinction between the two fishes. It is worthy of remark that the dusky bands in the young trout usually disappear by the time the fish attains the length of five or six inches, and are never met with in one of three ounces weight.

But the trout, when in prime order, has a small head, thick shoulders, a hog back, well rounded about the dorsal fin, and bright scales on the sides that present a resplendent cast of gold, studded with vermilion spots, which, contrasted with the rich brown and black exterior coating, lovely beyond description. But this beauty wanes by degrees as the year advances; and by the time winter arrives the whole appearance is so changed that an inexperienced observer would scarcely suppose that the meagre, cadaverous specimen he then beholds is the identical trout he had gazed on with so much satisfaction a few months before.

The deep pink color of the flesh in a trout is a certain proof that the flesh is in good condition; but this tint is not usually found in very small trout; it is also peculiar to the fish inhabiting certain rivers—generally those the waters of which are limpid, where the bottom abounds with aquatic insects and small crustaceans, and the banks are plentifully supplied with flies, particularly the green drake and stone flies—but in small brooks, and in most hungry waters, the flesh of the trout never acquires the slightest tinge of pink, but when in best order appears of a rich cream color, with a dark brown coating just beneath the skin.

The age of a trout may be detected by the shape of the tail fin, the extremity of which, when the fish is very young, is deeply forked; but as it increases in age the central rays and membrane of the fin grow out, and while those at the extremity remain nearly stationary, so that the tail becomes in course of time, not only even at the end, but at last acquires even a convex form.

The exterior coloring of the trout is regulated in a great measure by that of the bottom of the waters they inhabit, and to which these fish seem to have the chameleon-like power of adapting themselves, which proves a means of securing them in some degree from the sight of their numerous foes, to which a strong contrast of color between themselves and surrounding objects would constantly expose them.

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY DAYS IN BOSTON.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am pleased to read in your fruitful columns capital fishing articles from the pen of that ancient angler and sportsman, Samuel C. Clarke. Few writers of the present day give such entertaining and scientific papers on the fishing delights by brook, river and sea shore, as does your valued contributor, S. C. C. Samuel and myself were cousins and playmates together many years ago, and enjoyed in company our earliest experience of rod and gun, and he is now equally instructive whether he casts his line in the streams of New England, the lakes of the Great West, or the placid waters of Florida. A veteran now, he has well nigh laid aside his gun, but still follows the less laborious pursuit of the angler. Long may he continue to please and instruct us with the recital of his fishing successes.

As school-boys and playmates we first began our sporting career together in the handling of the old carline gun and the rustic willow wand, at the hospitable home of our dear old grandfather, Gen. William Hull, at his old farm at Newtown, near Boston; and never elsewhere were such blissful days or such unalloyed pleasures. There, by the brook that ran through the meadows, or at the neighboring mill-pond, we caught our first bass, and, as was the product of the exploit as any successful salmon fisher of Labrador. We also rejoiced to continue our sport at the wharves and bridges of dear old Boston, and every pleasant holiday afternoon found us, rod and basket in hand, either at the old rope walk at the foot of Boston Common (waters now reclaimed and covered with garden and mansion), or at Cambridge Bridge, the old Mill Dam, or down at Central, India or Long Wharf, where the pellock and mackerel and cod and smelt were most abundant. We were then both of us inculcated with the love of sport which has so much contributed to the pleasant and vigorous health of both of our lives. In recalling the joys of these school-boy days, we are reminded of many names, afterward distinguished in art and literature, such as Sumner, Motley, Greenough, Hillard, Sturgis, Bellows, James E. Clarke, Willis, Winthrop, Aldrich, Whittier, Blake, Curtis, Austin, Loring, and very many others, many of whom have departed, many of whom survive. And while reading these angling papers of genial "S. C. C.," we are reminded of those early days, and prompted to jot down in verse these few lines, hoping they may be acceptable to him, and also to the *FOREST AND STREAM* and its editors and readers, lovers of rod and gun.

TO "S. C. C."

Yes! here where once we used to swim,
And where aye sailboats used to skim,
And where our holidays were passed,
And baited hooks and lines were cast,
Where golden hours and youthful joys
Were 'till too short for us, joy days,
Rise stoutly, brook and mill and pond,
Remember! trail flowers and drooping trees;
Where crowded streets and busy squares,
The city's crowded shops and busy trades,
And gentle rivers' promenade,
Have long unshared, and long ungraced,
And left of our old haunts no trace!

Of all those schoolmates few remain,
Few links of the long-sundered chain;
Few of that group that loved to pass
Over the old Common's sacred grass,
Or gather where the old Elm stood,
The latest patriarch of the wood;
Who down the Beacon slope would ride
On snow shoes, or with swift skates glide;
Who loved in summer afternoon,
When leaves were green and buds in tune,
To gather where the Hopewalk gave
Its welcome to the tidal wave,
Just where the Hudson's river flows,
Springs' flowery bowery and leafy boughs!

A marvelous, vast change, I ween,
Is there where the old joys have been;
These days I love how to recall—
The days of youth and of the old;
The days of merriment, to stand knee,
So brimful with peace and delight!
The days of fishing, sport, and chase,
At Cambridge Bridge or Long Wharf pier;
The days of old, when life was new,
When joys were more, cares so few!

Few of that bright, joyous train,
In all the walks of life remain;

And in that few I haply meet,
On stately square or crowded street,
I see no long-familiar trace,
In snowy hair and wrinkled face!
The limbs that used to run like deer,
Are crippled in life's long career;
The hands once skilled to pull the oar
Or swing the rod are strong no more,
Some sleep in dust of native land,
And some repose on foreign strand;
Some by the palm trees of the shore,
Where Indian billows rave and roar;
Some where Pacific billows wave,
Long since have laid them down to sleep;
And some are rovers' presences now,
Of 60 years' sleep and thoughtless brow,
Or merchant princes, rich in gold,
The playmates of those days of old;
But all are mindful of the joys
Of that far time when they were boys.

Shelter Island, L. I.

ISAAC McLELLAN.

There is no person of whom we would more cheerfully print a tribute so well deserved than the subject of the above lines. The apostrophe of one veteran angler and comrade to another, both of them now far on the shady side of life, is a touch of the same nature which inspired the sentiment of "Auld Lang Syne." We hope the lines of our esteemed contributors may long continue to fall together in pleasant places.—*Ed. F. & S.*

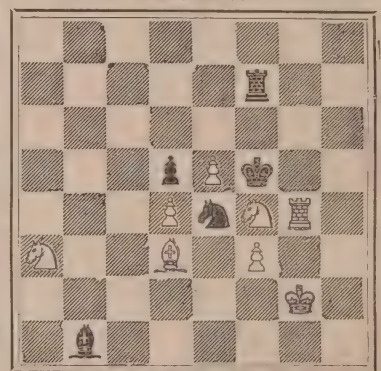
—A rare opportunity for purchasing an Orange Grove is offered in our advertising columns this week.—*Advs.*

The Game of Chess.

NOTICE.—Chess exchanges, communications and solutions should be addressed "Chess Editor *FOREST AND STREAM*, P. O. box 54, Wolcottville, Conn."

Problem No. 33.

Motto: Tokkare.



White to play and give mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS—NO. 23.

1—Q-K Q4
2—K-K B3
3—Mates
Other variations.

Game No. 33—RUY LOPEZ.

The subjoined game was played by correspondence in the International Tourney, and is the second which Mr. Loney has lost to his skillful opponent. It is far from our intention to question the fairness of Mr. Belen's pairing of the players of the American team, as we can only too easily conceive of the difficulty that he encountered at the outset, without even attempting to closely scrutinize the actual skill of each competitor; then divide them into classes, and give to each player his position in a class. As a whole, we think that Mr. Belen displayed excellent judgment, and should it be the contest result in the defeat of the American team, which we do not think improbable, we feel confident that it cannot be justly attributed to the want of good judgment or the lack of discernment of the American manager:

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
Wm. Nash.	J. C. Romyen.	Wm. Nash.	J. C. Romyen.
1—P-K4	1—P-K4	12—K-Kt	12—K-Kt
2—Kt-K3	2—Kt-K3	13—P-Kt	13—P-Kt
3—K-K3	3—K-K3	14—K-K	14—K-K
4—Kt-Q B3	4—Kt-K B3	15—B-K5	15—Castles K-R(b)
5—Queen	5—Q-K3	16—Q-K5	16—Q-K5
6—B-K4	6—P-K4	17—K-Kt	17—Q-K4
7—B-K3	7—Kt-Q B4	18—Kt-Kt	18—P-K5
8—Q-K4	8—Q-K3	19—K-Kt	19—K-Kt
9—P-K4	9—P-K4	20—Q-K	20—P-K5
10—Kt-Q	10—Q-K3	21—Q-Kt	21—K-Kt
11—Kt-Kt	11—Kt-Kt	22—Q-Kt	22—K-Kt

NOTES.

(a) A weak defence, which, with the best continuation, must leave the second player in a very cramped position.

(b) P-K5, though very unsatisfactory, would undoubtedly have been better.

(c) Perhaps 10—Kt-Kt would have been better, but in any case Black must suffer some loss.

(d) Perfectly sound, for if Black takes the Kt, White plays 13—B-K4, and either wins the Q or gives mate in two more moves.

(e) The best move under the circumstances.

(f) A strong move; the game is now entirely in White's hands.

(g) It is remarkable that this is the only move to prevent the loss of his Q. If Q-Kt4, there follows Kt-B3 dis. ch.

(h) At first sight this appears to be a weak move, but I believe it is the best at his disposal. 15—P-K3 would be followed by—

16—Q-K5 16—P-K3 (best) 16—Q-K5 16—K-Kt

17—Kt-Kt 17—P-Kt (best) 17—B-K4 20—Q-Kt Q P

18—Q-Kt 18—K-Kt 18—Q-Kt 18—K-Kt

19—Q-Kt 19—K-Kt 19—Q-Kt 19—K-Kt

20—Q-Kt 20—K-Kt 20—Q-Kt 20—K-Kt

21—Q-Kt 21—K-Kt 21—Q-Kt 21—K-Kt

22—Q-Kt 22—K-Kt 22—Q-Kt 22—K-Kt

CURTIS JOTTINGS.

—The handicap tourney of the Manhattan Chess Club is progressing nicely. Messrs. Bloch and Baird lead the score, closely followed by

THANKSGIVING UNIVERSAL.

THE observance of the time-honored New England festival is rapidly becoming widespread, though not with the unction of the forefathers. It is scarcely forty years ago that the voices of the pious Governors of Massachusetts and Connecticut were almost the only ones who proclaimed thanksgiving to the Good Giver and death to predestinated goblins and barnyard chautiquers. Those were solemn occasions then, when grandpa and Aunt Maria mounted the old chaise in the van, and the rest of the family stowed themselves into the six-seated carryall, and all plodded their silent way up the long hill toward the meeting house to listen to the sermon. We remember how the youngsters shuddered as they looked askance at the wicked boys who desecrated the special holy day by kicking foot-ball in 'Squire Jones' ten-acre lot; and how the old folks pointed them out as a striking example. Much more sinful was that conscience-smitten young man who quietly drew his gun through the fence rails as he sneaked into the rustling thickets of the November woods! The morals of the country had not at that early period become corrupted by turkey-shoots; and prophets had not prophesied the mission of Bergh. Those who then hoped for the millennium, would have shuddered at the latter day saints as we see them now.

What beautiful homilies the Ministers used to read on gratitude and benevolence and the pleasures of giving! How they dwelt upon the fulness of the past harvest, and the prospective abundance of the big dinners to come—after the sermon! Ah! those promises were like the pillar of cloud to Moses, to guide their hearers out of the desert of starvation into the beatitude of mince pies and the indulgence of repelition. Meanwhile, as the good people listened to the long-drawn applications which emphasized the text, the cavities of their stomachs grew empty and emptier; the comforts and duties of self-denial became weaker and less imperative; until at last the benediction came like a blessed release, and all the spring wagons and carryalls under the meeting house sheds clattered off down the hill to the base level of carnal appetites and natural desires. To the boys the only redeeming feature of Thanksgiving Day was the privilege to eat without stint. The older people, too, as well as the Minister himself, recognized this special Providence, and thanked God for their capacity of enjoyment. With that comfortable dreaminess which comes from the complete satiety of a full belly, they folded their hands and eyes in their easy chairs after dinner and blessed their good fortune that they were not born in heathen lands where there was no Christian Thanksgiving.

Gradually, in course of years, Ohio and other neighborly States drew into line, and proclamations from the Western Reserve began to repeat the utterances which came out of the East. Then this good President who placed the proper estimate upon the character of the Holiday, and realized the necessities of the American people for more recreation and more public festivals, nationalized this New England Anniversary and proclaimed (bless him!) universal thanksgiving throughout the land. And now we have it from shore to shore! But, as we said at the beginning of this short chapter of reflections, the day is not celebrated any more as in the olden time. Truly, in many New England homes,—in quiet nooks of the Green Mountains, and along the pastoral shores of Cape Cod,—the ancient sanctity prevails, and the time-honored forms of observance are held as sacred as the day itself; but in most all other sections of the land the day seems set apart for excursions and promiscuous amusement. No more do even the descendants of New England people gather in family assemblages as of old. In vain do they send out their summons to the clans. Not even the odor of the steaming turkey nor the groans of weighted mabogany lure them to the hearth. Individuals plead previous or more congenial engagements; and so perchance the stockaded and ruffled portraits of our ancient grand-parents look down with mournful visage out of their gilded frames upon the empty seats and broken circles which love and kinship ought to keep forever warm and full. The foreign elements of the great cities give new shape and feature to the day's observances, while those to the manor born take down their guns and hunt for partridges, quail and ducks! How many appointments for a Thanksgiving hunt are made weeks before the day is designated! What allotments are set upon! For weeks our readers have been asking us where they shall go for game on that eventful day. Most of them have but the day to spare, and the customary demand is for some place (confidentially indicated) within an hour's ride of New York where they can go and fill their bags. Poor men! the pipe of the quail is no more heard within the environs, and the voice of the wary goose soundeth high over head. Were the vicinity covered with game, there would not be a bird for each gun. Every line of wagon and horse road leading to the prairies would be lined with gunners like soldiers on a review. We fear those who have but a single day to spare will have to forego their shooting. However, there are pigeon shoots, and glass ball shoots, and turkey shoots innumerable, and at these popular sports the knights of the trigger may while away their time.

In these progressive days it is not for ministers or governors to designate what observances shall apply to the Holiday we celebrate. Foreigners will have no sympathy with the primitive sentiment, while descendants of Puritans have outgrown their swathing clothes. So each of us must choose for himself that pastime which seemeth most congenial, and whatever that may be, or by whomsoever of the readers of the

FOREST AND STREAM it may be chosen, we wish for each and all of them a comfortable Thanksgiving.

A BONNIE SCOT.

CAPT. A. WILLIAMSON, of Edinburgh, Scotland, a veteran gentleman hunter, who was introduced to our readers last September on his way to the Far West, returned to New York this week full of trophies and admiration of our grand Rockies, and will sail for home to-day. Not "from the bonnie highland heather to the modest lily of the vale" has he found such crags, such evidences of good shooting, and so many Indian sign, as he has done in the Eagle and Piney Ranges. Among those depths, passes, and mountain parks he slew 13 bull elk, 10 black tail deer, and 2 grizzly bears. Two other bears would have slain had they not carried off within their lacerated hides two dozen hollow Express bullets, which are of no account on big game, he thinks.

Mr. Williamson speaks with a friendly feeling and a warmth of interest regarding that kind Providence which smiled upon his secluded camp at all times, excepting when John Hines, of Georgetown, charged him \$40 for jacks and an extra tariff on hams and general provisions.

One of the biggest elk he killed stood 16 hands two inches high, measured 8 feet 9 inches in length from nose to tail, and 6 feet 4 inches in girth. Its horns alone weighed fully 60 pounds, measuring 53 inches in length of horn, 51 inches in span, and 15 inches around the burr (where it joins the occiput). Wonderful but not at all improbable are the stories he tells of the vitality of the great denizens of the wilderness which he visited. The hollow Express bullets which he used could not do the necessary execution. One of them struck a bear at 25 yards squarely in the shoulder and the bear thought it was a humble bee. He rolled over on the ground to scratch the place, and then the Captain gave him a second barrel in the other shoulder at the like distance. Up got the bear and ran five miles without halt; then took to the shallow bed of the Piney creek for half a mile and came ashore at the foot of a big pool, with the trail lost so that the hunters never found it again. Such sagacity was never known among such vermin. Even old Bill Williams of '49 would have wondered at his "savez."

The way they hunt bears is this: "Skinners" hunt mostly for the skins; gentlemen hunt for heads and horns. In either case the stripped carcass is generally left as bait for the grizzlies whose pelts are worth \$18 the plew. Plews are an object. In the darkness of the night the hunters lie perdue, within easy range of the bait, down the wind, so as to get the scent and sound. With a good solid ball which weighs 500 ex. and 108 grains (4 drachms) of powder, Bruin is made to do his *coup de grace* without ado—usually. But "best laid schemes gang aft aglee," and this is how one of them went:

Topsy is an 8-months old pup which can scent a bear as easily as most dogs smell an Indian. The hunters were posted one night not more than ten yards from the bait (the carcass of an elk), the wind being fair for the bear, so that Topsy's nose was "flat," and wholly discounted, out of use. Now Topsy, the Captain says, never growls at anything but bears. On this occasion he growled! *Brye* a bear. But the bear took wind and sloped in a jiffy. The problem remains: how did Topsy discover that the creature was a bear? Had he an intuitive perception that his master was hunting bears? and having heard a step or snapping of a twig, surmised that it was a bear? or was he like a young lady of Brooklyn who can see things without eyes and perceive things which are hidden?

One more incident the Captain relates of two bull elks which were fighting for conquest. He waited for the decision of the battle, and killed the victor; then chased the other a good distance and captured him.

The woods are full of romances like these. The only drawback, the Captain says, is that there are too many hunters. Six months ago at a certain hillside ledge there was not a solitary inhabitant. Now, after six months, there are said to be 30,000. The new city is a mining town, and is known as Leadville. The number of men hunting for the Leadville market is what diminishes the game.

We congratulate our friend upon his success. He was unattended except by an old mountain man as guide.

A CURIOUS BOOK.—We have recently received from Mr. D. N. Allison, of Fulton, Illinois, a very interesting little book, which we imagine few of our readers have ever seen. The title page tells us that the work is—"A Natural History of a variety of Birds and Beasts, Extracted from the best Authors. New York. Printed by W. Durell for Benjamin Gomez; 1800." The volume, which bears evidence in its appearance of its age, is about four inches long by two and one-half wide, and contains but twenty-eight pages. It is possible, however, that it is incomplete, for the covers and the sewing are gone. Twelve different kinds of "Birds and Beasts" are described in it, and the remarks upon them are extremely quaint and in the light of our present knowledge, amusing. We are told in this volume of the cunning of the fox, the ferocity of the tiger, the obstinacy of the ass, and the intelligence of the dog. Besides, each article is illustrated by a wood cut representing the animal treated of, and these venerable engravings are not the least amusing portion of the work.

Mr. Allison, with an interest in our behalf for which we cannot too warmly thank him, has considerably sent us this volume; with what motives he has done so his note subjoined plainly shows. He says:



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE EDUCATION OF MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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ALBATROSS AND CAPE PIGEON.—Was the bird which the Ancient Mariner killed an Albatross, or was it a Cape pigeon? To be sure, Coleridge ought to have known, but then he was writing poetry, and for the poet's purpose, so far as the demands of romance, rhyme and rhythm go, Albatross is by all means preferable to Cape pigeon; it rounds a sentence better. And could Dore ever have given us such effective pictures if for that great wide-winged bird he had substituted a petrel? But after all it is barely possible that we must give up the Albatross. Old sailors say that it's all nonsense, and they know. Albatrosses are first-rate eating if they are not too old and the cook understands how to fix them up. Let an Albatross come within range of a sailor's gun and there's no superstition to save it from the pot. Superstition at the expense of a good dinner is too dearly bought. But it is unlucky to kill with cross-bow or blunderbuss the beautiful Cape pigeon, which is not edible. The offending ship will go, or ought to go, straight to Davy Jones' locker, where many a staunch and gallant ship has gone before her. Seamen are very careful about these things. The British bark, *J. Walter Scamell*, bringing a cargo of nitrate of soda from Iquique, Peru, arrived in this port last week with Daniel Maguire, the second mate, in irons. The testimony in the court was somewhat conflicting, as such marine testimony always is. But Maguire himself confesses that when rounding the Cape he tried his new revolver on a pigeon. The bird escaped, otherwise we should never have heard of the bark at all. The offense, even as it was, was grave enough, as any orthodox sailor knows, and it was perfectly just that the man of the revolver should be hand-cuffed into the irons he went, and when he was smart enough to wriggle out of them and cast them down to the bottom of the sea, sea, sea, the ship carpenter, equal to the occasion, devised a pair of stocks where the fate-defying tar languished without much of anything to eat until he reached New York. Like the Ancient Mariner, he now, with his skinny eye, holdeth not the wedding guest but the willing reporter. Queer clowns these sailors.

I enclose you a book on Natural History which may be of some use to you as a book of reference, as it is extracted from the best authors. The chapter on the dog may help you in replying to dog questions from some of your numerous correspondents.

ALLISON.

A few extracts from this work may serve to give our readers an idea of its character. Of the peacock, it is said, among other things, that—"The flesh of this fowl, though ever so thoroughly dressed, yet when it is cold it appears as perfectly raw." Speaking of the "Cuckoo," the book tells us that this bird "neither builds a nest nor hatches its young;" and, having described the method by which a foster parent is secured for the egg, we are informed that "if the Cuckoo's egg be first hatched, she immediately destroys the eggs of the small bird; but if the small bird's eggs be first hatched the cuckoo allows the young to live till its own egg is hatched, and then destroys the young belonging to the small bird, which still feeds and brings up the young Cuckoo as its own when some say (it) ungratefully kills and eats its nurse."

Sportsmen will be glad to be informed that "Partridges and Quails are taken with a net by the help of a setting dog trained up for the sport, who finds out the birds, and, when he sees them, stands still or lies down on his belly, not going very near them; but looking back on his master, wags his tail, by which he knows the birds are near the Dog, and so he and his assistant run with the net and cover both birds and Dog." Farmers will be interested by the chapter on the ox, where it is stated that, "At the age of three years the horns of the ox fall off and new ones arise, which continue as long as they live." The last chapter in this curious little book describes the ass—his humility, his patience, and the great attachment which he "discovers to his master," and concludes with this pithy sentence: "Whatever be the pace he is going at, if you push him he instantly stops."

Cannot some bibliophile among our readers give us some account of this little volume besides what is furnished by the title page?

PERIPATETIC IDIOTS.—A man named Porter recently wheeled a barrow from Albany, N. Y., to San Francisco, Cal. He was not an idiot for doing this, but in our estimation, the man who paid him a good round wage for his achievement was an idiot. Now two more candidates for blistered feet and newspaper notoriety have started out from San Francisco for a foot passage to New York. In this case, too, they are not the idiots. The men who pay them for their tramp are idiots.

GAME SUPPER.—The fourth annual game supper of the Rod and Gun Club, of Springfield, Mass., was held at the Old Tavern Stand, West Springfield, on Thursday evening, the 21st inst. The bill of fare comprised the usual assortment of game of every description, and the affair passed off in the enjoyable manner characteristic of these occasions. We acknowledge with thanks an invitation to be present, and regret the hard fate which prevented us from participating.

MISSED THE TRAIN.—As we go to press one day earlier than usual this week, several scores, etc., which would otherwise appear, have been necessarily deferred.

ALADDIN'S WONDERFUL CAVE.

WE read in the "Arabian Nights" of a cave where Forty Thieves were discovered by a fortunate youth, who, from his hiding-place in the top of a palm tree, heard them pronounce two cabalistic words, and saw the famed robbers quickly disappear in the depths of a rock-bound hill. The passport he found both useful and convenient to remember, and when on their return and departure the way was made safe for his descent, he experimented with it "by way of a little diversion," as Mickey Free hath it; and to his amazement, at the "Open Sesame" the rocks moved apart and invited entrance into a cave so entrancing and wonderful that he stood spell-bound at the sight. But not long, for being of a frugal mind, the jewels and bars of gold, amassed at such an expense of time and labor by these obliging Forty Directors and Stockholders (their old surname being too ugly a word for ears polite in these days, besides being long obsolete), were of far more interest to his youthful but calculating character. With an acuteness worthy of the nineteenth century, he appointed himself Receiver, and placed the valuables where they did most good—to himself.

Such is the story in that most beguiling and wonderful book ever written, and yet fact discounts fiction, as it often does in life, and Ali Baba's cave, springing from the vivid, impassioned fancy of the Eastern romancers, cannot equal the reality in the chambered galleries and the vaulted halls of this newly discovered cave in Luray.

From a thorough examination of the place I have just come, I visited it in a coolly critical humor, which nothing but a succession of marvels might satisfy. I returned bewildered, dazzled by the most wonderful and beautiful work ever fashioned by the cunning fingers of Nature.

When I reached the vicinity of the cave a large crowd was clustering about the entrance, for the cave is not in the mountains, as one might suppose, only set in a moderate sized hill not over seventy-five feet high. To the foot of this hill the people would come and then disappear as mysteriously as did the children following the Piper of Hameln, who sank out of sight in the depths of the ground, never to return. The cave was discovered by accident last August by a Mr. Stebbins, who knew by the indications that there must exist a cave near at hand; and finding a small hole in a bunch of birch bushes, proceeded to investigate the orifice; widened it;

then, feeling the cold air rushing through, lowered a companion down by a rope, so discovering the greatest curiosity in America, if not in the world. Its existence was never dreamed of. It is true that many a time sportsmen, in starting old hares and flushing partridges, would see them fly to a bunch of briars on a barren hill, and on going up could never flush them. Many a puzzled head has been rubbed to get the perplexity out of it, wondering where the d—l the things had gone. The descent is about sixty feet, and you enter a large arched room, rugged and rough, that seems to have been formed by volcanic action. From this there open several vaulted passages that extend into others, which lead away and away into chambers and seemingly interminable labyrinths, each one varying with a distinctive and bewildering beauty of its own. Every day the prospect widens to explorers, who, breaking the stalagmites and crawling through crevices, enter upon new realms of marvel. These stalagmites hang from the roof in endless variety; some like the folds of a heavy curtain, with cords and tassels complete; others drop like furred flags over the military bier; while the roof is studded with pendant icicles, some light green, blue, purple, or like gleaming like silver in the lamplight, and flashing out like diamonds.

Further on you come to a grand chamber that surpasses anything mortal hands could shape or mind conceive. It is an immense apartment, oval in shape, with a lofty roof fretted by millions of designs in frost work and sculptured tracery, all in the most weird, fantastic carvings. In the very centre of this place, that resembles the interior of a grand cathedral, there arises a massive pillar of white rock that is a marvel of perfection and beauty. It looks like bas-relief, and is worthy of hours' study. From all portions of this chamber there rise shadowy, indistinct, half-carved forms and figures of the purest white, like as one would see in an artist's studio were he to half work out his conceptions, and then in a caprice throw his chisel away, leaving them all designed, yet all unfinished. Words cannot describe the solemnity of the place; it must be felt. The immensely lofty ceiling, the fantastic gleaming statues, the stately alabaster pillars, the trailing vines, the drooping drapery all in spotless, pure adamant, the unfathomable vastness, the deep stillness that fills the soul with a shuddering awe, no language can do them justice. One could easily imagine himself in a vast cathedral for purer beings than our coarser clay of earth, and half expect to hear unearthly music float away through the chancelled aisles and pillared domes. A lady tourist with us sang in her pure soprano the "Evening Hymn to the Virgin," and the effect was unutterably grand. The voice rang out clear and sweet, filling to the vaulted roof the air with rich melody, while the intermingling corridors sobbed and wailed back the refrain in a sad echo, that died away in tremulous murmurs, faintly and more faintly, in the far off distance. Then the deep, heavy, sacred silence, for centuries old, crept back once more and held its royal sway. Yes, one could swear he beheld the stoled monk flitting along the vestibule and disappearing behind the shadowy pillars, silent, noiselessly absorbed telling his beads, and thinking not of earth.

Clear limpid springs are found in many chambers. In one a series of springs, each varying in size and distinct from the rest. The loveliest thing of all is one which is hollowed out in the floor of the cathedral, and lies there limpid, cool and pure. Around it is a framework of stone, whiter than Parian marble, and embossed with the most exquisite carvings in Nature's softest touch. Delicate leaves in fragile designs, as softly pure and delicately beautiful as frost work, yet as durable as tempered steel. No human hand, however gifted, might catch in a life time the secret of this marble carving; it is above everything earthly and beyond. And the spring itself—well, Hebe handing up a cup of nectar from the immortal spring; Venus drinking her libation to the sovereignty of Pluto; Titania, queen of fairies, attended by her train, spring from earth, sea and air; Ponce de Leon, dreaming of the Fountain of Youth—never beheld aught lovelier than this. Even as the fabled water hid in the grotto under the sea, that Areosto saw in his vision when the mermaids combed their golden locks, and the three old blind crones passed a single eye around that each might glance once at its magical beauty, so one stands by the lovely creation and feels that Mother Earth keeps hidden in her depths greater wonders than ever mortals wot of.

We kept on descending steadily downward, new beauties opening to the enraptured eye. In one cavern there looms up a grand pulpit of white stone; in another the walls were so smooth and polished that we saw our faces in them as in a mirror; again, in a large round room, there spread out beneath it naught but the clear, still waters of a lake—was ever lofty room so carpeted before?—while around in interminable distances were immense masses of blocks, columns, walls, pillars, set with diamond springs, flashing and reflecting the light in dreams of beauty too numerous for the telling. Can it be our pure lost Eden laid away in its silent crypt? Drops of water, filled with mineral properties, filtering through the ground for ages, solidifying and crystallizing, formed through centuries, under the mighty hand of the Maker, these wonders and marvels of beauty. Footprints of wild animals, long since vanished, have sunken deep in the clay with heavy tread, and the impression yet so soft that it can be easily obliterated, tell of the great passing of time. Hour by hour, day by day, year after year, centuries upon centuries, before even primeval man was born, in age succeeding age, has this slow, amazing work progressed.

In its deep, silent slumber it lay, reminding one of the

vision John saw in Patmos of the city whose twelve gates were twelve pearls, and whose waters were as clear as crystal. Generations came and went, heedlessly passing over the fair realms beneath their feet. To us, as if the stone had been rolled away by angel hands, it bursts upon the startled gaze as a revelation. To our eyes it is sent in its calm, still glory. We receive it reverently "as a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

In the bridal chamber, a large, roomy apartment nearly oval in form, is the "Cascade." Imagine a torrent of water falling from the height of some twenty feet, and then as if struck by the wand of the enchanter Merlin, that every drop of water, each bubble of foam, the very spray itself, and the falling fluid were changed into pure marble and solid adamant, and you can picture to yourself this exquisite production of nature. The illusion is so perfect that the eye does not recognize the change, and only the actual visible touch shows the wonderful metamorphosis.

Perhaps the greatest curiosity is the skeleton of a man, which lies as it fell at the bottom of the deepest gulch in the cavern. The hair is gone, but the skull, jaw and lower limbs remain, and both of the thigh bones are fractured. Who he was, of what race and what period he came, none will ever know. Imagination shudders at his awful fate. Lost in this vast labyrinth—alone, surrounded by Cimmerian darkness, groping his way foot by foot, inch by inch; shouting, perchance, and hearing nothing but mocking echoes returning his despairing cries; hearing, in his distempered fancy, strange, fearful noises, and seeing gleaming spectral lights, and then losing his balance he fell to the bottom of a chasm and laid there with shattered bones and tortured sinews, dying by inches in lingering agony all alone, with no sound save the ceaseless drip of the water drops on the granite floor beneath. Surely the devilish cruelty of the holy inquisition never conceived a death more full of horrors than this.

There is a tradition told by the old inhabitants of this section of a man who disappeared from his home near here some forty years ago and was never found. His gun was discovered on the hill side, but he and his dog were never seen again. To my mind these bones are the remains of a race long extinct, and have been lying here for hundreds and hundreds of years. As for the ancient inhabitant who disappeared a half a century or so ago—well, he may have gone up the mountain like old Rip Van Winkle and his dog Wolf; and he may, for aught we know, be asleep on some mountain top to-day, and will yet reappear in the streets of Luray with his beard a yard long all spotless white, and inquire for his Gretchen, who had turned to dust this many a long day ago. Lord! how the ancient farmer will be surprised; he will see a huge cave, over which he has so often walked unconsciously, the interior illuminated by Edison Electric light; he will hear the hoarse scream of the locomotive; he will see lightning-rod peddler and three-card monte men, and, greater wonder of all, will hear the political orators blowing their political trumpets and boasting of how virtuous this present age is. No wonder if the ancient slumberer will turn his steps mountainward and try to go to sleep again or to die.

The great mystery to me is where the pure air comes from that sweeps through the cave. The temperature is not over 60 deg., and never varies perceptibly. I believe that this whole region will be found to be one vast cavern connected together by passages. Every day the explorers discover new rooms, which lead into others, and since the first explorations scores of other openings have been found that branch into apartments that have remained for infinite time untouched by the footsteps of men, or the black darkness rising like a pall, unlighted by the gleam of a lamp.

Then dozens of springs, pools and miniature lakes all throughout these caverns, from the depth of several inches to many feet; the waters are clear and opaline in tint, with a slight limestone taste, and cool as though drawn from a deep well.

I have written but a brief description of these caverns. I could say much more, but no pen can convey the wonderful, weird, fantastic loveliness of the place. Only a thorough personal examination can do that. I recommend a visit to this cave for all lovers of the beautiful and to all tourists who love the strange and marvelous in nature.

I wish I could recommend also the accommodations for travelers in the ancient town of Luray; but I cannot. The hotel beats the ancient hostels of Spain, and serve up to the hungry guests real Barmecidian feasts. Travelers are taken in and done for; the fare is execrable, bread like brick-bats, meat tougher than a money-lender's conscience, and, as for the coffee—well, we feel like saying with the famous John Randolph, of Roanoke, "Waiter, if this is tea, bring me coffee, and if this is coffee, then, d—n it, bring me tea."

Luray is a moral, virtuous town, either before or behind the times. There is not a bar-room or restaurant in the place. Drinks can only be had by the prescription of the doctor, and the amount of sickness that prevails in Luray is appalling. Cramps and neuralgia of the stomach are an epidemic there, and the physicians are kept at work day and night in filling out permits. There is but one remedy used in these complaints, and it always cures, and that remedy is a pint of whisky, taken with a little sugar internally.

I am indebted to Mr. Broadus, editor of the *Page Courier*, for many favors.

CHAS. STEVENS.

FOR FOREST AND STREAM, will be sent for fractions of a year as follows: Six months, \$3; three months, \$1. To clubs of two or more, \$3 per annum.

ADIRONDACK DEER.—We publish herewith a letter from Mr. Charles Fenton, of Number Four, to the *Utica Herald*, relative to the extermination of deer by illegal hunting in the North Woods. The Number Four Association have an opportunity for no small effort in putting an end to this work. Whatever may be the opinion as to the use of dogs in some States, it is plain that such practice among the lakes of the Adirondack country is exceedingly destructive and reprehensible. Where are the game wardens whose duty it is to execute the laws, and where are the game associations of the North Woods? Let us hear from them. Mr. Fenton writes:

It may be asked what is done with this large amount of venison. The fore-quarters are generally thrown away or fed to the dogs. Of the saddles, those that do not spoil on the way by reason of the warm weather this fall, a large portion are sold to the Indians for their camp fires. The hind-quarters of venison that has been heated by the chase and suddenly chilled by the plunge into cold water, is totally unfit to eat. It is not only unwholesome, but is black and tasteless, unless it be a disagreeable taste which is sometimes nauseating if the deer has run a long time. Neither will it keep half as long as the fore-quarters, and the good meat is soon sold. The market until the last of November or December. Nearly all that reaches the market before that time from this State has been chased to the water by dogs and is worthless. No genuine sportsman will kill a deer in this way unless it be absolutely necessary to supply his larder while in the woods, in winter. The deer is killed by the hunter in the most insignificant at the person who takes advantage of the deer's winter slumber in the deep crusty snow of winter, when, by the use of nose-songs, he can walk up to the animal and kill him with a club as easily as with a gun. But wherein is the difference between this mode of hunting and driving into the water with dogs? In either case the deer is killed in his helpless condition. You can walk up to him and kill him with a club, as many do. Every boat crew is armed with a club, and one holds the deer by the tail while the other strikes him over the head with it.

I have been anxiously watching the columns of your paper for items concerning the progress of the migratory quail on their way south and their final location there for the winter. Won't some of our Southern friends keep a look-out for them and kindly let us know of their whereabouts through your paper. The last I saw or heard of them was Sept. 20, just at evening, when I heard one calling at Litchfield in this State. A letter just received from Mr. Carl J. Braun, of Messina—through whom our importation was made—says: "For the next spring I am ready to accept orders for any amount of birds, as I have made arrangements with several bird catchers, which enable me to get the birds cheap, and only strong and healthy birds." * * * I take great pleasure in the importation of our migratory quail into the United States for the enjoyment of a happy success." I can cheerfully recommend Mr. Braun to any fellow sportsmen who desire to import birds. Our birds last spring all came over alive and in good condition. His address is care United States Consulate, Messina, Sicily.

The following letter from the Chief Game Commissioner of New Brunswick gives in the true light the very sensible and equitable reasons for the enactment and enforcing of the game laws of that Province. It, moreover, exhibits the perfection of the system adopted by our friends across the border, who have waked up to the importance of strict measures, and are most commendably exercising them :

BRANSWICK, ST. JOHN, N. B., NOV. 18, 1978.

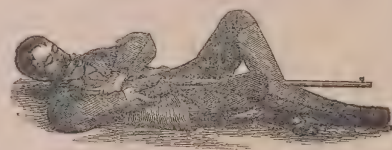
EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Referring to a communication in your issue of the 14th inst., criticizing in a severe manner the new game law recently passed by the Legislature of the Province of New Brunswick, will you kindly make room for a reply in your valuable journal? Your correspondent, who is a Portland man, states that measures have been taken for the "purpose of excluding American sportsmen" from the enjoyment of our hunting sports. There is nothing in the letter or spirit of the law to call for such a remark, and were it not that New Brunswickers, and especially St. John men, hold Americans in high esteem, particularly sportsmen, I suppose, this communication would have been omitted. In 1934, in 1935, and in 1936, I have been in the province, its object being to prevent potholes destroying the rare and magnificent game of this country. Moose, caribou and deer have been, in and out of season, snared or indiscriminately slaughtered, while the pelts and flesh were sold in Canadian and United States markets. Wild ducks

The society so far have paid all the expenses incurred in their laudable object of game protection, and in the order that others should contribute who wished to share their sport, a license fee of twenty dollars is exacted from all non-residents, the proceeds arising from the fines, penalties, seizures and licences to be appropriated in carrying out the law. Is it unreasonable to ask foreigners to contribute as well as ourselves toward sustaining and preserving the game of the country? We hope to have by January 1 upward of three hundred county wardens, parish wardens and deputy wardens in the province to arrest and punish any persons found resisting the law, and we mean business. Your country is the only one that has a discriminating law, it also exists against Americans in the salmon fishing. You know the inconsistency of this statement, and can refute it if necessary, and can defend the province from these unjust aspersions. You have resided here, enjoyed our sports, possibly received a share of our hospitalities, and should resist charges known to be false. A copy of the Act 41, Vic., chap. 45, now in type, will be mailed to your address very soon. To this please give such publicity as will bleach out the grave imputations expressed by your contributor.

I am, sir, yours very truly,
 Chief Game Commissioner for the Province of New Brunswick.
 We have never lost an opportunity to defend the good
 name of New Brunswick in the prosecution of these com-
 mendable efforts of hers, either through our journal or other-
 wise.—ED. F. & S.

PARTELLO'S CHAMPION SCORE.



Creedmoot may properly be proud of the long-range achievements which have taken place on its broad lawn. In team shooting, at any rate, results have been reached there which fix it as the champion shooting spot of the world, but in single score work Benning's range, near Washington, D. C., seems to lead the van in the scores of J. M. T. Partello, a young department clerk, and a member of the Columbia Rifle Association. In a practice shoot, on the 1st ult, with several other members of the association, he ran up the phenomenal score of 234 in the possible 225. A doubt having been expressed about the score, the marksman put the record of his score-book into an affidavit, as follows:

[illegible]

That no sighting shots were had after the score was begun, and that no shots were omitted, and that forty-six shots were all that I fired on that day, the one extra being fired before I began my score. This extra shot I took to get the elevation for the new position of my Vernier, having changed it from the grip to the heel of the stock. J. M. T. PARTELO.

October 21, 1878.—Subscribed and sworn to before
[L. S.] JAMES LAWRENSEN, Notary Public.

For ourselves we have never seen any reason to doubt the fact of the score. Perfect scores at each of these ranges had been made before by various riflemen, and it only remained for some lucky fellow to pool his good fortune, and put his perfect scores into one day's work, and with the perfect score since made at 900 yards, Mr. Partello is too shrewd a young man to suppose for a moment that a score made thus in practice can or will carry with it the same weight as a record that a match score does. The 221 of Mr. Sumner in the walk-over at Creedmoor is *de jure* the champion record of the world to-day, while the score of Mr. Partello is *de facto* the top figure. In a narrow technical view the minor score would take precedence, while for comment and as a record of scientific value that of Mr. Partello is acceptable. It shows that the rifles now made are to all intents perfect, and if they vary from the true mark at all, the variation must be sought outside of the weapon. Mr. Partello was coached by Col. Burdette in his big score, in the way that any two friendly shots would help one another at the firing point, and when a mere lad, as Partello would appear beside some of the veteran shots, can drop into place, and with a good, steady hand and clear eye, pile up such a line of "bulls," English riflemen may begin to understand something of the merits of the American Team system. Had Mr. Partello been compelled to rely on his own judgment in wind and elevation matters, the chances are that his score would not have been reached before years of practice. But that mutual helpfulness which is so characteristic of American riflemen receives a remarkable exemplification in his case, and in his victory all his fellow-riflemen are honored, since he is as much the result of a system as of individual talent and advantages.

The cut above will enable readers and riflemen to form a perfect idea of the position assumed by Mr. Partello in taking aim. Under the "any position" rule it is allowable and for ease and steadiness cannot well be excelled, and would only need modifications in cases of peculiar personal build.

It should be recollected that there is no great antecedent improbability that better scores will be made year after year. This has certainly been the case in team-shooting, especially in America, and skeptics should remember that it was at first very hard to believe that there was not some error in the telegraphic accounts which came to us of the first great match at Creedmoor. But the scores then made have been exceeded over and over again.

And the New York *World* says that: .

Where a man has a trick of making seventy-five at one range there is good reason to doubt that he may repeat the feat three times in succession. Indeed, we think several of our riflemen will yet achieve a score of 255; as they have attained such precision of marksmanship that the occurrence of some little failure in matters of detail is almost inseparable from the firing of so many shots at long range, defects them rather than failure in skill. As matters stand even now the target must be diminished in size so as to afford an opportunity for a nicer discrimination between our foremost marksmen.

An unpleasant incident and annoying sequence of the shooting was a very uncomplimentary expression of doubt by one of our well-known Creedmoor riflemen who spoke in a boorish manner of the "improbability of the affair," and used other language of a similar tenor, closing up with some sort of a money offer for an opportunity to display himself beside Mr. Partello. This drew out from the President of the Columbia Rifle Association a cutting reply, in the course of which Col. Burnside said :

We had hoped that the fascinating and gentlemanly sport of target shooting with the rifle, in all of its stages, as indulged in on the various ranges of the country, and which is gaining such healthy favor among our young men, would be kept free from the taint of the gaming-table and prize ring proclivities that are entering into and tending to destroy all proper outdoor sports. Thus far we believe the rifle associations of this country have kept themselves entirely free from permitting such an abuse. It is one of the laws of our own association that any wager, in any form, whether on a match or otherwise, is strictly prohibited. In fact, the very nature of the practice, subjects the offender to fine and imprisonment. Our association may adjudge. We encourage the shooting for appropriate prizes, but our rules and regulations are so formed as to perpetuate, if possible, the sport as a gentleman's recreation, and not for profit or gain.

The English authority above quoted speaks on this point with admirable caution and duly considered words when it says:

We are sorry that Mr. Hyde offers to shoot a match with Mr. Partello for a large sum of money. Rifle shooting has prospered here just because we had the wit to discourage matches made for money, and we hope that Mr. Hyde and his countrymen will not take to them. As surely as they do, rifle shooting in the United States will become a matter of betting, and ultimately of cheating, and the days of the Palma and such honorable contests will soon be numbered.

Suffice it to say that the proffer to discredit Mr. Partello's score was very properly scorned by him, and he remains today with the best record in the country.

Some interest has been felt in regard to Partello's manner of loading his Remington Creedmoor rifle, and on this point he says:

"You should put as much powder in the shell as it will hold. If you just pour it in it will settle and leave a vacuum before you are ready to use them. Now, I use a long tube, about 3 or 4 feet in length, and when I weigh my powder I pour it through this tube and it settles down solidly. I find I can get 13 or 15 more grains of powder in the shells by adopting this method. Usually I weigh out from 103 grains to 116, but use my judgment as to the amount, according to the day. The object is to fill the shell and fill it solidly."

Mr. Carl Dittmar writes on the Express Rifle question, and is most earnest in pushing the claims of the Borchard model of the Sharps company. Of it he says:

In it we have as good an Express rifle as ever has been made in England, if I understand that the flattest trajectory or longest point blank range and greatest penetration makes

considerate of a hunting rifle, besides greatest accuracy, absolute safety and rapidity of firing. It depends only on the amount of charge, kind of powder and bullet. In the steel expands and does its work so fast that it is impossible in Sharps the shell can be used with ease any number of times, besides at the mouth the bullet always disintegrates. I fitted a telescope sight to a military musket, Borchard's model, and I think it cannot shoot better; it will compare with the most expensive rifle. You need only different sights on any of the Sharps models and change the bullet, and you have a Creedmoor, a military or a hunting rifle in one. For Express rifle I prefer the .45 cal., Borchard's model, as I can have it cut for my 25 ft. range, and the shell will expand to 100 grains of powder. In one of my Sharps rifles I use steel shells, which carry 5 drachms powder, and with that charge and a Creedmoor bullet I penetrate 35 inch bass wood, which, I think, is penetration enough for anything living, and which cannot be surpassed by any of the English Express rifles. I wish one of the cartridge Companies would make a brass shell for 5 drachms powder, as the steel shells are too expensive, although they last forever. For long range with this heavy charge the common brass minimum weight is 70 grains, and with a 550 grain bullet it will shoot well at 1,500 yards. Charge 5 drachms for a regular Express bullet and you have the best Express rifle you may wish for. I do not think it is necessary to have a larger calibre than .45 for Express rifle, and for longer ranges a larger calibre would not do as well. With the heavy charge and Express bullet no elevating sight is necessary for hunting distances; it makes no difference whether you shoot at 10 yards or 150 yards, aim just the same; over 150 yards take a little more course and, for a very slight aim, a little higher. For use around camp, or for a few small game birds flying objects I use a round ball, a pearl very little larger than the bore, and can do splendid execution up to 150 yards, over that the ball goes wild. Bullets and ball must be of hardened lead same as Creedmoor bullets. For rapidity of shooting, if the lever of the safety catch is removed, it is easy to make 10

PENNSYLVANIA.—*McVeigh*, Nov. 21.—After an absence of some weeks I again reappear as a contributor to you columns. Since my last report I have taken a hunt for deer in Licking Creek mountains, a well-known deer resort. The inclosed is the account of the trip I gave the *McVeigh Journal*. Perhaps you will consider it sufficiently for your columns: "Last week there was a party of five of us went to the Seven Mountains for a hunt which will be extended about two weeks. They sent out their first deer last Monday. I suppose there have been ten deer shot near this

place within the last few weeks, principally in Licking Creek. The turkeys have been shot off in large numbers. Five or six were shot last week. Rabbits have been shot without number. Pheasants are killed in considerable numbers. Today there were three wing shots from the Susquehanna region, accompanied by their setters, who went into Licking Creek to remain a week. Ducks have afforded considerable sport. A party of six went deer hunting in the Licking Creek and Black Log Mountains hunting grounds the other day. But one deer was seen, and that was a prolegis biped arrayed in petticoats.

TENNESSEE—Nashville, Nov. 21.—Buckholz, Mitchell and Turner in one day's shooting got 93 quail. Another party, consisting of John Carter and Dr. Griggs, had some excellent sport within a few miles of this city; they bagged 57 quail. A gentleman from Mitchellville, on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, killed 120 in a day and a half's shooting. Miss Peyton, daughter of the late Col. Bailey Peyton (a once celebrated member of the part), reports very large numbers of quail upon her beautiful farm Peyton, in Sumner County. On last Saturday evening I met a man from Dixon County with a string of 35 squirrels, which he had killed that morning and which he was trying to sell at six cents apiece. It is a great shame that our game laws are so poorly enforced. Great quantities of quail are being caught in traps and nets and brought to market and openly offered for sale, without the offenders being molested. On Tuesday saw a number offered for the low price of \$1 per dozen. Would not the Tennessee Sportsmen's Association do well to look into this matter? A German resident of this city has just completed the task (on a \$50 wager) of eating one quail a day for 30 consecutive days. He says he will bet the same amount that he could continue eating one a day until the end of the season. J. D. H.

Fayetteville, Nov. 22.—We are having splendid sport partridge shooting; birds were never more plentiful. I went out the other evening, was gone just two hours, and bagged 22. In less than one mile from town I found as many as five coveys in one field of about ten acres, a thing that has not been done for years before. J. E. O.

GEORGIA—St. Mary, Nov. 21.—Partridges are more plentiful this season than I have ever known them. In places where there were none last spring, not even a stray whistling cock, they are abundant. And one thing strange to me is frequently finding a bevy of different sizes, part fully grown and part young. One bunch of five, for instance, were of different sizes. I thus I always find them together, and there are not enough of them for two broods. Ducks are scarce; I hope they are yet to arrive. Squirrels so abundant in places as to be troublesome; but shooting them, I must confess, is poor sport to me. The old hunters of Southern Georgia are strong advocates of the Florida belief that deer feed by the moon. Short.

ARKANSAS—Jacksonport, Nov. 19.—Game prospects good. Many fine bags of quail; turkeys in moderate abundance; venison coming in; bear hunters cleaning up their rusty guns; ducks coming in about on account of warm weather; a few woodcock, also a few snipes brought to bag. Wet weather to fill the lakes and swamps, produce a moderate degree of cold, will help us. Squirrels so plenty as to be in the way. YELL.

TEXAS—San Antonio, Nov. 14.—Quail abound in every direction around San Antonio. I saw one on the main street on the 10 inst. Turkey are on the Medina River fifteen miles from San Antonio. On the Frio, 39 miles distant, deer can be shot with a fair degree of certainty every day of the month. I notice hunting parties going out every day. ALMO.

ILLINOIS—Illinois River, Nov. 6.—These celebrated hunting grounds, lying about twenty-five miles below Peoria, and accurately described in "The Sportsman's Gazetteer" have lost none of their former attractions this year. The fall has been one of unsurpassed beauty, and hitherto have come from every point of the compass the numerous sportsmen to enjoy their annual hunt. The duck shooting has been usually good, and from Sept. 1st until the present date there has been no cessation of hostilities against the feathered race. As I write, the numerous lakes, ponds and sloughs are dotted with the winged hunters, and from morning till evening the air is filled with the dark shades, naught is heard but the booming of the gun and its echoes through the forests. To these I should have added the muffled cadence of the oars, the rippling of the waters and the soft murmuring of the winds. Over all these and much more besides, the Indian summer prevails, and who would ask for more? To be, contents his natural desire. The number of ducks (and lake geese) shot has been so large, and the sport so good, that it is impossible to say how many have been shot. A few thousand only fall at the hunter's crack, while an untold number in due time pass on to their next stopping place. All is well that it is so. When large, yellow, fat mallards, and delicious at that, go begging at thirty cents a pair, and the exquisite juicy teal at twenty and twenty-five cents a pair, it is well that no more are killed, but that the great bulk of them should be spared to the sportsman. With keen eyes, acute hearing and swift wing, they are quite equal to man in his warfare on them. They soon learn to measure a choke-bore with precision, though in experimenting many often tumble to the ground very unexpectedly. H. W. MERRILL.

Quincy, Nov. 14.—Two of us drove out the other day for a turkey and quail hunt. After going two miles we stopped at a farm house in the afternoon and spent the time until supper in the field, Tip bagging 18 quail and myself 13 in two hours' shooting. The next morning, accompanied by a cur dog, we started out before daylight and soon came across our game. The day's bag was 4 turkeys and 41 quail. A. B. B.

A CHICAGO GAME DINNER.—A great game dinner was given at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, to which an envied 500 guests sat down, were served by 125 colored waiters, and took their choice of 124 delicacies on the bill of fare.

BRASS SHELLS.—A correspondent gives his individual experience as to brass shells, as follows. The new shell he alludes to is intended for a certain distance. It is manufactured by the Union Metallic Co., of Bridgeport.

Philadelphia, Nov. 24.—The Sturtevant people are getting up a brass shell, especially adapted for holding wads tight. I find that the fibre wad is the only wad to use, and one size larger than the shell used. Brass shells ought not to be cleaned on the inside if you want to make the wads stick. The Sturtevant is in my opinion the best shell (brass) made.

I have used them for four years, and have not had one get out of order. I have bought over 1,000 of them for different friends, and have yet to hear of the first complaint or the breaking of an avul.

R. T. C. S.

OLD-SQUAW CALLS—Illness, N. Y., Nov. 19.—In the last number of FOREST AND STREAM your correspondent, "S. G. S.," of Bridgeport, asks if any duck call is for sale with which the note of the old squaw duck may be imitated. Such a thing would be impossible; but if "S. G. S." will go to some good point where he can hear the ducks calling frequently, and will repeat in a loud voice and on a high key the syllables, on-on-on-on, at short intervals, he will be able to imitate them perfectly. I am not especially favored in being able to imitate birds' notes, but have called old squaws over my decoys for hours at a time. Geese also may be called as readily with the voice as by having a honking gander among the stools. The duck calls sold in the stores are very good indeed for calling black ducks and mallard, and also teal, if you are in a locality where there is a large flock of them. The note of feeding together. The old-squaw call will be of no use in fresh water, as the ducks very seldom call until on the sea. I have called to them a great many times on our inland lakes and have never known them to take any notice, when, if on the sea, they would have been turning back and pitching into my decoys every few minutes. R. T. M.

NATURE AND ART.—New York, Nov. 20.—Thinking some of your readers may be reminded of pleasant times spent on the Great South Bay, I place the following (told me this fall by an old gunner at your service: I had just remarked to him that his decoys were in first-class shape. "Yes," he said, "but nothing like what they were. Why, you know, when I first got 'em I stored 'em up in the loft, and if my old cat didn't get up there and eat the breasts and a third of 'em 'fore she found they were wood." W. T.

SPORTSMEN AT DINNER.—The stockholders of the Blooming Grove Park Association have an excellent dinner at the Hoffmann House last night, partly for fun and partly to discuss the condition of the club. A telegram was received from President Dudley Field, who was detained at Philadelphia, and Mr. John Avery, the Vice-President, took the chair in his stead. There were present M. B. Brown, the silent but liberal member; William F. Jones, the staid and abstemious gentleman; E. Sandford, the traveler, who has slaughtered foxes in Russia and assisted at pleasant excursions in every preserve in Europe; John McGinnis, of Wall street, the wit of the club; William H. Fearing, the financier; the brothers Washington S. and C. Andrews, the solid men of the association; A. A. Drake, the punster; T. E. H. Curtis, the solemn man; John Avery, the scientific member; Cassius H. Read, the confidential treasurer; H. H. Wolfe, the impulsive man; S. B. Eaton, the professional man; T. E. W. Clarke, the "up in a balloon" man; the venerable Gen. John G. Anderson; S. M. Nash, the Adirondack explorer; George S. Greene, Jr., the special consulting engineer; George H. Glenney, the oodological genius; Ronald Thomas, of an inquiring disposition; George H. McLean, D. L. Bartlett, Frank Reynolds and Count D. B. Monzilly. A long report of the Executive Committee, with suggestions, was read by Dr. E. Bradley. The reading was frequently interrupted by well earned applause. The report showed that the association had a balance in hand of \$288, with \$2,115 uncollected dues. If these were all paid, together with dues of April, the debt of \$3,600 could be extinguished, with \$1,600 to spare. After some discussion it was resolved to appoint a committee of nine, consisting of Messrs. Greene, McGinnis, Eaton, Count Monzilly, Thomas, Bradley, Avery, Sandford and Anderson, to report within thirty days upon the best means to relieve the pressing necessities of the association, as well as to further the improvements proposed of the preserve in Pennsylvania in the shape of a wind mill, laundry, more gamekeepers and additional protection to game.—N. Y. World.

SHOOTING IN ENGLAND.—At Rhiwla, Bala, North Wales (the seat of Mr. H. J. Lloyd Price), on the 11th, the bag was 307 pheasants, 159 partridges, 122 hares, 140 rabbits, 8 grouse and 14 snipe; and on the 12th, 256 pheasants, 21 partridges, 1 woodcock, 10 hares and 27 rabbits. Game is plentiful in Richmond Park this season, and there are a fair number of pheasants and rabbits in the inclosures. H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge had, one afternoon, from 12 to 3:30 amongst the ferns, when three quail were bagged by well carried shotguns, and 2 rabbits. H. H. the Maharajah Duleep Singh, the Earl of Leicester, Earl de Grey, Lord Walsingham and Lord Huntingfield shot at Elvedon Hall last week, killing on the 15th, 934 head of partridges, pheasants and hares, and on the 16th, 753 head, on the 17th, 897 head, and on the 18th, 589 head.

WHERE CARIBOU ABOUND.—A friend of mine who visited Newfoundland on an exploring expedition, informs me that there the caribou holds almost exclusive domain over an unbroken wilderness of nearly 30,000 square miles, in a country wonderfully adapted to its habits and bountifully supplied with his favorite food—the reindeer lichen.

The caribou is possessed of much curiosity, and does not readily take alarm at what he sees. Where his haunts have been un molested he will unconcernedly trot up within range of the rifle. I am inclined to believe that a great deal of this apparent fearlessness is due to defective vision. If this is so, he is compensated by having a marvelous gift of scent, quite equal, if not superior, to the moose. The wandering habits of the caribou make it very uncertain where one will find him with his eye, even in his accustomed and well-known haunts. When once started, the chase is sure to be a long one, and its results doubtful—in fact so much so that an old hunter seldom follows up a retreating herd, but resorts to strategy and tries to lead them off, or at once proceeds by the shortest way to some other barren in hopes of finding them there. The caribou in jumping is more than the equal of any other deer.—O. G. Ward, in Scribner.

THE BOHEMIAN GLASS COMPANY are now placing 250 glass balls to the barrel instead of 300, so as to allow more room and less breakage. They also make an allowance for breakage. The company is also fully prepared to furnish chimneys for Argand burners when especially ordered by friends.—[See adv.]

A MOON LOST MAN.—Editor Forest and Stream: I often hear sportsmen talk as if they knew what was lost meant. The writer as a boy, well instructed in woodcraft by some of England's best deer stalkers, was bound to be lost; many a twenty miles, on the Yorkshire Moors, to see a house away in the distance, footsore, tired and hungry, to reach that house by dark to know which way the Leads Road was, to stop all night, with a tramp of 10 to 20 miles to home. I was lost in the Norfolk Woods, now owned by the Prince of Wales, to

stay all night in a rabbit burrow. America found me a healthy boy of 18. I wanted to hunt the prairie chicken to the State of Illinois. I went, to be the worst lost boy I know of. I filled my pockets with chickens, then to find I was not on a Yorkshire Moor, but on the west plains of Illinois; as far as eye could reach, tall grass. Four days and three nights I fed on chicken. Bless that farmer who was hunting his lost horse. He took so much interest in me and my breech-loader as to drive me to the nearest depot. I was lost on the Wabash, in Indiana, to sleep in a snipe bog all night. The Union Pacific was being built. I wanted a buffalo. I joined a party; cleaned up my rifle; a spirited pony and plenty of 10-shells completed my outfit. We struck Buffalo. I hit one; I chased him and I got the largest game I had ever seen; I skinned him, and I got lost. I lived three days on that buffalo and I got lost. I was lost on a cattle drive. I was lost on a hundred yards of camp on the Trinity River in Texas. I was lost on the Pineys in Colorado Co., Texas, at a turkey roost; to eat turkey two days, and had to guard my game from wild cats. My trusty breech-loader laid out ten wild cats that night. I was lost on the Sandies amid cane-brakes; could not see ten yards ahead; bear and wild cat after me and I was lost. I was lost on the time. I was hanging up for 500 yards off, still I had to get supper and breakfast on wild cat. Found by a pack of hounds, whose owners directed me home. I was lost on Miller's Creek, where I had killed a fine doe. I died and breakfasted on her, and found myself. I was lost on the Frio, Bear Co., Texas; died on jack rabbit and guarded my horse at night from Indians. Always carry matches and tobacco. I play the lost sportsman who does not know where he is, but is sure to get lost. I am sure it is good company in the canebrake or the thick woods. Lost people. I have always been told, go in a circle. I go in a bee line from where I want to go. Some carry a compass; I have never found of much use when I did not know from where I started. Creeks always run toward the river, but suppose you do not know if you want to go up or down? Trees are always heavy on the south side, but suppose you do not know whether you want to go north or south? The only way I know how to get lost is to stay at home. I love the woods and plains alone with my gun and dog; I pleasure is not to be had without pain, and do not laugh if I get lost again. ALMO.

San Antonio, Texas.

SHOOTING ON THE WING.—Poor Sothern, the actor, is in a bad way in England; softening of the brain, or something of that sort, they say. It is feared he will never play again—nor fish, nor hunt, as he used to do. Sothern devoted a part of each summer's vacation to fishing and hunting in Canada. F. G. de Fontaine, in his inimitable biography of the actor, relates a little incident which occurred at Quebec, when Florence, Geo. Holland and Sothern were rambling through the town waiting for the steamer. They had started down the principal street.

Suddenly Florence commenced to yell: "Hi, hi, there! You—man with the birds! Hi, hi, come here!" Sothern and Holland turned to see what the bluster was all about, and observed Florence gesticulating to a man on the other side of the street who was carrying a lot of birds on a string. Florence said:

"Florence, what the mischief is the row?"

Florence replied: "Sh-b-b-b! Birds, my boy, birds. We'll buy them from this sportsman and take them down with us; it will be a pleasant change of diet—broiled birds on toast, you know."

By this time the "sportsman" had crossed the street and was standing before the trio. He was rather a singular sort of a fellow, and with a German. His face was about as expressive as a Bologna sausage, and though not deaf, it seemed to take minutes for each inquiry to reach his understanding. This at first made Florence think he couldn't hear. Billy opened the negotiations by asking:

"Do you want to sell your birds?"

The Teutonic sportsman, after a long, dull look, replied: "Vot?"

"Vot," repeated Billy, much louder, "do you want to sell your birds?"

The same long, dull look from the man, and then he drawled out: "Vell, yes, I dink I sell dem."

"Well, how much for them?"

"Vot?" with same stolidity as before.

"I say, how much for them?" howled Florence.

"You buy dem?"

"Of course I'll buy them; how much do you want for them?"

"You buy dem all?"

"Yes, yes, I'll buy them all. Come now, let's finish the bargain."

"Vot?" with the same stupid look.

"Oh, Lord!" said Billy, got getting red in the face.

"What a stupid fellow! Look here! how much for the birds?"

The vendor of game for the first time seemed to understand, for he commenced very slowly and in the most expostulating way, to deliberately count his miserable bunch. Florence was getting impatient, and just going to bawl out again, when the man looked at him as before, and slowly remarked:

"Vell, I sell dem for two dollar."

"All right," said Billy. "Now, where did you shoot them?"

"Vot?"

"I say, where did you shoot them?"

"Vero I shoot 'em?"

"Yes, where?"

"I shoot dem out mit der woods. Would you dink I shoot birds in my front parlor?"

This rather staggered Billy, and they all commenced to laugh heartily, for he was now the color of a boiled lobster, but yelling at the top of his voice, he replied:

"Why, of course; I suppose you shot them in the woods, but how did you shoot them?"

"Vot?"

"I say, how did you shoot them?"

"How I shoot 'em?"

"Yes, how?" Did you shoot them on the wing?"

"Vot?"

"Did you shoot them on the wing?" howling in his ear.

"I shoot 'em on der wing?"

"Yes, on the wing." Here Florence went through a pantomime with his arms to describe a bird using its wings.

The sportsman gravely looked at Billy for a moment, and then replied:

"Vell, I dink I shoot dem on der wing, some I shoot dem on der head, and some I shoot dem on der tail. I dink it's all right."

The Kennel.

SPRATT'S PATENT
MEAT FIBRINE DOG CAKES.

Twenty-one Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals
Awarded, including Medal of English Kennel
Club, and of Westchester Kennel
Club, New York.



None are genuine unless so stamped

F. O. De LUZE,

18 South William Street, N. Y., Sole Agent.
BROWN & HILDER, St. Louis, Western Agents.

For sale in cases of 112 pounds.

Fleas! Fleas! Worms! Worms!
STEADMAN'S FLEA POWDER FOR DOGS

A Bane to Fleas—A Boon to Dogs.

This Powder is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or
any other animals, or money returned. It is put up
in patent boxes with sliding paper box top, which
greatly facilitates its use. Simple and efficacious.

Price 50 cents by mail, Postpaid

ARECA NUT FOR WORMS IN DOGS
A CERTAIN REMEDY.

Put up in boxes containing a dozen powders, with
full directions for use.

Price 50 cents per Box by mail.
Both the above are recommended by ROY AND GUN
and FOREST AND STREAM.

W. HOLBERTON.

Oct 12 117 FULTON STREET.

Imperial Kennel.

Setters and Pointers Bred, Broken, etc.

Young Dogs handled with skill
and judgment.

Address,
H. G. GLOVER,

TOM RIVERS, N. J.

Splendid kennel accommodations; dogs have daily
access to salt water. Oct 10

LISTEN!

The Sportsman's Bell
tells the position of the
dog, causes the birds to
close. Valuable in early
woodcock shooting, cock-
ing and general shooting,
where the cover is thick.
Sold by dealers in
and sporting goods. Samples sent by mail postpaid,
30 cents. BEVIN BROS. MANUFACTURING CO.,
East Hampton, Conn. Sept 19

COCKER SPANIEL
Breeding Kennel

M. P. MCKOON, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y.

I keep only cockers of the finest strains. Sell only
young stock. I guarantee satisfaction and safe de-
livery to every customer. These beautiful and in-
telligent dogs cannot be beaten for trifled grouse
and woodcock shooting and retrieving. Correspond-
ence inclosing stamp will get printed pedigree, cir-
cular, testimonials, etc. 114

COCKERS! COCKERS!

Sportsmen in want of first-class cocker spaniels
write at once to CHAS. S. HITCHCOCK, Secretary
Imperial Kennel Club, Franklin, Delaware County,
N. Y. Stock and delivery guaranteed. Price \$10
each for dog or bitch pups. Sept 12

POINTER PUPPIES.

By Imported champion Scaphoid, out of Imported
Fable, now eight weeks old, liver with white
markings—three dogs, one bitch, price each \$20.
Also one red Irish setter bitch, whelped June 12,
by Imported Dash (set, New York, 1873), out of Im-
ported Flora (set, New York, 1873), price \$35. We
are taking orders for delivery of pups whelped Sept.
by champion Scaphoid, out of our Gypsy (set,
Cal. out of Psyche; 18, New York, 1873). LINCOLN
& HELLARY, Warren, Mass. Oct 11

Dogs for Sale.

On account of departure of the owner for Europe
the following dogs are offered for sale very low
and white pointer Phil, winner of 1st prize
N. Y. dog show, 1877. Red Irish setter, Sanky, bred
by C. Deane, Esq. Gordon setter, Kent, a prize
winner. Liver and white Gordon bitch Zadie, Dick,
red setter, sired by One Eyed Spaniel. All the above
are broken dogs. Also four puppies, 7 months old
by Kent out of Zadie. Can be seen at the Tappiniah
Kennels, Babylon, L. I. For price, etc., address C.
DUDMAN, WAOSTAR, Babylon, L. I., or the
Kennel Editor of this paper. Nov 13

THE NEW YORK KENNEL CLUB offer for sale
an excellent quality handspaniel, white-and-black
setter dog, well thoroughly broken for the field, but
admirably suited to a gentleman's country place, or
as a personal companion. He is full-blooded,
highly bred. Price \$100. Application must be made
at this office. Address C. Oct 11

\$50 will buy a thoroughly broken red and white
setter bitch, with a pedigree for 30 years.
Address E. J. ROBBINS, Wethersfield, Conn.
Nov 14

DOG WANTED.—The advertiser wishes to pur-
chase a really first-class setter dog or bitch.
Must have extra speed, staunchness and nose; be
broken on quail and woodcock; handsome and about
three years old. For such a dog will pay a fair
price. Address J. H. S., room 108, Hotel Brunswick,
N. Y. Nov 12

ESTABLISHED 1820.

ABBEE & IMBRIE,

Successors to ANDREW CLARK & CO.,

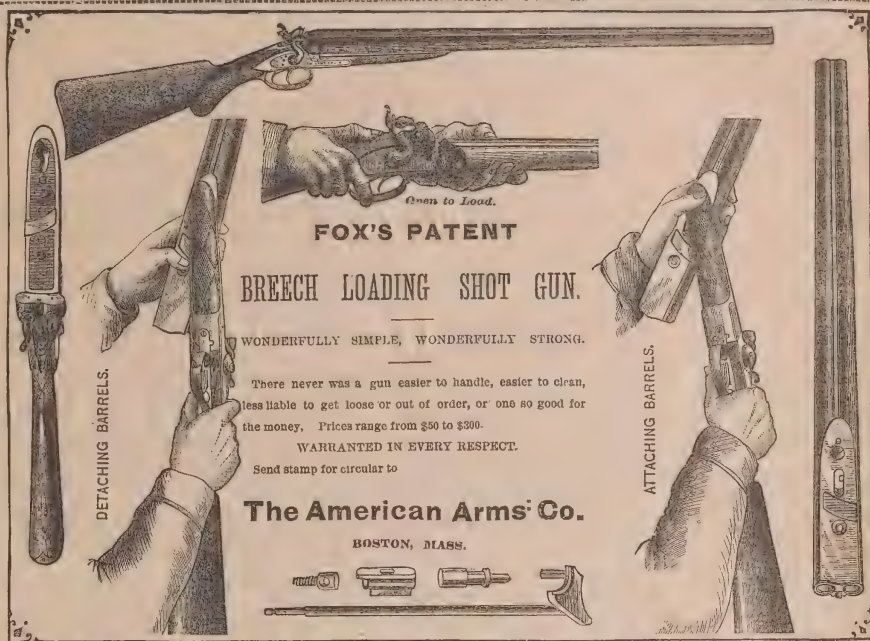
SOLE AGENTS for the Manufacture and Sale

SETH GREEN'S
Patent Needle-Pointed Hooks.

Trout Flies tied to order, \$2 per doz.
Trout Hooks snelled to order, \$1 per doz.

FISHING TACKLE.

48 Maiden Lane, 35 Liberty St.



FOX'S PATENT

BREECH LOADING SHOT GUN.

WONDERFULLY SIMPLE, WONDERFULLY STRONG.

There never was a gun easier to handle, easier to clean,
less liable to get loose or out of order, or one so good for
the money. Prices range from \$50 to \$300.

WARRANTED IN EVERY RESPECT.

Send stamp for circular to

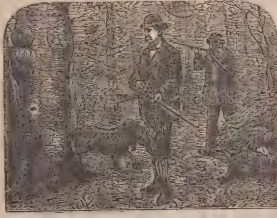
The American Arms Co.

BOSTON, MASS.

CHARLES L. RITZMANN,

IMPORTER OF

Fine Beech-Loading Guns,
RIFLES, PISTOLS AND FISHING TACKLE.



943 BROADWAY,
Near Twenty-third Street,
NEW YORK.

Six Strip SPLIT BAMBOO RODS, three-joint, with
extra tip, in case, \$18.

REELS in German silver, rubber and brass, of the
best makers, and with all the latest improvements.

ARTIFICIAL MINNOWS, Insect, and Spoon Bal
of every description.
Would call special attention to my large variety
of fine TROUT, BASS and SALMON FLIES.

FLIES tied to order from any pattern at shortest
notice.

LINES, waterproof and tapered, oiled, Braided
Silk, Braided Linen, Grass, Hair and Silk, Etc.

Walking Cane Rods.

The "NEW FLOAT SPOON." One of the most
successful spoons in use. Try one.

Patent Adjustable Floats and Sinkers.

BLACK FLY REPELLANTS, 50 cents per bottle,
and everything required by fishermen and anglers.

OPTICAL GOODS.—Compasses, Field and Marine
Glasses, Telescopes, Microscopes, etc., etc.

Also EVERYTHING pertaining to the Sporting
Line.

LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE.

The Kennel.

IMPORTED BLOODHOUNDS.

G. DE W. GREEN has also a few pure bred blood-
hound pups for sale at various prices according to
merit, whose parents have just been imported from
England, the sire being Hugo, one of the best dogs
of that breed in England, winner of several prizes
at the largest shows there, and dam Juno. Hugo by
Champion Draco-Huda, Draco by Correns' famed
Old Druid-Daisy. Pups from \$10 to \$20 each. For
further particulars, etc., apply to G. DE W. GREEN,
GREEN, Pest Office, Oakville, Ontario, Canada. Nov 21

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred Gordon setter dog
Wallace, by Captain's (late Jerome's) imported
champion shot out of J. R. Tully's Wab. Is not
surpassed in style, shape, markings or otherwise by
any dog in this country; has been used by his late
owner on game in the Southern and Western States,
and was "Highly Commended" N. Y. Bench Show,
1878. Address EXECUTOR, once this paper. Nov 21

FOR SALE—Six pups by Luther Adams' Drake
out of Molie, Molie by Adams' Duke out of
St. Prude. Pups whelped May 16, 1878. Address
DR. H. M. GUNBY, Worcester, Mass. Nov 21

The Kennel.

CHAMPION IRISH SETTER DOG YORK in the
and York winner of prizes at the follow-
ing shows: Cork Show, Ireland, 1876; Centennial,
1876; St. Louis, 1876; Baltimore, 1876; New York,
1877; Philadelphia, 1878; Baltimore, 1878, where he
also took prize for the best stud dog. Is sire of both
Pat and Budy, who both took 1st prize at Baltimore,
1878. Terms for services reasonable.
For Sale—1 fine red Irish setter dog, 20 months
old, partly broken. Price \$40. One red Irish set-
ter pup, 8 months old; sire, champion York out of Bass;
dam, Budy. Price \$30. Red Irish setter puppies,
3 months old, sired by Champion York and by pri-
vileges Flora, Maud and Nora; price reasonable.
For particulars and pedigree inquire of C. Z. MILEY,
Lancaster, Pa. Nov 23

WANTED to exchange a good-size Irish setter
dog, 19 months old, partly broken, for a well
broken native or Irish setter bitch, not over three
years than one and a half years old. Address I.
KAMP, Lock Haven, Pa. Nov 14

FOR SALE—Having more dogs than I need, will
sell a large pointer dog, three and a half years,
and a purebred Irish setter, three years. Both of
these are prize winners, and first-class field dogs.
Sold for no fault. For pedigree and full information
address H. box 1,617, N. Y. P. O. Nov 21

For Sale.

FOR SALE.

One million brook trout eggs—ready for delivery

from the 1st of Nov. to Jan. 20. Send for price list

J. B. & F. W. EDDY, Randolph, Catt. County,
N. Y. Sept 12

FOR SALE—An 8 1/2 lb. E quality new Nichols &
Leifer double gun, 12 gauge, with fine walnut
case. For particulars address Box 221, New Castle,
Pa. Nov 21

MINNESOTA FARM—For sale, 1,600 acres im-
proved land in Rock County, Minnesota, with
farm house, three stables, corn house, barn, horse
grain house, fences, trees, windbreaks, elevator,
windmill, wells, grating, running streams, electric
water, directly on line of St. Paul and Sioux City
Railroad; price \$15,000. Only one half mile from
town, very convenient. Sold only to increase farming
interest in immediate neighborhood. No such de-
voted to be had in the entire West. Photographs
shown and full specifications given on application
to CHAS. HALLACK, office of Forest and Stream, N. Y. Oct 11

For Sale.

FOR SALE—Crystal Spring Fish Farm and Pimento Grounds, Oakland, Bergen County, N. J. Buildings cost over \$1,200; five years old; gothic frame villa; all modern improvements; lean-to house, stables, etc.—in one, four horses; twenty-three acres, four acres grove, with from twenty to thirty ponds; fine garden; 100 young fruit trees; apple orchards. Address H. B. F., care this office. jels 1f

FOR SALE—A first class gun and general repair shop, with a nice little stock of sporting goods and sewing machines, and parts and attachments for a general repair shop in guns and sewing machines, and all day work, with about \$1,200 stock in one of the best towns in Central Texas, which has a population of 5,000. A good trade and plenty of work. Cause of sale, have to change climate. Address J. J. HARRIS, Corcoran, Navarro Co., Texas. nov23 2t

Sportsmen or Capitalists!!

A rare opportunity is afforded of purchasing the orange and peach groves of the Rev. Chas. Beecher at Newport, Florida (three miles from St. Marks) one hundred acres of land; modern residence, furnished; out-buildings—all complete. Fine turkey, deer and water-fowl shooting almost at the door. Just the place for a gentleman of means who would like to combine pleasure with profit. Please investigate. Address CHAS. BEECHER, Bridgeport, Ct. nov23 1t

TO LET—Splendid opportunity for a man of small means to make money. The Ockewana Trout Farm on the Hudson, thirty-five miles from New York, to let or lease, low to a man who understands the business. Four-year-old stock, 100,000, 100,000, present hatching capacity one hundred thousand. A small expense, which the owner will agree to make if desired, will give capacity of five hundred thousand. From one to ten acres of ground with small house if desired. Six spring ponds and a creek of splendid water never dry, connecting. Will let to a good party who understands the business, at \$500 per year. H. P. DEGRAAF, Bowers National Bank, N. Y. nov23 1t

Lotteries.



UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION!
OVER HALF A MILLION DISTRIBUTED.
Louisiana State Lottery Company.

This institution was regularly incorporated by the Legislature of the State for Educational and Charitable purposes in 1865, with a capital of \$1,000,000, to which has since added a reserve fund of \$500,000. ITS GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DRAWINGS will take place monthly. It never scales or postpones. Look at the following: GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT, during which will take place the EXTRAORDINARY SEMI-ANNUAL DRAWING, at New Orleans, Tuesday, December 10, under the personal supervision and management of GEN. G. T. DEBAREGARD, of Louisiana, and GEN. JUBAL A. EARLY, of Virginia. CAPITAL PRIZE, \$100,000.

Notice—Tickets are for sale in Dollars only. Halves, 50c. Fifths, 82c. Tenths, 51c.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Capital Prize of \$100,000.....	\$100,000
1 Grand Prize of 50,000.....	50,000
1 Grand Prize of 25,000.....	25,000
1 Large Prize of 10,000.....	10,000
4 Large Prizes of 5,000.....	20,000
50 Prizes of 1,000.....	50,000
100 ".....	100,000
200 ".....	200,000
400 ".....	400,000
10000 ".....	10,000,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

100 Approximation Prizes of \$200.....	20,000
100 Approximation Prizes of 100.....	10,000
100 Approximation Prizes of 50.....	5,000

11,379 Prizes amounting to.....\$122,500
GEN. G. T. DEBAREGARD, of La., Commissioner
GEN. JUBAL A. EARLY, of Va., Commissioner
Prizes for prizes to clubs, or prizes could only be made to the Office of the Company in New Orleans.
Write for circulars or send orders to

P. O. BOX 692, New Orleans, Louisiana,
or to
H. L. PLUM,
310 Broadway, New York City.
nov14 2t cew

Royal Havana Lottery.

Extraordinary Drawing.
TO TAKE PLACE ON DECEMBER 24, 1875.
There will be only 15,000 Tickets, 535 Full Prizes, and the amount drawn will be \$1,500,000.

Smallest Prize, \$1,000.

1 Prize of	\$500,000
1 ".....	100,000
1 ".....	50,000
1 ".....	25,000
10 ".....	10,000
10 ".....	5,000
456 ".....	1,000

9 Approximations of \$2,000 each, for the remaining number of number drawing the \$500,000 prize..... 18,000

9 Approximations of \$1,000 each for remaining number of number drawing the \$100,000 prize..... 9,000

2 Approximations of \$1,000 each for remaining number of number drawing the \$50,000 prize..... 2,000

532 Prizes amt'g to Spanish Doll.\$1,552,000

PRICE IN CURRENCY.

Whole Tickets.Halves.Quarters.

\$100.\$50.\$25.

Fifths.Tenths.Twentyfths.

\$20.\$10.\$5.

Prices cashed, orders filled, and information given free.

TAYLOR & CO., Bankers,
11 Wall Street, N. Y.

Kentucky State Lottery.

EASTERN AGENCY, 599 BROADWAY.

Class W Draws November 30.

One prize of \$14,000, one of \$5,000, and one of \$5,000.

1586 PRIZES DISTRIBUTING \$97,925.

Whole Ticket, \$1.

WILLIAMSON & CO.,

599 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Auxiliary Rifle.

SHELTON'S Auxiliary Rifle Barrel for Breech-Loading Shot-Guns.



This barrel can be placed in a gun ready for use in a second of time with the same ease as a cartridge, and can be removed just as expeditiously. There is no wear on the rifle barrel, nor on the shot-gun, and it cannot get out of order. With this Auxiliary Rifle, which weighs about one pound, and most instantly a breech-loading shot-gun can be converted into a most accurate rifle. The AUXILIARY BARREL will fit any standard make of gun of 10 or 12-calibre—calibre of rifle 32, 38, or 44, as desired. Length of barrel, twenty inches. The shells used with the best advantage are the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.'s cartridges, No. 32 and 38, extra long, and No. 44, model 1873. Send for a Circular and Price List.

AUXILIARY RIFLE BARREL COMPANY,
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

P. O. Box 715

FOSS BROS. & CO.,

(Successors to F. J. ABBEY & CO.),

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

Guns, Rifles, Pistols and Fishing Tackle,
43 SOUTH CLARK STREET,

CHICAGO.
ESTABLISHED, 1811.

EDW. K. TRYON, Jr. & CO.

MANUFACTURERS' AGENTS,

Importers and Dealers in all Makes and Qualities of

Breech Loading Fire Arms,
AND
ACCESSORIES.

STORES: No. 19 North Sixth St., No. 220 North Second St., and No. 527 Commerce St.,

PHILADELPHIA.

221. "OLD RELIABLE" 221.

(TRADE MARK.)

STILL TRIUMPHANT.

In Fall Meeting of N. R. A. at Creedmoor, Sharps Rifles were entered in sixteen matches; took first prize in twelve of them, and good prizes in the other four. Among them the

Inter-state Military Match.

The New York State team, using the Sharps Military Rifle, won with a score of 974. Best score by any other rifle, 960.

The International Military Match.

New York State team, with Sharps Military rifle, 1,044. Best by any other rifle, 903.

The Inter-state Long-Range Match.

Average per man with Sharps Rifles, 213. Other rifles used averaged respectively 192 and 197.

The WILMINGTON CUP, won by Mr. Frank Hyde with a Sharps Rifle with a score of 143 out of a possible 150 at 1,000 yards. THE LEITCH CUP, won at Spring Meeting with a score of 205. Best other rifle, 197. For the Grand Aggregate Prize at Fall Meeting, three competitors each, with Sharps Rifles—Mr. Frank Hyde, Col. W. H. Clark and Capt. W. H. Jackson—led on a score of 310 points.

THE LONG-RANGE MILITARY CHAMPIONSHIP, won by Capt. J. S. Barton, with a Sharps Military Rifle. All prizes in this match were won with Sharps Rifles.

AMERICAN TEAM WALK-OVER (First Day).—J. S. Barton made, with a Sharps Long-Range Rifle, the extraordinary score of 241 points out of a possible 225 at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards.

221. SHARPS RIFLE CO., 221.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN., UNITED STATES.

New York Warerooms, 177 Broadway.



even. Buckskin Gloves made to order and warranted to fit, for all kinds of deformed and mutilated hands.

TATHAM'S
IMPROVED CHILLED SHOT.

American Standard Diameters.

(RED LABEL.)

Gives greater penetration and better pattern than ordinary shot. Equally well adapted to choke-bored, modified chokes and cylinders.

Our chilled shot will be found free from shrinkage, more spherical, more uniform in size, harder, heavier and of brighter and cleaner finish than any other. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

TATHAM & BROS., 32 Beckman St.,
NEW YORK.

Also, manufacturers of PATENT FINISH, AMERICAN STANDARD DROP SHOT, and COM-PRESSED BUCK SHOT, more uniform than the ordinary moulded shot.

Publications.

SEASONABLE BOOKS.

Two Thousand Miles in Texas
on Horseback; Sheep Rais-
ing, Cattle Ranging and
Sport, \$1.50.

Long-Range Rifle Shooting,

Wallace's Adirondack Guide

Camp Life in Florida,

The Fishing Tourist,

Sportsman's Gazetteer,

Fourth Edition.

For sale at office of FOREST AND STREAM, 111
Fulton Street, New York.

FRANK SCHLEY'S

AMERICAN



Partridge & Pheasant Shooting.

Describing the Haunts, Habits, and Methods of
Hunting and Shooting the American Partridge—Quail,
Puffed Grouse—Pheasants, with directions for handling
the gun, hunting the dog, and shooting on the
wing. Price, \$2. Liberal discount to the trade.
To be had at book stores generally. Also for sale
one double-barrel breech-loading central are shot-
gun, 12-gauge. Address,

Frank Schley,

Frederick City, Md.

Useful to Sportsmen and
Yachtsmen.

HISTORICAL & BIOGRAPHICAL ATLAS

OF

NEW JERSEY COAST,

[ILLUSTRATED.]

Contains History of the State, Towns and points o
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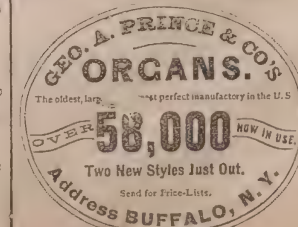
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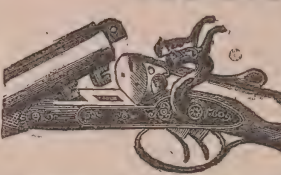
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FOREST AND STREAM

ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

Terms, Four Dollars a Year.
Ten Cents a Copy.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1878.

Volume 11—No. 18.
No. 111 Fulton St., N. Y.

COME BACK.

SHRIETER ISLAND, L. I., Nov. 14, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

I have received lately a letter from one of the many admirers of Frank Forester in Chicago, who incloses to me several slips from papers published at the time of his death. Among them he sends a poem (which I inclose) attributed to him, and supposed to be addressed to the wife who had left him, and which was the probable cause of his death.

ISAAC McLELLAN.

Come back and bring my life again

That went with thee beyond my will!
Restore me that which makes me man,
Or leaves me wretched, dead and chill!
Thy presence was of life a part;
Thine absence leaves a blank of death;
They wait thy presence—eye, and heart,
With straining gaze and bated breath.

The light is darkness, if thine eyes

Make not the medium of its ray.
I see no star in evening skies,
Save thou look up and point the way.
Nor bursting buds in May's young bloom—
Nor sunshine rippling o'er the sea—
Bears up to heaven my heart's perfume,
Save thou my monitor can be!

There are two paths for human feet:—

One bordered by a duty plain,
And one by phan'oms crooked, yet sweet—
Bewildering heart, and maddening brain,
The one will right and reason urge,
But thou must walk beside me there,
Or else I tread the dizzy verge,
And thou some guilt of loss must bear!

Come back! There is no cause on earth—

No word of shame—no deed of wrong—
Can bury all of truth and worth,
And sunder bonds once firm and strong.
There is no duty, heaven-imposed,
That, velvet-gloved, an iron hand
Upon my heart-strings crushed and closed—
Thy hate should all my love withstand!

Days seem like ages—and, ere long,

On senseless cars the cry may fall;
Or, stilled by bitter shame and wrong,
The pleading voice may cease to call.
Come back! before the eyes grow dim
That keep but sight to see thee come;
Ere fall and falter hand and limb,
Whose strength but waits to fold thee home!

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

Field Sports in San Diego Co., California—No. 2.

BY T. S. VAN DYKE.

BETWEEN the Santa Margarita and San Luis Rey rivers there runs through the high table land a lovely valley some three miles long, and so filled with majestic live oaks and sycamores that one can walk in places for half a mile under a continuous shade. In the choicest part of this is the apary of Mr. V. O. Reche, now known as Fall Brook Post-office, and here I have anchored my roving bark. Mr. Reche does not undertake to keep boarders, but any one who is fortunate enough to find room with him will fare far better than he would dream of in so wild a place, and find better treatment than he will be apt to get in most places with far ampler facilities for making things pleasant.

The quantity of quail in this valley is amazing, but hares and rabbits are not so plenty as in El Cajon, while in a few miles of easy drive is the best duck shooting in the county. The quail shooting I have already described in a former article, and the ducks and geese I will leave until winter. But there is one kind of hunting of which I must tell you fully, because it is not only one of the finest of American field sports, but one to which I think no approach to justice has been ever done by the very few who have attempted to describe it—still hunting in San Diego County.

As this is no place for either natural history or methods of hunting, I shall give but one or two points about the deer of this section before we start on a hunt. It is generally supposed to be the black-tail, but is in fact a variety of the mule

deer, a point already fully explained in this journal. It is a shorter-legged and shorter-tailed deer than the white-tailed or Virginia deer, and is not on an average quite so large. Few does will dress as high as 100 pounds and few bucks over 150, although I have shot two estimated at 200 that would surely have gone 225 if as fat as deer often are at the East. Though never as fat as the Eastern deer often get, this deer is still very good eating, and though not quite as wary as deer that are incessantly popped at by market shooters, is quite smart enough to make you polish your wits up bright to see him, and when alarmed, whether wounded or well, can do 100 per cent. more of "gittin' out" per second than any other animal that runs. It rarely runs with thelope or canter of the white tail, though it sometimes does, but its usual gait is a perfect bound or bounce like a ball, all four legs striking the ground at the same instant and grouped close together with the legs almost stiff. Though they soon tire, they will run this way for half a mile or so as fast as a horse, up hill, down hill, over or through brush, over rocks, fallen trees or anything—all ground seems equally easy to them—their feet making all the time only one regular "bump, bump, bump, bump" on the hard dry ground.

He has no flaming white tail to wave adieu to blighted hopes, yet he has a complacent wiggle of his little stubby tail as he dissolves in the chapparal or fades over a ridge that operates as an equally effective stimulant to the ejaculatory tendencies of mortified humanity. He has also a very neat but intensely annoying little trick that I never noticed in the white-tailed deer—that of sitting or crouching in brush. Dropping its head and crouching low, it will often stand concealed in brush but a few yards from you, and all the noise you can make will not start it sometimes. When wounded it can skulk out of your sight in brush only four feet high, and unless you can get above it you often cannot get a second shot. The quantity of small bullets this deer can get away with is astonishing, and a small-bore is utterly unfit for this country unless the ball be made expansive, and even then you will lose about one-quarter of your game without a dog, and some even with a dog.

The "Burro deer," or Colorado mule deer, is found on the desert slope of the mountains, but not on this side, except very rarely. No other variety of deer is ever seen here. There are a few grizzly bears and panthers in the mountains, and in two or three places is yet a small band of antelope, but none of these are plenty enough to hunt with much prospects of success. The black and cinnamon bears, the elk and mountain sheep are not found here.

About twice a week a camp hunt is in order, for Reche is an old sportsman and quite as fond of hunting as I am. After dinner it is the work of a few minutes to toss into the wagon a couple of saddles, a box of *brio-a-brac* for the internal "whatnot," and our blankets, etc., and a drive of about an hour amid splendid scenery brings us to our ground. Good deer range is abundant on all hands, as the saddle of the average deer borne to the square league, and few of them hunt much. We will go to-day, however, to the high bluffs of the Santa Margarita. These are about 1,000 feet high and break away on the top into gulches, basins, canyons, ridges and peaks of various sizes.

In and along these little gulches and canyons, and especially around their heads, some favorite resort of the deer by day, where, ensconced under the thick green shade of the sumac or some other evergreen, they chew the cud of calm content through the heat of the day. About sundown they move about and browse, descending to the river during the night and loading lazily back toward the top of the bluffs after daylight in the morning and lying down from seven until ten o'clock, according to the moon and the heat of the sun.

Imagine yourself with me above us to our ground. Good buckskin moccasins, overalls, shirt and hat instead of the fire-torn pounds of sudorific oppression you pack over the Eastern hills; a dress you can wear 340 days in the year here, and which makes 100 per cent. difference in the comfort of shooting. We saddle up the horses, and, after climbing 700 or 800 feet, tie them to a bush while we go on to find a lead for them. Owing to the unusual growth of vegetation last winter, which now lies dead and brittle, still hunting is this year very noisy hunting, and deer cannot be approached as closely as usual. Running shots, and long ones at that constitute about two thirds of all the chances we will get, unless extremely cautious and keen-eyed. For the same reason tracking is this year such a very difficult and slow operation that it scarcely pays. The best way is to visit such places as the deer lie down in and depend on jumping them, or seeing them from a long distance while on foot in the morning or evening.

We take a trail that winds up the side of a ravine. It is one made by the wild cattle, and will allow us to travel softly and easily. After winding around the heads of two or three gulches and the base of a small peak, it descends into a basin some 200 yards wide and 150 feet deep, the bottom of which is cut up into gulches and ridges, with plenty of sumac and other evergreen bushes scattered thickly here and there. It will never do to enter that in this trail, for it goes down a ridge in plain sight of anything that might be in it. You swing clear around it and get on the opposite side, and then I'll enter it by this little swale that runs down to the left and come across to you. There is almost certain to be a deer lying in there, and we must figure sharp to get a shot at it. Before you get half around there's a rapid bump, bump,

bump, accompanied by the smash of brush. Run for that point that makes out there a few yards ahead and ply thy moccasins as though a grizzly mother were racing close upon thy rear, while I run with equal speed for the point over which the trail goes. Arriving at our points almost together, we see about half way across the bottom of the basin careering wildly over bushes, wide gulches and heavy boulders, with high and flying bound—what? The regulation big buck, that inevitable blank-blank-dead-blank-blank of a blank-blank old buck? No. *Mirabile dictu*, it is not, but only a couple of what the high-minded, noble-souled sportsman always disdains to butcher (with the quill)—two poor little innocent baby-deer. The poor little things are only about two-thirds grown, and of course we'll be magnanimous enough to let them live and hunt up something worthy of our lead. Yes, if I know anything about fawns I think likely we will, under present circumstances, anyhow. Of all nonsense the idea that a fawn is necessarily easy to kill is one of the greatest. A spotted fawn is quite another matter; but, three times out of four, a fawn two-thirds grown will test the wits, nerve and skill of a hunter quite as much as that everlasting old buck, who, especially in the fall, is much more likely to be an old fool than a fawn is to be a young fool.

Bang! whang! go our two rifles, both bells passing just over the rump of one as he comes down from a high spring. Hold lower and farther ahead next time. Another jump and they disappear in a gully that makes off to the right and leads into a patch of heavy chapparal. Scramble now as fast as your legs will bear you for the side of the basin above that, while I go down and follow up the gulch. They will probably skulk now in that thick brush, and I will drive them out. Keep a sharp watch from above and send a ball into the first patch of gray that moves in the brush. We soon reach our place, but all is still. The noise of bouncing hoops and crashing brush has ceased. Perhaps the poor little babes are exhausted and are waiting for us to walk up and blow their heads off.

After thrashing around in the brush for eight or ten minutes I reach you. You have seen nothing and heard nothing, and neither have I. Where in creation can they be?

They may be yet skulking in that brush or—. Look on your ridge some 500 yards off behind you. Do you see just over the low chapparal two delicate heads and two pair of long, gray ears turned toward us. Raise your 250 sight and pull away; it's the only chance now.

Before the sight can be adjusted and the rifles raised the heads disappear, two dim gray spots bob up and down once or twice in the chapparal, and all is still.

Can those be the same two? Let's circle around a little and see. Yes, here are the tracks coming out of the head of this little brushy gulch. They have gone out on a trot, you see, and doubtless crouched so low that the brush concealed them.

And so were we cured?

Even so. It's utterly useless now to follow them. Let them go, then. Who would kill such poor little babes? Verily, who would? More properly, who could?

The sun is now sinking fast; the silver sheen of the far-off Pacific is changing into burnished gold; the distant peaks of green and gray are reddening into crimson and purple; the soft green of the chapparal slides into a dark velvet blue; the humming-bird and bee are humming on their homeward way, and the roaring wings of hundreds of quail going to roost resound like distant thunder from the long, green canyon 1,000 feet below. Something must be done quick or we are "Chicagooed."

Hark! that is the crack of Reche's Maynard in the next basin. Run quick, for he may have jumped more than one, and it may come this way.

A dash of 200 yards along a cattle trail that follows the ridge brings us in sight of the basin from which the shot came, and up the right-hand side, rises from the previous bounding down, a gray race, a long-eared mass of gray, with glistening horns projecting high above his head. He looks as round as a mule and shines with sleekness. He is 175 yards away, and rising at least three feet at every jump. No mortal rider can touch him on that gait except by chance. We'll try him, though. Pull ten feet ahead of him and fire, not when he is in the air, but when the hind legs are just on the previous jump, for it is necessary to shoot a whole jump ahead of him.

Bang! bang! ring the two rifles in succession, and the dirt flies just under him and just behind him. Bang! goes my second barrel, held a little higher to avoid my previous error, and the dirt flies just over the edge of his back. Bang! goes your rifle, and again the dirt flies behind him. And still that buck goes on, goes on. A way he scrambles with crashing hooves, up the side of the hill, just around the corner, and behind him, yet still his days go on, go on. In a moment more he vanishes in a pocket of the mountain's dark green rest, and we are—Chicagooed?

Even so; for the short twilight of the South will leave us no time to find another, and it's quite useless to follow this one. Reche whistles a signal on an empty shell that he has one and sends the right-hand side, rises from the previous bounding down the mountain, undulating on the wretched case with which deer can slip through a hunter's fingers and the immense amount of space there is outside of one.

After a supper of chocolate—the best thing to sleep on—smoked venison, quail, biscuit, pie, grape and peaches, surrounded by the piper amount of lingual music and tobacco smoke, we go to rest under the only tent needed here for

about nine months in the year (and two-thirds of the time in the other three), the starry blue tent of night.

At four o'clock Reche pipes up to breakfast, and by the time it is light enough to shoot we are on a high spur near where that old sinner of last night disappeared. I have little hopes of seeing him again, but we may see him, and this is as good a place as any to see others.

Slowly we steal along the heads of the high gulches that run up from the river and the points that jut out into the basins. Fast the dim gray of morning silvers into gold, and yet we see nothing.

Hist! Down low! Now raise your head cautiously and look in the edge of the chapparral just below yonder peak. Do you see that spot of dull gray?

Peep down that rifle. No trying long shots if we can get closer. We must make the top of that peak. That spot is browsing and suspects nothing.

Swinging carefully around and out of sight, in a few minutes we reach the top of the peak, some 125 yards above where the gray spot was. The morning sun now floods the dark-green hill with golden light and glimmers on something bright in the edge of the dense chapparral below. We see it move, and several times close beside it. And now we see it! The long, gray ears on each side of the glittering lines.

Keep cool now until we can see his body. Just take it easy and make no noise or motion. We must have a sure shot on him if we have to wait an hour.

In a few moments he moves out and stands in the open, about 130 yards from us, proudly erect, with massive neck, shining coat and glistening horns—a grand picture on a grand background. Fifteen hundred feet below, through its immense and rugged banks, the river whirls its sparkling mica sand; the deep gorge, with sides robed in a thousand evergreens, is filled with a hundred hues and shadows; the aged oaks and sycamores, and even the old, gray granite boulders, that hang along the slopes, seem to smile with new life as the rising sun strikes them. There stands the buck snuffing the morning air, watching keenly every approach, and apparently puzzling himself over our movements.

Here, take my rifle. That chap must be killed dead, for if he can run for two minutes he is lost to us, and to-morrow the buzzards will be wheeling above him. Sit down and rest your elbow on your knee; take it as coolly as if shooting at a target, and hold a very fine sight middling high in his shoulder. There, he starts off on a walk. Pull a few inches ahead of him and let go.

Bang! go five drachms of lightning powder from my .63 calibre Nichols & Lefever Express. A distinct "whop" comes back on the air; the buck humps his back into an arch, walks a few feet, staggers, and lies down.

Sit right still. You wouldn't believe me about holding ahead, and have hit him too far back. He can't stand that 600 grain expansive ball, anywhere, and will soon die if he gets alone. By if he sees us he may make a plunge and get into the brush. Hold ready to give him the second barrel if he rises.

But it's not needed; for see! his head droops, he gives two or three convulsive kicks and rolls over, dead.

He is soon loaded up on a horse and we return to camp, where we take another lunch and some coffee, then break camp and get home by seven o'clock, the whole hunt requiring more time than much less for many an ordinary "chicken hunt" back on the Western prairies.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

GEESSE, BRANT AND DUCK NEAR ABSECOM.

DUCKING UNDER DIFFICULTY!

I HAD been for a week too sick to try cases, but well enough to be out of bed, when I received a telegraphic summons from Albert Adams, the jolly good fellow who, till last Tuesday, filled the office of Sheriff of Cape May County, N. J., to come and shoot ducks at Lead's Point.

The dispatch took me in the humor, for the sight of pleas, bills, narrs, replevins and replications had become extremely disgusting to me, and even politics, which Seward (the great Wm.) said was the "sum of all the sciences," failed to charm me.

Stein, the prince of gunsmiths, got ready my double-barrelled Westley-Richards, and I hauled out my R.R. pass, intent on brant, duck and wild goose, and struck the 4:15 p. m. train at Camden, on the Atlantic Road for Leeds Point, Atlantic County.

A six-mile drive over a good road, in a country stage by the moonlight, on as sweet a night as that upon which Jessica sat and sighed her soul away toward the Grecian tents," led us up to the door of Joab Sooy's hotel. Joab, who is a double-fisted, warm-hearted, big-browed Jerseyman, welcomed us right royally to the freedom of the hostlerie, and to a supper of buckwheat cakes, Jersey sausages, and coffee the color of Samory Bettie's (Quaker) coat; coffee as cheering to the eye and the taste as Blanchard's "eruberry"—that Shenstone might have envied.

High Sheriff Adams, as brisful of mother wit as an egg of meat, had provided himself with an overcoat pocket-full of Irish potatoes, one loaf of bread, a bag of salt, and a demijohn of old "hibson."

Like the Western woman, I never could abide the taste of corn, but when it took the shape of corn-jelly I could worry a little down.

Adams knew this, and knew that I was really too sick to go a ducking, but had enough of the mitching mallecho, or mountain devil, in him to desire much to see how a Jersey lawyer would behave at 4 o'clock in the morning on the dreary, dreary moorland, with a carbuncle on the back of his neck—too sick for the labors of law, but well enough to seek brant and duck with a fowling-piece at the early hours of the morning.

Aber Doughty, the best gunner in the bay, called for us at 8 A. M. at the coldest November morning I had ever appreciated. Joab, feeling sympathy for me on account of my resemblance to the Job of the Bible—he of the many boils—gave us a hurried cup of coffee, which, like the gold which Tenyson says made the hurt that honor feels, sweetened and braced us up for the toils of the day, which I knew would be considerable, as soon as I sniffed the morning breeze of as bracing a day as ever welcomed a skater on a winter's rink. There were four of us; besides the High Sheriff, with the "skipping spirit" Adams, came Doughty and his assistant, all loaded to the teeth with "traps," as well as our heavy guns.

We slashed through the "marsh," as the countrymen call the marsh, for three miles before we struck our boats, two in number, beauties to look at, fair and frail, but so light that in an hour or two of our hard hunting we could drag them single-handed out on the beach. It had been many years since I had seen the sun rise—in fact, I never remember having seen it rise before; and as the rosy-fingered god of the morning went up the sky, like a bride blushing for her bridegroom's coming, I thought of Chaucer's happy line—

"Up rose the sun, and up rose Emily."

A long pull and a strong pull landed us two miles from where we started, on a shelving beach, which our little boats no sooner touched than the company of Skipper Aber Doughty, who heeled them up high and dry, and quick as willing hands, a little numbed with cold, could do, we had dug a trench, planted our boats in them, and built up a breastwork as high, perhaps, as those of Bunker Hill, when our ancestry saw the white of the British eye.

Aber planted his decoys swiftly as I can write the account of it, and then kindly loaded my double-barrel *secundum artem*, and told me to sit down in the little boat and keep still. Alfieri Adams (for so we had named him for the burning-red of the hair of his head) clamored for a cocktail, gazing with pathetic tenderness at the demijohn which seemed as near and dear to him as the apple of his eye, albeit it was not apple-jack. The demijohn had to be opened, as he swore no duck should fall till one swallow (of Gibson) had helped to make a summer in his stomach. I am habitually a temperate man, and like John Alden, the noble Governor of Massachusetts, of blessed memory, not a total abstinent; but the truth of history must be told when I say that that cocktail caused gladness of stomach all around the board. We had not crawled into our boats five minutes before a flock of brant (a bird always seeming to me to be half duck and half goose) circled around our decoys in easy distance of our shooting irons as we cautiously bent the pregnant hinges of the knee. Alfieri Adams blazed away, dropping two brant, simultaneously, just as my great ducks were about to let drive both barrels, and down tumbled three royal gold ones. Well, it might have been "ag'in" the rules of the game," but I think the shout which went out of that red head (A. A.) and from the vicinity of the carbuncle of M. S., could have been heard at Barnegat.

Aber Doughty looked disgusted, but "scopped in" the ducks by hauling on the light barrel and casting it into the quick as lightning. Our success warned us up. Even Alfieri cast no longing glance at his big demijohn, and said "Gibson" not once. He patted his paunch of plethoric size, with fat capon lined, and asked permission to build a fire, roast some potatoes, as it was eight of the clock in the morning and before breakfast. "Some drinking, but no eating," said the sententious Doughty, "till this ere duck shooting is done."

We relapsed into our respective boats. An hour passed, and we could see the flock of brant and ducks, thousands in the distance, for the bay is dotted with islands, and apparently from every island came the most sweet voiced "honk" of the wild goose. It had become a question of endurance between me and the red-headed sheriff—one of the best fellows, too, to travel with the world ever saw—which could stand the longest. The longer we waited, the more I told me the side-splitting anecdote which the brant would be slowly coming down toward us with the tide; then he would quickly slip beside his gunner, who had all he cared to do to keep the sheriff quiet. "D—n it," said the gunner, "all lay still for them brant; you can't take them with no sort of *Hocum Pelius* like you can them runaway buggers around the Cape May Point." Alfieri subsided.

I sat shivering with the cold and wishing myself as strong as Dr. Maginn's wild Irishmen, the "calves of whose wicked-looking legs were three feet about, my dear" (*Noctes Ambrosianae*). Presently our pulses warned, and the laymen, at least among the gunners, felt their hearts begin to beat against their ribs, for an immense flock of brant we had watched with eager eyes for one hour rose and came straight toward our boats. When they signalled us upon we were to let eight barrels go into this flock—four barrels each to light and four as they took wing after the first four doses. You could have heard a pin drop in the bay (almost). I don't think I breathed for a space; I was so deliciously frightened; shooting at my first buck in Tennessee was nothing to it. Bang! four times, close as two successive flashes of lightning. They rose again, but this resurrection was the crack of doom to them. Aber Doughty yelled his loudest and chorons this time himself, then dragged the smallest boat out, sculled her rapidly among the dead and dying, and gathered them in to the number of fifteen brant. The state of the weather absolutely demanded a drink all round.

It was only a question after that of how long we could wait. Pluck sustained me, and I prayed for hunger and a good digestion to fit me to wait till four p. m., and then an appealing look from J. M. S. toward the semi-complacent and carnivorous Sheriff decided the day, and we folded our tents, gathered our ducks and brant, and paddled away. The Greek host crying, "Hallata! Hallata! he thou greeted thou infinite sea!" when Xenophon stole toward that historic sea-beach, did not express one-half the exuberant joy my aching body felt to end this lucky, but much-enduring day. One more hour of waiting, and we were on our way to the political career inside of a week. I was completely numb, unable to lift my gun, chilled from centre to circumference.

We killed a goose on the wing on our way to the main-land, and counted the spoils of war. We had bagged 35 brant, 17 ducks and 1 wild goose. We made the gunners carry the game, for Adams' stomach yearned for dinner equally with that of the writer. I had watched the rising sun, and as we toiled home we saw it set, surrounded by the semi-complacent bastions fringed with fire, and, as I picked up the dry leaves half crimson and still beautiful, I murmured the sweet lines of the German Ululands, a painting in themselves:

"A deep and crimson streak
The dying flames disclose;
As on consumptions' waning cheeks,
Mid ruin blood the reds show."

But luck had not deserted us. The honk, honk of a tremendous flock of wild geese sounded over the tree-tops as we walked homeward. Aber handed me the only loaded gun we had, and as the flock was high above the trees and straight overhead, seemingly among the clouds, I fired, and, on the oath of an honest barrister, down came, directly at my feet, the biggest goose I ever saw. (N. B.—Shall I except Alfieri when in love?) Our lappets were now complete. Nothing daunted us but the long, weary walk back to Sooy's.

Aber Doughty, with a stroke of genius, said, "Come to my cabin and I will cook this goose." Alfieri, the Sheriff, jumped for joy at the thought. We were soon there—a little frame shanty, with a good fire burning in it. To us a Mecca

of the mind. Only a house on piles in the inlet, three feet above the water.

Delmonico and Welker have "whacked" some hundreds in cash out of me in gastronomic pleasures; but never did I enjoy *liberal* or *edible* as the one I ate the lone goose at Aber Doughty's homely but homelike fireside. On a November night it was. And I slept—I think it was the sleep of the just—and I dreamed that the ex-Secretary of the Navy did not get elected to Congress in my district, that J. M. S. was the "coming man," and was sitting in Speaker Randall's chair. This sudden joy brought out a profuse perspiration, and the morning light, or Alfieri's melodious voice singing, "I love my cocktail in the morning," and the fact that the Sheriff, the gavel upon the Speaker's desk and declaring that the "Richard" and "Hartridge" Associations were both defeated. Like single-spoken Hamilton, I won my spurs, as a fighter by a single contest with a bunch of flies. One "Ducking Under Difficulty" sufficed.

As a duck shooter, successful and even brilliantly so for once, I said with the farmer, from whom death snatched two boys at once, "Institute archer, would not one suffice?"

I have ducked no more. When Alfieri suggests another trip after brant, geese and ducks, I suggest, "Alfred, is it not a trifle cold?" Yours tenderly, J. M. S.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

EDISTO RIVER FISHING.

YOUR inspiring pages of fishing and hunting, here, there and everywhere, from our great lakes and rivers of the wealthy and happy States of the North and West, are now constantly perused by me with much interest. Your untiring efforts to multiply your supply of fish, your game laws, and the gusto with which your young, and even old, men prepare and fix up for a hunting and fishing maroon, either on land or water, or for birds or beasts, all tell me how your people are enjoying life, and increasing the energy of their constitutions as well as their muscles in your great States, acquire in my mind as a reader, much admiration and sympathy. Do not, however, for a moment indulge the idea that you alone have these fascinating sports and reunions, for away south of you in the black waters of the Edisto, rising in the "middle country" of South Carolina from springs of clear and delicious water, our trout, and rock, and jack, and perch bite as lively as crickets, and pull as heavily and with as much activity as any fish do in any portion of the Republic. The Edisto River is a bold, deep, considerable stream, abounding with islands, covered with (the fagus) *hick*, the *alga pumilus* (the white oak), the pine (*Pinus palustris*), the *Magnolia grandiflora* (magnolia), and many other smaller trees of less note, but in the general aspect they offer a panoramic coup d'œil to these islands which invite their visiting sportsmen to go on shore and enjoy their *sietas*, spend their nights, use "old John Barley Corn" with a freedom that "disturbs with mirth the drowsy car of night," and sets ago the "moping owl that to the moon complains of loneliness" as hunting specialists wandering near her secret bower, molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Now we allude to our Southern bird of this species, the *Syrinx* *acclamator capiti levi, corpore griso*, or the whooting, whooping owl, and occasionally the screech owl, *Syrinx apia, capite aurato, corpore ferrugineo*. The great white or snowy owl (*Nyctaleus*), seldom ventures so far in Dixie, though I have seen one specimen in this State, and one or two in Rapides Parish, Louisiana. The owl, I have all have curiosity, and come some up to browse to see and hear the new and never before failed to join in camp revelry, and laugh and hurrah like the rest of the company. The owl, however, never makes for, keeps by, watching passing events. I have sometimes known that they enjoyed these (to them) extra soirees. The owl was, by the ancient people, considered a bird of wisdom, and he was promoted by Minerva, and engraven upon her shield, but the demands of modern people look upon her as an omen of evil, a harbinger of misfortune, and as the new and vulgar creature, and hated. So it is "Oreutes" but I pass her over, her parole, in contradistinction to the general verdict of the "brutem fulmen," on the assurance of Audubon, who asserts that she possesses a large share of the organ of philoprogenitiveness.

Well, we went to the Edisto on the invitation of Dr. J. G. Guinand, and in company with C. J. Tobin, General John E. Tobin, Luther White Williams, and Dr. J. Morgan—a nice party you will say if you only knew them. They were carrying fishing tackle, guns and many other descriptions of groceries; paramount, John Barley Corn, tobacco (the *Nicotiana tabacum*) the Virginia tobacco plant; yes, and the celebrated "Perique" (smoking tobacco), made in its highest perfection in the parish of St. James, Louisiana, and after a liberal potation at the island in honor of Bacchus, old John Barley Corn and Minerva, we sat down to a hearty meal of boiled trout, fried perch and hashed jack fish, or, as the French would say, *Attacapas*, pronounced "Tuckapaw," or man-eaters; "Court Blaim," John Baptist (*Battus*), "Pisces," illustrated by one of the (12) twelve signs of the Zodiac.

Then we drew forth with pious regard and in solemn form, our guns, and, as before referred in the American Metropolitan, New York, by Dr. Julius Kaulbach, in a small box 91, and filling them with Perique tobacco, filled the atmosphere with an exhalation that would have thrown the Count of Monte Cristo higher into the upper spheres of an Elysian phantasy than his far-famed "Ratchis" ever did, say nothing of your Powhatans, or your Durhams. They are nowhere; they are mere incorporeal hereditaments, and as far behind the times as "B. B. B." The water boatman, after his passing through his twenty years of existence, is a relic of the mountains in old North Carolina. Thanks to the Great Architect for giving us tobacco!! For, taken in moderation, it calms restlessness, and produces a state of languor of a most agreeable class, inclining to repose upon a series of delightful phantasmagogias, which elevate the soul, calm the senses, and relieve us of all worldly anxiety and selfishness.

As a long, flat-bottomed boat, with a fine tent over it, tables, benches, curtains and furniture for the credentialed, and three bateaux for the division of our party, and our barge was our store-ship; took about two hundred pounds of the fish, the trout averaging from one pound and a half to five pounds, the jack about the same, and the perch from three-quarters of a pound to a pound and a half. Killed several quivers (*Silurus*), smelled a train (beard), and snubbed an alligator (*Chelydra*). The water boatman, after his passing through his twenty years of existence, is a relic of the mountains in old North Carolina. Thanks to the Great Architect for giving us tobacco!! For, taken in moderation, it calms restlessness, and produces a state of languor of a most agreeable class, inclining to repose upon a series of delightful phantasmagogias, which elevate the soul, calm the senses, and relieve us of all worldly anxiety and selfishness.

Had joined them in a bateau I changed my seat and put a copper frog, which exceedingly disgusted the angling civilian, Franklin. I got a rise, and pulled out a five-pound jack from under his canoe. "See, Joe, you talk too much, make such a noise you'll scare the fish away," but I continued talking and spitting the juice of my Virginians' delight into the river; they backed off and proceeded on down the river, singing "My poor Lucy Neal." I soon took five or six more, and being desirous of disabusing them of the idea of scaring fish by talking or moving the waters, which I did as soon as I reached, by commencing to catch them as soon as I boarded the boat, greedily to their amazement they all voluntarily "at discretion," and I was left with a good old family conversation, the *onus probandi* of which was the "likelihood of rainy weather." We were successful, however, and toward sunset my old friend, Joshua Keadle, joined the association with a large supply of fish, butter, fat bacon, and three gallons of buttermilk. A hearty hand-shaking, and "Well done," smartly connected with "Here's luck," for—

"Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin';
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin'
When heavy dragged we pine and grievin',
But oild by thee
The wheels of life gae down hill scrievin'
Wi' rattling glee."

We got in shore, as I said, and concluded from the cloudy appearance that we were going to have a bad night. By one consent we stretched our tent on the island, staked it down, our servants got all things ready, gave us a fine supper, and after smoking Gen. Tobin, C. F. Tobin and myself played violins, and Mr. L. W. Williams accompanied us with his guitar, until the owls, finding themselves repudiated, withdrew from our society, and low, distant, reverberating thunder began at about eight miles away to the southwest, getting louder and coming closer until the whole covey got in and it began to rain about ten o'clock r. m.

This "raised a corner" in the grocery department as far as old Barley Corn was concerned, and it was soon visible that the oftener we paid our respects to him the less we cared for the murky night beyond our pavilion, and it was also observable that the hilarity was on the increase.

About this time, in the midst of the general role of discoveries that we had pitched our tent under an immense dead tree that was old, rotten and hanging right over our sleeping lodge, this required another invocation to Bacchus and Old John Bailey Corn, which gave us more confidence, and we began in the idea of predestination to think what was "to be" for us. So, Phillips and Keable concluded that they would take the boat and the canoe, and the two big rafties of that crooked dead tree, got out on the bank of the Edisto River, and, carrying two large benches, got under them and prepared for a night's repose—the best they could hope for. One of the hands that was a son of temperance and a follower of Gen. Curry, of Cincinnati, Ohio, saw with much concern that grim Death was staring us all in the face, and he thought that he would save us from our fate. He edged, pulled out a canoe, opened it from under ward, got under it to keep the rain off, and went fast to sleep. Gradually, one after another, each individual began to hunch up and get in charge of Morpheus. The fiddling ceased, the drinking ceased, and the smoking ceased. At three o'clock a. m. a loud noise came from the riparian proprietors. Each one in his sleep had tried to get as far as he could under the two benches, and the canoe, which was in the middle of the biggest man being next to the island, pressed the one rank man or fire-closer a little too hard in his sleep, and he gravitated like the stone of Sisyphus after the order of "*Facilis descensus avernæ*," or, in vernacular language, went down against the canoe sleeper, "knocking his canoe forked," scaring him to death; thinking an alligator was about to preempt on the dust from whence his body was made. He riz up, and, as he was about to get up, he saw that he was accused of running from the Indians when they got after him as he was out hunting near Tuskegee, Ala., during the Creek war, which he denied, but his friends pressed it home.

upon him so tightly that he said, "Boys, I didn't run, exactly, but damn me if I didn't do some mighty lively walking." This canoe man spread all sail for high land, Willis hunted for the bottom of the Edisto after the style of Sir John J. Ailsaith from the buck-busker into the River Thames, saying afterward, "If I had been a buck-busker, I would have been a good one." The whole affair was accompanied with such a noble and noble noise that we in tent, fully expecting that bears had attacked them, and supposing them to be *in articulo mortis*, each grabbed for his gun, knocking each other down in every corner of the tent, over table, bench and trying pans of fish, etc., that two guns fired off in the confusion, and Dr. J. J. Ailsaith, a quarrelsome fellow, before him and taking it for the bear, charged, and his gun and knocked down the canoe man as he ran into the tent, as he thought, from the pursuit of the alligator. Day broke slowly upon them in that buck island, and as the morning rays began to illuminate that tent each man therein had both barrels of his gun loaded with musket powder, cocked and pointed at his friend to the right and the left, and he squatted in the corners as low as they could, so as to catch the line of the horizon. A rapid explosion ensued, arms in the tent were wounded, the "long roll" was beaten, the wounded looked after, the party assured that no bears were likely to invade them, a general recalcitrance, and there was another explosion, and each man gave his own opinion of the intellectual views of what was the matter.

We got a whaling breakfast, and put in down the Edisto with heavy weather on our port bow, sails furled and running under top square sail. The rain was intermittent from heavy to Scotch mists. The Admiral telegraphed for a board of visitors, and as the Edisto was muddy and rising, though trout were still patrolling our party liberally, we arrived at Winborn Island, where the crew were paid off, dismissed honorably and adjourned *sine die*. J. DUNCAN ALLEN,
Trial Justice in and for the County of Barnwell, State of South Carolina, and United States Commissioner for the Circuit and District Courts of South Carolina. Nov. 11.

Genner's "Go. n. - "Jim Jim Geritly" was a goat, which had been a character of the Fourth Ward (city), for years past. It was an habitual frequenter of a saloon on South street, and had acquired great popularity among the bipedal goats who there guzzled their daily modicum. Jim had a taste for theatre posters, newspapers, old shoes, discarded tin cans, barrel hoops, bottles, and the various other delicacies upon which city goats thrive and grow plump. His peculiarity, however, was an acquired habit of making away with innumerable wilskey cock-tails and kegs upon kegs of beer. There was an old chap, calling himself "Wild Jim", who used to come to the saloon every morning, and everyone used to drink beer with the goat. The animal died last week, and was buried Thanksgiving Day with copious funeral libations of beer and brine.

Fish Culture.

THE CULTIVATION OF SMELTS.

THE smelt, a most delicious anadromous fish, affording really good sport to the angler, can be easily acclimated in fresh water, as is well known. Fresh water smelts are found in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick rivers, in certain portions of Lake Champlain, and in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and possibly many other places. They are identical with the sea smelt (*osmerus mordax*). It is said that Jamaica Pond, in Massachusetts, was stocked with them as long ago as the close of the last century. Quite recently, within three or four years, efforts have been made by the Maryland Fish Commissioners and others to propagate smelts artificially, and no doubt such persons will be interested to know how corresponding efforts have succeeded abroad.

We are pleased to give them the experience of so valued an authority as Francis Francis, Esq., Naturalist Director of the Brighton Aquarium. He says, first, that it is one of the most difficult fish to keep in health for any length of time; referring to the cucumber smelt (*osmerus eperlanus*), known in London markets, and not to the Argentine or sand smelt of the South Coast. There is no difficulty in keeping a stock of the latter on hand; indeed, they are kept for the dories to feed on. The dories will eat nothing else while confined. These two varieties of fish, called smelts, though very much alike in general appearance, belong to wholly different genera, the cucumber smelt belonging to the salmonide, having the small soft adipose fin common to that family, while the Atherine is destitute of it, as it is also of the cucumber odor, which so strongly marks *osmerus eperlanus*. We quote from a late issue of London *Field*, of which paper Francis Francis is also an editor. Speaking in his capacity of Naturalist Director of the Aquarium, he says:

"We have here a good many small consignments of this fish, but have never succeeded in keeping them long, the difficulty being to get them to feed. If that be got over, there should be no difficulty in keeping this lovely and striking fish in confinement, because it will live and thrive in almost any kind of water—salt, fresh, brackish, or in the dirtiest sewage. It is a voracious little fish too, and feeds upon almost anything. I saw Mr. C. O. Smith, of Battle Bridge, and Mr. Melcher, of Concord, take the aquaria to market to give us any number fresh from the water if we would send for them. Mr. Lawler went down and drew the mill tail, up to which the snells made their way from the coast, and secured some two hundred of them, the greater part of which he managed to bring back safely, and a lot of them have been put in the table tanks in their new position in the eastern corridor and in other tanks. Mr. Lawler sends me word that they are doing very well, and that the snells are dying. I see yet those in the table tanks are beginning to feed, and, as those tanks are now in a far more favorable and healthy place, having purer air, less variation of temperature, better light, an excellent fresh and salt water supply, with a heating apparatus under each for delicate specimens, I have hopes that we may succeed in naturalizing them. The herrings are a handsome brilliant fish, but are not so common; but the snells far exceed them in the flashing gleam of their scales, and are so very rich and beautiful; they are quite a fine spectacle in the table tanks."

There can be no doubt, surely, of the identity of the fish in question. They are closely allied to *osmerus mordax*, our sea smelt. And if these things can be done in England they are equally possible in America. We extend to our industrious and aspiring fish culturists the hand of encouragement.

POUND NETS.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

It is time that some proper legislation was had to supplement the efforts of the Commissioners of Fisheries in increasing the supply of fish. In no direction is there more necessary than in controlling and limiting the use of pound nets. As it is probable that there are among your readers many who have never seen a pound net, I will describe in general terms its construction and method of operation. In its simplest form it consists of a "wing," a wall and a "pound" or trap. The former arrests the fish in their travels and guides them into the latter, from which they cannot escape till they are taken out by the fishermen. To set this engine, a large row of stakes are driven into the bottom leading from the shallow water out to the channel, if there be a channel, or if not into deep water at such localities as the fish frequent. The wing is set on these stakes, and, being of fine mesh, forms an impassable barrier to the fish which, either in their annual migrations or in their local movements, come in contact with it. When the fish, being stopped by it, naturally try to pass around it by going to the outer end, where they are led into the pound. The pound is composed of two parts, the first being like a heart with its rounded arches approaching the wing which is introduced between the arches and most protruding into a "bowl" or round trap. The fish, following the outer corner the "heart" and afterward into the bowl, and as it is not in their nature to turn a short corner, they never get out. There they stay, little and big, food fish and manure fish, good and bad, valuable and worthless, till they are laded out by the fisherman who visits them every day or two. This is the case here, and although he is fishing all the while, day and night, he is taking everything that comes over his net. I described its simplest form, which may no have been more than a wing of a few hundred feet in length, but I have known of their being twelve miles in length, with a pound at every mile. They are tremendous engines of destruction, and have exhausted the fishery wherever they have been used. Nothing can save them, and they constitute a complete barrier to the fish. So long as the fishery exists, it is vain to legislate. Absolutely in Canada, where of late years wise and intelligent attention has been paid to protecting and increasing the yield of

salmon and other fish. It is only a few years since they were introduced into the South Bay of Long Island, but in that short time they had utterly ruined the fishing until not only did no one go out with rod and line for weakfish, but it was found useless to troll for bluefish. They have nearly exhausted the Great Lakes, and will inevitably do so unless promptly restricted.

It would seem an easy matter to secure such necessary legislation to limit the dire effects of what is practically a monopoly confined to a very few hands, but in fact nothing has appeared more difficult. In the South Bay it was found by investigation that there were not over thirty owners of pound nets among a population of 30,000, all of them more or less engaged in protecting and saving the fisheries. But those thirty men, and the few others, and the huge number of the folk who were twice turned over politically, from Republican to Democratic and then back to Republican on the question. Finally the act was passed forbidding pound nets, only by the active efforts of Senator Wagstaff, who, although a resident of Long Island, was elected to the State Senate from the city of New York. As the evidence of the wisdom of this legislation was so obvious, the passage has resulted in the finest fishing known in the bay, for many years 230 bloody kingfish have been taken by a single boat, and from thirty to fifty kingfish in a day's fishing last summer.

In the Great Lakes pound fishing has been extended and extended as it exhausted the fishing which was within easy reach till it has assumed gigantic proportions. Not only are these nets with wings six miles long and a pound at every mile, but the stakes are driven in water forty feet deep. Such stakes are an obstruction to navigation and as dangerous as a sunken reef to sailing craft, which have to go miles out of their way to avoid them. They are a foot in diameter and would sink a ship in the middle of the lake in any heavy sea, and, if there is no other means of getting rid of them, they should be torn up by the general government for this reason. But why cannot we obtain proper legislation about the whole business? Why must we go indirectly about effecting what has at most a few hundred individuals in its favor and the entire rest of the community against it? When shed poles eighty feet long were planted in our harbor, in stead of passing laws to forbid such a monstrous infraction of public right, the people left the matter to the Harbor Commissioners, who pulled them up on account of their injury to navigation. The New York Fishery Commission, in its official reports, condemns the unlimited use of pound nets year after year, but no result will follow unless the sentiment of the community is aroused. Somebody should make this business of protecting everybody and everybody's fish their own. We will soon have no fish in the Great Lakes if they do not. It must be remembered that wild animals are not like domesticated ones: there is a limit to the supply that no amount of demand will increase. Something can be done by artificial means, but protection of the spawning take to the yield must be added, and this measure will only succeed if the fish are raised, still more may be fished out if the appliances of destruction are increased faster than the means of production.

ROBERT B. ROSEVELT.

ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT.

SPERMATOZOA IN EELS.—Mr. E. G. Blackford informs us, that Dr. A. S. Packer, of Brown University, Providence, R. I., has found the male eel with the milt or spermatozoa. This is added testimony to what has already been published in our columns, and the "eel question" may now be considered practically settled. Mr. Blackford says: "Now give us something new to work at." Well, how about the sea-serpent?

A NEW FISH-WAY.—Colonel McDonald, Fish Commissioner of Virginia, has invented and patented a fish-way which he thinks cheap, and which will let down the volume of a river over a dam of any height with such gentle flow that shad in ascending it will only encounter a current of a velocity no greater than six miles per hour. The Colonel is very sanguine that this way can be successfully employed, and that with it the migratory fish that are so valuable will rapidly stock our upper waters and become abundant. We hope the Colonel will send us a diagram soon, with any accompanying suggestions he may be kind enough to give us.

FISH-WAYS IN MICHIGAN.—President Miller, of the Board of Fish Commissioners, makes public complaint by request of the Governor that fish-ways have not been erected in places where required throughout the State, in accordance with the Act of May, 1877. It is the business of the township Supervisors to look after these matters and compel compliance with the law. The construction of these fish-ways for the passage of fish through our streams would seem to commend itself to all good citizens (whether interested in dams or not) as a just and wholesome requirement. The plans were furnished by the board last spring. It is encouraging to see our public officials so alive to their own duties and the public benefit.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Manchester, Nov. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am very happy to report to you that the California salmon sent to the State of New Hampshire by the United States Fish Commissioners, 250,000 in number, together with 100,000 for the State of Massachusetts, destined for the Merrimack River, have been all hatched very successfully. The loss by dead eggs when received was not over four per cent., and we have lost less than one per cent in hatching. Of the fish 200,000 will be placed in the Pemigewasset and Baker's rivers, and the other 150,000 in our large inland lakes—Winnepesaukee, Squam, Saugape, etc., where they can go to the sea if they like, or take out their naturalization papers and remain in fresh water. We are also much gratified at the proof of the success of our former operations, as evinced by the fact that the California salmon have been taken by the Warden B. B. Hodge, of Plymouth, of some of the young California salmon of last winter's planting, and also of part of the *Salmo salar* in their first year's growth, evidently the young of the salmon, which, for the first time in thirty years, ascended the Merrimack last summer, and which have propagated in the natural way. Here is some evidence of success in the hatchery. The California salmon taken at the hatchery taken at the Plymouth Hatching House this month 50,000 brook trout eggs, which are laid down in the boxes for hatch-

ing, and the fry from which we shall distribute to such places as may seem most advisable in the spring of '79.

WM WEBBER.

FISH CULTURE IN TENNESSEE.—Geo. F. Akers, State Fish Commissioner of Tennessee, seems an energetic official, but his efforts do not appear to be fully sustained, as will appear from the following plea which we find in the *Nashville American*:

"By proper game laws the whole region from Nashville to the Tennessee River might be perpetually filled with fish, not only sufficient for the wants and diversion of the population, but an overplus for export. There are numbers of streams well suited to the propagation of the best varieties of game fish, passing through this section, tributaries of the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers. Just now the waters are too low and clear to afford good angling. Hence, it is only occasionally that we are able to strike a 'hole' that rewards our efforts. Yet I find game fish more abundant in this stream than any I have visited for years. The reason for this is it is less seined and gilled and trapped than any other Middle Tennessee stream that I know. This insures a fair chance for the fish to multiply. If our Legislature will give us efficient fish laws, and furnish the comparatively small means necessary to stocking the streams that are now almost without fish, in a very few years there would be an ample supply. This is an important question, and I hope, by the aid of the press and of public sentiment, to obtain from the Legislature recently elected an appropriation and the passage of stringent laws for the protection of fish and game—if not throughout the State, then at least for all such counties as may desire. As Fish Commissioner, appointed by the Governor, I am free to say that without protective laws, and without money to pay for restocking our streams, I am powerless to do anything in his respect for the general public good."

Geo. F. AKERS.

A HISTORIC SALMON.—*Niles, Mich., Nov. 24.*—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A fish (*Salmo Gleri*) commonly termed land-locked salmon, was speared in Log Lake, Nov. 19. Log Lake is a small lake, some thirty acres in extent, fed by springs and is located about two miles from Kalkaska, the county seat of Kalkaska County. On the 19th of May, 1876, there were deposited in this lake 6,000 land-locked salmon fry, the fry having been hatched at the State Hatchery at Pokagon, and our captured fish some two years and six months old. It is a male and a magnificent specimen of his tribe, weighing 8 pounds strong, 2 feet 4 inches in length. He is sleek in his appearance, bay beautiful and peculiar color, and of the aldermanic proportions. It is stated that the climate of this lake are now spawning. Mr. Eli R. Miller, the president of the Board of Fish Commissioners, has gone to Kalkaska, and will make as vigorous a push as possible to secure the fertilized ova, and it is believed he will succeed. The salmon has created a wonderful enthusiasm hereabouts, it being the first land-locked of any size caught in the State. Its marvelous growth brings universal praise as well as wonder. Photographs and a plaster paris cast of the fish have been taken. Its corpus will to-day be served up in princely array at the Burdick House in Kalamazoo, and of course will constitute the item in to-day's menu of that popular hotel. Our fish culture friends far and near are invited to come up and partake of the rare entertainment. The capture of this fish is proof positive and positive success of our mischievous and presages, quite plainly enough, "some things will come as they come." (Cavilers and the whole tribe of doubting Thomases are now most respectfully invited to take seats nearer the door.

Geo. H. JEROME.

We congratulate the Michigan Commissioners upon this proof, tangible and positive, of the assured success of their efforts. This salmon is such an evidence of the wisdom of their work.

SCHODDIE SALMON IN MICHIGAN.—*Detroit, Nov. 26.*—While at Kalamazoo last Saturday I had the pleasure of seeing a schoddie salmon that weighed 8 lbs., 28 in. long. It was planted in Long Lake, Kalkaska Co., Mich., two years and six months ago. It was speared while making a trench with its under jaw for the female to spawn in. The female was following it and saving. Larger ones were seen by the gentleman who caught this one, but as we only wished for a specimen no more were taken. It was a beauty.

Yours truly,

A. J. KELLOGG, Fish Com.

A DETROIT RIVER FISHERY.—I visited yesterday the fishing establishment of the late George Clark, our very dear and lamented co-laborer in the State Fish Commission, and think a short description would be interesting to your readers in the interior. It is located on what is called Grassy Island, near the middle channel in the Detroit River at Ecorse, eight miles below Detroit and three-quarters of a mile from the home of the Clarks on the mainland. Grassy Island was "made" land many years ago by the enterprise and energy of Mr. Clark. Where originally was only shallow water, grass, and weeds, there is now there quite a village. Houses, barns, boat and net houses and sheds, covering an area of an acre and more, and large pear and peach trees growing in the garden were planted there by Mr. Clark. A force of 17 men are now employed by Mr. Clark, under Mr. Lacy, foreman, divided, working 12 hours each, hauling a seine once in 20 or 30 minutes the entire 24 hours. This is done by horse-power, four horses being kept upon the island, two working constantly upon a windlass at each end of the net. A pound of an acre or more was constructed by dredging to the depth of about 15 feet, and inclosed by a net driven in the water, the current being in the fish, with a gate at the place where the net is brought in, five wide and as many deep, and fastened at the bottom by hinges, so that the top of the gate floats at the surface of the water, and as the net is drawn in the fish are discharged from it just over the top of the gate, without having been baulded or removed from their native element or injured in the slightest degree. They are now ready to be placed upon the market at the pleasure of the owner in such times and quantities as is desirable. The provision made for the housing and care of men, beasts, boats and nets, all show that a kind and careful mind was here employed, to which all who enjoyed the acquaintance of Mr. George Clark will cheerfully testify.

Eli R. MILLER.

Detroit, Nov. 9, 1878.

SALMO QUINCY IN FRANCE.—*Mr. Editor:* Concerning the transportation of the eggs of the Quinoy salmon to France, to which you refer in your last issue, the following letter gives

not only a good account of the condition of the eggs, their subsequent hatching and destination, but is also decisive concerning the question of credit for which you so gallantly couched a lance in my behalf.

SOCIÉTÉ D'ACCLIMATATION, Paris, Nov. 14, 1878.

Mr. FRED. MATHER—

Dear Sir: I take pleasure in informing you that we received the salmon eggs in most splendid condition. This excellent result is evidently due to your skillful care, for which we feel very much obliged. Almost all these eggs are now hatched; the fry are very lively, and it seems almost certain that they will thrive. In good time they will be turned loose in several streams, as the Rhone, the Herault and Yonne by our Société with the assistance of the "Legende des Saix et Chaussees." Again praying you, dear sir, to receive the assurance of our thankfulness. I remain very truly yours.

HARVEY WATTEL, Secretary.

I wish to say, however, that part of the credit is due to Mr. Stone, who procured and packed the eggs in California; for it is certain that if the eggs had not been received by me in splendid condition I could not have delivered them so matter how excellently I put them up or how cold they were kept.

FRED MATHER.

Natural History.

ABOUT OUR GROUSE—No. 5.

THE willow grouse bears a considerable resemblance to the red grouse of Scotland, and it is commonly called moor cock by the inhabitants of Newfoundland, many of whom are, of course, old country people, and thus familiar with the British bird; partridge is another and less appropriate name by which it is frequently known here. This species is the only ptarmigan that is ever hunted for sport, and this one only, as far as we know, in Newfoundland. The birds are usually found on the open barrens, where grow the plants and berries on which they especially delight to feed, and which give to their flesh in the early fall a peculiar excellence. When found in such situations the sport must, we imagine, resemble pinnated grouse shooting on the prairies; certain it is that all who have tried it are enthusiastic on the subject, and speak and write as if there were nothing like ptarmigan shooting. Sometimes a late family are found by the dogs, the young of which are not yet able to fly, and in such a case it is most touching to see the efforts made by the old ones to draw their pursuers away from the brood. If these efforts fail the male will not hesitate to fly at dog or man in the most courageous manner. Few sportsmen, we hope, would have the heart to destroy either parents or young under such circumstances. Both Cannister and Dale, who found this species abundant in Alaska, notice the strong attachment which the female has for her eggs and brood, and state that the affection of the male for the female is equally strong, for he remains with her during the period of incubation, and even refuses to leave her when in danger. The same explorers mention that these birds in winter form regular paths through the snow among the willows and along the river banks, and that the Indians by means of snares set in these paths capture great numbers of them.

The willow grouse commences to lay early in June and it is said that an egg is deposited every day until the full number is reached. The eggs are curiously marked with dots, scratches and blotches of deep reddish purple on a ground of dark cream color, and are usually ten in number. In September and October the various broods are said to gather together in immense flocks, but when winter has fairly set in they separate again into small packs of from fifteen to thirty individuals.

The males of this species are said to assume their red plumage as soon as the rocks and higher ground become bare, and at this season they spend a part of the day perched on large stones or the stumps of trees calling to the females in loud guttural croaking tones. The females assume their summer dress early in June. It is an interesting fact that the sharp tailed grouse sometimes utters a rough guttural croak which answers admirably to the description above given of the call of the male willow grouse. We have heard it only once, but it seemed so curious a note that it made a strong impression on our minds. While traveling in Dakota in 1874, an old female, with a brood of well grown young, was started on the prairies, and the individuals of the family separated and flew in all directions. It happened that we remained on the spot whence they had flown, for about half an hour, and during the whole time, we heard this strange call uttered by the old hen which was trying to collect the brood, and soon the young began to reply by a similar note. That there might be no question about the matter we followed up one of the young and shot it in the act.

The extraordinary abundance of the willow grouse in the Hudson's Bay Territory and along Mackenzie's River often enables the Indians to live in plenty, even when large game is very scarce. Hearne speaks of seeing flocks of "upward of four hundred," of seeing thousands in one day, etc. An extract, which we quote from the writings of this quaint old author, will give our readers some idea of the great numbers of these birds in the Far North, as well as of one of the methods employed by the Indians in their capture. The ptarmigan in winter feed entirely on the buds of the willow, whence the name of willow grouse, and Hearne says:

"Their food in winter, being so dry and hard, makes it necessary for them to swallow a considerable quantity of gravel to promote digestion; but the great depth of snow renders it very scarce during that season."

"The Indians, having considered this point, invented the method now in vogue among the English of catching them in nets by means of that simple allurements, a heap of gravel.

The nets for this purpose are from eight to twelve feet square, and are stretched on a frame of wood, and are usually set on the ice of rivers, creeks, ponds and lakes, about one hundred yards from the willows, but in some situations not half of that distance. Under the centre of the net a heap of snow is thrown up to the size of one or two bushels, and, when well packed, is covered with gravel.

"To set the nets when thus prepared requires no other trouble than lifting up one side of the frame and supporting it with two small props about four feet long; a line is fastened to these props, and the other end being conveyed to the neighboring willows so that a man can always get at it without being seen by the birds under the net. When everything is thus prepared the hunters go to the adjacent willows and woods, and, when they start the game, endeavor to drive it into the net, which at times is no hard task, as they frequently run before them like chickens; and sometimes require no driving, for, as soon as they see the black heap of gravel on the snow, they fly straight toward it."

"The hunter then goes to the end of the line, and when he sees that there as many about the gravel as the net can cover, or as many as are likely to go under at that time, with a sudden pull he hauls down the stakes and the net falls on the snow and incloses the greater portion of the birds that are under it. By this simple contrivance I have known upward of three hundred caught in one morning by three persons, and a much greater number might have been procured had it been thought necessary."

"It is common to get thirty to seventy at one haul, and in the winter of 1736 the master of a sloop at Churchill River actually caught two hundred and four at two hauls."

They are by no means equally plentiful each year, for in some winters I have known them to be so scarce that it was impossible to catch them in nets, and all that could be procured with the gun would hardly afford one day's allowance per week to the men during the season. But in the winter of 1785 they were so plentiful near Churchill and such numbers were brought to the factory that I gave upward of two thousand to the dogs.

Large numbers of these birds are no doubt devoured by hawks, owls and foxes, but their numbers are so great that the depredations committed by these enemies do not perceptibly reduce their numbers. We are told that when pursued by hawks or the great white owl the ptarmigan will dive into the snow and work their way along beneath its surface with considerable speed. Their color at all seasons serves in a great measure to protect them from their enemies, for it is said that it is almost as difficult to see one of them when crouching on the bare ground in summer as it is to discover them in winter when hiding on the snow.

The white ptarmigan is abundant in Scandinavia, and Løyd in his "Game Birds of Norway and Sweden," gives a very full account of the methods there employed for their capture. The principal ways of taking them seem to be by shooting them from the trees when feeding, stalking with a pea rifle, snaring in the same manner employed to take ruffed grouse here in the East, and calling—the latter method being the same which our turkey hunters make use of in spring. Great numbers are thus destroyed, and at present we are told that the ptarmigan are scarce in most parts of Norway and Sweden.

To such of our readers as desire to know more about our grouse we would recommend the admirable work on "North American Birds," by Messrs. Baird, Brown and Ridgway, and Dr. Coues' "Birds of the Northwest." The few notes which we have contributed to the recent issues of *FOREST AND STREAM* contain, besides much that has already been noted, a few facts that have never yet been published, and which we have accumulated during eight summers of travel and observation in the broad domain which lies between the Missouri River and the Pacific coast.

A STRANGE BIRD.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I left for identification a curious bird, shot on Friday, Nov. 8, on Greenfield Hill, Conn., by Talman B. Bradley, who has shot in that region for many years. Both of us have hunted for thirty or forty years, and neither have seen the bird. I attempt now to describe: The shape is like a rail, but much larger; the plumage on the back resembles that of the meadow-lark, while the wings are mottled like a quail; the breast is white, slightly mottled with black; the bill is about an inch and a half long, and straight; the legs resemble a quail. I incline to the belief that it is a specimen of the Scio quail, some of which were loosed near Boston. The flight was somewhat like a plover, and the dogs treated it as a game bird. We were hunting for quail at the time on ground where a few days before we had found a bevy. If any of your readers know about this anomaly it will be of interest to yours,

T. P. C.

[Our correspondent's description does not answer at all to that of the migratory quail. We cannot tell with any degree of certainty what his bird was, but incline to the opinion that it was a wader of some kind—perhaps the Upland Plover (*Actitis bartramia*).

If any of our correspondents who shoot birds or mammals with which they are unacquainted would only take the trouble to preserve their specimens they would receive satisfactory answers to such queries as the above. From the head, wing and leg of a bird it is easy to tell what it is; but the general descriptions which usually accompany these inquiries seldom help much in determining the affinities of a specimen.

—Ed.]

A PARTIAL ALBINO.—Our correspondent, Mr. Geo. Lyman Appleton, of Savannah, Ga., writes us, saying:

A friend of mine killed a jackdaw some time since with several white feathers in each wing and in the tail. It is a singular thing for this part of the world. Did you ever hear of another such case? He has the bird stuffed.

We presume that by jackdaw our friend intends to designate either the crow blackbird, or the boat-tailed grackle, and if we are right in this assumption we can say that it is by no means unusual to find white feathers on these birds. We have occasionally seen specimens in which the white feathers preponderated.

THE RATTLESAKE'S RATTLES.—We are indebted to a Peekskill correspondent for the following valuable information. The photograph is a capital one:

MR. EDITOR:—Noting the inquiry of your *Arizona* correspondent in the last issue of *FOREST AND STREAM*, I take the liberty of sending you a photograph of a rattlesnake that was killed at Lake George, last August. In this specimen at least, as is plainly shown in the photo, the rattles were worn with the narrow skin to the ground. This snake was killed while swimming across Lake George, near Black Mountain, and measured 4½ ft. long and 8½ in. in circumference.

E. ANDERSON.

HABITAT OF SMELTS.—*Germantown, Phila., Nov. 27.*—Please advise me, through your columns or by mail, the lowest waters the "smelts," such as caught in the Kennebec River and waters north of that, have been known to school and be caught. I do not mean the black backs, such as have been caught in New Jersey waters, which are a different species from those which are now in market from the Kennebec River. An answer will oblige. I have a bet with a party who insists they have been caught in the Brandywine Creek, Delaware, identical with those of Kennebec.

W. W. F.

The smelts of the Raritan, Passaic and Delaware rivers (*Osmerus mordax*), are believed to be identical with their northern congeners of Maine and near latitudes, while the Potomac smelts, which are found in the Washington Market, are the *Hybognathus regius*. Attempts have been made by the Maryland Fish Commissioners, within three years past, to cultivate smelts artificially. By obtaining specimens this winter you will be able to make comparisons.

ANIMALS RECEIVED AT CENTRAL PARK MENAGERIE FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOV. 23.—One pair mounted ground dogs, *Georgium myastaca*, Hab. Guatemala, brought North by Mr. F. A. Ober, presented by George N. Lawrence, Esq., N. Y. city; one pair Scented badgers, *Arctomexia*, presented by Major E. D. Wadsworth, N. Y. city; one white turkey cock, *Meleagris gallopavo*, presented by Mr. C. B. Gauthier, N. Y. city; one zebu, *Indus indicus*, born in the Menagerie; three jaguars, *Felis onca*, placed on exhibition.

W. A. CONKLIN, Director.

Woodland, Farm and Garden.

ON A COLORADO CATTLE RANCH.

MY first visit to a Colorado stock ranch brought me in contact with a dozen booted, spurred and bronzed men, who wore flannel shirts, wide hats, and no collar. They were riding over the country, showing a rich Englishman "the cows." My host had one of the finest ranch houses in Colorado, and they had brought the gentleman down from Rabbit Ear Ranch to call.

There was no fence about the house; its piazza faced the mountains, 70 miles off, the prairie blossoms being almost at hand. As though the dwelling were a big thistle grown up in their midst; the sod had not been disturbed; there were no trees, no rock bushes, no grading—none of the litter and rubbish of a new house at home. Neat and complete as a pastoral house, it stood alone in the vast prairies 30 miles from any other dwelling. The big herds of the owner were nowhere to be seen. They with the horses and mules were out in care of the cowboy. The cowboy, a young fellow, tall and lithe, with a bell of the leader, the weird songs and shouts of the herders, now here, now there, as they headed off some refractory animal with wide detour and whizzing folds of the lariat, was one of the most peculiarly Western and fascinating of the many strange experiences on the ranch.

In Colorado there is a class of highly educated men engaged in the cattle trade. The men are subordinated in flannel shirts while on the ranch, but none can mistake them for common or ignorant persons. They are, in very many cases, gentlemen of culture and standing. In the circle of ranchmen whose acquaintance I have formed during my stay, there are several men of large wealth and scholarly attainments, who, traveling in the West for health, become interested in the cattle business, enchanted by the wild, open air life, and have invested in stock, roughed it, and enjoy the climate, the domineering and the excitement, as well as the money it brings. One gentleman—mine host—was in the navy, but likes the billowy prairies better than the deep blue sea. A neighbor is one of the finest special geologists in America. Traveling in pursuit of his profession, he saw there was money in cattle, and so left his aesthetic Boston home for a tent on the plains. Another scientist, whose name is known on two continents, has, during the past year, gone heavily into the business. Two Harvard graduates are on ranches, and two young men, fresh from Germany, herd their own flocks and live temporarily in a dugout. At the ranch where I was entertained I saw three youths, brown and bashful, come every evening home with the horses, and ride away in the early dawn, at break-neck pace, after the snorting herd. They looked like my farm boys; yet in the evening, when work was over, and they sat on the steps with the family, they were as well as fully bright and interesting. Two of them had traveled in Europe. One was the son of ex-Senator Connors, of California; one was Mr. Pope Yeatman, nephew of Gen. Pope, U. S. A.; the third was the son of Fred Law Olmsted, of New York. They are as well read boys as one can find anywhere. In delicate health from city life and study, they came out here to "rough it," are stout and well, busy from morning until night, riding all day over the blossoms and the fresh grass, and, learning the cattle business from the beginning, no doubt, in a few years own ranches and herds of their own.

The man wishing to engage in stock business here buys so many head from a Texas herd, from men just in on the trail—that is, who have just driven a herd up from Texas. So many yearlings, either male or female or steers; so many two, three years old, or heaves, cows, yearlings, or two years old, are called "stock cattle," three years old are "separate stock cattle," over three years old are "stock bevers." The yearlings this year average \$30 apiece; for two years old and cows, \$18; for three-year-old steers, \$15; for beaves, \$20. The stock man selects his range, builds his corral and shanties by contract, takes his cattle there, brands them, turns them loose, pays his herders \$30 to \$40 per month, foreman \$75 to \$100. Prices are higher in the north in the Indian country, but around here this is the average.

The ranches are Government land. Anybody can graze their herds thereon, but by common custom the man who has long had range in a certain place is not driven away by new comers. A man can if he chooses, pro-empt 160 acres near a

stream, build his house there, and allow his herds to range around for forty or fifty miles. The general pasture land of this region is in immense triangles, bounded by the mountains, the North and South Platte, and the Arkansas. Very few cattle ever get over the mountains or across the rivers, therefore practically this range is enclosed by these natural boundaries.

The customs concerning the range vary in different localities. On the Arkansas a man owns a certain number of miles of river front, back of that he claims his range. Here the custom is different. The country on the South Platte is older, well settled, and every man's range is as well known as if it had a high wall about it.

In the winter the cattle graze on land where the lack of water prevented their pasture in summer. In winter the snow quenches their thirst, and under the snow the nutritious grass serves them as their only food. They are never sheltered or watched, or herded during the winter. Left to take care of themselves, they never leave off the stampede. The cattle come from home, and by spring scattered over the whole triangle enclosed by rivers and mountains. Every man's herds are mixed up together. Then comes the grand round up.

In Colorado the time and places of the round ups are established by law, or rather determined by County Commissioners, who publish in the spring the places for the round ups for every day during the six weeks, usually beginning in the middle of May. Every cowboy and his horse and his outfit are out a squad of men to go and pick out their own cattle. Generally a neighborhood club together for the great spring frolic. There are busy times times there after the long winter's rest and isolation. The mountains are white with snow from top to toe, but the crocuses are as thick on the prairie as in the garden borders at home; a profusion of the daintiest wild blossoms keep them company, and from the black plains which stretch as far as the eye can see, the hardy flower pioneers lift brave and beautiful heads out of the tender grass. The harness is overlooked, wagon covers mended, provisions laid in, and at last, on a bright spring morning, the wagons and outfit are seen starting from every ranch in the country toward a common meeting-place on the unfenced plain. For an outfit of 150 men thirty wagons are the average number, and at the round up at least 700 head of horses are seen—good cow horses—ridden by No. 1 cow punchers.

Each squad elects a foreman or captain, and all the captains are under the control of the commander-in-chief, who, for the nonce, is a greater man than a major-general of the army. The men are picturesquely clad in warm flannel shirts and buckskin trousers, and present a gay appearance dashing off in advance of the canvas-covered wagons, which contain the beds and food. Each outfit has its distinctive name. One is known as the Lone Tree outfit, another is the Wild Cat Outfit, another the Lone Tree Company.

The places of round up are usually about twenty miles from each other. Among them are "Big Crow," "Little Crow" and "Gerry," named for the grandson of Elbridge Gerry, Governor of Massachusetts, from whom the word "Gerry-mandering" was derived. The grandson Gerry was one of the old settlers in this country; he died not long since at Evans, Colorado, leaving a large property, and four squaws to inherit it.

The men from the ranches, on the edges of the grazing land, i. e., at the foot of the mountains or nearest the rivers, sweep around the boundary and start the cattle toward the center of the range, the main place of the round up. It takes weeks to get them together. During that time, with driving wild steers by day, and night herding or keeping them from scattering at night, and so on, the cowboy and his outfit of the twenty-four, after arriving at the place of the round up, the commander issues his orders: The Wild Cat men are to take the outer circle, the Owl Creek men the next circle of cattle, and so on until the herds are subdivided into patches on the plains, and are more easily handled. The cattle are roughly sorted on the way to the place of the next day's round up. The confusion is lessened each day. In line each neighborhood gets its own place. The local men of the neighborhood squad separates his brand from his fellow's, so that by the time the home range is reached every ranchman brings along his own brand, and the young calves which run by the sides of the branded mothers. After the home range is reached the first thing is to brand the new addition to the flock.

Sometimes a calf old enough to leave the mother is with the herd, its parents not known, it is an alien, and a subject of dispute, and is known as a "Maverick." Mr. Maverick, a Texan, had a small herd on an island, where they remained until the close of hostilities, scarcely thought of. When he went to look after them they had increased to that extent that the small island was crowded. He had them conveyed to the main land, where they broke away and scattered over the whole State. Every quadruped, unbranded, or whose owner was unknown, was all the time coming on, turn them back, and the name coming hither with the Texan drovers has rooted in the grazing plains of the West. The law directs in this section that all Mavericks shall be turned in for the benefit of the school fund.

After the round up the work is not all done, although the cattle business differs from some other undertakings in the fact that the work is all during the summer. In the winter no brand of the work of the stock. They roam off and take care of themselves.

In the season the ranchman lives in his wagon the most of the time, and is going over his range constantly. A wagon, ten men, a foreman and cook, fifty saddle horses, provisions for two weeks, and they start from home and go from one end of the range to the other. As they go along they collect the beef and unbranded calves, take them to some corral, and brand the calves there. All the time coming on, turn them out, select beef for shipment, and keep an eye on the general condition of the herd. They move about ten miles a day. When beef enough is started for a train load of twelve to twenty-five cars, containing from 250 to 400 head of beaves, they take them to the nearest railroad point, ship them to the Union Stock Yards, send along with them a trustworthy man, who delivers them over to a commission merchant of the yards, who sells them and sends the money by draft on New York to the owner.

A few days after my arrival I witnessed what they called "cutting out." A drove of two thousand cattle that had been selected as beaves from the herd, stood in a close bunch on the plain a couple of miles from the ranch house. We drove over to see the fun, and, standing well out of the way of the racing horses, swinging lassos, and scattering cattle, watched the men select the best of the herd. Some of the men from the herd and driven into a separate bunch that was guarded at a little distance by watchful horsemen. One by one the finest cattle were separated. Some thirty horsemen were riding in all directions, swinging the long horse-hair

ropes from their saddle horns in an inextricable tangle, digging their spurs into the horses' flanks, heading off the steers that were running, for us, to bring them from the herd, driving them toward the bunch across the plain as though there was not a moment to lose.

One of our party, excited over the chase of a rebellious cow that bore down upon us, waved her handkerchief and came near causing a stampede. In a moment after the white signal was fluted every cow was facing her, heads up, horns high in air. The foreman shouted for her to hide the handkerchief. He told us afterward that an unusual sight, especially of anything white, sometimes causes a great herd to break away and run for miles. At such times they will sweep over every obstruction, tramping down men and horses alike. The way to turn a herd is not to head them or dash up in front of them, but by wide circling detours turn them gradually into a semicircle.

One man alone can't handle cattle at all. It takes four mounted men to herd seven hundred; it takes eight men to drive and night herd a bunch of two thousand to three thousand cattle at one time. Mr. Ishli's herd of forty to fifty thousand has sixty men employed, and a proportionate number of wagons and horses.

The cattle man has to be moving from the time the grass is big enough to feed a horse from the length of his tether until snow comes in November. The stock not shipped is turned off the wagon pens, and the shed calves, hauled up, men discharged, except two or three to take care of the horses and do chores about the place, and the ranchman, brown as a berry, stout, hearty and vigorous, goes into winter quarters at home, or puts on his store clothes, takes a run East, and there meets old friends. The stockmen to whom I have talked say too many men are crowding in. From a profit of from 50 to 100 per cent, it has gradually dwindled down to 20 to 35 per cent. The old-time want plenty of room. When ranchmen are settled nearer than thirty miles apart, it crowds too close for comfort. The dealers have, in the past few years, been improving the increase of the West by the introduction of thoroughbred Durhams among the Texas stock.

The assessment returns count Colorado, 500,000 head; Wyoming, 355,000; Utah, 350,000; Washington, 500,000; Montana, 200,000; Oregon, 175,000; California, 650,000. Then it is about the time the assessment is over over 50 per cent of the total amount, an idea may be had of the immense cattle trade in the country west of the Mississippi. The great feeding grounds of the world are transferred from Texas to the wide buffalo ranges of the plains, and the sheltered mountain parks, and the fertile pastures of the Pacific slope.

Those who see cattle only in the crowded stock cars, or in the narrow yards of cities or villages, can have no idea of the good time the cows have here. Running under an unlimited range of juicy buffalo grass, and a new bed every night of velvet prairie blossoms, what more could the most fastidious bovine desire? And yet to this is added air pure and clear as nectar, winds balmy as the breath of heaven; in winter, shelter from the mountains; in summer, freshness from their snows.—Sun.

THE INTERNATIONAL DAIRY FAIR.—The great International Dairy Fair was opened at the American Institute building, this city, last Monday, and is now in progress. There is an immense display of dairy products, and the whole process of the manufacture of butter and cheese. The tables and stands on the right of the building are devoted to cheese, those on the left to butter. Near the centre two pyramids of cheeses have been erected. The pyramidal exhibit of H. K. & F. B. Thurber & Co. of this city, comprises samples of every variety of cheese made in the United States, including the Cheshire, Derby, Wiltshire, Somersetshire, and other varieties from England; the "Couda," from South Holland; the "Monk's Head," from France; the "Ballini di Gravina," and the "Balle di Tuglio," from Italy; the "Cacia Cavilli," from South Italy; the "Mistrella," from Sicily, and many other curious varieties, including the "Stilton," which looks like a length broken from a buried stone column out of the bow of a ship. Around the base of the pyramids are ten specimens from a Whitesboro, N. Y., factory, each weighing close to a thousand pounds. The exhibit is surrounded by a life-size figure of a cow with a crumpled horn. The most extensive part of the fair is devoted to cheese. There are cheeses from all over the world. From Theresa, N. Y., comes the mammoth specimen—a huge cheese four feet in diameter, two feet high, weighing nearly a hundred pounds. There are cheeses of all sizes, small in diameter but so awfully powerful that they have to be confined in one of Herrings' strongest safes. The butter comprises some two hundred entries, coming from all the great dairy districts of the country and from Ireland, Denmark, Friesland, Holland, Wales, Normandy, England, the Isle of Jersey, and all other oleaginous countries. There is a dairy-maid carved in butter and a real live one, too, in the part of the fair devoted to the dairy work. Here may be seen the whole process of manufacture. A handsome display of cows furnish the milk, which, under the hands of skilled workers, in due time comes forth as golden butter and cheese. There are dairy implements, models of whole establishments, and in short everything that can interest people who make butter, people who sell butter, and people who eat butter, and that is everybody. Here are some samples of the great variety of butter exported by the United States, which are fancy will be new to most people: "There will be exported this year from the whole country 130,000,000 pounds of cheese and 25,000,000 pounds of butter. There are 13,000,000 cows in the country, or twenty-three to every 100 persons. This is six times as many as in Great Britain, twice as many as in France, two and a half times as many as in Prussia, and more than in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. Germany exports 1,000,000,000 lbs. of butter. Austria, Hungary and Switzerland combined; altogether these countries contain four times the population of the United States. The value of the land and cows in this country employed in furnishing milk, butter and cheese is \$1,800,000,000. More than 3,000 factories are engaged in the manufacture, besides numberless private dairies. One manufacturer in Western New York has more than thirty factories, and others in different sections have from five to thirty each. The best counties in Pennsylvania, Northern Ohio, Michigan, Northern Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Colorado are devoted to dairying. Ten year ago California imported these articles; now she exports them. Fifteen years ago Chicago bought cheese from the East; now 100,000,000 pounds pass through that city for New York annually. Canada bought of the States until now have a large export, and export to the States. The best counties in Pennsylvania in Vermont and New Jersey, the States other than those mentioned buy more than they produce; the entire South buys and largely from merchants in this city, who handle annually about \$3,000,000.

NAME.	HTD.	Length	Club or Port.	Owner.	No. 24 Ptzers.	No. 24 Ptzers.	NAME.	HTD.	Length	Club or Port.	Owner.	No. 24 Ptzers.	No. 24 Ptzers.
NAME.	HTD.	Length	Club or Port.	Owner.	No. 24 Ptzers.	No. 24 Ptzers.	NAME.	HTD.	Length	Club or Port.	Owner.	No. 24 Ptzers.	No. 24 Ptzers.
Mammoth	slp.	90 1/2	Dux Y C.	Woyd & Atwood.	1	1	Ruby	cat.	19	N Y C.	R H Heard	2	1
Martha	slp.	12-14	M B Y C.	W Condon	1	1	Sam	slp.	21	L Y	W Basset	2	1
Martha M	slp.	24	S B M F.	A W Admrd.	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Q C Y C.	H E Cole	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	M B Y C.	J L Cornell	3	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	N Y C.	A L Dean	3	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	D F C G B	D F Williams	3	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Provincetown	A P Harmon	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Sans Souci Y C.	Sans Souci Club	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	W Trine, Can.	W Trine, Can.	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	James Bowden	James Bowden	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	John Bryant	John Bryant	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	X J Prime	X J Prime	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	T O Loveland	T O Loveland	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Capt Larcum, R. A.	Capt Larcum, R. A.	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Q J Howe	Q J Howe	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	J Binney	J Binney	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	N McNamee	N McNamee	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	John Bryant	John Bryant	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	F M Weld Jr.	F M Weld Jr.	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	J Varian	J Varian	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	H R Y C.	H R Y C.	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	avannah	avannah	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	C E Hodges	C E Hodges	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	H S G Twining	H S G Twining	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	H J Bragum	H J Bragum	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	R W Jencks	R W Jencks	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	S H F	S H F	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Com J Winalatt	Com J Winalatt	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Q C Y C.	Q C Y C.	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	H V Y C.	H V Y C.	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	W M Lord	W M Lord	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	S N Nickerson	S N Nickerson	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Empire Y C.	Empire Y C.	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Tr Y C.	Tr Y C.	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	N R Y C.	N R Y C.	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	John H Beale	John H Beale	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Thomas Burgess	Thomas Burgess	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	W H Hughes	W H Hughes	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	W H Litchfield	W H Litchfield	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	R Crobie B Palmer	R Crobie B Palmer	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Q C Y C.	Q C Y C.	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	N Y Y C.	N Y Y C.	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Daniel Cook	Daniel Cook	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Provincetown	Provincetown	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	New Church	New Church	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	W Fabens	W Fabens	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Geo Thayer	Geo Thayer	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	A C Y C.	A C Y C.	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Charles	Charles	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	W A Chariot	W A Chariot	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	W How	W How	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Savannah	Savannah	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Henry Brown	Henry Brown	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Q C Y C.	Q C Y C.	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	H French Jr.	H French Jr.	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	A Neal	A Neal	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Chares	Chares	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	P Y C.	P Y C.	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Cleveland Y Ass.	Cleveland Y Ass.	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Dux Y C.	Dux Y C.	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	S B Y C.	S B Y C.	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	J G Chambers	J G Chambers	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Chm Y C.	Chm Y C.	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Wilder	Wilder	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	S B Y C.	S B Y C.	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	J R Roosevelt	J R Roosevelt	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Alexandria	Alexandria	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	J H Fiell	J H Fiell	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Gorman	Gorman	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	J A Alexander	J A Alexander	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	B F Curtis	B F Curtis	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	F C Lawrence	F C Lawrence	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Geo S Rice	Geo S Rice	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	acerra, Hitchcock	acerra, Hitchcock	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Oakshook Y C.	Oakshook Y C.	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Chas E Willis	Chas E Willis	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	B Davis	B Davis	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Provincetown	Provincetown	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	A T Perkins	A T Perkins	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	J H Nightingale	J H Nightingale	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	John	John	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Savannah	Savannah	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	H T Hutchings	H T Hutchings	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	C New	C New	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Savannah	Savannah	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	F C Wily	F C Wily	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	A L Hobart	A L Hobart	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	J Malcolm Forbes	J Malcolm Forbes	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Trenton, Ont.	Trenton, Ont.	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Charleston	Charleston	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Com H A Keith	Com H A Keith	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Philadelphia	Philadelphia	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Philadelphia	Philadelphia	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	C F Browne	C F Browne	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Phi Y C.	Phi Y C.	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	J O Y C.	J O Y C.	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	E P Lamson	E P Lamson	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Philadelphia	Philadelphia	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	A Gifford	A Gifford	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	S Walker	S Walker	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	J H Parry	J H Parry	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	S Y C.	S Y C.	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Southern Y C.	Southern Y C.	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	H Torville	H Torville	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	Geo	Geo	1	1
Mary	slp.	24	Monreal Y C.	H Mounr	1	1	Sarje	slp.	29	W McKenzie	W McKenzie	1	1

DEFERRED.—A large number of interesting communications have unavoidably been deferred. They will appear at earliest opportunity.

—We make the following additions, etc., to our List of Races published last week. In the list of abbreviations J. C. stands for Jeffries Club.
May 18, Q Y C. Annie V wins 2d prize, not Annie.
June 22, Chi Y C. There were 9 entries in all, not 9 in first class.

July 20, N Y C. Sadie, S B Y C. not Boast Y C.
July 22, Phila Y C. Thomas Ledyard, not John Ledyard.
July 24, S B M F. not C P M F. and Lena won 2d prize instead of first.

July 20, match set down for this day was called some time in July, date not known.
August 20, D Y C. Thiebo, not Thistle.
October 2, S B M F. The keel class was omitted. It should be 2 entries; Starlight wins.

FRONTIER THE DOG.—“A young man of this city,” says the Rochester Union, “was recently in a part of the country where game is very abundant, and was invited by two of the best shots of the town to a day’s partridge shooting. He neglected to tell them that he was no sportsman, but accepted the invitation with apparent glee. A gun and a first-class dog were provided for the guest, and he set out with the two friends who were to take him over the ground. They made the brush and had separated but a short distance, when the dog went on a staunch point. The hunter knew little about guns and less about setter dogs, but thought that a dog that would stand still so early in the day must be very lazy and deserved punishment. After waiting a short time to let the dog start again, and seeing him rigid as a statue, the gunner picked up a stone and gave the poor beast a blow that made him howl, and at the same moment up went a brace of partridge from under the dog’s nose! The other shooters were not far away, and heard the birds rise. The explanation given by the guest was not very satisfactory and he was invited shooting no more.”

The Kennel.

NASHVILLE FIELD TRIALS.—The following are the entries for the various States in the Nashville Field Trials, the running for which commenced on Monday of this week. It cannot be said that the interest in these trials equals that of former years.

Puppy Stakes, Under 18 Months Old.—D C Sanborn enters blik, w and tan bitch Whitley; D C Sanborn enters blik, w and tan dog Dan; W A Whitley enters young guide, V Y V. Whitley enters Prairie Rose; J F Nicholson enters blik bitch Belle; J H Dew enters Mr Milner’s bitch Pearl; Geo W Campbell enters white bitch Fannie; Capt Pat Henry enters Lorna; Capt Pat Henry enters Breckinridge; L H Smith enters Lass O’Gowrie.

Champion Stakes.—D C Sanborn enters blik, w and tan Nellie; D C Sanborn enters Dan; W A Whitley enters Mack; J F Nicholson enters blik Jet; J F Nicholson enters blik Belle; B H Bryson enters blik, w and tan Gladstone; J H Dew

of a single watch dog on a farm, and of a sheep dog or cowherd's dog where ten beasts or forty sheep are kept. Foresters, cattle dealers, butchers, and night watchmen are also allowed one dog a piece free from tax.

BADGER BATTING.—The second trial of a somewhat novel kind of sport was held on the outskirts of the city on Saturday last. It was a trial as to whether a smart bull-terrier could pull a badger out of his box twice out of three times. On the first trial, a week ago, the dog won; in the last rubber the badger won. In other words, to make the statement fully plain, the dog baited the badger and the badger bate the dog.

DOG PORTRAITS.—We have engravings of the following celebrated dogs on cardboard and will send any one of the same on receipt of twenty-five cents, or any six for one dollar: English Setters—Pride of the Border, Fairy and Lark. Irish Setters—Rover (Macdonald's), Elcho, Dick (Jarvis) and Dash (Salters). Gordon Setters—Lou, Lang and Dash (Colburn's). Cocker Spaniel—Witch. Pug—Rex. Bull Dog—Duke. Daschunde—Fritz and Diana. Bull Terriers—Targuin and Napper. Dandy Dinmonts—Doctor and Tib Mumps.

FOX, DOG AND DUCK.—Mr. Anthony, on the St. Lawrence River, has a large and sagacious Newfoundland dog, and a neighbor has—or rather had—a baby fox, which was allowed to run at large. The fox made daily calls on the dog, the two playing together during the day, when the fox would return home. As the fox grew to fox estate his appetite grew with the exercise, and one day a duck was missing. Being caught in the act after three or four ducks had disappeared, he was deprived of his liberty. The dog next day watched and waited for his playmate, and on the second day, he not appearing, called on the fox. Another duck was gone at night and the dog was caught next day with the duck in his mouth and carrying it to the fox, who ate it while his canine friend looked on. Sequel: Dog tied up and fox shot. Moral: Never play ducks and drakes with your neighbor's property.

poses. One is a red Irish setter and one a Gordon, and both prize winners and of noted strains.

A PHANTOM DOG.—Some months ago we published a harmless little story of a dog in New Zealand who, morning and evening, ferried across the river a porcine companion to and from the pastures green. Now that same dog has reappeared in a dozen different quarters of the earth—if the earth has a dozen quarters. He has been reported from Panama, where the intelligent paragrapher has mixed him up with a dog who barks to scare away the alligators. Another paper places him in California, a third in Labrador, and another among the Tongan Islands. Is this a real, material dog or a phantom canine, appearing at odd intervals to the favored ones of every clime, creed and nationality? We don't believe in spiritualism, but how else can it be explained?

—Major Francis de Winton, R. A., Secretary to the Marquis of Lorne, the new Governor-General of Canada, was in Canada seventeen years ago with Sir William Fenwick Williams, of Kars, and was very popular. He is a prominent turfman, and was Master while in Canada of the Montreal Fox Hounds.

DETROIT DOG SHOW.

DETROIT, MICH., Nov. 30, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:—The following express companies have agreed to carry dogs to the Show on the pre-payment of their usual rates, and return the same free, viz.: The New York, Baltimore & Ohio, American, and United States.

The Adams Express Company have not yet been heard from, but no doubt they will do the same.

The following additional special prizes have been donated: W. H. Holabird, of Valparaiso, gives a fine duck suit for the best Irish setter puppy under 12 months old, native or imported; Mr. Zimmerman, of St. Paul, gives a pair of his celebrated pictures, "The Tight Shell" and "Trying for a Double"; the Batavia Manufacturing Company give one of Mole's Patent Glass Ball Traps; the Columbus (Ohio) Kennel

run his dogs, as at Hampton Nello won the championship by the figures being changed from those made in the fields; and what was there decided to be a flush was, by the decision of two judges, changed to a point, and by dividing first and second prizes between Nellie and Black Ned, she secured the championship. Also at Nashville, in 1877, it was given out at night that Nellie, Jr., had won first, Pride of the South second and Countess third, but the next day the judges had changed the prize a tie between Countess and Nellie. This seems a little singular, but undoubtedly is the kind of treatment that suits Mr. Sanborn, and I was not at Minnesota Field Trials to render such decisions. My motto is "Let the best dog win," no matter how it may affect any particular strain or how indignant any editor may get who has never yet seen fraud where a bloodhound is concerned.

MONROE, Nov. 30, 1878.

DUNDEE DOG SHOW.—A dog show was held for the first time at "bonnie Dundee," Scotland, on November 8th and 9th. The judges were, for sporting dogs, Rev. Grenville F. Hodgson, North Peltherton, and Mr. T. H. Scott, Kilvington, Thirsk; the latter officiated in the place of Mr. Dalziel, who was absent, owing to a domestic bereavement. Dr. Gordon Stables, R. N., took the non-sporting classes single-handed. The London Field says: "We did not hear many grumblers, excepting in the case of a few locals who had never been to a dog show before, and consequently thought their own mongrels perfect. One gentleman worked himself up into a state of almost frenzy, and declared that another year English judges should not judge Scottish dogs. We also heard such remarks as the following: 'Eh, mon, what will ma guidwife say when I gang hame and tell her our beastie has na' got a prize?' and a more wretched man than the owner of the first prize greyhound bitch I never saw, because his other entry, an animal with bad shoulders, did not win. But, of course, at a first show there are sure to be local grumblers and a fair sprinkling of rubbish; but it must not be understood that there were more of either at Dundee than usual, for this was not the case, and it reflects the greatest credit on the management to have got together an entry of 420 dogs, including some of our noted English specimens." The following were the prize winners in the sport and pointer classes: Pointers, above 40lbs.—1st, J. M. Keller, Bertha; 2d, J. Bishop, Rap; 3d, J. Ashworth, Rap. Under 40lbs.—1st and cup, H. G. Foster, Juno. Other prizes withheld.

Setters, black and tan.—1st, C. G. Macrae, Fan; 2d, Admiral W. H. M. Dougall, Duchess; 3d, W. Keir, Mina. High com., Mrs. H. B. Gibb, Nora III.; A. Cleghorn, Cora; and W. Keir, Grouse. Any other variety.—1st, L. Forster, Meg; 2d, J. Henderson, Ruby; 3d, W. B. Avery, Fred. High com., S. W. Wildman, Kate.

—Mr. D. P. Bosworth, of this city, claims the name of Bertha for his liver and white cocker bitch, whelped November 3, 1878, out of Clare by Mr. Goff's imported Dandie.

—Mr. O. W. Donner, of Brooklyn, claims the name of Sly for a liver and white pointer dog pup, by Sensation out of Mr. A. E. Godefroy's Queen; also the name of Carmen for a black and white pointer bitch pup, out of Messrs. Lincoln & Hellyar's bitch Gipsy by Snapshot. Carmen was whelped September 21, 1878.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON FOR DECEMBER.

Black Bass, *Micropterus salmoides*; Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius*.
M. pallidus; Yellow Perch, *Perca flavescens*.
Sea Bass, *Sciaenops ocellatus*. White Perch, *Morone americana*.

FISH IN MARKET.—RETAIL PRICES.—Bass, 20 cents; smelt, 15; bluefish, 12½; salmon, 25; mackerel, 20; green turtle, 20; terrapin, \$15 per dozen; frofish, 8 cents; halibut, 18; haddock, 6; codfish, 6; blackfish, 15; flounders, 4; sea bass, 18; eels, 15; lobsters, 10; sheephead, 25; scallops, \$1 per gallon; soft clams, 30 to 60 cents per gallon; whitefish, 15; pickerel, 15; yellow perch, 8; salmon trout, 16; black bass, 16; red-snapper, 18; hard crabs, \$2.50 per 100.

HOW TROUT TAKE A FLY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 23, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Mr. Prime, in his book, "I Go a-Fishing," states in several places that as a rule trout, in taking an artificial fly, strike it with their tails before they attempt to take it. Is this true? My experience in fly fishing is quite limited, but I have taken them frequently in perfectly clear water where I could plainly see them rise and take the fly directly into the mouth without any preliminary striking with the tail. This question is, perhaps, of no capital consequence; still, as I am interested in the subject, I should like to be satisfied. J. A. H.

Without wishing to be brought into conflict with so high an authority as the distinguished author of "I Go a-Fishing," we are willing to place ourselves in antagonism with him sufficiently to say that we were not aware that trout had any such peculiarity as our inquiring correspondent refers to. We know that they are a capricious and festive fish, and have often watched their antics and capers, when they seemed to turn full somersaults every time they rose to a fly. We think the experience of many of our readers will recall to mind the fact that at such times trout were the most difficult to hook. At all events, it has been with us an exciting endeavor to hook the fish by the angler's wrist-knack; and we have often done so in various parts of the body, and frequently in the tail. The movement of the tail in making the somersault would certainly seem to render the fixing of the hook in the fish's mouth more difficult, instead of facilitating the operation. At other times, when the trout were not playing near the surface, but seemed sluggish in rising, we have seen them dart toward the hook, turn tail at the instant of apparent contact, and as suddenly return to the bottom. The flirt of the tail upward did not certainly help to fasten the hook in those instances. We cannot conceive by what mechanical action it is possible for a trout to so use his tail, on a straight or withdrawing line, as to get the fly into his mouth. To us the accomplishment



RORY O'MOORE.

WE print this week a portrait of the fine red Irish setter dog Rory O'Moore, owned by Mr. W. N. Callender, of Albany, N. Y. Rory O'Moore is about three years old and was sired by Rufus, his dam being the imported red Irish bitch Friend. At the first New York dog show he attracted much attention by his beauty and was placed first in the imported class. In the special prize for the best setter of any breed in the show he was selected by Mr. Macdonald and Capt. Taylor as their choice, the other two judges fixing upon Mr. Smith's Paris. Dr. Strachan was finally chosen referee and gave the decision in favor of Paris. Rory was next shown in the champion class at Syracuse, when he was V. H. C., the winner being Mr. Whitman's Ranger. At the New York show in 1878 he was shown in very poor condition, but received a V. H. C. He is said to be a capital field dog.

ANOTHER CURE FOR MANGE.—We are greatly indebted to a Boston correspondent, who writes us that having in three days cured mange on a horse by the use of petroleum soap, he tried it also on a bull terrier that had been doctored with every known remedy, and the mange was cured in a week. Subsequently he bought a gallon of crude petroleum at a cost of twenty cents, and with it cured mange on a setter puppy, the hair growing out in a week's time. This is a most simple remedy, but it should be used carefully, and only on the parts affected.

STUD DOGS IN THE CITY.—We have very frequently inquiries regarding good stud dogs in this city or immediate vicinity. We are now informed regarding two excellent dogs whom their owners propose to keep in town for stud purposes.

give a fine pointer pup out of champion Fan, by Native or out of Nellie (Dilley's Ranger-champion Fan), for the best brace of pointer pups under six months old. The Columbus Kennel will not compete for any prize in this class.

The entries close December 31. Prize lists are now ready. Yours truly, CHAS. LINCOLN, Superintendent.

[We have prize lists at this office, and can forward them on application.—Ed.]

THAT MONUMENT.—We have received a number of letters from correspondents regarding the question of sour milk for worms and a seton for distemper. Mr. J. R. Housel, of Watertown, Pa., who first suggested to us the use of sour milk for worms, writes:

I ask no monument for the information I have given our fancier friends, and all the return I hope to have is that it will prove, as it has for me, a perfect eradicator of worms, as it is simple and at the same time nutritious to the dog, and can easily be obtained by all. I discovered its merits through necessity. I have tested it thoroughly and give it in the true spirit of a friend to the dog. I hope it will be tried by the fraternity.

A correspondent from Bath, N. Y., writes:

Seton in the back of the neck to cure distemper was tried on a Newfoundland pup here about twenty-five years ago. Should you choose to forward that monument I will see that it is put as nearly over that pup's grave as the traditions of a quarter of a century will permit.

MR. DAVIDSON TO MR. SANBORN.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to Mr. Sanborn's letter in Chicago Field of Nov. 30, I would say there were undoubtedly many things said at the Minnesota Field Trials that perhaps he did not hear. He might not have heard it said, when Jennie had finished running in the champion stakes, that she had run in two stakes at the meeting without making a point, but the facts show such was the case. I do not feel that Mr. Sanborn received the show he had at other trials at which he had

of the act would appear like an acrobatic feat, and its apparent accomplishment a trick of legerdemain. Ordinary trout which are hungry make straight for the lure. They have always been known as bold biters. We have fed them with worms attached to a hookless string, and seen them invariably come head-on to the bait; and we have watched them under all conceivable conditions, when they seemed to bite naturally, the tail having nothing to do with the operation. In short, we have seen an elephant poke his food into his mouth with what some persons have supposed to be his tail; we have seen John Chinaman chuck his food into his mouth with a chop stick; and we have seen a dexterous Jap toss up an object with his foot and catch it in his mouth; but we confess we never saw a trout knock a fly into his mouth with his tail—never!

✓ **THE EDGAR BARBLESS HOOKS.**—Mr. C. F. Orvis, of Manchester, Vt., has sent us a sample of this "odd thing," with the following note. Our opinion is, that for small fish, or fish hooked in the lips, this will answer very well, as it is a sure catch, it being quite difficult to detach it after it is once fastened, as we have learned by testing it; but for large fish, or fish hooked in the side, it would not fasten, and would not hold as well as hook with a barb. The accompanying cut will help explain: if the part hooked into the spring is pressed back to the shank and is held there and not allowed to re-act. To press back the spring will require a pretty sharp bite.



I noticed in your last week's paper a short article from the pen of my friend, Mr. W. David Tomlin, of Chicago, in relation to the Edgar Barbless Hook. Mr. Tomlin sent me the first of these hooks I ever saw, asking if I could tie a fly on them. I made a fly on the hook he sent and returned it to him. He was very much pleased. Enclosed please find a sample fly. I never have tried this hook, so can't say how good or bad it is, but I don't think your collection would be complete without one of these odd things. Yours truly, C. F. Orvis.

ELEGANT RODS FOR FOREIGN ANGLERS.—There is no doubt any longer of the superiority of American fishing rods over all others, and acknowledgments of the fact daily reach this country in the shape of orders from all parts of Great Britain, and sometimes from the Continent. The well known firm of Conroy, Bisset & Malleson, of this city, are the recipients of a large share of such orders; very frequently trans-Atlantic visitors to this country take specimens home. Last week Capt. A. Williamson, of Edinburgh, Scotland, whose hunting exploits in Colorado were mentioned in the last issue of **FOREST AND STREAM**, sailed for Europe with two beautiful salmon rods made by the firm just alluded to. Both were of split bamboo,—one an 18 ft. rod, weighing 33 ounces, intended for use in the elating heavy waters of Norway, and the other a 16 ft. 16 ounce rod for the more pastoral waters of Scotland. The weight of the larger rod was much increased by a metal reel-seat which weighed 9 oz. Capt. Williamson feels sure that these light affairs will do as heavy and efficient work as the mightiest Kelso or Castle-Cornell.

Another rod made by Messrs. C. B. & M., is for A. E. Douglas, Esq., of the Hazard Powder Manufacturing Company, 88 Wall street, a veteran angler who enjoys the placid estuaries and channels of Florida in mid winter. It is of split bamboo, 16 feet long, and built especially for work on red-fish, or channel bass, as the same fish is often called. Quite recently Dexter A. Hawkins, Esq., of 10 Wall street, returned from an extended tour through Europe, and having handled and inspected the working-tools of some of the best rod-makers there, determined upon his return home, to show his people over the water what we can do here in America; and he has accordingly sent to a distinguished gentleman three of Conroy Bisset & Malleson's best split bamboo specimens. The first is an 18 ft. salmon rod, 32 oz.; second, a 16 ft. 16 oz. grise rod; third, a 14 ft. 7 oz. trout fly rod. The cost of these rods was \$50, \$35 and \$25 respectively. There is a growing English demand for American rods, lines and reels. Mr. Bisset is now about abroad expressly to establish an agency in England and Scotland for his manufacture.

—The fishing season is over on Long Island—all the vessels hauled up and the oil factories closed.

MOVEMENTS OF THE FISHING FLEET.—The number of fishing arrivals continue small, but a limited number of vessels finding employment, as is usual at this season. The salt bankers have all arrived, leaving a fair stock of Bank codfish on the market, the demand being moderate and prices well maintained. The more mackerel fleet have hauled up, and the baymen are nearly all in. The weather has continued unfavorable for shore fishing, and it has been difficult for fishermen to avail themselves of the advantage of the large schools of codfish running inshore. The number of fishing arrivals reported at this port since our last issue has been six from the Banks, with 85,000 lbs. halibut, 21 from Georges with 300,000 lbs. codfish, and seven from the Bay St. Lawrence with mackerel. Total number of arrivals, 34.—*Cape Ann Advertiser*, Nov. 30.

PENNSYLVANIA—Erie, Nov. 23.—We have enjoyed the finest muskellunge fishing this season ever known in our beautiful bay. Over two hundred and fifty of the beauties have been taken from October 1st to date—all with spoon hook and and trolling line. The biggest fish we have taken was forty-two pounds. There were three caught yesterday that weighed one hundred and twenty pounds in the aggregate. **SNITE.**

VIRGINIA.—A salmon was caught last week, Monday, in the north branch of the Shenandoah River, and was hailed with much satisfaction as the first taken in the vicinity. A number of these fish were placed in the river at Strasburg and Mt. Jackson about three years ago.

LOUISIANA—Abbeville, Nov. 25.—Fish and oysters are abundant along the sea coast, in the bays and salt water bayous. In Vermilion Bay are mullet, redfish, sheepshead, turtles and crabs, and other kinds; in the Vermilion River and all the other rivers or bayous, are catfish, buffalo, sun perch and bass. **JAKE.**

"NO FIN NO FUN."

CHATHAM VILLAGE, N. Y., Nov. 15, 1878.

EDITOR **FOREST AND STREAM**:

I have just spent a short account of our club, which you did me the honor to publish in your excellent journal. I then advocated the introduction of a little competition, for the sake of awakening some extra enthusiasm in fishing. The prizes adopted this year were: A trout rod, for the heaviest trout taken with hook and line within a radius of seventy miles of the Village; a handsome reel for the next heaviest trout, and a basket for the heaviest bass. The trout that won the rod tipped the beam, and scored 11, 13oz.; a 1 lb. beauty took the reel, and the basket fell to your humble correspondent for the heaviest bass. Pardon me for being too modest to tell the weight; suffice it to say that he was caught in Onondaga Lake, which is becoming more and more celebrated for its magnificent black bass. I have it from good authority that in the month of August, this year, two men, fishing together out of the same boat, caught in one day 105 of these splendid fish, some of them weighing above 2 lbs. I have myself seen the sun set on several beautiful strings of bass caught in this beautiful lake. Our club took during the season 150 lbs. of trout.

In Flat Brook, Green River and Oxford Creek the trout are just numerous enough to make the pursuit of them interesting. I suppose you know that it is possible for a stream to have too few fish in it to make the fishing a pleasure—no fin, no fun. Then again the fish may be so plentiful—as, for instance, in unfrequented primeval regions—as to soon surfeit the angler. I was made sick of pickerel fishing in a single day among the Thousand Isles in the St. Lawrence for the same reason that poor Artemus Ward declined the offer of marriage by the seventeen young Mormon widows, "on account of the muchness."

There is a great deal more pleasure—that is, if pleasure is your motive—in catching ten fish an hour than thirty. Of course, if your motive is commercial profit, why then your pleasure will be proportioned to the plentifulness of the particular tribe of fish that you are in pursuit of and their willingness to be caught. In the one instance it is a question of dollars and cents, or bread and butter; and in the other the question is—How much pure fun and recreation can I get out of this pastime? The object sought determines the amount of pleasure experienced in the achievement of that object. The object contemplated by our little club was pleasure rather than profit in any financial sense, and pleasure we have had in the success which has crowned our pleasurable pursuits during the season of 1878.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Communications.

WHERE TO GO FOR GAME.—Correspondents who send us specific questions as to where to find best localities for game and fish are referred to our game columns. All the news that comes to us is there given. By keeping themselves informed from this source our friends will save themselves and us much trouble. Read the paper.

"GLENS FALLS SUBSCRIBER."—No time, no answer.

J. V. L., Philadelphia.—The cost of such a gun as you describe should be about \$125.

G. W. W., Soughton.—For a ferret send to Reich Bros., Chatham St., New York.

TOMKINS AND JACK CUNLEW.—Please send address to this office—not for publication.

J. A., Rawsonville.—Write to Pennsylvania Central Railroad, Broadway, New York.

G. H. W., Titusville.—The elbows or shoulders in the chambers of nearly all guns are made tapering.

J. B., Frederick City, Md.—We should continue the Dover's powder, giving one each night and morning.

E. M., Ballston Spa.—From the meagre description given we judge that your dog has been poisoned with arsenic.

D. S. W., Millerstown, Pa.—Please give me the address of a dealer in horse-timers. Ans. Tiffany & Co., Union Square, N. Y.

W. A. R., Kokomo, Ind.—The duty on archery bows is 35 per cent, and other charges, shipping, insurance, etc., bring it up to 40 per cent.

J., Baltimore.—Your bitch is evidently not in whelp. The circumstances related by you are not at all uncommon, and sometimes very deceptive.

H. P. D., Goldsboro, N. C.—I have a setter dog, 5 yrs. old, that nobbles all the while. Please give me a remedy. Ans. We do not believe there is any cure for snobbering.

A. B. C., Pleasantville, Pa.—On principle we should prefer the higher price, expecting thereby the best work. But the smaller price is what is asked by gunsmiths in this city.

E. A., Greenpoint.—Which is the best place for ducking, Prince's Bay or Long Island Sound? Ans. No good, duck shooting at either place. Go to Shinnecock Bay, east end of Long Island.

NEUBAUER.—If Moses Weaver, of Vinal Haven, Me., will send his post-office address to D. W. Cross, 90 Euclid ave., Cleveland, O., a box of neolumbium seeds will be sent him by express.

T., Farmington, Conn.—At what place in Massachusetts is the Massachusetts Kennel Club situated, and what is the address of its Secretary? Ans. Boston; John Foster, Jr., of that city, Secretary.

S. J. C., Sandy Springs, Md.—It is possible from your description that your dog may have been shot and give her area put in the usual manner. The castor oil which follows it will be beneficial any war.

J., Martine's Ferry, O.—How will the guns made by Hepplethwaite, Leeds, England, compare with Green's? Ans. We are not familiar with the former's guns, and certainly Mr. Green's have a more extended reputation.

Rss., Lynn, Mass.—You never make a fortune hunting alligators in the Cape Fear River. Better go farther south, where the hides write to Marehoblot, Broadway, N. Y. You can ascertain fare by showing at Lynn railroad offices.

LESTER, Greensboro.—For full descriptions of one of the best sections in Louisiana for settlement address A. D. Mans of Vermilion, La., who has recently printed an eight-page pamphlet setting forth its attractions and industrial resources.

C. S. S., Cincinnati, O.—Do you know a gunmaker by the name of S. Suberland? Ans. We have never seen the guns of such a maker, but there very probably is one—possibly in Scotland, as the name does not appear in the list of London makers. The targets made are excellent.

F. S. M., Hamilton, Ont.—"Deadrise" is a technical term, indicating the rise or angle with the horizon made by the door timbers of a vessel

generally indicated by so many inches rise to the foot in length, measured on the floor timber. Much deadrise indicates a sharp bottom, and little a flat bottom.

J. R., Woodville.—Our oft-repeated recipe for aquarium cement is: Powdered litharge, two ounces; dry white lead ground, one ounce; boiled linseed oil, three ounces; copal varnish, one ounce; in like proportion, all by weight. This will make a thick paste and will keep several days to "set."

C. A. B., Elmira, N. Y.—What kind of a dog would be the best for hunting partridges, quail, woodcock and rabbits; where can I get one, and how much would it cost? Ans. A setter would probably be best for your country. As to where to get one and cost, we must refer you to our advertising columns.

J. A. B., Boston.—We should give the dog, twice a day for two weeks, 8 drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic. Change diet entirely, giving oatmeal and plenty of vegetables. The trouble is evidently in the blood, and the Fowler's solution should correct it. If any of the Boston fanciers have Benbow's "London mixture," get a bottle of it, and give him.

GORDON, Philadelphia.—Your dog undoubtedly has worms, and possibly a tapeworm. We should give him arsenic, and some powdered pumpkin seeds in his food. We believe that Burlington Co. is not included within the jurisdiction of the Society, but you can ascertain positively by addressing R. T. Miller, Esq., Secretary, 100 Market St., Camden.

D., Concord.—1. Do the Greenet hammerless guns shoot as strong and as the ones with hammers, same make? 2. Who is the champion walker of the United States for short distances, from one to seven miles inclusive? Ans. 1. Yes. 2. Lester C. Dale, of New Haven, Conn., is professional champion, and G. H. Armstrong, of this city, amateur champion.

ENGLISHMAN, Brooklyn.—Is champion Snapshot the same dog that appears in the English K. C. Stud Book as No. 1029; also, please state his age? Ans. The same dog. He was entered at the first New York dog show by his then owner, J. R. Lloyd Price, Esq., as having been whelped Sept. 17, 1859, which is evidently a mistake, as he won 1st at Birmingham in November of that year.

W. M., Jersey, O.—There is a lot of guns for sale here with Wm. Moore stamped on them. Where are they made, and who made them, as you say Wm. Moore is dead? 2. Can I get a good serviceable gun for \$15, made in this country? Ans. They are made in Birmingham, but as there are probably fifty makers there, and we have never seen the guns, it would take even us to say who made them. 2. You can.

J. C. K., Brooklyn.—Cornell beat Harvard Freshmen and University in 1875 and 1876, and again the Freshmen in 1878. The present crew of Cornell is, however, composed of new men, while Harvard's present eight has never been beaten. They defeated Yale and Columbia in 1877, and Yale again in 1878. We do not think Cornell can equal her former achievements. Her men have neither the finish nor the discipline of Harvard, and their former victories were rather phenomenal than normal.

W. M. P., Newark, N. J.—A setter came to me the other day, evidently a stray dog. He is about a year old; dark brown, with white breast and toes. His sides are covered with a dead, yellowish hair, much lighter than his other coat, and looks rough and dry. Can you tell me what is the matter with him, and what I can do to restore his coat to its proper condition? His nose is cold and moist. As he would first endeavor to restore him to his owner, a few far capsules and raw eggs will bring his coat all right.

B. F. L., Fairfield, Ill.—1. Is Capt. Bogardus at home, or where shall I address him for quick reply? 2. Have a Parker gun, had it choked by our country gunsmith; does not shoot evenly; is there anything can be done for this? 3. I have a fine setter dog, well trained. Do not know his stock. In what way shall I describe him for information? Ans. 1. Astor House, this city. 2. Send it to Parker Bros., West Meriden, Conn. 3. A general description, color, shape of head, etc., will enable us to determine his breed, but not the stock.

R. J. G., Dunkirk.—I have a medium-sized black and tan house-dog about 3 yrs. old, that is becoming quite annoying on account of what appears to be a deep, hard cough, accompanied with gagging, as though caused by some obstruction in the throat; but he can make no discharge from the mouth. Coughs continually, day and night. Ans. The age of your dog has much to do with his condition. The following expectorant may relieve him: Friar's balsam, 10 drops; syrup of poplar, 3; diluted sulphuric acid, 5 drops; mullein, ½ oz.; water, ½ oz. Mix, and give a little two or three times a day.

O. L., Yareham, Mass.—A young sportsman was out shooting one day last week, when he by chance discovered a quail's head about 100 yds. from the side of a large stump. Without dashing the bird, he fired, and when he approached the spot he found sixteen dead quail. The question is—Was that strictly sportsmanlike? Ans. This is a question of sportsman's ethics, which the reader may answer for himself. "Sportsmanlike" is a word of very doubtful significance. It may mean much or little. To shoot the birds on the ground was not "sportsmanlike" in the sense which we presume our correspondent means.

J. A. P.—At what time or date, and by whom was wing shooting first engaged in as a field sport or pastime? Ans. The invention of fire arms is attributed to Schwartz, a German, in 1378. Ten years afterwards the gun was introduced into England. Quail like birds were then used by some hunters on running game, just as the bow and arrow had been before them; but as to wing shooting, it must be of comparatively recent date. Dogs, we know, were used to point birds so that hunters were enabled to ascertain their presence and throw nets over them. This must have been anterior to wing shooting, but long subsequent to the use of guns on game at rest.

F. L., Santa Rosa, Cal.—For rough-water use the cat rig is exceedingly dangerous, especially when off the wind. In a 22 ft. boat would advise the use of the common sloop, with short stout standing bowsprit and pole topmast. In a somewhat larger boat you might introduce the schooner, with three sails only—mainmast, foresail and single jib, same as for sloop. Also, pole topmast only, or topmast at the main and none at the fore. We do not advise the use of a traveler, and you will have no more to tend than in the sloop. When you get beyond 40 ft. water line would advise the cutter or yawl rig as superior to the sloop, but for that sized craft you need an additional hand.

W. B., St. Catharines.—1. What constitutes a professional? 2. Will the fact of a man's shooting in a tournament in which the professional has participated bar him from future amateur competition? 3. Will the answer to No. 1 apply equally to a pigeon shot, an oarsman, a runner? Ans. 1. A strict application of the term "professional" as applied to pigeon shooting, has never been made out, and it would probably only apply to Bogardus, Paine, Carver, and perhaps one or two others who have made shooting a profession or means of livelihood. 2. No. 3. It will not, as the rules governing each are very different. All amateurs who shoot pigeons in sweepstakes, etc., shoot for money, and yet are not professionals.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAMES, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INDOCTRINATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1878.

To Correspondents.

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CHARLES HALLOK, Editor.

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Business Manager.	Western Manager.

HOLIDAY GIFTS.—You can make your children a no more useful and acceptable Holiday present than a year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM. Think of the suggestion and act.

INTELLECTUAL REFRESHMENT FOR MINISTERS.—The New York and Brooklyn Baptist ministers discussed "Pastors Habits of Study" in their meeting last Monday morning. There was one pastor who built churches, and so had no time to study; another read, what little he did read, while traveling around on the street cars; another thought ministers didn't study the Bible enough, and a fourth thought something else. But the most sensible speech of the day was that of the Rev. Wayland Hoyt, who said, "I read the FOREST AND STREAM every Saturday night. It refreshes me for Sunday." Of course it does, and that's what it's meant for. And our word for it, Mr. Hoyt's Sunday morning sermons are the better, more cheerful and vigorous.

A DAY OF SPORT.—Our news columns show that last Thursday was celebrated all over the country with out-of-door sports. Athletic meetings, shooting matches, rifle contests, courings, pedestrian excursions, and all the other forms of sport to which the bracing weather of the day was so well adapted, engaged the attention of a large share of the devotees of these amusements, and every one is better for the recreation and the feast.

ETHEREAL MILDNESS.—Delightful autumn weather we are having so far, and sportsmen as well as others are making best use of it. Geraniums and other hardy plants are still blooming in suburban gardens in this vicinity. There has been no heavy frost. Lingering summer spreads herself all over the lap of autumn.

FOREST AND STREAM will be sent for fractions of a year as follows: Six months, \$2; three months, \$1. To clubs of two or more, \$3 per annum.

NATIONAL SMALL ARMS MANUFACTURE.

THE old question of the proper scope of Government effort comes up in practical shape in one of the memorials presented to the Joint Committee on the reform and reorganization of the Army from the Association of Manufacturers of Arms, Ammunition and Equipments of the U. S. This Association, of which Eli Whitney is the President, are prepared to speak understandingly on the question of small arms, and the suggestions which it offers to the Committee are backed by figures against which it will be very hard, even for the most expert of official place-holders, to offer any satisfactory argument. On general principles it may fairly be questioned whether Government functions should go further than the preservation of peace between its subjects and their protection against foreign invasion and in carrying out this the collection of an appropriate and sufficient revenue. Instead of doing this the Government has entered into a sort of smothering competition with private manufacturers, and while allowing all ready appliances for action to fall into disuse has cumbered its departments with a quantity of "plant" of little value with itself and an obstruction to private makers of small arms. Last year the Government placed a valuation of \$60,000,000 on its arsenals and armories, and of this it may without fear of contradiction be said that fully five-sixths represents capital sunk dead through the misdirected policy of the government in attempting to do for itself what can be so much better done for it by private companies and firms.

There are peculiar reasons why this country should of all others abandon the traditions which make it necessary to go on putting vast sums into arsenals and armories. Our manufacturing firms can and will supply all the arms of any description that they may be called upon to produce. They do not urge government patronage, with the fact kept in the background that the arms they offer are inferior to those made by the government. The facts point the other way and foreign buyers, looking with an unprejudiced eye for a good weapon, come to our American workshop and buy largely, while our own government go on building great shops for the manufacture of material and pieces which to all but those actually engaged in their making up are second rate and antiquated. The rifle range with the open competition there in vogue is doing wonders in showing up the relative results of the close conservatism of the government shops and the open, keen competition of the private armories. To be sure our government is not now making muskets on an ante-revolution model, but it is years behind the best effort of our time, and the people at large in this line of manufacture, the masters of the government, if you wish, have a right to be assured that they are getting a fair *quid pro quo* for the great outlay made and a reasonable return on the money now sunk in the government shops. There is a danger that the government without such reliances might find itself the victim of rings and forced to bleed heavily in times of urgent need. The bugaboo of "rings" may have some effect, but it is a poor cry for government advocates to set up, since such knavery can only flourish through the connivance of trusted government officers. The fact that our own government was a profitable customer to the gun companies would have a consequential benefit, in that such expenditure would so encourage and stimulate invention and improvement in their materials of war as to wonderfully increase the foreign trade on those articles. It is needless to reiterate what our private armories have done in the way of supplying other nations. The Turkish contracts come first to mind simply because they are among the most recent, and comparatively large in amount. With the English market open and the European armories accessible the choice fell upon an American weapon, while in fixed ammunition the capacity of our Connecticut works and the quality of their supply has never been questioned.

In the course of the memorial above spoken of these points are strongly urged and in addition it is shown that any claim for greater economy in the making of government weapons is entirely erroneous. Comparing the work accomplished at the Springfield Armory and that at any private armory it is shown that during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1877, the total number of rifles and carbines fabricated at the national armory was, according to the report on the subject, 7,050; the valuation of the armory property that year was \$7,000,000. Allowing 10 per cent. as the proper rate to be charged on this sum for interest, taxes, repairs, insurance, etc., all of which indirectly has to be paid, it gives \$700,000 to be added to the cost of the arms produced; this sum, divided by the number of arms manufactured, gives \$99.29 as the proportionate share of each rifle in these expenses; thus the probable cost of a Springfield rifle or carbine, made in 1877, was at least \$115. There are private arms manufacturing companies in this country that would contract to make Springfield rifles, identical in every particular to those made at the national armory, for \$15 each.

The recommendations finally made by the memorialist are that

Firstly. There shall be a board for the examination of small arms, small arm ammunition and accoutrements, appointed by the General of the Army, subject to the approval of the Secretary of War; the said board to consist of at least five officers, who have seen the most active service during the greater part of the three years previous to their appointment. Notice of the time and place of the meeting of the board should be published in the newspapers; and manufacturers, inventors and patentees should be invited to submit arms, ammunition and equipments for examination. The board should carefully examine the arms and munition submitted to their

inspection. From the rifles presented they should select different patterns, to be the standard arms of the Army and militia. These arms should be contracted for at private armories and issued to the troops. The different systems would induce competitive trials and the superiority of one system over another would be proved. This plan of causing different patterns of arms to be issued should also be applied to the issuing of ammunition and equipments. All the patterns of arms, however, should be so constructed that the ammunition purchased can be used interchangeably among them. The board should fully report upon the various small arms and munitions which they have examined, and such report should be made public.

Secondly. The law of April 23, 1868, for arming and equipping the militia, should be carried out as its originators intended, and the annual appropriation should be increased in the same ratio that the population and the revenue of the country have increased. The difference in the cost of arms and munitions made in 1868 with those manufactured at the present time should also be considered in deciding what shall be the sum of the annual appropriation. The sum appropriated should be expended as it was formerly, in the purchase of arms and munitions from private manufacturers. By doing this active competition among the private armories will tend to improve the quality and reduce the cost of these necessary articles; also, it will foster industries of national importance and will so sustain American manufacturers of arms and munitions that they may compete successfully with foreign rivals in the markets of the world.

THE HORATIAN SPIRIT.

In my leisure I often take up the works of the old Roman poet Horace and read and study him with infinite gusto. To me he is the most delightful fellow that ever lived—not even excepting that prodigious fellow Shakespeare. He was a true country gentleman, and if good shot-guns and pointers had been known in those days I have no doubt he would have been an enthusiastic sportsman as the editor of FOREST AND STREAM himself. He gives us a hint of this in his first ode of his first book:

—Manet and Jove trigido

Venator, lenacis conjugi immemor, etc.

That is to say, translated broadly: "The sportsman in his enthusiasm, utterly forgetful of his young wife, stays out all night in the snow," etc. If we all had more of the Horatian spirit it would be better for us. Let us cultivate it. The 81st ode of the first book breathes all over with the Horatian spirit. I have fallen so much in love with it that I make a translation of it, which I inclose to FOREST AND STREAM, though perhaps not exactly in its line:

What shall the poet, when he builds his shrine,
Ask of Apollo, the divine?
What shall he pray for when he pours
His first libation and the god adores?
Not the best roast Sardinia yields
From her ever fruitful dale,
Not for the pleasant herds that feed
On hot Calabria's flowery mead;
Not for glittering herds of gold,
Or ivory from India old;
Not even for those best retreats,
Whose soil the silent Siles eats.
Let those by Fortune greatly blessed,
Of showery villages possessed,
Duly attend the gift divine,
And prune with crooked blade the spreading vine.
Let the rich merchant, from his cups of gold,
Quaff Falernian, choice and old,
Dear to the gods themselves, since he,
Three or four times a year,
Sails to the Atlantic Sea,
Swindling without fear!
For me, content, a staid board is spread,
On olives, acornies, and light mallows fed.
Son of Latona, hear my prayer:
Good health, I pray thee, be my share,
And spirit to enjoy, with proper zeal,
The goods of fortune wherewith I am blest!
A mind unbroken and serene, I pray,
Preserve to me through all my little day;
And when I can no longer sound the lyre,
Son of Latona, let the bard expire!

Thus the Horatian spirit is a calm and beautiful philosophy which envies none and loves all; which seeks none but the loftiest happiness to itself, and none but happiness to all others. Let the rich merchant drink his old Falernian from his cups of gold; let every man enjoy himself as he chooses; but give me my quiet country life, my olives and my mallows, my good health, a spirit to enjoy my possessions, and a mind that loves intellectual thought. When this latter falls me and the lyre is no longer responsive to my touch, son of Latona, let me *canon*!

I have been looking over my dictionary to learn exactly what Horace meant by mallows, but they have not made the subject clear. Didn't he mean okras? Certainly when served hot with butter and pepper they are splendid, and very nutritious and digestible. *Seesquey molto!*

In that verse where Horace speaks of the rich merchants who drink wine out of cups of gold and go three or four times a year by ship to the Atlantic Sea, returning *impune*, being dear to the gods, he evidently intends a quiet thrust at both the gods and the merchants. He evidently meant that the merchants got their fine wine by swindling the barbarians, and then appeased the wrath of the gods, on their return voyage, by occasionally leaving overboard a cask of their best as a present to them—having referred particularly to Neptune, Castor and Pollux, the gods of the sea. In other words, that the merchants were cheats and rascals and the gods no better than they, inasmuch as they would wink at rascality and let the rascals go unwhipped—*impune*, through influence of a bribe; that is, an occasional cask of wine heaved over to them. Truly they had a jolly old set of gods in those days. Horace

despised everything that had the odor of meanness or dishonesty, and wasn't afraid to "go for" it even in the highest places.

If this new treading into an old field prove pleasant to the editor and his readers I may from time to time, as leisure allows, send them other things from Florac. But, on account of the remarkable terseness, purity and beauty of his language he is the most difficult fellow to translate and do anything like justice to that ever wrote. Even the best translations of him are as faint, compared to the original, as the sound of the sea as heard in a shell.

N. A. T.

FURS.—Last winter was not such a season as gladdens the heart of the fur dealer, and as yet there are but few indications that the coming one will be in any way different. Still, ladies must have furs, and we devote a few lines to telling them what is the "correct thing." Probably the largest fur establishment, and the most fashionable in the city, is that of Messrs. C. G. Gunther's Sons, No. 184 Fifth avenue. From them we learn that the seal-skin still holds its position as favorite, notwithstanding the popularity of fur-lined wraps. This winter they are made more closely fitting to the figure, with an average length of about thirty-seven inches. The front should be double-breasted and may lap from the throat down or turn back at the top like the lapels of a coat. For fineness of fleece and depth of color the Shetland seal-skins are chosen; but these are very scarce and very high, as no Shetland seals have been taken for several winters. The strong Alaska skins, with thick warm pelts, are preferred for garments that are to be subjected to hard service, as they are more durable.

Seal-skins have at length become the popular fur in Paris, and consequently the greater demand for them has increased the prices in London. The prices have not advanced here, though they probably will do so next winter. Untrimmed sequoas cost from \$50 to \$800, but those of fashionable length are never lower than \$100. Those sold at \$125 are especially commended, but the prices vary according to the quality of the skins and the depth of the garment. A border will add something to the expense. The fashionable borders are brown and silver beaver (which the French call castor), plucked and unplucked otter, wool seal, black marten or Alaska sable, colored lynx and chinchilla.

Fur-lined cloaks are worn in a variety of shapes this season. In selecting garments the purchaser should keep in view the probability that full draperies will be revived, and select an ample garment. For this reason many ladies are buying circulars instead of the newer shapes. Circulars are made with the deep Russian collar—hoods are out of date—and may be either bordered or plain; if the sum to be expended is limited it is better to omit the border and buy the best quality of silk and of fur for the cloak and its lining. Cheap linings of fur rub off on the dress beneath them, and the low-priced silks soon become "shiny." Repped silk of heavy quality, Sicilienne, armure, and a new fabric called Messine, are all used for the outside of the cloak.

The rich dark Russian sable sets are always valuable, and always in fashion, no matter what novelties are offered. The boas are round and long, with two tails finishing each end. Handsome dark sable mufflers cost as high as \$400, but there are light shades of sable made up in mufflers for \$35. Since the fashion favors all furs with white tips or silvery points, robes of this kind have been used, though formerly they were rejected. Muffs of this silver-tipped sable are lined with white silk, and made very dressy; they cost \$85. Of the Hudson Bay sable the boas with a dark stripe down the middle are handsomest, and can scarcely be distinguished from the medium qualities of Russian sable.

LADY PEDESTRIANS AND SOFT REPORTERS.—When the Ladies' Saturday Morning Walking Club, which "represents some of the most exclusive circles of New York society," goes forth to the hills of Jersey for the rambles prescribed in its unwritten constitution, lo! the reporter Jenkins is there also, and seeth what he may see and hear what he may hear to spin it out in the next day's gush. And this is the way he does it:

Quite early in the morning a half-dozen demure looking persons of the gentler order of creation approached the wharf at the foot of Twenty-fourth street, on the North River, and the moment that their feet touched the dock, and they felt certain of having so far escaped the observation of the average metropolitan reporter, they partly threw off the mask of reserve and merry ripples of laughter broke from their scarlet lips. The morning's keen breath had already kindled a glow on their velvety cheeks, and their eyes sparkled with the

Then he takes the office dictionary and crams up something about Acteon and Diana; that gives him a chance to work in "the pitiless though lovely eyes." The Amazons, Theseus and Athens rather round off the classical part of this boss, and sundry references to the Revolution show Jenkins' familiarity with American history fully equal to his more recondite erudition. And you can buy all this the next morning for three cents—scarlet lips, velvety cheeks, lovely eyes, Acteon, Diana, Athens, Theseus, Amazons, British infantry, charming creatures and ambrosia—3 cts.

BROOKLYN ART ASSOCIATION.—The thirty-seventh exhibition of the Brooklyn Art Association was formally opened in that city on Monday evening, with a brilliant and appreciative assemblage. For merit the collection is not fully up to some previous ones. One of the most noteworthy and conspicuous

objects in the collection is a life-size portrait of Gen. Robert E. Lee, late of Virginia, in citizen's clothes. It is a most speaking and truthful likeness and attracts much attention.

THE ANIMATED STICK.—Regarded in any other light than as a dispensation of Divine Providence, the Animated Sticks are an unfathomable mystery; an irreconcilable infiction. Now an ordinary stick you may stand up in the corner and have it out of the way, or cast into the fire and extract from it a genial glow. But the Animated Stick won't stay put; and is neither genial nor warm. He may be green—a sap-head; or, dried-up—a block-head; but never dry in the sense of bright and witty. Aaron wouldn't turn him into anything lively. Some sticks, too, are pithy; but no one ever knew an Animated Stick to have any pith in his heart. It were useless to look upon him save as a rod of chastisement. Better is it to be slain by the cudgel of a Fiji, than to be bored to death by such a Stick; better be stuck like a hog than stuck on the Animated Stick. And we're not stuck up either.

GONE TO FLORIDA.—That office boy of ours has gone again. This time to Jacksonville, Florida, on the steamer *Western Texas*, of the Mallory line, Captain Hines, and if he don't get the soundings as she crosses the bar, he may expect a good trouncing when he returns, unless he brings a few oranges for office use.

FOR FLORIDA.—Dr. J. A. Henshall, of Cynthia, Kentucky, well known to our readers, will presently start for the Indian River country and Discoyne Bay, in Florida, and is good enough to promise us some facts relative to the ichthyofauna of that section. We notice that Professor Jordan has paid him the compliment to reprint from *FOREST AND STREAM* for October 26, 1873, his article on the *Micropteri* for his (Jordan's) coming report on the Ohio fishes.

—To died of Potassium.

GAME PROTECTION

MAINE.—*Kennebunk, Nov. 30.*—At the first annual election of officers of the Kennebunk Fish and Game Protective Association, on the 6th inst., the following gentlemen were chosen for the ensuing year: President, J. S. Saunders; Vice-President, George P. Lowell; Secretary, George C. Lord; Treasurer, W. H. Cloutman; Executive Committee, Z. M. Cushman, C. W. Stanley, George W. Larabee. The association is in a flourishing condition, and has done a good work in protecting our game and enforcing the game laws of the State, prosecuting any infringement coming within jurisdiction of the association.

G. C. L.

GAME LAWS OF NEW BRUNSWICK.—We are indebted to a thoughtful correspondent for the following digest of the leading features of the Provincial game law passed last winter: Mr. Zorros: Jas. J. Fellows, of St. John's, is Chief Game Commissioner for New Brunswick, and issues "Sporting Licenses" (\$20 each) to persons not having their domicile in New Brunswick. Penalty for violation of this section of the act, not less than \$20 nor more than \$50, in addition to the license fee and costs of prosecution.

Sec. 16 recites: "No person shall take or kill any partridge, snipe or woodcock between the first of March and the first of September in any year, under the penalty of \$4 for each such act, etc."

Sec. 1 recites: "After the passing of this act (April 18, 1873), no person shall hunt, take, kill, wound or destroy any moose, caribou or deer from the first of January to the first of August, under penalty of a sum not exceeding \$20 nor less than \$10 for each and every such act; any person who shall hereafter hunt, chase or pursue with intent to kill any moose, caribou or deer with dogs, shall be liable to a penalty of \$20 for each such act, etc., and dogs may be destroyed by any person."

Sec. 2 recites: "No person or number of persons forming a hunting party shall, during the time hereby allowed for killing moose, caribou or deer, in any one year or season, kill or take more than three moose, five caribou or five deer."

Flesh of animals, moose, caribou or deer, killed shall be carried out of the woods within 10 days after killing, except killed in latter part of December, when must be carried out within the first five days of January.

The hunting, trapping, etc., of mink, otter, fisher, sable or beaver is prohibited between the 1st May and 1st September in any year, under penalty not exceeding \$20 nor less than \$5, for each such act.

It is provided, however, that any person may catch alive at any season of the year any number of minks for the purpose of breeding and preserving them in any box, tray or modification of the same.

These are the material parts of the act of public import and such as you might require for your readers, the rest of the law is principally devoted to proof, etc., of violation of different sections. I might remark that a Warden is appointed for each county, and that licenses are in force for one year from the first of September in each year.

Geo. M. S.

The Rifle.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Boston.*—The Walnut Hill rifle men, on the 27th ult., drew out a good company of spectators, and despite a changing wind, of a fish-tail sort, good scores were made. The firing at long range was in the regular classified match, the fifteenth and last of the series as originally announced; but as, owing to the rain then prevailing, only one competitor had appeared on a previous trial, it has been decided to have one more contest, which will be shot Wednesday next, and will close the match. The standing of the two leading competitors for first place in this match, Messrs. Jackson and Sumner, their five best scores being given, is as follows: W. H. Jackson—220, 218, 210, 215, 214; total, 1,087; average, 216.6-10. J. S. Sumner—216, 216, 215, 215, 213; total, 1,075; average, 215. The contest in the second class is between Messrs. J. F. Brown and Lewis Saunders, with the chances in favor of Mr. Brown. The scores of the fifteenth shoot stood:

William H. Jackson.											
800.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
900.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
1,000.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
J. S. Sumner.											
800.....	3	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
900.....	3	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
1,000.....	3	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
J. F. Brown.											
800.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
900.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
1,000.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
William Gerrish.											
800.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
900.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
1,000.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
W. M. Ward.											
800.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
900.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
1,000.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5

For Thanksgiving Day no end of off-hand shooting was provided before the butts here.

Boston.—The rifle men are not abating the least in their enjoyment of range sports at the near approach of the cold weather. The fine fall weather has admitted of the best sort of scores, and encouraged by success. On Thanksgiving a favorable morning drew out a good representation of shooters and lookers-on, though the day ended in a disagreeable down-pour of rain. The "Winter Shed" match, with 80 entries, at 200 yds., resulted:

D Kirkwood.....	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
O M Jewell.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
J B Jackson.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
W Poland.....	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
A W Howland.....	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
V S Guernsey.....	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
J B Osborn.....	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
H Tyler.....	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5

In the amateur series match, at the same distance, the leading scores stood:

O M Jewell.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
J B Jackson.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
J B Parker.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
F R Shattuck.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5

The comforts of the new winter shed were enjoyed again on the 30th, though the weather was charming for outdoor sport. The winter shed match was the popular one, and with 100 entries and re-entries some excellent shooting was shown, 60 of the scores made standing above the "centre" average. The light was good throughout most of the shooting, and the wind, which blew somewhat fiercely during the day, finally settled down into a reasonably steady breeze from the northwest, ranging from "10 to 11 o'clock." The leading scores are:

W Poland.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
J B Osborn.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
W B Jackson.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
J A Lowell.....	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
E B Southard.....	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
L Hubbard.....	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
C Edwards.....	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5

Boston, Nov. 23.—Jackson's Gallery, 25 Beach street, weekly shoot, 75 feet, 10 shots:

W Hunter.....	48	V L Secho.....	42
D F Small.....	45	W J Griffiths.....	41
H Collins.....	44	M L Pratt.....	41
E Emerson.....	43	F H Harrison.....	42
H Hogan.....	43		

Medford.—The members of the Medford Amateur Rifle Association had a special match on the Bellevue range during Thanksgiving Day. Messrs. Richardson and Teale chose sides from among the members present, and the firing was close enough to make the match an intensely interesting one. Firing ten rounds at 200 yards, the scores stood:

Richardson's Team,			
J H Eames.....	42	C R Dawson.....	35
H K Richardson.....	42	E S Piper.....	34
E W Hayes.....	42	H S Foster.....	38
John Grady.....	39	H W Perkins.....	20
J W Vinlug.....	37	O D Archibald.....	14
N P Ames.....	36		
Total			270

J B Osborn.....	43	E F Kendrick.....	36
H H D Cushing.....	41	W V Gibbs.....	33
R Sawyer.....	39	W P Metcalf.....	33
J B Vail.....	38	J W Tootell.....	33
D N Howard.....	37	G O Foster.....	18
C H Russell.....	36		
Total.....			363

The Bellevue range on the 80th, was occupied with the return match between the Wakefield and Medford teams. Favorable weather and the keenest sort of competition brought out the best efforts of the men; but the visitors slipped to the front by a single point. The firing was at 200 yards, off-hand, and the full score stood:

Wakefield Team.											
O Corcoran.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
R Howard.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
D Walker.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
J Houston.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
J Ogilvie.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
J Smith.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
W B Daniel.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Total.....											429

Medford Team.

H K Richardson.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
E W Hayes.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
J W Vail.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
H H D Cushing.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
J Grady.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
J R Teale.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
J H Eames.....	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
Total.....											427

—56 in a possible 60 was the best score made at Spear's Gallery, Quincy, Mass., during the past week. Harry Southard was the marksman and a silver-plated castor his reward.

MEDFORD VS. WAKEFIELD.—A correspondent explains about the match between the Medford and Wakefield Rifle Associations as follows:

A month ago the Medford Amateur Rifle Association challenged the Wakefield Association to a friendly contest, each team to consist of seven men, ten shots off hand, 200 yards. On account of two of our best shots being residents of Boston, they declined shooting with us, making the most unreasonable excuse that if the above two members were allowed to shoot the team would not represent the name of our association. By a little persuasion on the part seven of our members went to Wakefield and shot their team and their own responsibility. Our association as much had no interest in the matter whatever.

WHAT IS TRAPPE?—A correspondent sends us the following queries:

"The other day while out quail shooting on a farm that I had permission to shoot over my dog found birds at the line fence. When I flushed the birds they flew out on the adjoining farmer's property. I killed a bird and it fell on his land. I sent my dog to retrieve the bird, when the farmer on whose land it fell came out and threatened to shoot the dog, and the only way of preventing him from carrying his threat into execution was by threatening to shoot him if he did it. Will you be kind enough to advise me what action to take should such a thing occur again or in case I or my dog should go on another man's ground by mistake? Also, has an owner a right to shoot my dog or to fine me for trespass without asking me to go off his land?" E. G."

A certain portion of our correspondent's letter could be better answered by a lawyer, who would probably be better posted as to the State laws than we are. We can say, however, that no man has the right to shoot another's dog under any circumstances unless it be one which places him in fear of bodily harm from the dog. If you trespass on a farmer's land who has duly complied with the law regarding posting or advertising his land he can cause you to be arrested for trespass, but he cannot touch your property in any way.—Ed.

MASSACHUSETTS—Wareham, Nov. 27.—The Briggs boys—Charles and Frederick—in four hunts this season have killed five raccoons. The two last were taken near the old Federal Furnace, some eight miles north of our village, on the 21st. Their weights were 17½ and 21 pounds. C. L.

Wareham, Dec. 2.—The game register at the Kendrick House, Wareham, Mass., for the month of November foots up 37 partridges, 152 quails and 1 woodcock, notwithstanding the inclement weather of over one-half a month and other causes distracting the game, such as bull dog hunters, and a high mortality among partridges caused by ticks. It is believed that the wild house cats are making ravages among the coveys of quails, as a large number of the feline race of enormous size are seen in our surrounding forests, even at a distance of eight miles from human habitation. The huntsmen, however, have turned their special attention to that class of marauders by unloading their firearms in the direction of wild puss.

Boylston, Nov. 23.—A. G. Larkin went out hunting this week, and his dog soon found a track which Mr. L. supposed was that of a fox. After chasing the animal for one hour and a half, he overtook, on the edge of Northborough, a large wild cat which he shot. The animal weighed fourteen pounds, and was nearly four feet in length, and is a "rare bird" in this section.

Salmon, Nov. 29.—Quail are about, but need to be diligently sought. Matters generally are quiet. NEWCOMB.

NEW YORK—Hornellville, Nov. 25.—So far this season there have been eight deer shot within a few miles of here. Ruffed grouse are getting more plentiful. John Penwell bagged ten in one day and Burt Elliott six in one afternoon. L. T. Scoville, of Portageville, captured an eagle recently, which is pure white in color, measures seven feet three inches from tip to tip of wings, and weighs 59½ lbs. JOHN.

Shelter Island, L. I., Nov. 23.—The fowl shooting here now is poor enough; few birds and those few very wild, so that it is hard to go for them; but during the winter they may be here in good numbers, as they were last winter. A few flocks of wild geese have passed over, but they make no stop and fly too high for the gunners. ISAAC.

NEW JERSEY—Barnegat Inlet, Nov. 24.—Shooting been very poor past week. Only fowl here worth noticing are black ducks and broad bills. Brant and geese have not made their appearance here are they?; the oldest gunner has not known them to be so late before. Only shooting worth reporting was done last week by Professor J. M. Ladin, the champion athlete, who scored some 17 on Monday and 10 on Tuesday last. The professor, from personal observation, is a No. 1 as a shootist. B.

MARYLAND—Baltimore, Nov. 30.—A large number of gunners spent Thursday in the field. Those who went out to the country about Perrymanville and Edgewood report excellent fun. The partridge and hare are very abundant there. A number of sportsmen went down by boat to the lower counties and met with good success.

PENNSYLVANIA—Mr. A. F. Clapp, the sporting editor of the *Sunbury American*, has recently been out on a deer hunt to the Snow-Shoe range of the Alleghenies. There were six in the party, not counting the dogs. They camped at an old house on the Black Moshannon Creek, and early in the morning started out, and one shot at a flying white flag and the loss of a valuable dog was the result of the day's sport. The next day's chase was more successful, a fine five-pronged buck gracing the return to camp. Two days of rain and one of snow followed, and the hunters returned to their homes well satisfied with their experience.

Titusville, Dec. 2.—Our surrounding woods have been so thoroughly hunted for the past three months that game was never known to be so scarce before. Ruffed grouse have all been killed or left our woods; was out all day Saturday; saw but two. Last week eight different hunting parties passed through this city for Forest County. Deer is said to be very plenty in this county. Nearly every meat shop has from one to three hanging in front. G. H. W.

TENNESSEE—Nashville, Nov. 23.—The largest bag of quail made to one gun, this season, was that of H. S. Gettings, of Baltimore, Md., at present near Dixon Station on the N. W. R. R., where he is training Mr. Nicholson's Jet and Bella for the coming field trial; Mr. G. killed 74 birds.

LOUISIANA—Abbeville, Nov. 29.—There is at times an abundance of game in this (Vermilion) parish. Deer and bear as well as turkeys and prairie chickens have been well high exterminated; but there are plenty of partridges, squirrels and turkeys. In winter, geese and ducks by the millions flock to the marshes along the sea coast and bays, and to the prairies. These geese, brant and ducks get very fat, and are excellent for the table. Great numbers of woodcock resort to this region in winter, and remain throughout the winter season; from twenty to forty brace may be bagged per day by a good gun. The Wilson snipe and three or four other varieties are

found throughout the prairies during the late fall and winter. Many varieties of plover and curlews and sandpipers are found here in abundance. The Bartram's sandpiper arrives here in August and is very fat and of extreme delicacy; they surpass anything of the kind to be found in the United States for delicious flavor. With the exception of short intervals, good shooting is to be had throughout the year.

ILLINOIS—Carthage, Nov. 27.—Wild game, which for the past few years has been so scarce in this vicinity, has lately made its appearance in unusual quantities. While there are large numbers of ducks, geese, rabbits, quail, etc. The "crop" of prairie chickens is truly astonishing. Thousands of these birds can be seen any frosty morning flying among the cornfields near town, and our sportsmen are having some good shooting in consequence. Large numbers of these birds are being killed in this county and shipped to eastern markets. GAR.

Vienna, Nov. 25.—Ruffed grouse, quail and rabbits quite plenty here, but the grouse are very wild. In part of two days I bagged 19 quail, 6 rabbits and 3 grouse. RON.

Onto—Hamilton Co.—Few sportsmen would admit that ducks—wild ones—can be seen within seven miles of the city of Cincinnati. But such is the fact, especially since the completion by some heavy ice companies of "reservoirs" of many acres in extent, near Carthage, O. The sight of the wild fowl, perfectly at home, but wary, upon these miniature lakes, is one most refreshing to the eye of the sportsman, reminding him of former joys in the Northwest. The premises here referred to are, unfortunately, "posted." W. McK. H.

MEMPHIS—Detroit, Nov. 23.—Nov. 19 Frank Blakely was out for a hunt, and returned with 6 partridges and 1 quail. Nov. 20, Chas. A. Osborne was out ducking, and bagged 16 ducks. On the 18th inst., Walter Congreve made a bag of 15 quail. Nov. 21, W. H. Myler and A. H. Bachman took a trip to Redford for a day's recreation and a little sport. They bagged 7 squirrels and 3 coons. The coons were all found in one tree, weighing 23, 19 and 18 pounds. The smaller one was captured alive; all being males. DEWIN.

Detroit, Nov. 30.—Nov. 25, E. H. Gillman, of this city, and James Skuse, of Windsor, Ont., were out for a day's sport and made a bag of 12 partridges and 28 quail. Nov. 29, Frank Nall and Frank Eldy, in company with J. W. Jardine, returned from a five days' shoot in the woods north of Alpena. The following is their bag: 13 ducks, 33 partridges, 7 white rabbits and three hundred pound black bear. Jardine had quite a tussel with a buck who had a hind leg broken. Jardine ran up to cut his throat and the deer went for him, knocked him down, bruised him quite severely, and making a serious wound in his left wrist. He says he will never try collar and elbow hold with a deer again. DRUID.

—Deer are reported very abundant in Alpena County. Between 300 and 400 have been killed already this season.

—A party of six Pittsburgh sportsmen sent home more than 600 ducks as the result of a week's hunt on the St. Clair Flats.

—A brakeman of the Great Western Railway recently encountered a bear, and the local paper says that his "face is embellished with more cuts than ordinarily accompany an illustrated newspaper."

—A large wildcat was shot in one of the streets at East Saginaw on the 24th inst.

MINNESOTA—St. Paul, Dec. 2.—Migratory game has mostly left our hunters are mostly engaged with deer, of which the forests are full; some quail and ruffed grouse in market. Next year I trust you will make a longer visit here and look at Minnetonka. C. P.

IOWA—Algonia, Nov. 20.—I note the letter of "Nimrod" in your issue of the 14th inst., and have been much interested therein. A party of five of us bagged 267 ducks at the duck pass he speaks of, near Spirit Lake, about the first of this month. I can corroborate all he says about the game, accommodations for hunters, etc., but wish to set the people right on one subject he speaks of. Having been a resident of this country for twenty-three years, and knowing intimately nearly every man that shoots near here, I must say that the person who told him "that prairie chickens had been shot by hundreds and left lying on the ground" imposed greatly on his credulity by making up a lie "out of whole cloth." I have never known of one chicken being left that could be found by diligent search. There are more chickens lost by the nests being burned in the spring every year than are shot in five years. Every person here who has paid any attention to the subject will bear me out in this assertion. I shall never see them so plenty as they have been, although very fine sport can be had now. Our present game law is a failure—in this part of the State, at least. I do not know of over six men in this county who observe it, of which I am one. It defeats itself by its very stringency and unconstitutional provisions. Ducks have been very plenty this season, but geese not so plenty as usual. ALGONIA.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—The gold medal given by Captain Bogardus, possession of which is to carry with it the title of champion pigeon shot of the United States, is to be shot for at the Brooklyn Driving Park on December 25. On the following day another medal will be shot for to decide the championship at glass balls. On December 27 there will be a match to be shot at both glass balls and pigeons. In addition to the medals there will be added on the first day \$500, on the second \$200, and on the third \$500.

MR. FERGUSON'S IMPROVED JACK LAMP.—We have several times, we believe, given some praise to Mr. Ferguson's Pocket and Jack Lanterns, which we have been glad to recommend for their lightness as well as their light. Most lanterns are cumbersome and bulky, although very efficient illuminators. Ferguson's weigh so little that they are a comfort to carry. We have been the possessor of one of them for six months past, and know their value. The new improvements, which we are now called upon to notice, consist in larger illuminating power, with the same compactness as those first offered to the public. Besides, the adjustments are more simple. It is 7½ inches high, 4½ inches wide, 2½ inches deep, burns either kerosene, or signal oil for eight hours without filling, cannot be extinguished in a gale, and weighs only one pound without its attachments. Can anything be more perfect? It can be adjusted to the head, buggy, boat or staff by suitable fixtures. No one ought to camp without one. See his advertisement.

PARTRIDGE WITHHOLDING THEIR SCENT.—Philadelphia Nov. 23.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Have just returned from a hunt in the Lehigh Valley, between Hellertown and Allentown. The dogs we had were A No. 1 in every respect. The first field we struck the dogs ranged and quivered elegantly, but failed to find a covey. As I walked down the centre of the field I kicked up a covey of 7; missed with my first barrel, knocked one down with my second; called dogs to find "dead bird," but they both failed in the attempt. At last I discovered the bird crouching low and holding his wings close to his body. As I supposed, this position would be termed holding his scent; the dogs came up and passed within a foot of the bird, backward and forward, and failed to discover him. At last I stooped to pick the bird up when he flew away about 70 yards, and the Bismarck bitch Tan came to a dead point with the other dog, Frank, backing in elegant style. I walked up and killed him. In the three days' hunt neither of the dogs ran over any birds, and found us a great many coveys among which we did severe execution, killing, between four of us, 156 partridges, 3 woodcock, which I consider a fair bag. Would advise any of my fellow-sportsmen to stop and see Mr. Michael, who keeps the Hellertown Hotel, and they will find him a genial gentleman and true sportsman, anxious to show those who come there where they can kill the most birds. R. E. S.

ANOTHER MAN WHO WANTS TO DO FLORIDA.—Danville, N. Y.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: You can't fancy what a comfort it is for me, stretched out on the old lounge under the mild rays of the student lamp, with naught to break the silence of my "Den" but the swish of the hemlocks against the weatherboards outside or the twitters and mutterings of Daff who, lying at my feet, half-lost to the beach in wood fire, dreams over and over again the last grouse he pointed to his death. What a comfort, I say, when one is among the "Can't-go-aways" to read "Al Fresco's" letters! How full, how graphic, and withal how modest—no fish stories, no imaginative frills, no "letter" Nimrod or lightweather sailor is he. One follows him through all his exciting and interesting adventures and regrets that another week must elapse before the trip is resumed. What idea of man is he? Would he not shake hands with a tyro and repeat for his benefit a few of the valuable hints his letters contain. Doubtless he would, recognizing in the act the masonry that exists among true sportsmen. Heaven speed the time, when with my nineteen-foot cut, impedimenta, striker and Al Fresco's sailing directions, I may realize what now is most vividly imagined, a trip among the Keys. ST. EMMES.

LUBRICATORS FOR GUNS.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Will you permit me, through your valuable paper, to say a word in defence of the lubricator so rudely attacked by your correspondent. "L." It is stated that they are advertised as absolutely guaranteeing immunity from rust, and advises the use of mercurial ointment, which is a very dangerous compound. This is undoubtedly a very thorough rust preventer; but woe to the man who has a scratch on his hand, or in any way uses it carelessly—besides which, it is as old as the hills and known to all sportsmen. I would advise a coating of beeswax or tallow, which is just as effective and perfectly harmless. I have never seen the advertisement mentioned above, and would consider a person so advertising as hurting his own business; for such a compound cannot be made as long as sportsmen are so careless with their own weapons. I have used Ferguson's and Eaton's Rust Preventer, also the Belmonty oil, and found them most excellent. I have shot all day in the rain, both for wild fowl and upland game, and my guns have never been troubled to any serious extent by rust. But I do not expect these (the preventers) to be used. I have not used I do mine and keep my guns clean. I heard of a gentleman the other day, who on being asked how a certain rust-preventer worked, replied: "Not worth a blank." "How so?" asked the maker.

"Oh, my gun got covered with rust. I was out in a boat and got it sprinkled over with salt water, and when I looked at it a few days after it was black with rust all over the barrel."

"Did you wipe it off when you came in?"

"No, I was too tired."

Probably if it had not been for the abused article the gentleman's gun would have been ruined instead of having a few rust spots on it. I will now state how I clean my guns and rifles: I first drive a wad, one size larger than the bore, through each barrel with a rag moistened with benzine or any oil handy; then polish out with a thick flannel rag, and finish with Ferguson's or Eaton's Rust Preventer, and the gun is all right. If not used within a few days, the polishing and oiling should be repeated once or twice at intervals of a couple of days, and then the gun can be put away for months. Before going on the salt water fill all corners, engraving and screw-heads, with tallow or beeswax. If the gun is to be put away for a long time, it is well to give it a long sea voyage, fill the barrels with molten tallow. Never put a gun away dirty, particularly if used on a damp day. But remember, it is better to leave the powder dirt in than to half clean with a dirty rag. W. H.

New York, Nov. 26, 1878.

CHILLED SHOT AND PENETRATION.

HOOSIER HALL, Ind., Nov. 21, 1878.

EDITOR *FOREST AND STREAM*: The subjoined table shows the result of experiments with chilled and soft shot. The facts of the targets used were forty inches square, built of inch pine, and filled with a mixture of tallow and benzine. The target-board is a hole six square inches in size, the rest of the target box is arranged cardboard 1½ in. apart. The cardboard used measure 1-24 in. in thickness, so the penetration of twenty-four boards shows an inch of solid substance traversed by the shot. The target for getting the pattern or distribution of the pellets is a paper, 35x38 in., divided into consecutive circles of 2, 6, 12, 18, 24 and 30 in. in diameter, and the space outside of the 30 in. circle is designated "outer." This paper is tacked upon the face of the target-board, the centre being lashed directly in front of the penetration box, so that the pattern and penetration of each shot is taken at the same time. The tables below show the number of pellets penetrating the first board in the box, and also the number penetrating each successive board, and gives also the number of pellets entering each circle and in the "outer." No shot was counted unless it penetrated entirely through the pastboard. I discovered in a previous trial that by hammering the wads over the powder snare, I got an increase of from two to five boards. The superior penetrating power of the chilled shot was beautifully demonstrated in the manner in which it rattled the strips of tin nailed upon the end of the box for its protection; whereas, the soft shot never cut through the tin, but flattened out, thin as water, upon the surface. The chilled shot, after passing through twenty-five of the boards, were discovered

The Kennel.

SPRATT'S PATENT
MEAT FIBRINE DOG CAKES.

Twenty-one Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals awarded, including Medal of English Kennel Club, and of Westminster Kennel Club, New York.



None are genuine unless so stamped
F. O. De LUZE,
18 South William Street, N. Y., Sole Agent.
BROWN & HILDER, St. Louis, Western Agents.
For sale in cases of 112 pounds.

Fleas! Fleas! Worms! Worms!
STEADMAN'S FLEA POWDER FOR DOGS

A Bane to Fleas—A Boon to Dogs.
This powder is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animals, or money returned. It is put up in patent boxes with sliding pepper box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and efficacious.
Price 50 cents by mail, Postpaid

ARECA NUT FOR WORMS IN DOGS
A CERTAIN REMEDY.

Put up in boxes containing a dozen powders, with full directions for use.
Price 50 cents per box by mail.
Both are above recommended by ROLL AND GUN and FOREST AND STREAM.

W. HOLBERTON.
117 FULTON STREET.
Oct 12

Imperial Kennel.

Setters and Pointers Bred,
Broken, etc.
Young Dogs handled with skill
and judgment.

Address:
H. C. GLOVER,
TOMAS RIVER, N. J.
Splendid kennel accommodations; dogs have daily access to salt water.
Oct 10

LISTEN!
The Sportsman's Bell tells the position of the dog, catches the birds to close. Valuable in early woodcock shooting, cocker, and general sports, where the cover is thick. Sold by dealers in guns and sporting goods. Samples sent by mail postpaid, 50 cents. LEVIN BRUS, MANUFACTURING CO., East Hampton, Conn.
Sept 19 3m

COCKER SPANIEL
Breeding Kennel

M. P. MCKOON, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y.
I keep only cockers of the finest strains. Sell only young stock. I guarantee satisfaction and safe delivery to every customer. These beautiful and intelligent dogs cannot be beaten for ruffed grouse and woodcock shooting and retrieving. Correspondents enclosing stamp will get printed pedigrees, circulars, testimonials, etc.
110 ft

COCKERS! COCKERS!

Sportsmen in want of first-class cocker spaniels write at once to CHAS. S. HITCHCOCK, Secretary Outpost Kennel Club, Franklin, Delaware County, N. Y. Stock and delivery guaranteed. Price \$15 each for dog or bitch pups.
Sept 12

POINTER PUPPIES.

By imported champion Snapshot, out of imported Fannie, now eight weeks old, color, liver with white markings—three dogs, one bitch, price each \$20. Also one red Irish setter bitch, whelped June 12 by imported Dash (1st, New York, 1878), out of imported Flora (1st, New York, 1878). Price \$25. We are taking orders for delivery of pups whelped Sept. 21 by champion Snapshot, out of our Gypsy (N. Cal. out of Psycho; 1st, New York, 1878). LINCOLN & HELLAR, Warren, Mass.
Oct 12

FOR SALE—Six pups by Lather Adams' Drake out of Mollie. Mollie by Adams' Duke out of S. Kildar. Pups whelped May 16, 1878. Address DR. H. M. QUNBY, Worcester, Mass.
Nov 25

BEAGLES FOR SALE.

Bees, first prize winner at Boston, and Jenny; both are well broken and run well together or by themselves; 2½ years old. Also six pups, two by Bees, 8 months old, and four by Jenny, 9 months very healthy, prolific breeder and well known being the dam of some fine field dogs. Price \$30 each. For pedigree, etc., address W. H. PIERCE, Rochester, N. Y.
Dec 4

FOR SALE—A handsome pure Gordon black and tan setter bitch, first prize winner; her sire is also a first prize winner, 4½ years old; been used exclusively as a brood bitch; will point almost to any game, produce brooder and well known being the dam of some fine field dogs. Price \$30 each. For pedigree, etc., address W. H. PIERCE, Rochester, N. Y.
Dec 4

THE NEW YORK KENNEL CLUB offer for sale two pointer bitch puppies by Dr. Searabach's Fish (sire of Flete and Whiskey) out of the Club's very healthy, prolific breeder and well known being the dam of some fine field dogs. Price \$30 each. For pedigree, etc., address E. J. ROBERTS, Westchester, Conn.
Dec 20

FOR SALE—Thorburned red Irish setters from 6 months to 1 year old, by Elcho, Rory O'More, etc., and out of bitches containing blood of Imp. Plunkett, Sicilia, Buck, Floss and Birgen, Hufus and Fied. Address E. J. ROBERTS, Westchester, Conn.
Dec 20

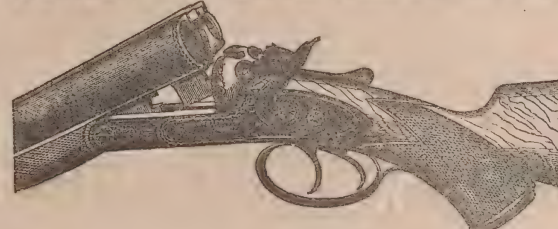
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WITHOUT A RIVAL.

Messrs. P. WEBLEY & SONS, Birmingham and London, who, it will be remembered, received the highest award at both Vienna and Philadelphia, have secured the most perfect machinery for gun making ever set up in any factory in England. The result is, that they can now turn out guns perfectly uniform in excellence, and in such increased quantity as to greatly reduce the cost.
Their specialties this year are their BEAUTIFUL TREBLE WEDGE GUNS, Nos. 1 and 2, of which the above cut will give a tolerably fair idea. Every gun has fine Damascus or Laminated Steel Barrels, Rebounding Bar Locks, Pistol Grip, Extension Rib, Lever Forepart, and Treble Hook. It is a new thing to be able to buy a fine breech-loader, with every possible appliance which can contribute to its beauty, convenience, or excellence in shooting, at the price of ordinary guns.
In addition to the Treble Wedge Guns, we have on hand about fifty of Webley's Breech-Loaders, Top and Side Lever, Single and Double Bolt, of various grades, which arrived last year, after the season was over. These guns we are rapidly closing out at greatly reduced prices. It is fair to say that as regards soundness, durability, and perfection in shooting, these guns are in no way inferior to the Treble Wedge Guns. Many of them are from \$15 to \$11 lbs. Weight, and are splendid guns for duck, shooting or for killing large game at long range.
The fifty guns mentioned above are all that now remain of a much larger number referred to by us in the FOREST AND STREAM in October, and as the season is now well advanced we will allow an additional discount upon the few that are left, provided they are ordered in December.
WEBLEY'S GUNS are remarkably Strong, Close Shooters, and do not need any additional choking.

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The Kennel.

GRAND INTERNATIONAL
BENCH SHOW OF DOGS.

Januarv 7, 8, 9 & 10, 1879.

DETROIT, MICH.

Price Lists now ready, and can be had of

CHAS. LINCOLN,
Supt.

Entries close 31st Dec.

Dec 31

FULL BLOODED GORDON SETTERS FOR SALE, of the purest blood, Jennie is very kind and obedient; color, black-and-tan, and very handsome; none better marked; has been hunted and broke on quail; lowest cash price \$50, and not one-fourth what she is worth. The only reason for selling, business will not allow keeping them.
Lizzie, a very handsome young bitch, eleven months old; color, black-and-tan; will make a good one; and she wants to be put on game; will stand pigeons in yard, and just the right age to take in field, price, \$25.
Joe, a very handsome dog, fifteen months old, will stand in yard, never been hunted on game; too wide make a good one; color, black-and-tan; the sire, Tom, full-blooded Gordon; the best dog in Lancaster on quail; both Lizzie and Joe are as good as Tom, price, \$30. Full pedigree given. IL B. VONDERSMITH, Lancaster, Pa.
Dec 12

FOR SALE—Price \$30—A blooded dog, trained to hunt cones, rabbits and gray squirrels; no one can be found; his working will be shown. W. E. SIMMONS, 345 Main street, Hartford, Conn.
Dec 12

BLACK SETTER DOG, three years old; best breed in the country; pedigree guaranteed. Address B. H., this office.
Dec 12

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE FOR SHOT-GUN OR RIFLE—Extra Gordon setter bitch, five months old, from superior stock. A. H. THOMAS, Warrenburg, Warren Co., N. Y.
Dec 12

FOR SALE—The red Irish bitch Elsie, by Elcho, 3 months old. Price \$25. CHAS. DENTON, Hartford, Conn.
Dec 12

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Successors to ANDREW CLERK & CO.,

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Trout Flies tied to order, \$2 per doz.
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FISHING TACKLE.

For Sale.

FOR SALE—Crystal Spring Fish Farm and Pleasure Grounds, Oakland, Bergen County, N. J. Buildings cost over \$1,200; five years old; gothic frame villa; all modern improvements; tenant's house, stables, etc.—in one, four horses; twenty-three acres, four acre grove, with from twenty to thirty ponds; the garden; 100 young fruit trees; apple orchards. Address B. B. F., care this office.
Nov 23

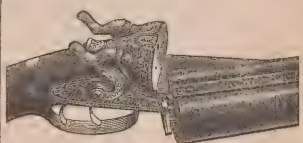
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Nov 23

TO LET—Splendid opportunity for a man of small means to make money. The Oseawana Trout Farm on the Hudson, thirty-five miles from New York, to let or lease, low to a man who understands the business. Four-year-old stock row of the premises. Present catching capacity one hundred thousand. A small expense, which the owner will agree to make if desired, will give capacity of five hundred thousand. From one to ten acres of ground with small house if desired. Six spring ponds and a creek of splendid water, never dry, connecting. Will let to good party who understands the business, at \$600 per year. H. P. DEGRAAF, Rovers National Bank, N. Y.
Nov 23

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First Prize Over All Others at the Great St. Louis Fair.

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161 ft

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The Kennel.

FOR SALE—Setter dog, broken, good retriever. Price \$25. JAS. ROY, Vienna, Trumbull Co., Ohio.
Dec 17

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FOR SALE.

One million brook trout eggs—ready for delivery from the 1st of Nov. to Jan. 30. Send for price list to J. B. & F. W. EDDY, Randolph, Catt. County, N. Y.
Sept 26

FOR SALE CHEAP.

A 12-bore Wesson gun. One of their best make and finish; good as new; been used very little. Sold because owner has no use for it. Any one wanting a first-class gun of this celebrated make will do well to address Box 570, West Meriden, Ct.
Dec 2

MINNESOTA FARM—For sale, 1,600 acres improved land in Rock County, Minnesota, with farm house, three stables, corn house, hen house, grain house, fences, trees, windbreaks, elevator, windmill, wells, grading, running streams, a clear water; directly on line of St. Paul and Sioux City Railroad; price \$18,000. Only one half mile by rail from county seat. Soil only to increase farming interest in immediate neighborhood. No such bargain to be had in the entire West. Photographs shown and full specifications given on application to CHAS. HALLOCK, office of Forest and Stream.
Oct 31

FOR SALE—Orange County (N. Y.) Farm, with rare facilities for propagating trout; two trout streams, gravelly bottoms, fed by springs; one trout pond; good grain and grass land; good buildings, fine location, half mile from Otisville, Erie Co., two and a half hours from New York City; will be sold bargain. Send for description. A. V. BOAK, Middletown, N. Y.
Dec 12

FOR SALE, CHEAP—Sharps Long-range Creedmoor Rifle, in good order; also, a Ballard Carbine, with breech combination and pump sights. Address A. G. HOLCOMBE, 20 Washington square, New York City.
Dec 12

FOR SALE—An old established Lock, Gunsmith and Fishing Tackle Business; also first-class Rifle Gallery combined. Address or see D. L. BECKWITH, 213 Broadway, basement.
Dec 12

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SPORTSMEN'S GOODS.

Dec 12

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MUTUAL

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Total cash assets, as per Insurance Com-
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Total surplus as per Insurance Commis-
sioner's report, 1,621,073 93
Benjamin F. Stevens, President.

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GINDBRELLA. dec 31

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This barrel can be placed in a gun ready for use in a second of time with the same ease as a cartridge, and can be removed just as expeditiously. There is no wear on the rifle barrel, nor on the shot-gun, and it cannot get out of order. With this Auxiliary Barrel, which weighs about one pound almost instantly a breech-loading shot-gun can be converted into almost accurate rifle. THE AUXILIARY BARREL will fit any standard make of gun of 10 or 12-calibre—calibre of rifle 22, 28, or 44, as desired. Length of barrel, twenty inches. The shells used with the best advantage are the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.'s cartridges, No. 32 and 38, extra long, and No. 44, model 1873. Send for a Circular and Price List.

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The New York State team, using the Sharps Military Rifle, won with a score of 974. Best score by any other rifle, 960.

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New York State Team, with Sharps Military rifle, 1,044. Best by any other rifle, 903.

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Average per man with Sharps Rifles, 213. Other rifles used averaged respectively 193 and 197. The WIMBLEDON CUP, won by Mr. Frank Hyde with a Sharps Rifle with a score of 143 out of a possible 150 at 1,000 yards. THE LEECH CUP, won at Spring Meeting with a score of 205. Best other rifle, 197. For the Grand Aggregate Prize at Fall Meeting, three competitors each, with Sharps Rifles—Mr. Frank Hyde, Col. W. H. Clark and Capt. W. H. Jackson—fired on a score of 340 points.

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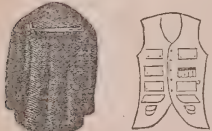
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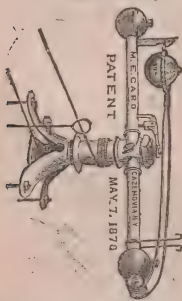
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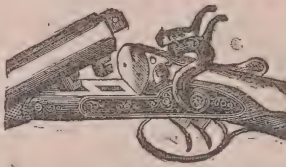
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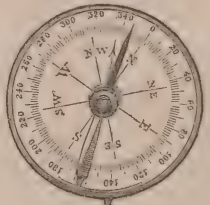
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Terms, Four Dollars a Year.
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1878.

Volume 11--No. 19.
No. 111 Fulton St., N. Y.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

HUNTING THE ANTELOPE (Antelope Americana).

WHERE sweeps the illimitable plain,
Far over prairie pastures green,
And fast by rocky ridge and cliff,
With dark ravine and chasm between,
Where short and sweet the juicy grass
Carpet the mountain's lonely pass,
The antelopes, in browsing herds,
O'er all those grassy uplands rove,
To taste the rill or crop the leaf,
In the sweet freedom of the grove.

So shy that man, almost in vain,
May seek to ambush their retreat,
So swift that matchless steed may fall
To overtake their speeding footsteps neat;
Yet stratagem and Indian wile
The timorous herds to death beguile.

The savage, hidden in some bush,
Whose leavy clumps the prairies dot,
Shakes its green foliage, and attracts
The prey within its arrow's shot;
And oft the lawless Shoshonee,
Or Mandan warrior, stark and grim,
Circle the herds on dashing steed,
Fleet as the birds the air that skim,
And charging with a reckless speed,
With brandish'd spear and twanging bow,
And whooping their demonic yell,
They lay the panting victims low.

The den wolves of the wilderness,
Gaut, gray and grizzly, famishing,
With loping stride or crouching gait,
Stround them with their narrowing ring;
Then, with a rash, the quarry gain,
Tearing with fang the bleeding vein,
Till soon there scarce remains a bone,
Amid the trodden grasses thrown.

ISAAC McLELLAN.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

Field Sports in San Diego Co., Cal.--No. 3.

BY T. S. VAN DYKE.

IT is not my purpose at this time to go into any dissertation on deer hunting; for to do it half justice would require a volume. But there is one more kind of it here to which I must introduce the reader even at the risk of being considered tedious by some who take little interest in hunting with the rifle.

It is later in the season than the time of our last hunt, and the acorns are pattering on the dry, hard ground. Between rugged mountains robed in sombre green, runs a long, low vale from 200 to 500 yards wide, with numerous small branches which break away into the adjacent mountains. Its bottom is covered with vast live oaks that were monarchs when Charlemagne was a baby. Their immense trunks, their long arms, resplendent with ever shining green, their broad massive heads and their hoary beards of trailing moss form a striking picture of dignity, grace and strength. In places they cover the ground with an almost continuous shade, and with the smooth open ground beneath suggest an old English park. Along the sides where the valley breaks into mountain are low hills and knolls dotted with white oaks that were pioneers before Columbus set sail; and the acorns of these the deer particularly love.

At this time of year the deer concentrate from the neighboring hills upon such ground as this. During midday they lie in the bushy heads of the side gulches or in the heavy chapparral upon the mountain's breast, where it is quite useless to try to still hunt. But about 4 o'clock in the afternoon they move down to these valleys to feed and lounge until after sunrise in the morning. Is this a hunt or only an evening stroll in a park? We could scarcely tell did we not know that they are miles away from man or any of his works, but for the numerous deer tracks along the cattle trails, and but for a strange mysterious track occasionally seen in the sandy bed of the slumbering stream like a huge misshapen human foot with uncommonly long and narrow toe nails. We loaf slowly along in the cool shade and almost forget

what we came for, when we are reminded by a sudden bump—bump—and the crash and smash of two gray streaks 100 yards ahead, into the chapparral.

"Like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm,"

not of bullets, but of well-deserved maledictions on that stupid law of California that forbids the killing of does. When will the American people ever learn that the sportsman and the settler ought not to shoulder the whole burden of restrictions for game preservation? Why should not the pot-hunter and the epicure bear his share too, and the sale of game in market be limited to only a part of the open season? But no; the palate's royal prerogative must be held sacred, and thousands of law-abiding sportsmen and settlers must have their sport abridged to a minimum in order that the plutocracy of San Francisco may revel in venison that they are too stupid or too lazy to hunt for themselves.

We saunter along a cattle trail for a few hundred yards when we suddenly discover walking across an open place two hundred yards ahead two more deer, a fawn and something that looks like a young buck; rather queer company for this time of year. The first thing to do is to do nothing, but keep cool and see what's best to be done, for they will not leave the valley at this time of day. In a moment they disappear behind some rolling ground. We must now reach that high knoll to the left of where they disappeared. This will give us a good out-look, and besides it is always best, where it can just as well be avoided, not to follow directly upon a deer's fresh track; as they are more apt to be watching in that direction than in any other, and if much hunted or if started by anything will be almost sure to watch their back track.

Climbing cautiously up the knoll we take off our hats and peer over the crest. This care is not always necessary, but they will quickly see a broad hat, and it is always safest to act upon the presumption that your game is the wildest and sharpest of its kind. A deer is sometimes careless, but never presume upon that fact in hunting. Some two hundred yards away in a side gulch filled with scrub oak along the sides, we see them eating the scrub oak acorns, raising their heads and taking a long sharp look all around while masticating one.

Put down that rifle. They are too far for a sure shot. It must be a dead centre shot, or you'll be apt to lose him in that brush, even with a dog. We must get to that ridge behind them.

Swinging around, so that neither our wind nor noise can reach them, we gain the back side of the ridge and ascend it slowly and quietly as possible. When near the top a dead stick snaps under an incautious step of your foot, which is at once followed by a bump-bump-smash-bump from the other side.

Run for the top, quick! We may get a shot yet. We reach it just in time to see two white buttocks, each surmounted and flanked by glistening gray, waning swiftly in the chapparral on the top of the next ridge. The waning process is considerably accelerated by a vain cannonade of snapshots, almost always useless at any considerable distance.

But not yet are we outgeneraled, for close to our feet winds around the head of the gulch, like a horse-shoe, a well-beaten cattle trail. Swiftly our moccasins skim along the dusty path, and we gain the next ridge just in time to see our game careering up the head of the next gulch, with the everlasting bump-bump-bump of their stiff, steely legs. At the crack of the rifles the powerful legs of the largest one wilt and down he comes, stumbling with a crash into the brush.

Going up to the place where he fell, we find nothing. There is no blood, and the ground is too hard, too stony, too mossy and the brush too thick to follow tracks not made on the jump. An old story this is, and a terribly provoking one.

Three long whistles on an empty shell bring Reece from a neighboring valley with Diego, a Scotch terrier. Diego snuffles a moment around in the brush, and, with a sharp yelp, bounds away up the hill. Very soon there is a mixture of yelps, barks and crashing brush one hundred yards or so above and beyond us. In a moment the noise shifts and the bushes break in a rapid line downward into another gulch. Downward goes the racket, no longer with the regular bump-bump-bump, but a confused clattering discord of crashing brush, yelping dog and stumbling hoofs.

Plunging and thrashing our way through as fast as possible, we come in sight just as they reach the bottom of the gulch, where the nimble Diego bounds ahead and grabs the deer by one of his long, mulish ears. In a twinkling he shakes him out and narrowly escapes a thrust so vigorous that one time of the sharp horns is broken off by striking the stony side of the gulch. Again the dog grabs him, but, like lightning, is thrown to the ground by a stroke of one fore foot. With one hind leg broken high up and entrails hanging out from where the ball just scraped his paunch in its onward course, the buck stands at bay with hair erect and eyes of a savagely bright, greenish glare, and makes a last stand that would finish a much larger dog. The plucky little terrier dodges and grabs again, now dangling in the air from one ear as the buck tries to shake him off, now letting go with a yelp as the buck hock hits him, until a shot from Reece pacifies the savage hoofer.

After a sound sleep under a royal live oak and a starlight breakfast we again tread the same valley of the night before

Gliding swiftly along in the gray of morning, we reach a point a few hundred yards beyond where we were last night. All over the oaks stand like an immense orchard. Here and there long vistas appear, down which we take a long and can full look, and sometimes we have to stoop down for a long range of sight below the hanging branches. On we go until the rising sun, breaking through a gorge in the mountains, glistens on the bright green leaves and lights up with golden torch the dead white grass and leaves beneath. Below a distant aged oak the slanting beams gleam on the polished lines of a pair of branching antlers and the sleek gray coat of a round, plump body behind them.

There must be no fooling now with this chap, and no long or uncertain shots; so keep down that long-range sight. He must be dropped within twenty yards of where he stands and not sent hobbling into the brush, for a dog cannot always be depended upon in this chapparral. He is now two hundred and fifty yards off at least, and you must get one hundred yards closer, anyhow. You'll have to approach him in his sight, too, a task one of the hardest in the world, but also one of the easiest if you do it right. Leave your hat here and get down as close to the ground as you can. Keep a close watch on the deer, and the moment he raises his head to look, lie still. Move only when he is feeding, and keep that tree between you as much as possible. In the meantime I'll back out of here and swing around to the side toward which he'll be likely to run if he should start.

Fifty yards you pass at a slow and painful pace, when you find that an open slope must be crossed that is directly in plain sight of the deer. Now your chances of getting closer are less than your chances of guessing your distance, and you resolve to shoot. A wise resolve, generally, but you forget just now that you want to make a centre shot, and not cripple that noble fellow. You'd better try fifty yards more. In the meantime I have gained a position on a knoll some 200 yards to one side of him and between him and the mountain, toward which his head is turned, and I am watching him quietly, when suddenly the buck springs in the air as your rifle speaks out far and wide, and starts at a heavy, but rapid gait, on a slanting course toward me. On he comes, not with the high elastic bound, but with the lumbering gallop of an old cow, with head down and horns projecting forward. I raise the rifle ahead of him and coolly await his coming, when, with a plunge and a lurch, he falls, gives a kick or two, and all is over. A good shot as ever was, and square through the heart. A good 150 yards he ran, much further than usual, though deer have run nearly half a mile when so shot.

Such, dear reader, is a sample of deer hunting as it usually is in this country, though not quite as it has so far been this year. For some reason, which no one seems to understand, the deer have been scarcer than usual in their ordinary haunts, though it is certain that they have not been killed off nor left the country. Reece and I have quite a good success in spite of it, but it is only by hard work, patient toil, and by extra good fortune in making the most of every chance. All other game is more abundant than usual, and quite as easily found as at any time. To the sportsman who would seek a refuge from the winters of the North and would slum the enervating heat or malaria of other sections, who would follow his favorite sport during the greatest number of days in the year and with the least amount of toil, I can confidently recommend San Diego County. For such reasons I have sought it, and though I find it, like all of California, far below the asinine hyperbole (to use the mildest term) of Nordhoff, I am still fully satisfied with its fitness for my purpose. For reasons before given, no market hunters need apply at present. In fact no one should come here, or indeed to any part of California at present, with any expectation of making a living with either head or hands, either directly or indirectly, out of the country. It may, perhaps, be done, but the chances are five to one against one, especially when out of health.

I must add another word or two of caution, which, absurd as they may seem, experience has taught me are sometimes needful.

1st. That there is supposed to be but one perfectly warm and dry climate in the whole universe, and in judging any terrestrial climate you must consider not what is desirable, but what is attainable.

2d. That climate is never a medicine, but only a condition under which one not too far gone may recover.

3d. That California is not to blame for your hard fate in being thrown out of business and banished from friends and home.

4th. That the felicities of heaven are not to be enjoyed without the formality of dying, and California is not a heaven anyhow, Nordhoff to the contrary, notwithstanding.

To the average tyro in hunting I find it necessary to say: 1st. That though the hunting here is by far the easiest I have ever seen, it is nevertheless hunting, and not merely displaying a gun and picking up game.

2d. That the word "plenty" does not have the same meaning when applied to every kind of game, and it nowhere means so thick that you cannot by diligent and judicious search find in the course of a day a bare spot to eat your lunch on.

3d. That game here has the same trick of getting out of the way of a bungler as it has elsewhere, and that this annoyance can be avoided only by learning to hit it and not by abusing California.

tailed hornet" and "yellow jacket" are good examples, while the mud wasp may stand, as being so familiar to all, as a type of the latter. It is with the solitary wasp that we have to do at present. These insects are provided with a poison which stupefies or paralyzes the insects upon which they prey and which of course they secure by stinging them. The female blue wasp—for there are no workers (nouters) in this genus—having partially completed her nest of mud, deposits an egg, and in the same cell with it places a number of small spiders which it has stung and which, although paralyzed and quite incapable of motion, still retain life. The cell is then walled up and another one built adjoining it in which the same thing takes place; this is continued until several eggs have been deposited, when the last cell is finally walled up and the nest completed. A similar nest is constructed for each set of eggs which the female deposits. When the grub appears it feeds on the spiders prepared for it until ready to undergo its transformation, and finally, when it becomes a perfect insect, gnaws its way out through the wall of clay.

Another large wasp, somewhat similar in general aspect to the blue wasp, but larger, is common in our latitude; but as it does not appear about the dwellings of man it is seldom observed, except by those who are on the lookout for insects. It belongs to the genus *Spheg*, and its nests are placed in holes in the ground, which it excavates with much care and patience. It feeds its offspring on crickets, grasshoppers, etc., and an incident which once came under our observation well illustrates the power and perseverance of these little creatures. While walking one day in mid-summer along a well beaten path we noticed several small but deep holes, which we rightly attributed to these insects, and at length, just after passing one of these excavations, we came upon a large *Spheg* which was at that moment engaged in transporting its prey to its nest. But for the fact that the insect was directly in our path and we were looking for it we should have missed a very interesting scene. The burden with which our *Spheg* was struggling consisted of two of the large black and yellow winged "grasshoppers," whose sharp and loud crepitations are so frequently heard during the scorching days of July and August. The two orthoptera were firmly fastened together, one clasping the other by the back and each of them was half as long again as their captor. Poor *Spheg* was really in great trouble. She would seize her burden by the head, and by great exertion drag it along the smooth path for about six inches, when her strength would give out and she would fly off to a little distance and rest for a minute or two, walking briskly about in the sun the while, then she would return to the spot and renew her efforts. Had the journey been through the grass it seems as if it would have been impossible for the wasp to drag her load, but the path, worn smooth by constant travel, offered no impediment to her progress. The distance from the spot where she was working to the hole which she desired to reach was perhaps twenty feet, and though her advance was slow it was steady. At times she would fly off to quite a distance, fifty feet or more, but her absences were never long continued, and when we were obliged to leave her she had transported her burden to within three feet of the hole. We greatly regret that we were unable to witness the close of the scene and watch the method by which the "grasshoppers" were introduced into the hole, for they were certainly too large to enter it without being considerably reduced in size. Here then was a very considerable provision for the expected larva, and we thus see that even in our own latitude there are examples showing that different genera of solitary wasps feed their young on different insects. A European genus, *Ammophilus*, employs the larvae of moths for this purpose, while *Chlorion* of Mauritius, as has been said, feeds its young on cockroaches.

It might be supposed that the wasps secure their prey by hawking about over the ground, trusting to chance to throw the insects they need in their way, but we have some evidence that these little creatures possess special senses which enable them to follow the objects of their search when not visible, perhaps somewhat as the hound follows the fox. In a recent number of *Nature* we find a letter from Mr. C. L. W. Merlin to Henry Cecil, Esq., narrating a curious occurrence to which the former was witness and from which we may quote, in closing, an extract or two. Mr. Merlin's account is as follows:

"I was sitting one summer's afternoon at an open window (my bed room) looking into the garden, when I was surprised to observe a large and rare species of spider run across the window-sill in a crouching attitude. It struck me the spider was evidently alarmed or it would not have so fearlessly approached me. It hastened to conceal itself under the projecting edge of the window-sill inside the room, and had hardly done so when a very fine large hunting wasp buzzed in at the open window and flew about the room, evidently in search of something. Finding nothing, the wasp returned to the open window and settled on the window-sill, running backward and forward as a dog does when looking or searching for a lost scent. It soon alighted on the track of the poor spider and in a moment it discovered its hiding-place, darted down on it, and no doubt inflicted a wound with its sting. The spider rushed off again and this time took refuge under the bed, trying to conceal itself under the framework, or planks which supported the mattress. The same scene occurred here; the wasp never appeared to follow the spider by sight, but ran backward and forward in large circles like a hound. The moment the trail of the spider was found the wasp followed all the turns it had made till it came on it again. The poor spider was chased from hiding-place to hiding-place—out of

the bed room, across a passage and into the middle of another large room, where it finally succumbed to the repeated stings inflicted by the wasp. Rolling itself up into a ball the wasp then took possession of its prey and, after ascertaining it could make no resistance, tucked it up under its very long hind legs just as hawks or eagles carry off their quarry, and was just flying off to its nest when I interposed and secured both for my collection.

"I am certain the spider left no web behind it. I cannot be sure, however, that, as it had evidently been attacked by the wasp before entering my room, a small quantity of liquid may not have exuded from its wounds, which may have helped the wasp in tracking it. I have no doubt myself that insects have the sense of smell, and probably much more developed than our own. No one * * * who has engaged for moths, or seen the largest *Sphingidae* hovering over the strongest scented flower at night, or employed a caged female moth as a lure to her male admirers can, I think, doubt this. If so let them put a saucerful of honey in a corner of a room opening into a garden, throw open the window and see how soon the bees, wasps, etc., will be attracted to the honey.

"There is a tradition in the East that one of the tests by which the Queen of Sheba tried to prove the wisdom of Solomon was placing on a table before him two bouquets, one of artificial and the other of natural flowers and requiring that he should say which were the real and which the artificial, without moving from his throne. Solomon ordered the windows to be thrown open and in flew the bees, etc., which went at once to the real flowers.

"Whether the senses of insects, birds and what we call the lower creation are similar to ours in every respect it is very difficult to say. No doubt a dog, if he could speak, would say a man had not the sense of smell, and would prove that his nose was worse than useless to him. An eagle, or hawk would say that men and moles, etc. have only the rudiments of eyes, and so on.

"Man, with five very imperfectly developed senses (who can say that there are not twenty senses?), is the only animal that is dogmatical and denies all he cannot understand. The oracle of Delphi said, "Socrates was the wisest man in Greece, because he was the only man who knew he knew nothing."

ORIGIN OF THE SCIENTIFIC NAME OF THE BLACK BASS.

MR. EDITOR: Professor Jordan has said so well and so fully what is pertinent to the "Scientific Names of the Black Bass" in *FOREST AND STREAM* for November 23, that nothing further requires to be added. A few words may be acceptable, however, respecting the possible reason for that appellation "black-bass" which has suggested to Lacépède the name *Salmoides*. The popular names applied to our various animals and plants furnish material for much interesting study, and I hope some day to be able to enlarge on the subject. Suffice it now to state that the names have originated or been altered re-applied on account of a great variety of circumstances: (1) in the case of fish, as in the instance of the soap-fish, *Rhyptidris saponaceus*, etc., and butter-fish, *Poronotus triacanthus*; (2) in others by the noises emitted, as drum-fish, *Pogonias chromis*; catfish, *Ambloplites castris*, etc.; (3) in others by certain functions performed, as the salt water and fresh water suckers, *Echeneididae* and *Catostomidae*; (4) in others by the time of their appearance, as harvest-fish, *Poronotus triacanthus*; (5) in others by voracity, as wolf-fish, *Anarrhichthys lupus*, etc.; (6) in others by color, as robin, *Fritonotus*; black-fish, *Myoxocheilus*, etc.; (7) in others by the nature of the food, as ghost-fish, *Cryptopterus thodes novatus*, etc., and (8) finally, because in habits the species recall certain others. To this last category evidently belong, among many other species, the mossbunkers, *Breitoria tyrannus*, and the true black bass, *Micropterus salmoides*. The former resembles the mossbunker of the Dutch, *Trochurus amia*, in that it associates in immense schools, the latter is too well known as a game fish, and as, in this respect, the rival, if not superior of the trout—to need comment. In this attribute, then, is unquestionably to be found the reason for the designation—trout—given to it in some sections of the country. Trout was the name applied to it, not because it was thought to be at all like that fish in appearance, but because it resembled the true trout in its excellence as a game as well as a table fish. In this respect the true black bass is superior to the Oswego large-mouthed black bass, and with this understanding the name will probably be conceded to be not so bad after all. The true black bass is the game species of its genus, the trout-like representative of its family, and hence *Micropterus salmoides*, or *salmoides*; the large-mouthed species is the paler form—*Micropterus pallidus*.

Washington, Nov. 30, 1878.

Bedford, O., Dec. 1.—Dear *Forest and Stream*: D. S. Jordan's extended review of that much-named large-mouth black bass is well timed and to the point.

Stamp out all the old names as soon as possible, also that odious misapplication of the name trout, applied by our erring brethren of the "angle" at the South; and still one more misnomer, calling the *Lucioperca* of the Ohio River a salmon. At the time I named the large-mouth bass I searched diligently all the authorities I could find, and inquired of my dear old friend, Dr. Kirtland, if this fish had ever been described, and we both came to the conclusion that it had never been described, and of course not named. I called it *Grytes megastoma*, from two Greek words, to wit: *megas*, large, and *stoma*, mouth, and thought I had hit the nail square on the head. I am content to have the names wiped out with all others, except its new name, which I hope he will wear until something better is found.

But I fail to see why Mr. Jordan considers the name I gave it a "meaty" name, certainly *megastoma* has no reference to meat. Well, he is a poor fish, at best, but has a very wide distribution. Lake St. Clair, Maumee and Sandusky bays are fairly slopping over with them, as all our little lakelets in Ohio, Michigan and elsewhere are. So good-bye to all the old names, and hereafter we will call you *Micropterus pallidus*, a better name than you are a fish.

T. GABLETOR.

BIRD NOTES FROM FLORIDA.—My friend, Mr. T. W. Wilson, has taken at my place on Lake George, during the past season, the following birds not before seen by us:

Glossy Ibis, male. Red, *Ibis phoeniceus*, var. *orealis*; scarlet ibis, male, *Cyanopterus*. I have also seen one of the latter since my return from the North. During four years collecting there are the only specimens seen or heard of by me south of Palatka. Mr. Wilson also collected a fine specimen of the striped skunk, *Nephtis bicolour*. This is the first specimen of this beautiful little animal that has been taken in this part of the country (to my knowledge) since Mr. C. J. Maynard reported them as rather common near Demment's. A few days since I observed within a few yards of my house two beautiful and to me new (in Florida) sparrows. I captured one, which was a female, and was not so plainly marked as the other. The latter flew away after my first shot, and I was unable to take the bird. I am unable at present to decide whether my specimen is a *Coturniculus passerinus*, or a *O. passerinus*. The measurements are as follows: Length, 4.7-5 inches; extent, 8.1-10; wing, 2.1-2.3; tail, 2.1-2.4. Mr. J. A. Allen, in his list of the winter birds of Florida, does not mention the *C. passerinus* as having been seen, but supposes it might occur. The same authority gives Audubon as his authority for *C. passerinus* being "abundant" in the grassy pine barrens. As I have no means of comparing this specimen with others of both species I should like to ask our naturalists if *C. passerinus* has yet been reported from Florida? Mr. Wilson reports having seen several specimens of the black and white creeper (*Atalapha varia*) in August on Lake George. Unfortunately he examined no specimens, and therefore cannot tell the state of their breast feathers. It would be very interesting to know whether this little bird breeds in this State. I saw and collected a female in the first part of this October. A few days since, as three of us were sitting on my veranda, Mr. C., who had a rifle, pulled it up and sighted (as I thought) at an imaginary object. After a moment he lowered his rifle, and after placing his eye against the house remarked: "I could have shot that deer." I said, "What deer?" He then said, "Haven't you got a tame deer?" I said, "No." He turned quickly, and taking up his rifle said, "There is one here." We jumped up quickly, and on looking around the house saw a yearling deer jumping off over the palmettos. It seems Mr. C. first saw the deer feeding with my cow about fifty yards from the house, and supposed I had brought it. I had never seen the deer, and supposed it, that the deer followed my cow up from the pasture, as it was toward night.

WM. K. LENTH.
Lenth's Landing, Lake George, Florida, October, 1878.

[*Coturniculus passerinus* has been found in Florida.—Ed.]

PERSEVERANCE OF PEWEEES.—Summit, Union Co., N. J., Nov. 25.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: To-day in looking over my field notes I found one which I think might interest some of our readers. On the day of last May I discovered the base of a pair of bridge piers built under a culvert near this village in which there were seven eggs, they were hatched in about two weeks. After the young birds had become strong enough to fly a short distance they and the nest were taken. Nothing daunted, however, the pwees set to work and built another nest in the same place in which three eggs were laid. These and the nest were also taken. They built another nest which was hatched in about two weeks. On the day of last May I discovered the base of a pair of bridge piers built under a culvert near this village in which there were seven eggs, they were hatched in about two weeks. After the young birds had become strong enough to fly a short distance they and the nest were taken. 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Woodland, Farm and Garden.

TREES FOR TANNING PURPOSES.

IN discussing the subject of trees whose bark can be used in tanning our English contemporary, *The Country*, says:

"When we consider the comparatively small amount of tannic acid which exists in the bark of the oak, it is really somewhat surprising that it should be mainly employed both in Great Britain and on the European continent for the purposes of tanning. The fact is, we suppose, that leather curriers take what is brought to the market, and bark merchants are content to collect what is procurable nearest home, rather than go roaming in fresh woods and pastures new for a superior article. It would be easy enough to open up a new industry in this connection. With the countries of South America, where so much British capital has been sunk in the formation of railways and tramways, which have not sufficient traffic to enable them to return substantial dividends. Probably when the 'country of the future'—Africa—is thrown open to our capital and enterprise, being nearer home, we may seek and find among its hitherto unknown arboreal treasures vast stores of suitable bark trees as well as gold dust and ivory. Meantime it is worth while considering whether the scanty knowledge we possess of South American woods may not be utilized. Already we receive considerable imports of leather from that quarter, notwithstanding that the climate is generally unfavorable to the curing process. It often happens, indeed, that the hides begin to putrefy while the tanning is in progress. Doubtless this may be partly due from the fact that the routine observed is very much less scientific than would pass muster in Bermuda. Whatever the native process in the Argentine Republic, for instance, may be, we are unaware, but certain it is that it is not lack of suitable material that interferes with the success of the currier in these regions. Investigations carried out by the National College of Buenos Ayres have indicated a large number of trees, the bark of which contains a considerable proportion of tannic acid. Among them may be mentioned the red and black Cebill, the black and white Algarroba, the Algorobillo; the red and white Quebracho, the Espinillo, Lechero, Tipa, Lapacho, Chauri, Ylla, Curupai, Guayacan, as also walnut, coco, and cedar. In the Argentine provinces Salta, Tucuman, and Jujuy, vast woods of both the black and red Cebill, clothe the mountains and people the plains. The red variety, *Alseodaphne*, yields the largest quantity of tannin, the leaves containing about half the proportion afforded by the bark. On account, however, of this kind imparting a color to the hide, it is not highly valued, as it is important, as far as possible, to retain the natural hue. The bark of the white cebill is more easily dried than that of the red, and when ground the proportion of tannin is but slightly less. Chemical experiments show that the bark of the cebill yields about 15 per cent. of tannic acid, which is greatly in excess of the produce of oak bark. The Quebracho is also very rich in tanning matter, the leaves containing 27 per cent. It is found in Cordoba, Salta, Chaco, and Paraguay; but the different trees which go by this name in these districts are scientifically diverse. The red quebracho of Paraguay is used in considerable quantities locally, as well as being exported to the United States and to Europe. It yields from 10 to 20 per cent. of acid, which is capable of being applied to hides and to purest state. The white quebracho found in Salta produces a high proportion of colorless acid, the leaves being especially rich. If a moderate proportion of this acid be mixed with that of the red cebill, the color of the latter is neutralized. The Salta quebracho somewhat resembles the German oak. The so-called quebracho which obtains in Paraguay, the bark of the Curupai has been employed in tanning from time immemorial. Another Argentine bark tree is the Espinillo, well known by its fruit, sharp thorns and delicate leaves. Both wood and leaves contain tannin. The bark is thin and not easily removed; it yields but 6 per cent., but the husk of the fruit yields 33 per cent., and the seed 12 per cent. The Lechero, or milk tree, in appearance is something like our willow, and the bark contains tannic acid in the same proportion as the oak. The trees locally called Molis are very rich in tannin, yielding from 20 to 25 per cent. There are three varieties, one of which is used in the manufacture of ink. The Algarroba was once plentiful in every part of the Republic, but it seems now to be fast disappearing.

OUR APPROACHING WINTER.—Mr. Henry G. Vennor, whose success in forecasting weather has earned for him a widespread reputation in both the Dominion of Canada and through a large part of the United States, has now in press his almanac for the winter of 1878-79. From summaries of this which have appeared in Canadian papers, we observe that we have in store for us some very severe weather and heavy snow falls for the month of December and a part of January. Following this there is to be a lull or great break in the winter, during which the weather is expected to be unusually moderate, causing a very rapid melting of the snow and possibly extensive floods. In March severe weather will again set in and will be accompanied by more snow falls. The spring of 1879 is pictured by Mr. Vennor as wet and backward, ushering in a cool and wet summer season. So successful have these forecasts been in the past that implicit confidence is placed in Mr. Vennor as a "true prophet," and although there are—as there ever is when new theories are first started—many scoffers, these are altogether lost in the crowd of staunch followers of the "Weather Prophet." The *London Times*, Eng., in a recent long editorial, attaches great value to these forecasts of the weather.—*Adm.*

HARTFORD POULTRY SHOW.—*Hartford, Dec. 9.*—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first poultry exhibition of the season is now being held in this city by the United Fanciers club, a new poultry organization formed this year. Nearly all varieties of fowls are represented, and also a large variety of pigeons and pet stock. Upon entering the building the visitor's attention is first attracted by the large and meritorious show of game Bantams, there being some very fine specimens of this pugnacious breed. In contrast with the Bantams is the

exhibit of Asiatic fowls, some specimens weighing 12 and 15 pounds. My attention was particularly attracted to the fine display of dark Brahmas by J. S. Gilman, of Hartford, and light Brahmas of P. Williams, Taunton, and B. S. Woodward, Newington, Ct. The black Cochins were few in number but fine in quality, P. Williams winning first in both fowls and chickens. In the Spanish class Geo. E. Strickland's brown, and E. F. Porter and C. Cushman's white Leghorns were first-class. The largest exhibitor is C. L. H. Hayward, of Peterboro, N. H., a portion of his exhibit being a pair of both golden and silver Chinas, Honen, Wood, Mallard, Cayuga and white call ducks, Egyptian, Embden, African, wild, gray Chida, Toulouse and Hong Kong geese. The game class was small, the most noteworthy being the whites bred by Geo. S. Merritt, and the red pikes bred by Curtis & Chapin of this city; these gentlemen have a faculty of breeding the high station birds. I almost forgot to mention the beautiful blue Hamburgs exhibited and bred by J. M. Duetin and the silver gray Dorkins of V. A. Blakeslee. The pigeon class is a large and interesting feature of the exhibition, comprising all the different varieties. The club is entitled to a considerable praise for affording the public so fine a display, and its effect cannot help being beneficial to the poultry interests of this section. On the 31st of this month will be held the ninth annual exhibition of the Connecticut State Poultry Society, which will be the event of the season to poultry fanciers in these parts.

—The Western Poultry Club will give an exhibition of poultry and pet stock at Chicago, Jan. 17th to 30th prox. The Secretary is C. J. Ward. The show promises to be very large.

HOW TO STRENGTHEN A HORSE'S FOOT.—A correspondent writes desiring to know how to strengthen and straighten a horse's foot. If by this he means how to strengthen and straighten the wall of the hoof and also the sole, as we presume he does, we would say that the only way to do it is first to take out all fever or inflammation there may be in the foot. This fever or inflammation in the foot is what prevents the growth of the wall and sole. Remove it, and the deposit becomes much more rapid and the wall and sole then thicken, and grow strong rapidly. With the increase of size the foot can be shaped little by little until it takes the desired form. In cases where the wall and sole of the foot were deficient, or had any of the imperfections brought about by inflammation, we have found that the use of the Clark shoe remedied the disorders quicker than any way that veterinary practice could suggest. The packing used with the shoe rapidly removes all inflammation and gives the hoof a normal circulation. The deposit of hoof material is vastly increased; brilliancy departs; contraction is expanded, and a permanent cure effected. We cordially recommend it to all horsemen. What our correspondent means by "straightening of the foot," we do not apprehend, unless it be expanding a contracted foot till the proper curvature of a well made, natural foot is reached. In cases where the contraction is severe and the expansion speedily desired, the Dunder system of expanding, tried by mechanical pressure, where the operation is properly performed, we have found safe and successful. But great care, foresight, and some degree of skill, is necessary in weakening the hoof on either side of the frog preparatory to the operation. We should not recommend it as a safe operation in inexperienced hands.—*Golden Rule.*

HOW TO FEED COLTS.—Feeding of colts should receive the most careful attention of the breeder. Our own opinion is that in large fashionable breeding establishments too much grain is fed to the colts, and that it does so to "pull" a colt through the pressure of the corn-crib or the oat-bin. Good wheat shorts are probably the best food, in connection with hay and roots, that can be fed a colt. We have fed on our home farm with great success boiled rye reinforced with a strong sprinkling of wheat shorts. The boiled rye alone, if fed in any but limited quantities, is apt to make the bowels loose. With rye at 50 to 70 cents a bushel, and shorts at 12 to 14 dollars a ton, no cheaper feed can be obtained. We shall experiment more than we have done the coming season on wintering colts without any grain at all. So far as our experience goes we think that good, clean, bright hay, carrots and potatoes, with good fresh water and a lump of rock salt in the bin, which they can lap at any time, will bring colts through a winter season as well as all the high pressure feeding that can be given. To the above diet we should have added plenty of outdoor exercise. If the colts could be allowed to wallow around in the snow and nibble at the occasional patches of turf. Colts shouldn't be fed like old horses, any more than babies should be fed like men.—*Golden Rule.*

—"Snugging up things generally," as the sea-farers say in anticipation of a storm, is a part of the November work on a farm. Teams are generally in good condition, and drawing stone and the like is easier for a yoke of oxen, when the ground is a little frosty in the morning, than it is when the thermometer stands at seventy degrees. A farmer of our acquaintance intends to take all the surface stone from three acres of a stony farm each year, and November is his month for doing it. Pleasant warm days he gives to digging them out of the ground, and in colder weather he does the moving, and if a little snow comes, all the better. The cellar must be protected from the cold by an ample outside banking. Missing shingles on the house or crib or barn, must be replaced by new. Corn fodder stalks and haystacks must be re-trimmed, and perhaps the old-fashioned straw-covered stalls in which like woman's work—never done, and until winter sets in and thus make work of this sort impossible, it should have considerable and constant attention.

—Many of the disappointments which come to young farmers are the result of miscalculation. Because the buildings are tidy, the fences up, and the location desirable, they are betrayed into buying a worn-out farm. This is especially frequent in old settled communities. For years the hard-dest owner, who didn't believe in "new-fangled notions," kept on skinning the old farm, until it was good for nothing but to help hold the world together. For a young man to take hold of such a farm as that is as discouraging an experiment as to pump all day, under a broiling July sun, at a dry well. To re-fertilize it is about as much as the farm is worth. Look over your prospective land-purchases with a view to find out what they have yielded, if you don't know the owner has been one of the skinning sort.—*Golden Rule.*

—First snow of the season in this city, Dec. 9; a half inch fall, turning to rain.

The Kennel.

MASSACHUSETTS KENNEL CLUB.—At the annual meeting of this club, held in Boston on the 4th inst., the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year: J. Fottler, Jr., President; F. B. Greenough, Vice-President; J. F. Curtis, Vice-President; T. T. Sawyer, Jr., Treasurer; E. J. Forster, Secretary.

DOG POISONING.—A correspondent writing from Newport R. I., says that there were five valuable dogs poisoned in that town on one morning. One of them was saved through his owner administering four raw eggs to him and the next day giving a dose of Brandreth's pills. The other dogs died.

A CORRECTION.—In the list of entries for the Nashville Field Trials, which we published last week and which we received from Nashville, there were one or two errors which we desire now to correct. Manda was reported as entered by W. W. Ackerman while the entry should have been in the name of Dr. S. Fleet Spier. The latter gentleman's Romeo was also black and tan, white and tan, whereas he should have been black and tan. Dr. Spier's entries were, in champion stakes, St. Elmo, Romeo and Maida; in brace stakes, St. Elmo and Maida. Mr. E. S. Sanford, of this city, entered in the brace stakes Spiero and St. Elmo, and should have been credited with them.

THE BIRMINGHAM DOG SHOW.—The nineteenth "national" dog show was held at Curzon Hall, Birmingham, on the 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th of this month. The number of entries has hitherto been limited to 1,000, but as the hall has been found too small for even this number, on the present occasion it has been reduced to 975. The entrance fee has also been raised to seven shillings and sixpence, but we believe that exhibitors must also be members of the association, at a cost of one guinea. Exhibitors in this country should not, therefore, complain of having to pay an entrance fee of \$3, particularly as the prizes are much more valuable. The hall was lighted by the electric light. The following list gives the number of entries in each class:

Bloodhounds 11, deerhounds 25, greyhounds 31, other hounds 4, harriers 6, baggies 9, fox terriers 110, pointers 68, English terriers 41, black and tan setters 31, Irish setters 31, retrievers 53, Irish spaniels 6, water spaniels (not Irish) 7, Clumber spaniels 9, Sussex spaniels 13, large spaniels 32, small ditto 7, Dachshund 37, foreign sporting dogs 8, mastiffs 43, St. Bernards 40, Newfoundland 18, sheep dogs 78, Dalmatians 7, bulldogs 38, bull terriers 32, smooth-haired terriers 11, black and tan terriers (large) 21, small ditto 9, Skye terriers 18, Danes 11, Dandie Dinmonts 18, Bedlington terriers 17, Irish terriers 13, wire-haired terriers 35, broken-haired terriers 4, Yorkshire terriers 4, Pomeranians 13, pug 28, Maltese 7, Italian greyhounds 10, Blenheim spaniels 3, King Charles spaniels 3, smooth-haired toy terriers 4, broken-haired ditto 5, large-sized foreign dogs 6, small-sized ditto 2.

THE DETROIT DOG SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Now that the Nashville Trials are over, greater interest is being evinced by the sportsmen of the country to the success of this show. Special prizes are still coming in, and still more are promised, so that we will not be able to get them classified till next week. The additional specials received are from the Le Roy Shot Co., of your city, who donate 250 pounds of their famous tin shot; Schellenburg, of New Brighton, the Eastern sportsman's clothier, gives one of his canvas suits and hats for the best native setter bitch; the Union Metallic Cartridge Co. have given through your correspondent, L. F. Whitman, of this city, a handsome prize, consisting of 1,000 No. 10 paper shells, 1,000 No. 13 shells, two dozen boxes of No. 10 and No. 13 (250 each) make edge shot, C. W. Bogart, with his usual liberality, gives one of his patent glass ball traps; S. W. Goodhue, of Grafton, Vt., generously donates one of his hand-made trout rods, which will be on exhibition during the show. Last, but not least, we have to acknowledge the receipt of your handsome offer of a silver cup, through Mr. L. F. Whitman. The "Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun Cup" will no doubt be highly esteemed by the winner. The committee sincerely hope to receive a good representation of Eastern dogs. The railroad facilities are all excellent. As we anticipated, the Adams Express Co. will carry dogs on the same terms as the other express companies.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 7, 1878.

CHAS. LINCOLN, Supt.

Hartford, Dec. 9.—There is a growing interest in our canine friends in this vicinity, and we hope eventually to have as fine stock as is to be had. I read with interest your article on "Dog Taxes" in the last issue of *FOREST AND STREAM*, and trust that some day breeders will adopt some plan which will remedy the matter concerning the sale of bitches.

NUTMEG.

SPRATT'S DOG DISCOURT.—The highest award for dog biscuits and the only silver medal in the class was given at the Paris Exhibition to Spratt's patent meat fibrous dog cakes. The order for feeding the dogs at the great International Dog Show, held in conjunction with the great International Exhibition at Paris, was given to Spratt's patent by the Minister of Agriculture, and the dogs were sent home, after twelve days confinement (the longest on record), in perfect health and condition.

—Mr. John Fottler, Jr., President of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, has sold his Irish setter Red Hugh to Mr. Richard T. Fay, of Boston, for a good figure. Red Hugh was imported by Mr. Fottler, and is by going's Bob out of Niall's Pan, and has a double crop of Hutchinson's celebrated old Bob's blood in his veins.

DOG LOST.—A red Irish setter, sixteen months old, ran away from his breaker, Mr. S. S. Pease, near Bridgeport, Conn. Any information regarding him sent to Mr. Pease, at Bridgeport, Conn., or to Mr. Tleson, at this office, will be thankfully received.

—Dr. Wm. Jarvis, of Claremont, N. H., owner of champion Elcho, has presented to Mr. Alex. Pope, Jr., author of "Upland Game Birds," etc., an Elcho-Rose puppy, which is said to be remarkably handsome. By the way, Mr. Pope will be in this city next week and would like to make studies of some celebrated dogs.

—Mr. H. Lymn Bingham, of San Antonio, Texas, claims the name of Don for his Irish setter puppy, whelped May 14, out of Rosalind (Kennel name Nellie), Rauger-Ploss, by Bronie, bred by L. H. Smith. Also the name of Rod for a red Irish setter puppy whelped July 4, out of Carrie L, by St. Louis Kennel Club Berkey.

—Mr. Malcolm Greene, of Boston, claims the name of Doctor for his red setter puppy by champion Elcho out of Mr. J. Fottler Jr.'s Elchen.

—Mr. W. H. Barnard, of Wilmington, N. O., claims the name Carolina Duke for a black and white St. Cloud-Dream pup, purchased of E. P. Welsh, York, Pa. St. Cloud is by Rob Roy.

—The Irish setter bitch Vic, owned by Mr. Charles Colt, of Greenfield, Penn., whelped on the 3d inst. eight puppies—five dogs and three bitches—to Major Hess' Gordon setter Judge. The puppies are all black and tan.

—Mr. A. S. Guild's (Lowell, Mass.) native English setter Belle (Codman's dog Nellie-Pay stock) whelped, Nov. 20, two dogs and four bitches, sired by George A. Thayer's Daniel Yacht, winner of first prize native English class, Massachusetts Kennel Club Bench Show, 1878.

—The red Irish setter bitch Nell II. (Pinnick-Nell), owned by Mr. J. I. Schuyler, of Bloomsburg, Pa., whelped, November 23, eight puppies—five dogs and three bitches—sired by Elcho.

—The fox terrier Vixen, the property of A. Watts, of Boston, whelped to his Turk (Rag-Vanity), December 2, 1878, four pups—two dogs and two bitches. Turk was first prize winner at Boston in '78.

THE DOGS I HAVE OWNED AND THE DOGS I HAVE KNOWN—No. 1.

BY PODGERS.

AN early education was with dogs, having, as it were, been brought up with them, my first recollections dating to a period when old—then young—Lion and myself rolled together on the rug in front of an old-fashioned fireplace of a winter's evening, two unsophisticated, happy young pups, little caring for or heeding the admonitions not to roll into the fire, doing it so often that a screen had to be improvised to save Lion's tail and my hand from being done to a turn. Lion and myself formed then and there an undying friendship, encouraged by the sober nod of approval of old Betsy (Lion's mother) and smilingly approved by my own, inasmuch as it kept me from other mischief; while old Sport, a black and white foxhound, looked on with grave face from his corner, being of a serious turn of mind and somewhat lethargic in habits—a lazy dog, as he was denominated. But when my father took down the old, curly maple-stocked rifle, with its improved lock, having been, after much deliberation and many misgivings, sent to New York to be converted from a flint-lock to a percussion, the copper traps affording no such amusement as threw them into the fire—and, by the same token, got nicely warmed for it, the associations in my mind being a combination of rattan and caps; I say, when that much revered rifle was taken down from the crochets over the mantel preparatory to being overhauled, then you should see Master Sport. He whined; his tail was as rigid as an iron bar; his eyes flashed, and every nerve and muscle came into play. He was all excitement and action. He saw in the note of preparation a day in the woods—a run for deer. Old Betsy would rouse up and be no less excited, while Lion and self looked on and wondered, looking at each other inquiringly. Lion would answer my inquiry with a short, quick bark, a spasmodic movement of the tail, which, translated, meant, and I understood him as well as if he talked, "Hang me! I know what is the matter with me and the old governor, Sport!" As Lion said, "As Lion said, the older he came, the more I knew about it—especially when I was promoted to an old-fashioned smooth-bore and the responsibility of putting the dogs out—and a merry time I had of it, with those three dogs in a leash (why not a leash of three as well as two, critical reader?). Once on top of Cold Mountain, bordering on the banks of the Susquehanna, not very far from Otsego Lake, my work began, and especially after the first once caught scent. I generally made them follow the first half-mile in a spread eagle position, being "snaked" through bushes, dry brush, pine limbs, projecting knots of falling trees, vainly endeavoring all the while to release the dogs, who were tearing frantically along, and only when choked down and nearly suffocated did they let me get near enough to cut the straps and "let 'em go," while I sat down on a log to recover breath and wipe the blood from my lacrated hands and face, and contentedly to remain of my clothes; then to follow the trail back to the place I dropped the old smooth-bore, and, according to instructions, I then trotted off a couple of miles, may be five, to a station or "runway," generally the most unlikely one for a deer ever to put in an appearance. But I remember on one occasion, having laid the old rifle down, I was pleasantly occupied in paddling my naked feet in the cool waters of the creek, and I was also fooled. He knew the habits of the deer too well and the direction of the dogs, that the deer must have gone down through the canyon where I was stationed.

I required a whole year of industrious attention to the worms on the early corn, bug hunting in the cantelope and water melon patch, and kindling wood splitting to eradicate the disgrace before I was allowed to place a hand on any gun

in the house, an especial hardship in the wild pigeon season, when I groaned in spirit not to be able to tie me to the freshly cleared and newly sowed ground, or the wheat stubble, the first limbs of the old dead trees showing big flocks of the blue beauties waiting for me, and the old single-barreled fowling-piece, that was at least thirty-eight inches long in the barrel and was religiously supposed by every boy in the town to be a dead certainty for a pigeon or crow on the highest branch of the tallest pine tree in the country, and with a charge of nine buckshot was death to a deer a half mile away. How well I remember its old, dark, time-stained stock and hickory nuzzle, and the pounds of tow for wadding that I have shot away in it. Ammunition was a more serious matter as boys in those days did not rejoice in an allowance to be able to chink veritable gold coin and buy velocipedes at twenty-five dollars each as in these heinous days. Our coins were copper, and our ammunition generally obtained by raids on eggs, putting away a few at a time until accumulating sufficient to constitute a respectable negotiation at the village store much to legal company. My father being a lawyer, ran a law office in the village, and I can remember with what awe I peeped in at the window or half-open door and contemplated the highly-brushed, straight-up white hair of Chancellor Kent, De Witt Clinton and Judge Livingston, the latter a relative whom I revered to an extent to render easy any such thing as to be washed and scrubbed to a presentable degree with a prospect of being introduced; and shaking hands with a real live governor filled my soul with awe, and promises of wedding rings, splitting cords of wood and being otherwise and generally "good," hardly got me clear of that dreaded ceremony. Once a year these old buffers gathered at my father's house for their week's deer hunt, and then the whole village quit business and devoted their time to these honored guests. Such game dinners and such fun and laughter over their wine as these old boys had. Huge roasts of venison garnished the ends of the table as my father sharpened the carver. Good apples, gained by a day in the woods, made all draw their chairs closer, and then followed stories and jokes, and the dignity of the bench, the gubernatorial chair was thrown aside—they were boys again as they had been in their younger days, companions at school and as law students. We boys peeped in and wondered. But what of the dogs, I fancy you say, what has this to do with it? Much; for it was always a rule that when they came limping hours after the hunt was over, their feet were first washed, their chests and limbs rubbed with a good oil, and then before the fire in the dining-room, and they dined with their equals—the best blood of the land. I have seen the kind-hearted old Chancellor call Lion to his chair at the table, pat him on the head, and call him "Good old dog, brave old dog," and give him the choicest morsel from his plate; while old Sport laid his head on the knee of Governor Clinton and received his pat on the head with a dignity and air of equality that only blood truly gives, and I can remember how and now comes the sad duty of chronicling the end of these beloved members of the family.

Old Bess died a peaceful death of old age. Sport met his death at the hands of an old curmudgeon of a farmer, who charged him with going for his sheep while the dog was searching for the scent he had lost as the deer dashed through a field of scattered sheep. The man mistook his house for his gun, and shot the dog, who, though seriously wounded, dragged himself home to die. Loving hands nursed him, which he would lick in gratitude and appreciation, and when at last death put an end to his sufferings, the house was hushed and not a face appeared, nor was there a dry eye in it. We buried him at the roots of the old old elm in the garden, and planted a climbing rose over his grave, which, when I last saw it, had twined itself with its long, supple arms around the tree, and its leaves were as green as emerald, and yearly does it shower its white leaves on the old dog's grave, the one as fresh in my memory as the other in its verdure.

That farmer, what of him? Listen to the deserved fate of a man that kills a good dog. Old Chlo, our superannuated old family nurse and cook, limped three miles to the man's house to harrow up his soul with mild curses, i. e., prognostications that no child would be born to him, and so come to him, his crops were all cut and his sheep all die. My father mounted his horse and rode over to notify him that he should commence legal proceedings, and then sat down and wrote to the owner of the farm which the man leased. That farmer's misfortunes fell thick and fast. First he married, and that trouble did not end there, for his wife thrashed him as a daily pastime, and then the superior attractions of the village shoemaker were too much for him, and he got into with him, taking on the two of them and his sheep all die. His sheep died, the lease of the farm was cancelled, then he took to drinking, and coming home one night, drunk as usual, drove off an embankment and broke his neck. Thus did an incensed Providence remove a man who wilfully killed a good dog. We boys wrote on his tombstone: "This is the man that killed old Sport," and nobody ever obliterated it.

Old Lion, when the family broke up, went to live with the old nurse, and together they lived a life of ease and quietness, growing old and fat together, until one day they both died peacefully, honored and respected. And thus ended the dogs and dog days of my youth, dear old companions of the sunny days of childhood.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun. CANINE SKIN DISEASES—ECZEMA.

BY MOHMAN.

OF all the diseases of the skin which afflict dogs this is the most common. It assumes many very different forms—in fact, by studying it we can see almost every variety of lesion found upon the skin; at one time the integument is found dry and scaly, at another moist and watery, and still again pus, or matter, exudes, which, drying, forms crusts and scabs. It is only quite recently that these various appearances have been recognized as the different phases of the same disease, and the most accurate and intelligent definition is that thus given by Prof. Duhring:

"Eczema is an inflammatory, acute or chronic non-contagious disease of the skin, characterized at its commencement by the appearance either of erythema (redness), papules (pimples), vesicles or pustules, or a combination of these lesions, accompanied by infiltration (thickening of the skin) and itching, terminating either in discharge, with the formation of crusts or the production of scales."

The cause of this trouble may be an hereditary disposition to it; it may be the accompaniment of dyspepsia, the condition of the blood found in gout or rheumatism, the latter, being a common complaint with old dogs, is favorable to its development. It may be produced by the external application of various drugs—such as mercury, sulphur and turpentine—

used for the extermination of fleas. Irritants generally, as strong soap, the presence of parasites, sudden changes of temperature, will often be found the primary cause of an eczema.

When it is clearly understood that the causes are thus varied, and that any irritation of the skin is liable to be followed by an eczema, the confusion which exists and persists in calling almost all skin diseases mange is hardly to be wondered at, for true mange is due to either an animal or vegetable parasite, the irritation of whose presence often calls out a secondary eczema.

Eczema is not contagious unless the disease is caused as just stated, when, of course, the transference of the parasite might be followed by a similar eruption. Of the four varieties of mange, that caused by the vegetable parasite—the *trichophyton* fungus—is the only one which is commonly seen. This is the form known unscientifically as dry or scruffy mange, and is rarely accompanied by an eczema, unless persistent scratching has been indulged in. We can therefore safely say, in most cases of skin diseases, where matter, crusts and scabs are present, that we have eczema and not mange.

When more than one dog is afflicted, or there is any suspicion of contagion, a careful search should be made for the presence of a parasite before treatment is begun.

[For information as to searching for the parasites and the subject of mange generally, we refer to a somewhat extended article of ours printed in the *Country*. We will, however, simply state that the "shingled" appearance of the hair in tinied tonsurs or cup-shaped crusts in favas are generally diagnostically characteristic of these two forms of mange.

Treatment.—The cause, if known, should be removed, a rheumatic dog should be treated for his rheumatism, dyspepsia should be overcome by change of diet and due judicious use of tonics, and the system generally brought as near par as possible.

The very many forms which this disease assumes renders it very difficult to offer any plan of treatment equally applicable to them all without writing an entire chapter, if not a full book, instead of a newspaper article.

Crusts and scabs should be carefully removed by first soaking with oil and then using castile soap. All dirt and other extraneous matters should be carefully removed, cleanliness being of the greatest importance in attempting a cure.

If the parts are moist, secretion still going on, the following applied at night after washing may be useful, allowing it to dry on. Zinc oxide, 10 grammes; glycerine, 10 grammes; liquoris rhinbi subacetatis, 6 grammes; aque calcis ad, 200 grammes. Mix. Use as a lotion.

The best "all round" remedy is without doubt the oxide of zinc ointment applied once or twice a day. The objection to its use being its greasy character, as it is soon rubbed off and soils the kennel. Should a week's careful trial of the foregoing fail to show any marked improvement in the case, we should advise consulting a regular physician and ask him to treat the dog in the same manner as he would a human being.

We advise going to a regular physician rather than to a veterinarian, for we believe that as yet the latter have given but little attention to diseases of the skin.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL REPORTER.]

TENNESSEE FIELD TRIALS.

NASHVILLE, Dec. 5, 1878.

As was announced, the Field Trials, under the rules of the Tennessee Sportsmen's Association, began on Monday, the 2d, at Belle Meade, the farm of Gen. W. G. Harding, about six miles from this city. The place had been closely preserved during the fall, and in addition about 500 quail had been turned loose to doubly insure good sport. Great interest was felt in these trials by sportsmen in all parts of the country, and in consequence the attendance is larger and the number of dogs greater than at any former meeting of the Association. There are at least 50 dogs here, almost all the different kennel clubs are represented, besides a large number of amateur sportsmen.

THE NURSERY STAKES, for puppies under 18 months old, closed with eleven entries. The whole of Monday was occupied with them, the race not being finished when 5 p. m. arrived. The weather was bright, but the stormy weather of the preceding days had caused the birds to lie very close, and take refuge in the woods and thick covers, so that they were hard to find, and hence rendered the work very slow. Tuesday morning was cloudy and cold with considerable wind, which was very unfavorable, though by 10 o'clock the puppy stakes were decided in favor of Pearl, with Fannie, 2d, and Dan, 3d.

PUPPY STAKES.

Names.	Bucking Point, 5.	Backing 0 to 5.	Staying 0 to 5.	Summing up 0 to 10.	Summary of Points.	Rank.	Each Other.	Bucking Shot.
Pearl 11088	15	8	8	31	43	1
Fannie 11089	10	8	8	26	44	2
Dan 11090	10	8	8	26	45	3
Lass O'Gowry	10	8	8	26	46	4
Drake	10	8	8	26	47	5
Par.	10	8	8	26	48	6
Lincoln	10	8	8	26	49	7
Colm.	10	8	8	26	50	8
Brook	10	8	8	26	51	9
John	10	8	8	26	52	10
Colm. Doon	10	8	8	26	53	11
Belle	10	8	8	26	54	12
Gold	10	8	8	26	55	13
Relie	10	8	8	26	56	14
Gulld.	10	8	8	26	57	15

The falling to make points is called by the rules "Lost Opportunity." Pearl, the winner, is out of Daisy by Luke. She was sold to Mr. John Nichols, of Syracuse, N. Y., for \$200.

THE FAVORITE STAKES.—For this there were 21 entries, including some of the finest dogs in the country, such as Gladstone, Bow, Joe, Joe Jr., Buck Jr., Drake, Whip, Nellie, Lincoln and Romeo. The first two dogs cast off were Erin and St. Elmo. They worked for at least an hour before finding birds. Erin finished one, which according to rules, was marked against him. His owner became so angry at this that he withdrew him, but after some time he claimed that he did not know that any change allowed to put down his dog again with the mark of demerit to remain against him. The judges agreed to allow him to do so. While this question was being discussed Mr. Adams' dog Drake was called and cast off. Drake is a handsome white dog with black and tan spots and was hot in finding birds, and made the first points in a few minutes. He finally scored 5 and was taken up. St. Elmo, at this time, was without a single point, and penalized with two false ones, his owner therefore withdrew him. Erin was then put down for the same time, and St. Elmo was replaced by Mr. Bryson's Whip. Whip is also a white and black

her bow is hollow, and extremely long and sharp; her midship frame is nearly straight, from the bilge until within a few planks of the garbol, at which point it takes a sharp downward curve; her forefoot is all cut away in order to prevent gripping; but the most noticeable part is the keel, which is rocker shaped, with an inner keel set in that weighs about 6,800 lbs. As before stated, she is cutter rigged, and although this rig is not regarded with favor by Boston yachtsmen, still it must be acknowledged that for cruising it is very handy, as when you are caught in a blow you can hoist both topmast and bowsprit, and any yachtsman knows what a great advantage this is. *Enterprise* has sailed in but one race, and that was unfortunately during a light and variable wind. The race was a close one, but her opponent, the centredboard sloop *Madcap*, was victorious. Had it blown a stiff breeze, it would probably have ended differently. Although *Enterprise* has not done much in races, in private sailing she has proved to be very fast, a rail breeze to windward being one of her strong points.

Viking is 34ft. water line, 38ft. Gnt. over all, 14ft. Sin. beam, with 6ft. draught of water; her bow is sharp; she has a hollow, floor and a V stern; her keel is about the same as *Enterprise's*, with an iron shoe that weighs about 1,600 lbs. She was built at City Point, South Boston, the headquarters of the yachting interest. From the time her keel was laid till the day of her trial trip her model was abused by the yachting men. She was "too wide"—"had no forefoot, and couldn't go to windward"—were among the objections put forth by the critics. A few—a very few—recognized her fine lines and great power; but the popular opinion allowed her anything but speed. After her trial trip there was considerable change in the tone of the criticisms. Persons who were loud in her condemnation before, were forced to acknowledge her ability in a breeze. She has sailed in but two regular regattas—one on July 4, during which she carried away two of her rigging, thereby losing all chance of a prize; her next race was on October 9, in which she was compelled to sail against centredboards without receiving any allowance—an unusual thing in most of the races in these waters. Her principal opponents were the sloops *Shadow* and *Violet*, modeled and built by H. H. Henshaw, of Bristol, R. I. The course was about 25 miles in length, and the race was given under the auspices of the Dorchester Club, the object being to develop the cruising model. The boats were obliged to sail in cruising trim, carrying tender, stove, etc., as if on a cruise. The race was a flying one, and for the first five miles, dead before the wind. All the boats were reefed, as it was blowing a gale of wind, with an ugly choppy sea. *Shadow* started first, followed in 2m. by *Viking*. Before the wind *Shadow* increased her lead, but when the sheets were trimmed *Viking* gained until the boat got about even, in which position they remained for a good 10 miles with the sheets a little started. For the last three miles of the race it was close hauled; and just as the sheets were trimmed flat *Viking* took the lead. Through a slight accident *Viking* was compelled to stand out in the tide while beating through Dull Gut, the boats crossed the line almost together; but as *Shadow* started first, *Viking* was declared the winner by a couple of minutes. The result of this race caused general surprise throughout boating circles; for although it was well known that *Viking* was fast in a breeze, it was not to be expected that she could sail with *Shadow*, the latter having beaten all the clippers under the same circumstances.

In regard to the comparative merits of *Viking* and *Enterprise*, my observation of the two boats has convinced me that in a light wind, *Enterprise* can beat *Viking*; but to windward in a breeze, *Viking* is the better boat. The latter is sloop rigged.

NEPTUNE.

YACHT MEASUREMENT.

BELLEVEILLE, Canada, Nov. 13, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Having read with interest, and I trust not without profit, the remarks on the subject of yacht measurement in the issue of your journal of Oct. 7, I, as an enthusiastic yachtsman—as one who has had not a little to do with yacht measurement as Secretary of a yacht club for the past four years, and as having thought considerably upon the matter, desire to have my say upon the subject.

You say a change is needed in the present rule which is in use in these waters, exactly as quoted in the article referred to. But the difficulty is to determine in what direction the alteration shall be made, considering that it is indispensable that the rule for the measurement of yachts shall be a simple one, and easy of application; one, in fact, by which the tonnage of a yacht can be determined in a few minutes. Any such rules of measurement as are applied to vessels for commercial purposes would be too complex, as in but few yacht clubs would there be found a measurer thoroughly acquainted with the necessary formulae, or who would be inclined to spend the time necessary for the measurement of a large fleet of yachts, which such operations would render necessary. Therefore, as in the case of standing keel yachts the present rule offers a premium to length, and places a heavy handicap on beam, an alteration whereby fairer treatment is accorded to wide vessels of that description is desirable. I say in the case of standing keel yachts, because the present rule is about as fair as can be devised for centredboard craft, which must have great beam in order to carry canvas safely. The rule proposed by Mr. Dixon Kemp, of which you speak approvingly, would not answer at all for centredboard yachts, as the premium which it offers to beam would produce some ridiculous results, of which I will give you an example, taken at random from the fleet of the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club here:

Yachts.	Length.	Beam.	Old Rule.	Proposed Rule.
	ft.	in.	ft.	ft.
Katie Gray.....	27	8	9 33-94	4 13-70
Kathleen.....	29	10	10 6	5 13-70
Gracie.....	25	9	8 88-94	2 43-70

I could give a good many more examples, but the above is sufficient to demonstrate the utter absurdity of Mr. Dixon Kemp's proposed rule if applied to vessels of great beam, which under it would escape with about one-fourth of the tonnage which they measure under the present rule. That the present mode is preferable for centredboard boats who can deny, when the further fact is stated in substantiation of its justice, that any of the above yachts will carry upwards of 15 tons of dead weight, that *Gracie* will carry as much, if not more, canvas than all *Katie Gray* or *Kathleen*? Will, therefore, any man in his senses tell

me that a rule which places beam at such a premium as is shown above is either just or right?

Thus I am led to the conclusion that there should be two rules for measurement, one for centredboard yachts and another for standing keel craft. The reasons which I have to give for this idea are that in my opinion a correct rule of measurement ought to take into account the depth of a yacht as well as her length and beam. Such a rule could not be applied to centredboards, otherwise the generation of yachts exceeding its enactment would be built to evade measurement in depth, just as the English craft are now constructed to evade measurement in width; and the result would be a class of "skimming dishes" infinitely more dangerous than many of the "racing machines" which now skim the surface of many rivers, bays and other inland waters. The present rule is good in this respect, that a builder may make his centredboard boat as deep as a draw-well if he chooses, and the result is a class of craft in which the happy mean seems to have been struck.

The construction of the keel boat being widely different, the builder is obliged to give his model a certain draught of water in order to obtain stability and weatherly qualities; and as the draught must necessarily increase with the narrowing of the hull, the depth could with excellent results be taken into account in measuring yachts of the standing keel class.

Therefore, as the centredboard yachts derive their stability and sailing qualities from sources entirely different, and indeed opposed to, those from which the keel yachts do, I hold that there should be separate rules of measurement for each—that for the former taking no account of depth, and that for the latter measuring draught of water as well as length and breadth.

Hoping that some of your able correspondents will consider and discuss the ideas above set forth, and that the result will be of benefit to yachting generally, I subscribe myself

ONTARIO.

In making an application of the new rule proposed by Mr. Dixon Kemp to the yachts mentioned in his letter our correspondent, "Ontario," has come to conclusions which are justified by what we had published concerning the proposed change. We should, however, have added in our remarks concerning the innovation proposed, that Mr. Kemp foresaw this anomaly, and consequently made the proviso in his proposition that whenever a yacht's beam exceeded two-sevenths of her length on water line, in other words, when the yacht has less than three and a half times her beam for length, then for measurement for time allowances two-sevenths of the length is to be taken as beam in the formula. Thus *Kathleen* would measure 27ft. Gms in length; two-sevenths of that is 7.86ft., which is to be regarded as her beam. Subtracting twice this from length leaves 11.78. This multiplied by the assumed beam and again by one-half of that figure gives 303.88, which divided by 70 results in the racing tonnage of 5.20. Similarly *Katie Gray* will ton 4.73 and *Gracie* 4.34. This places the matter in a better light. Our correspondent, however, deserves to be credited with having discovered the omission of the limiting clause from our article. The rule was mentioned rather as an evidence of a gradual giving way of the strict conservative feeling hitherto hedged about the old Thames Rule in England, and which was steadily and surely producing a class of inordinately narrow vessels abroad, than as a rule to be applied without modification to American yachts. In general, however, we countenance any system which will modify the tendency toward shallow racing vessels at a sacrifice of seaworthiness, even though such rule may be theoretically imperfect. If that of the Seawanhaka Club—area of load water line—were assured of permanence, its influence upon model could not fail to be beneficial, for it encourages an easy, deep form, and taxes the dish model, working, therefore, in exactly the right direction.

BOTH TYPES PRACTICALLY CONSIDERED.

NEW JERSEY, Dec. 1, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

I have just been reading a most interesting little book, called "Down Channel," which gives a literal description of several cruises from London to Land's End, in Cornwall; and one completely round Great Britain—the latter in a cutter of the following dimensions: 32ft. over all, 9ft. Sin. extreme beam, and 6ft. draught of water aft. I wish friend "Podgers" would read this little book, and see how such a craft behaved in a severe gale in the North Sea, so severe that large vessels felt obliged to lay to, and one large schooner was thrown on her beam ends, and only righted by the loss of her mainmast. He will there see that all his talk about diving-bells, etc., must be the result of mistaken impressions; for it seems to be pretty evident that *Sirius* and *Orion*—two of the finest vessels, the former 32ft. and the latter 42ft. over all—were as dry boats in a heavy sea as could be desired; for in the owner's account of a night passed in a very heavy gale, laying to most of the time, he tells us how the top of one sea, "not looking where it was going," sprinkled him with its spray; and with this exception; she took no water aboard; yet a very heavy sea was running, as may be judged by the spirited illustrations of the scene. With the bowsprit run close in, and no overhang of stern to speak of, she always lifted cleverly, in time to clear everything. Could any boat do better? I fail to see how she could. Now on the other hand, take a New York boat of the same length—"Podgers" boat for instance—30ft. long, and 13½ beam; 4½ hold, with a draught of about 3ft. to 3½ft. aft, and half of that, or less, forward. Place her in the same position, and how would she make out? Would she do as well, think you? (There can be no question of doing better, for a little boat which will carry safely, and always be under perfect control in such weather, cannot be excited by anything that floats.) My impression, judging from what experience I have had, is that she—"Podgers" boat—would be in great danger, from her extreme buoyancy and great beam, of being tossed up by some of those seas, and coming down again wrong side up, which would be certain to occasion more discomfort for her passengers than to run the chance of a little spray being thrown over them occasionally, in consequence of their boat

being less broad and less buoyant. But different situations call for different things. In San Francisco Bay seas are perhaps the best boats; but I am not yet converted to the belief that scows in the English Channel would be much of a success.

Even crossing Sandy Hook Point I saw an improved scow—the *Mohawk*—make her bow—not gracefully, either, but very abruptly—to a couple of not very bad seas, when away went her bowsprit, and she had to turn tail instantly, or lose her masts. If she had been cutter rigged, she could have done better than that; for she could have run that abominable bowsprit in, and saved things. Do you think dear P., that if *Vision* had 8 or 10 ft. more beam, she could have won that cup a few weeks ago? I have seen her try to sail to windward in a seaway, and fail; and I think I know what's the matter with her, but I don't think that it is want of beam. On the other hand, I must say that I don't want such a machine as *Muriel*. Forty-six feet over all, 9ft. 2in. beam—no cockpit, no house! Where the dence is a fellow going to stay on this thing, with such a very narrow strip of deck, and no rail to speak of? If I failed to grab the tiller, I should have to sling myself to the mast, or go below, or overboard. No; this doesn't suit me either. I like the rig very well, theoretically, but I want what I call a decent boat under it.

Now let me say what my notion of a boat is. Thirty-six feet keel, about 45ft. over all, 6ft. to 6½ft. depth of hold, and 12ft. 9in. extreme outside beam; centredboard, because I have not water enough for a keel, which otherwise I should decidedly prefer, and to draw 4ft. Sin. to 5ft.; cutter rigged, probably, all but the top-sail, which I would prefer jib headed, and to full aloft. Now, if the owner and a boy or a friend can manage "Corinthian's" boat, I think they could as easily manage this, and be very much safer. At all events, I think very seriously of trying it, and am only waiting till this little matter of the perfect dimensions is settled to my satisfaction to begin building.

"Podgers" thinks he has settled it, but he hasn't with me; for according to his creed, I should be obliged to be over 16ft. beam. Well, I don't want it, for I have just parted with one which, with 16ft. Sin. beam, has 4½ft. keel, and but little less than 60ft. over all; and yet when she got in a heavy sea she wellocked about so that we couldn't keep our sea legs anywhere under us, and she would not come in stays until she went stem first a while, and was maneuvered round by a skillful manipulation of that huge rudder, and with the jib to windward. She was a splendid working boat, too, in smooth water, and very smart; but make a boat bulky enough, and with sufficiently small displacement to suit about here, and in a seaway there is only one direction in which she can sail, and that is to leeward. If the coxswain has to lay to, well, that is a good thing for them; for they certainly must have to do it a great deal of the time—that is, if the wind is ahead, and the water a little rough; and I guess I had better follow their example. So, au revoir.

HARD-A-LEE.

A REPLY TO "ROUGE-CROIX."

NEW YORK, NOV. 20, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

In your communication headed "A Few Words to 'Corinthian's' your correspondent," "Rouge-Croix" has evidently found a more'st nest in my letter of Oct. 23; whereas, a little thought upon the words he quotes therefrom would have shown him that rig was not treated of at all in my communication, but American and English types of vessels—one designated large bulk and small displacement; the other, small bulk with large displacement, or English cutter type. I beg to inform your correspondent, "Rouge-Croix," that I am familiar with the schooner rig, and have had the pleasure of viewing the *Cambria*; also, that I have done considerable sailing and yachting, principally in schooners, for the last twenty-five years, and know the difference between bobstay and dumpy pennant. However, as he hails from Halifax, I am glad to see his interest; since, perhaps, the Dominion may again be a competitor for what is known as the Queen's Cup, and send his approved type of vessel to contend with our crafts instead of a nondescript. I am also glad to see my old acquaintance, "Podgers," to the fore. As to his centredboard in the run, I believe it a good thing, having seen it tried thirty years ago.

CORINTHIAN.

ORGANS AND PIANOS.—The celebrated instruments of Daniel F. Beatty, the great piano and organ manufacturer, of Washington, N. J., are unrivalled in purity of tone, action and excellency of finish, being the result of years of indefatigable labor, the aim of which was to make only the very best, and at the least possible profit. This course has resulted in the name of Beatty becoming a household word in every State and Territory of the Union and Canada, and familiar to numbers of the residents of England, Germany, France and Italy. The special offers of Mr. Beatty, which appear in our columns to-day, mean just what they say. The instruments are all and more than is claimed for them, while the prices are barely one manufacturer's cost, for Mr. Beatty is determined to place his unequalled instruments in the hands of the entire music-loving population. No one contemplating the purchase of an organ or piano should fail to take advantage of his offers, as a neglect to do so will be a matter of regret. Remember these offers are only good during the next thirty days. The illustrated catalogue of Mr. Beatty is detailed and full of information interesting to every one. It will be mailed free on application. Send for a copy to Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, New Jersey.—*Advs.*

AN IMPROVED STEAM ENGINE.—THE "DEAD-CENTRE" OVERCOME.—It is a well-known fact that steam has always worked at a disadvantage. In the Steam Engine now in use there is no leverage except at the loss of an angle; and there are two points in each revolution where there is "no power" none. These points are called the "dead centre." In an engine having but one cylinder and stopped here, has no power to move. To do away with these "dead centres" and give steam a chance to work directly on the long end of a lever, was the idea had in mind by the inventor of the "Double Action Ratchet Engine," which has just been perfected; and a working model built, which promises nothing less than a revolution in the manufacture of engines. The advantages gained are many and important. Among them such as perfect adaptation of steam to all farming purposes, such as ploughing, mowing, stump and rock pulling, etc., also to road wagons, where such are needed; to street cars and elevated railways. A model of this improved engine will be on exhibition in this city early in December, due notice of which will be given.—*Golden Rule.*

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON FOR DECEMBER.

Black Bass, *Micropterus salmoides*; Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius*; Yellow Perch, *Perca flavescens*; Sea Bass, *Sciaenops ocellatus*; White Perch, *Morone americana*.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—Dover, Dec. 4.—Fishing on our coast is quite good at present, and the fishermen are getting good fares. Twelve hundred pounds of striped bass were taken from our river one day last week by two young men of this place. A very good day's work. W. A. G.

MOVEMENTS OF THE FISHING FLEET.—The weather has been unfavorable for the shore fishermen the past week, and very little has been done. The number of arrivals in other departments has been unusually small, and this week has been a dull one for the fishing interest. The whole number of fishing arrivals reported at this port since our last issue has been 17—7 from the Banks, 86,000 lbs. halibut; 1 from Georges, with 84,000 lbs. codfish; and 3 from the Bay St. Lawrence with light fares of tuckered.—*Cape Ann Advertiser*, Dec. 6.

CONNECTICUT—Farmington, Dec. 5.—We expect some fine fishing through the ice with tips this winter, for pickerel are now running up the stream. During the winter '76-7 over five hundred pounds of pickerel were taken in our small river, the Farmington. None last winter—no ice. TUNNIS.

KENTUCKY—Hickman, Dec. 4.—Having taken up so much of your valuable space already I fear I will be trespassing, but the fishing is so very good it can't be overlooked. Reelfoot Lake furnishes goggle-eyed perch, silver perch, black bass, striped bass, and, in fact, the whole species of bass indigenous to fresh water: croppies, Buffalo, rock horse, sunfish, etc., etc., for the week it seems at least one would think so to see the quantity brought here for shipment. Nearly every day there are no less than a thousand pounds leave here for the different markets, the most of them being trapped, I am sorry to say. The Mississippi furnishes about the same species as the lake, with the addition of salmon, which I am informed are getting very plentiful. The fishing in the lake continues good (for hand lines) until the first of this month from the first of April. The following are the prices here. Wholesale, for rough fish or drum, Buffalo, red horse, etc., five cents per pound; trout, bass and perch, eight and ten cents per pound. VAL.

FLORIDA—St. Augustine, Dec. 4.—Francis Beut, while out fishing last Saturday, caught a monster jew fish, weighing over 300 pounds. These fish are seldom caught in our waters, and this is the largest of which we have any record. Mr. Ed. Disbush lately captured a monster saw fish, having a saw over 4 feet long. He also recently killed a whippoorwill having a tail over 4 feet long, at the end of which were five stings, being an unusually large number. P.

SALMON FISHING IN NEW BRUNSWICK.—We find in the *Weslman*, Carmarthen, Wales, a very interesting report of a gentleman angler who has recently returned from a two months' excursion to America. A large portion of two columns is occupied with a description of the Metapedia, Resigouche and Nepisiguit Rivers. One of the best places for fishing in the last named river is what is known as "The Ledges," and as the mode of fishing there is rather peculiar a description thereof forms a pleasant episode in the narrative. The writer says:

The fish rest alongside and almost touching the rock; carefully concealing yourself, you cast your fly very delicately on to the smooth water above the ledge, and let it float gently down the point into the eddy. You must strike somewhat sharply the moment you see the rise, or you will certainly miss your fish. The Nepisiguit is a very quick, and rarely take the fly when below the surface, and after trying a variety of methods, I found that the most effective plan was to fish with a free line, and strike quite sharply; fine casting is also necessary, as the fish rise almost invariably in the smooth, glassy, but rapid water at the head, and rarely in the tall or broken water of the pools, nor does the fly require to be worked up and down as is usual in trout pools. I could be allowed to fish the fish generally rush, and under the stream and kept on or close to the surface; and, from what I was told, this mode of fishing succeeds best in all the Canadian rivers.

Following this is a bit of the standard technical description of handling the fish, "giving them the butt," etc., which though somewhat hackneyed, shows the angler to be an expert at the business; a complimentary reference to his French Canadian canoe men; some accounts of roughing it in camp; mosquitoes, expedients, incidents, and the like, with instructions as to places and methods of fishing, selection of flies, etc., from which we reprint the following extracts:

The principal casts at the Great Falls are the Falls Pool, the Camp, Pool, and Rocky, besides others of lesser note. The first is a difficult place to fish; one has to cast up stream, and let the fly float down with the current, keeping the line in as vertical a position as possible, so as to avoid slack and be enabled to strike quickly. It is a very troublesome place to kill a fish in, as there is a wild current pouring out at the foot of the pool, down which the fish generally rush; and unless you are very quick in following in a canoe, as the rocks are sheer to the water's edge, rendering progression along the bank impossible, the weight of the water on the line, together with the struggles of the fish, will in all probability cause a breakage. The Camp Pool is a glassy piece of water, and the fish generally rise from the sides of a tongue of rock that juts out into the head of the pool. Rocky is a strong stream of most beautiful angling water, running between rocks with a gentle current. Every yard should be carefully fished, as there are resting places for fish all over the pool. "Switching" is a very useful mode of casting, especially from the south bank, as if you attempt to throw overhead you are almost certain to break the points of your hook against the rocks.

The best time for fishing was in the morning, from about seven to ten or eleven, and the fish do not, as a rule, rise well until the sun is fully up. The evening fishing is very uncertain, as before sunset the salmon apparently leave the upper pools and retire into the deep water of the basin for the night. One peculiarity of the fish is that they seem to like sunshine; and as long as you fish finely with small flies, and keep your-

self concealed, a bright day is by no means unfavorable, especially if a light breeze ruffles the surface. "I had one remarkably good morning's fishing on the 6th of July in Rocky," between 11 and 12, and I was hooked and killed six fish, the largest being 26 pounds, the smallest 11 pounds. All were taken on one fly; wings mallard, hackle and body black, tail golden pheasant topping, and a twist of silver tinsel in the body. After killing my sixth fish I went home, but my companion took three more out of the same pool before one o'clock. All nine were taken in a space not exceeding 200 yards in length. In the order of size, the fish kill well in a Canadian stream. "Jock Scott," Silver Doctor, Duff Miller and the Butcher, especially the latter, are all good. The local flies are plain ones, tied with dark turkey or mallard wings, with a bit of blue in the shoulders, bodies and hackles varied according to the size and color of the water and whim of the fish. Gray, black, and claret with silver tinsel all kill in turn; attention too must be paid to the size of the fly, which should be small, and the size of the stream, and be gradually diminished to a small sea-trout size for low and clear water. I killed many fish on a Welsh fly, plain turkey wings, with a body of blue and claret, pig's wool, silver tinsel and gold topping for tail. Casting lines should be as fine as is consistent with strength; but the latter element should not be risked for the former.

The writer then enumerates the principal salmon rivers, and the means of reaching them, all of which information has of course been repeatedly given in our own columns, but it is as well to repeat it again:

The principal rivers on the south side of the Gulf of St. Lawrence are the York, Cascapedia (two) Metapedia, Restigouche, Miramichi, Nepisiguit, and on the northern side the Marguerite, Goudbout, Moisie, Romaine, Natusquan and Mingan. Those on the south side are most accessible, as, landing from the Allen line steamships at Rimouski, you are at once on the inter-Colonial Railway, which runs down the coast line of New Brunswick and along the bay of Chaleur. The northern rivers are not so easily reached, and arrangements would have to be made for hiring a schooner either from Gaspe or Rimouski to convey a party to their fishing-ground; the rate of freight depends, of course, upon the state of trade, but from \$20 to \$30 is about the price for the trip to and fro. The Chesapeake Island of Anticosti also furnishes a good field for the adventurous sportsman, and I was told by a gentleman who had been there that he had killed as many as thirty salmon on the Jupiter River during twenty-four hours. Bears, too, abound. The island, however, is not only very inaccessible, but there is no harbor also; so provision would have to be made for a long stay, to guard against the possibility of starvation, which late nearly overtook a party of guardsmen, who had made an expedition there some few years ago.

Regarding the weight of fish the writer says:

The average weight of fish differs materially in different rivers. In the larger ones, such as Cascapedia, Metapedia, or Romaine, they will average quite 24 lbs. to 26 lbs.; but on the smaller streams, such as the Marguerite, Jupiter, and Nepisiguit, 14 lbs. will be about the usual size. Again, in the larger rivers, grise are rare, but in the smaller ones, especially in the Nepisiguit, they abound, and seldom exceed 4 lbs. I was unable to get hold of any satisfactory theory to account for these peculiarities, and offer no opinion, but simply state the facts.

Then he gives the following hints as to equipment:

For all the rivers two canoe men for each rod and a cook for the party are necessary. The outfit must be made up in a day, and 25 cents for use of canoe. Good men are obtainable at most of the stations, and by many Indians are preferred. Of course tents are necessary; Y-shaped ones, about 12x6 feet, with the tops laced to and not hanging over the centre pole, are best. The question of supplies is entirely a matter of taste. If there is a wagon track along the banks the angler may indulge in fancy luxuries; but, if everything has to be taken on a canoe, he will find it much better to cut down his kit to the smallest possible dimensions, as 50 pounds is a good load for a bark canoe when carrying passengers. However, pork, molasses, tea and flour are essentials, and I may add that the quantity of pork and molasses a canoe man will get through is simply amazing. Preserved soups and vegetables are very portable and handy, and a few pots, pans with long handles, and canned tomatoes and apples should be taken; nor on any account should axes and an auger be forgotten. With these simple tools a backwoodsman will furnish your camp with chairs, tables and what-nots of all sorts and sizes. A pair of colored blankets and a horse-rug should also be taken. No spirits should be given to the men except on the rarest occasions, and firmness must be shown in keeping them up to their work, as the unaccustomed good fare soon makes them fat and lazy. Camping out is, however, so thoroughly understood throughout Canada that a stranger will have no difficulty in getting practical hints from the Government overseers or any of the respectable timber merchants, who send large gangs of men up into the woods every autumn.

I am happy to be able to add that the fisheries of New Brunswick are gradually improving. Nowhere are the good effects of close time, preservation, and pisciculture more apparent; but watching rivers where the course runs through dense forests is no easy matter. The Indians, too, are innate poachers, and when we were on the Nepisiguit we more than once came across evidence that spearing had been going on during the night in the shallows below our camp.

In the course of this very conscientious article, the writer refers to the questions of leases and privileges which have so long proved a vexed problem to the Government authorities, riparian residents, native anglers, and strangers.

BAMBOO BOWS AND FISHING RODS.—Bangor, Maine, Dec. 7, 1873.—Mr. Editor: I notice on article in your paper on split bamboo archery bow manufacture. I have been in the same shop for many years, and have seen many bows made, and demand for them, and several were made and liked much better than those of Luncewood. The foreign demand for our split bamboo rods is increasing. My rods were first introduced into England six years ago by Messrs. Andrew Clerk & Co., of 48 Maiden Lane, your city, and the demand for them has steadily increased. Last September I shipped two trout rods to the East Indies. I am now finishing a salmon rod 31 feet long for a gentleman in London. H. L. LEONARD.

A NEW USE OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—Messrs. Abbey & Imbrie received last Friday a cable despatch ordering one of their "best" six-section trout fly rods, an Abbey reel, a waterproof fly line and a set of samples of their finest trout flies. The instructions were to deliver them to Mr. Alexander

Koch, late Secretary of the United States Warehouse Co. Mr. Koch sailed on Saturday's steamer, taking the tackle with him. Messrs. Abbey & Imbrie have been constantly sending their section bamboo rods and highest quality reels to Great Britain and the Continent; this is, however, the first cable order they have ever had for this class of goods. Surely the world may be said to move when Europeans are so anxious to get a Yankee rod that they cannot wait the ordinary course of the mails. Messrs. Abbey & Imbrie ask forty dollars for their best trout rods, and have no difficulty in getting their price. Mr. Koch supposes the tackle is for a Christmas present, and thinks the fortunate recipient will use it in the Pyrenees.

HOW TROUT TAKE A FLY.

NEW YORK, Dec. 7, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

In your last number (Dec. 6) you say you never saw a trout knock a fly into his mouth with his tail—never! Well, now, I think I have. Until this statement of yours I had no doubt but that I had seen them take a fly in just that way. The trout would turn over on the top of the water, slap the fly with his tail, and I have instantly caught him with the fly in his mouth. I have caught many that way; and there comes back to my mind's eye and ear a pool, below a twelve-foot dam on the Dry Brook, in Delaware County, N. Y., where late one summer afternoon I laughed with glee at the constant recurrence of this acrobatic feat on the part of the trout, and at the sound of their tails as they slapped the water.

The trout did not use their tails "on a straight or withdrawing line" so as to get the fly in their mouths. The trout would strike the fly with his tail one way, and carve his head around from beneath, in the opposite direction to the tail, almost in a circle, and very like a capital C or G.

In your amusing remarks you say: "To us the accomplishment of the act would appear like an acrobatic feat, and its apparent accomplishment a trick of legerdemain." That's a nice bluff for you, father! Slapping a fly with its tail would be sleight-of-hand in a trout, would it? For it cannot be that you mean it would be legerdemain on your part if you were to apparently accomplish the act, elicit You say: "Ordinary trout, which, as I hunger, make straight for the fly." True, they may; perhaps they always do. But ordinary trout are not always hungry, and ordinary trout usually act in a different way every time. Sometimes they play baseball with the fly with their tails, knocking it into centre field while they make a home run, and sometimes they catch it on the fly, as it were, with their tails, or again with their mouths; and then they'll bump their noses against it and push it away; or they'll take it and spit it out at you, as I have, at standing all your "wrist-knock" or they will come up and look at it and laugh at you; and I have known them to come up like lightning, two feet out of water, turn a full hair circle, and come down head first and pounce on the fly as it lay on the surface of the water. It did not take any wrist-knock to hook them then (this was in Willowbrook Lake), but it did take several trials for me to learn to keep my hand still for a second after that lightning flash, until the trout could turn and get down on the fly. At first I jerked the latter away too quickly, but, after I had watched a little, I caught a good many in just that way. Then, again, they will not bite at all. I have, in the clear pools of the Big Indian, as low water, seen twenty trout together at a time, all lying motionless, head up a rear, and I have put my fly and grass-hopper and cricket and worm under the nose of each one, and they were not "bold bits," and did not come head on to the bait. The most I could elicit was a faint wag of the tail. It seemed to me a sort of wag of recognition, as it were. The fact is, that the only thing that you can count on in a trout is that you can't count on him at all. I do not say that as a rule trout strike the fly with their tails, but I agree with Mr. Prime so far that I have often seen them do so, and get caught in the same way. Now, my dear sir, don't carry your reel in a bag, and don't fish any more for elephants nor Chianum nor Japs. Besides, the habits of the latter differ from those of trout.

Yours, cordially, GEO. W. VAN NICKLIN.

We calmly await the proof of our correspondent's assertion that he has seen a trout flop a fly into its mouth with its tail. He must possess an electric quickness of vision; the trout a gift of dexterity most amazing. With a fish-line all in a heap or coil on the surface of the water, the feat is easy enough; but fishing as good anglers fish it doesn't come natural to the trout. It is only after years of practice that *Salvelinus* is able to accomplish it, and most trout die before they have acquired the art. A trout in the act of making a somersault would knock the fly away from, and not into, his mouth. Let us illustrate:

Rational Pastimes.

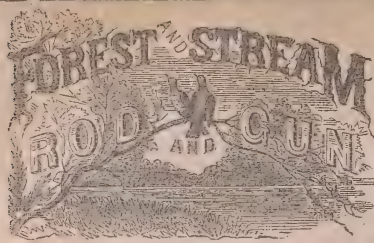
HOW TO DRAW THE BOW.

CRAWFORDVILLE, Ind., Dec. 2, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

During the past summer the pastime of archery has been practiced by the American people in a crude way, with all sorts and kinds of manner of bows, and all varieties of arrows. We would naturally expect to find many enthusiasts, some disgusted, and some indifferent. While the bow is the natural weapon of man, yet, paradoxical as it may seem, there is no weapon requiring so much of art in its manipulation. Without instruction one always begins wrong. I began shooting eighteen years ago, using all four of the fingers of the right hand to draw the string, holding the arrow between the forefinger and thumb. After shooting in this way for two years, I found by experiment that a better way was to hold the arrow between the first and second finger; then, again, by experiment, I discovered that the assistance of the thumb was not necessary; and lastly, that the little finger should not be used, for the reason that the string was drawn farther back by it than the point where the arrow was nocked, and conse-

B. C. B. Riddle, Milan.—We don't know Gordon Cummings' age, nor the time he held his used-out Goat. The Indian method of tanning buckskins is: Stretch the skin on the ground or on poles, and remove all the flesh. When well dried the skin is washed in soap and water to cleanse the fur; the brains or some animal are then taken and mashed and rubbed into the skin. The skin is then washed in water, and is then washed, and the skin hung out to dry. When dry it is scraped, and exposed to the dew one night, and the next morning rubbed and pulled until soft. Buckskins are made by rubbing off the hair with a horse rib while the skin is fresh, or after soaking in a weak lye; then dressed with brains, and stained with a decoction of wassatch bark. The skin is then dried in the sun, and is ready for use. It is made by Albert Ogawwell, New York. Write to Captain Mayne Reid, near London, Ede. The ride you inquire about is a sporting arm.



A QUARTERLY JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INDOCTRINATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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Advertisements must be sent in by Saturday of each week, if possible.

All transient advertisements must be accompanied with the money or they will not be inserted.

No advertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms.

* Any publisher inserting our prospectus as above one time, with brief editorial notice calling attention thereto, and sending marked copy to us, will receive the FOREST AND STREAM for one year.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1878.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guaranty of good faith and be addressed to the FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Names will not be published if objection be made. Anonymous communications will be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for dereliction of the mail service if money remitted to us is lost. NO PERSON WHATSOEVER is authorized to collect money for us unless he can show authentic credentials from one of the undersigned. We have no Philadelphia agent.

Trade supplied by American News Company.

CHARLES HALLOCK, Editor.

T. C. BARKS,
Business Manager.S. H. TURNILL, Chicago,
Western Manager.SENSIBLE HOLIDAY PRESENTS.
FOREST AND STREAM.

Clubs can obtain subscriptions to FOREST AND STREAM AND ROD AND GUN at \$8 per annum. Now, at the beginning of the year, is the time to start new clubs; subscriptions to begin Jan. 1. The circulation of FOREST AND STREAM is now distributed among 2,400 post offices in the United States and Canada, and over 100 in foreign countries. Twenty-nine foreign countries are represented.

FRIENDS WHO STOP.—Come to think of it, the firm of Schuyler Hartley & Graham, whose very striking advertisement appears upon the outside of our cover, have constantly advertised with FOREST AND STREAM since the very beginning of the existence of the paper! This is one of the very heaviest and shrewdest firms in the United States, and their constant patronage shows how much they value our paper as an advertising medium. We hope they have received a ten-fold benefit from their outlay and investment in printer's ink. Remington & Co. is another firm which has stuck to us from the outset; and so have J. B. Crook, Abbey & Imbrie (late Andrew Clerk & Co.), Barton, Alexander & Waller, and Wm. Read & Sons, of Boston. Of almost equal duration is the patronage of Kimball & Co., the tobacco manufacturers; Thomas Sparks, shot maker, of Philadelphia, and the house of Conroy & Co. There are a score of other firms which have appeared intermittently during the period, the combined patronage of which has been to us a valuable and substantial support. We have come to look upon these friends as fixtures, not only in our columns, but in the public business—fixtures which revolutions do not seem to shake, but which we trust will stand "as long as grass grows and water runs." It gives us great pleasure to make this reference to them.

FOREST AND STREAM will be sent for fractions of a year as follows: Six months, \$3; three months, \$1. To clubs of two or more, \$3 per annum.

—Our usually estimable contemporary *The Turf, Field and Farm*, flatters itself too much when it charges us with appropriating one of its editorials as our own. We challenge it to the proof, and will turn over a whole week's net earnings to its treasurer if it will establish its point. Our real crime was in copying into our column of selected miscellany an article which we found floating without credit in one of our exchanges.

—Mr. Wm. M. Tilston, of this paper, has been appointed by the Harlem Railroad Company, owners of Gilmore's Garden, sometimes known as the Hippodrome, agent for the property, and will manage the same in their interests. The lease of Messrs. Shook & Gilmore having expired, the railroad company, have purchased of them all the furniture and appurtenances of the building, and applications for leasing it for athletic meetings, etc., must be made to Mr. Tilston at this office.

—The New York *Herald* publishes a resume of scientific discoveries during the past half century, and exults over the progress and development of knowledge. Now, knowledge is life, and spiritual life is the exaltation of knowledge. If we in the flesh are made happy by the acquisition of knowledge and its application to our personal desires, and are only to a limited extent capable, how much will this enjoyment be enhanced hereafter when our corruptible bodies no longer clog and obstruct the movements of thought! When the body dies true life begins.

CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN RAILROAD.—The hundreds of our readers who have accepted the considerate services of this popular sportsman's route, whose advantages have long been set forth through the advertising columns of FOREST AND STREAM, will be glad to know that the company has just declared a dividend of three and a half per centum on the preferred stock, and two per centum on the common stock of the road, payable December 23, 1878. The half-yearly statement of the road, with the earnings and expenses to November, 1878, show that the net earnings were \$3,987,414.07; the expenses, \$2,417,846.96; and the net profits, \$1,569,567.11. We take pride in the assurance that our efforts have contributed a large mile toward the aggregate revenue.

SPORT IN ASIA.—The growth of modern civilized sport is forcibly instanced in the fact that a new and handsome sportsman's journal has just been started in Calcutta, India. It is called the *Asian*. The number before us comprises fourteen pages, larger than those of *London Field*. It has a characteristic vignette title, composed of jungle, tigers, elephants, native hunters, etc., and altogether presents a very respectable and encouraging appearance. The local advertisements show that there is a large sporting interest in India, centring in Calcutta. The field there is immense for the tallest and biggest kinds of sport. Every year statistics are published of so many thousand persons having been killed by wild beasts in this or that Presidency, and sportsmen will find abundant occupation in thinning out the varmints and protecting the lives of the population. Under the impetus which the "Asian" will undoubtedly give to all residents fond of adventures in the field, a decline in the price of tiger pelts and lion-skin robes may reasonably be anticipated.

DEFUNCT CREEDMOOR.—The abandonment of the range at Creedmoor has been forced upon the directors of the National Rifle Association. Such a contingency should have been foreseen from the start, but with every train out off, the management at last conclude that something should be done, and have taken the first step to the securing of a new site. They will leave behind them many advantages, much sunk capital in improvements and plant. There are petty disadvantages connected with the Long Island range, but the supreme discomfort of want of access, ready and reliable, is sufficient to blast its future. *Per contra*, it may be that the choice of a new location may permit the laying out of the range according to some one of the plans which more recent experience has shown to be more satisfactory than the line and line plan of Creedmoor. The defects of that plan have been sorely felt on many a match day, and with care in the planning of the new home, it may be the change of location will be the beginning of an era of permanent prosperity for the National Rifle Association of America.

PROFESSIONAL RIFLEMEN.—The subject opened by Professor Chas. E. Dwight, of West Virginia, in our rifle columns has long been a matter of talk on the ranges. Without giving our own views of the topic or of the questions involved, the feeling is certainly growing among a large class of gentlemen-shots, that their efforts are dwarfed by the exploits of these gun-agents. The growing of this system of rifle distinction and strife for supremacy is seen in the loss of that mutual helpfulness which at one time was so marked a feature at Creedmoor. It was this long, strong pull together which enabled Col. Bodine and his companions on the first and second American teams to do such magnificent work; for, taking conditions and opportunities into account, no succeeding American team has done anything approaching it. That cordiality is leaving Creedmoor, and the keen calculation and shrewd watching of points, a *la mugh-hunter*, is seen more and more. The remedy which Professor Dwight suggests of private shooting clubs will meet the difficulty in his case, but it is a confession of weakness when such freedom of exercise as he will find in his clubs cannot be met with on any rifle range.

ANCIENT HOUSES IN AMERICA.—The antiquities of North America antedate the occupation of the country by Uncle Sam. Yet the United States have now become old enough to have a history, and can boast of buildings nearly two centuries and a half old. Our valued correspondent below gives us a brief history of three of them. Long may they stand and be regarded with the veneration due their respectable antecedents:

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS., Dec. 3, 1878.

MR. EDITOR.—In FOREST AND STREAM, for Nov. 25, I find the statement, which has been often repeated in the newspapers, that the Horton House, at Southold, Long Island, is the oldest in America, having been built in 1639. There are two, perhaps three, houses in the vicinity of Boston older than this. First, the "Plantation House" of Gov. Cranch, at Medford, Mass., built of brick in 1624. This house, S. A. Drake, good authority, calls the monarch of all houses in North America, and believes it to have been the first brick house erected within the government of John Winthrop. Second, the Fairbanks House at Dedham, Mass., built of wood in 1618, and still occupied by the descendants of the builder. Third, the Catlin House at Jamaica Plain, Mass., built in 1638-9, as appears by the Records of Mass. Bay. This is of wood, and is in good preservation. It is occupied by the descendant in the sixth name of the seventh generation from William Catlin, the builder. All these oldest houses are found in rural or suburban districts, and in the large cities being too valuable to allow of its occupation by ancient buildings. Some suppose that St. Augustine being the oldest settlement in the United States must have the oldest houses; but this is not so, that town having been twice destroyed by fire in the seventeenth century. Besides which, the Coquina House, of which St. Augustine was built, is not a durable material.

S. C. CLARKE.

WESTERN INDUSTRIES.—The Hon. David W. Judd, who recently returned from a two-months' tour of the Far West, is now publishing in his paper—the *American Agriculturist*—most valuable notes of his extended observations relating especially to stock raising and farming, but covering all the industries of that vast and really productive section which lies along the foot hills of the Rocky Mountains, from the Laramie Plains to the Rio Pecos in Texas. In the December number of the *Agriculturist* is a half page engraving of a Nebraska stock farm, and in another number is a similar illustration of a cattle range and stock ranch in Colorado. Besides these special articles there are editorial notes which give the readers an intelligent idea of many things in the regions which he visited, of which they have hitherto been ignorant. It is fortunate that gentlemen of such intelligence and discriminating observation as Mr. Judd are willing to take time to investigate these new fields which are being so rapidly settled by immigration from the East. All information on these important subjects will be most eagerly read by Eastern men whose eyes are turned westward. As a sportsman Mr. Judd has not allowed the game of the West to escape his attention. He notes with approval that during the past few years the far Western States and Territories have taken measures to preserve the game, the result of which is seen in a very perceptible increase in game, especially in Wyoming and Utah Territories. Employees of the Union Pacific Railroad say they never before saw so many antelope on the plains, while back in the foot hills and mountain ranges elk and deer are abundant. In riding, during the month of October, from Rock Creek to Laramie, antelope, wolves, mountain grouse, sage hens, wild geese, ducks, etc., were to be seen from the cars almost constantly. The favorite point for English hunters in this country is about seven hundred miles west of Omaha. Here they leave the railroad track and strike back forty miles to the Sweet Water regions. Having procured a guide and spent a few days at the hospitable ranch of Mr. Tim Foley, who is one of the largest and most successful cattle growers in the world, they push on to the Wind River country northward in quest of the larger game there is to be found in that region. A small party of these English gentlemen returned from the Wind River country a few days ago with twenty-one bear skins and the heads of numerous elk, mountain sheep, etc., which they were conveying to England as trophies of their American hunting excursion.

LOST RIVERS REFOUND.—We read in the current literature of the day that an interesting experiment has been made to determine whether the head waters of the Danube found their way through subterranean passages into the Aach. Some fluorescein was placed in the waters of the Danube, and in three days the splendid green color and golden reflections were quite distinct in the waters of the Aach. Ten kilos of fluorescein had colored at least 200,000,000 litres of water.

Very good! Now let us adopt the suggestion of our trans-Atlantic savans and apply a few kilos of fluorescein to our own mysterious, erratic and undetermined streams, of which we have so many all over America. Let us put a few kilos into the St. John's River in Florida, and see whether its vivid green boils out of the huge fresh water spring off Matanzas; let us empty a little of the fluorescein into the Gila and the lost rivers of Texas, which start from the mountains in full and sparkling volume and finally disappear in the sand. Let us discover what causes the intermittent tides in Lake Superior, and ascertain the supply sources of the reservoirs of the Great Lakes. Let us ascertain whether the great volume of the mighty Saguenay flows, and whether its subterranean discharge does not cause the mysterious currents which vex the shores of Antioch. Let us learn whereabouts in the river St. Lawrence the volume of Montmorency's waters reappears. Let us trace the origin of the subterranean flow of caverns; the outlets of mountain lakes which have no bottom; the secrets of the Florida sinks; the source of the boiling ocean spring in the Gulf of Mexico. Let us find out for certain if the waters of Backs and McKenzie's river and the Yellow-

does not act plunge into the earth ice-cold and apart from the geysers of the National Park boiling hot. Yes; and we can also find out "how far the Tombigbee River runs up!"

Here is a field for investigation as broad as the continent. There are hundreds of enterprising students now idle, who are longing to undertake the work. The Government will no doubt sanction it too. The only difficulty at present seems to be that we cannot obtain fluorescein enough.

A PHYSICIAN IN TEXAS.—A year or more ago a young physician, a Brooklyn gentleman who migrated to Mexico, Texas, wrote us a private letter about hunting, fishing, sheep-grazing, and the resources of Texas, which we thought of sufficient general interest to publish, and took the liberty to do so. Now, please note the result. We quote from a letter just at hand:

BRACKETTSTVILLE, TEXAS, Nov. 24, 1873.

FRIEND HANCOCK: The last letter I wrote you, to my regret, was published in your paper, which brought innumerable letters of inquiry from all parts of the States, all of which I took pleasure in answering. In course of time a correspondence generated between a Mr. Garrett, of Wilmington, Del., which has resulted in my entering into partnership with the Garrett Bros. and Maj. Stotsenberg, of Wilmington, Del., in a sheep ranch in —. They came on to Mexico, where I was practicing medicine, and there we bought three horses, wagon, etc., and started out to hunt a location for a ranch, and after weeks of travel all through the State, we settled here. On that trip we have hunted everything almost, and have had lots of adventures up to the present date. I think I am probably on my way to make money, and I owe it all to FOREST AND STREAM, for it was your paper that brought me before the eyes of the capitalists and brought them out here. If you or any of your friends are out in this direction, come and make us a call and we will try to make it pleasant for you all. We can take our rifles out and kill deer, turkey and all kinds of game on our own land, while the Pinto River rises on our land, and in it are plenty of trout, bass, perch, catfish, and almost all kinds of fresh water fish. I have killed so many turkeys that we are almost sick of them. Well, I will close at present. I was very successful in my practicing medicine in Mexico, and have many friends who want me to come back.

JOHN G.

In connection with the foregoing letter we ask permission to say a word for ourselves. We are as sensibly impressed as many of our patrons affirm themselves to be, with the growing value of FOREST AND STREAM as an advertising medium. There are many journals devoted to special objects, through which it would be supposed the public could be reached more directly, yet we find that when solid business transactions of any kind are looked for, men turn to our columns as naturally as the experienced miner does to the gold-bearing mountain ranges. And they seldom fail to find a placer, or at least pay dirt! Men pin their faith implicitly on the overtures and business chances which we advertise, and especially upon our editorial representations and endorsements. We can sell a wheat farm or a sheep ranch as easily as we can sell dog biscuits, guns and fish-hooks. No inquiry was ever started in our columns upon any subject whatever but that it immediately attracted attention in highest places. We have brought about a large number of valuable commercial transactions, for which we neither expected nor received any fee or reward. With regard to Texas, we know that there is a rapidly increasing interest and migration toward the State, and what information we can gather of practical value we shall print from time to time. One of the best informed writers in the State is the gentleman whose letter we publish in this issue. He has promised to show up the resources of the State and the advantages which the State offers to settlers. No doubt there is much money at present in stock grazing and sheep raising; but there are other pursuits just as lucrative, and the cotton and grain fields, the sugar plantations, the mines, the quarries and the timber lands of Texas offer an aggregate of inducements not found in any other section.

CANADIAN DISCRIMINATING GAME LAWS.

IN our issue of November 14th we printed a communication from the gentleman whose signature is appended to the letter below, in which he claimed what he now reiterates, that the game laws of New Brunswick were framed expressly to discriminate against Americans. He thinks this a great grievance, and utters his most feeling protest. Protest No. 1 (Nov. 14), elicited a reply or defense from Chief Game Commissioner Fellows, of the Province of New Brunswick, disclaiming any intention to "discriminate." The Commissioner admits the letter of the law to protect game and the general efforts made to that end, but denies that the laws were framed to exclude American sportsmen, and calls upon us to refute such an imputation.

Well knowing the value and weight of *ex parte* statements, we contented ourselves with a simple endorsement of the Provincial game laws and approval of the present most commendable efforts of Canada to prevent the total extirpation of the much diminished game. We held that Canada had a right to make discriminating laws against foreigners, just as the States of Iowa, Florida, Kansas, and some others had the right to discriminate against their brotherhood of neighboring States. Such laws might be impolitic, ill-advised, and obviously unjust, aggravating and alienating friends and working retroactive damage upon themselves; but none had the right to arraign them for an act which was eminently a prerogative and an affair of their own only. This position being too conservative for our correspondent, he has again sought the use of our

columns for the following reply to the New Brunswick Game Commissioner:

PORTLAND, December 2, 1873.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

One word in reply to the somewhat harsh communication from the Chief Game Commissioner of New Brunswick.

It is truly gratifying to hear from the Chief Warden himself that Americans were not intended to be discriminated against by this new law, for the impression had most certainly been given me and my friend by the people with whom we talked while in New Brunswick last October (and in a sense, I suppose, the Chief Warden was quoted, though, I am not glad to know, through error, that this \$20 tax was for the purpose of preventing or hindering Americans shooting there.

All true American sportsmen, I am sure, would be most happy to aid in enforcing the game laws of any country, and eager to bring to account any one slaughtering game by illegitimate means; but why should we be called upon to pay to support their game laws when they do not pay to support ours? What would New Brunswick people think if they were called upon to pay an annual tax of \$20 to every State in which they shot "to support the game laws?"

In this not all a subjective? And since the matter has been referred to, I will say that it does cause a blush of humiliation to think that after Americans have sent tens of thousands of dollars to help the poor of St. John, that they are not willing to show us the same courtesies that we extend to them.

The Chief Warden loses sight of the object when he lays so much stress on the slaughter of game out of season. If the laws are transgressed, he well knows how to punish; but does not the fact still remain, that in making this discriminating tax of \$20, he does to us as we do not to him. As I and my friend have shot in New Brunswick in the past, and as we expect to shoot there again, we are perhaps as zealous advocates of the game laws as the Warden himself; and it might not be out of place to call his attention to the slaughter of salpae near Sackville, early in September, when, as I hear from the people there, "the birds are half grown, and so blue with fat feathers that they are unfit for the table," simply, as I am told, "to kill them before they are ripe."—Yankees get fishing."

In regard to salmon fishing, I will not enter into a controversy with the Chief Warden. I did not say there was a discriminating law, but if he will make some inquiries in regard to the way some Boston gentlemen, leasing salmon rivers, have been treated, I think he will find that Americans have been discriminated against, although he is unparliamentary enough to characterize it as "false."

Yours, very truly,

SAM'L HANSON.

Our readers have now heard in full the charge preferred by our indignant correspondent, and we leave it to their common sense to answer whether a great province like that of New Brunswick, having the most intimate commercial relations with its neighbor, the United States, would, from jealousy or any imaginary grievance, or spirit of retaliation, stoop to so petty a reprisal as to tax American sportsmen \$20 per head for the express purpose of keeping them out of the country? The idea is so absurd on the face of it that we at first refused to entertain it; but, since we are pressed for an opinion, we shall decide against the plaintiff in toto. Our correspondent has lived so long upon the border and enjoyed such unlimited reciprocity, that he is evidently taken aback by the slightest restrictions upon his will or actions. He should not forget that New Brunswick is just as much a foreign country now as it was during our late civil war, when firearms were interdicted and seditious acts when once fairly over the border. What right has he to question the license to shoot any more than England has the tax on her products imported to France?

The Chief Warden, Mr. Fellows, has explained that the law was framed to protect pot hunters from destroying the game, the greater part of which was destroyed by citizens of the United States and found its market in that country. The expenses of enforcing the laws are met by fines, penalties, seizures and licenses at home, and by a license fee exacted from non-residents. The Game Commissioner ingeniously asks: "Is it unreasonable to ask foreigners as well as ourselves to contribute toward preserving the game of the country?" Our correspondent thinks it is, and asks "why we should be called upon to pay to support their game laws, when they do not pay to support ours?" If any reader thinks this question is fairly put, let him answer and defend it.

From the fact that friend Hanson has specified New Brunswick, he does not seem aware that similar laws obtain in the other Provinces, and that in the adjoining Province of Nova Scotia, for instance, there is a like tax of \$20 on all non-resident sportsmen; not merely non-resident Americans, but non-resident New Brunswickers, Englishmen and all. And the same is reciprocally true of the New Brunswick game law. No better evidence can be adduced of the sincerity and unprejudiced impartiality of the Nova Scotia law than the fact that British officers of the army and navy have repeatedly been prosecuted from court to court to exact the fine which they disclaimed they had an obligation to pay; for it seems they too are required to pay a license of \$5, although they are temporary residents.

The arguments in favor of the system, as set forth by its promoters, are: That the game is appurtenant to the soil, and belongs to the people of the Province, just as much as in England it belongs to the lord of the manor. Their forests are their preserves, and they have the right to regulate the way in which they shall be used. The inhabitants have to contribute to the general revenue of the Province, in order to carry on the different departments of the public service. Out of these revenues a certain sum has been expended to defray the expenses of preserving the game. Is it fair, then, for outsiders, who pay nothing, to step in and enjoy the benefits resulting from this protection, equally with those who have to bear the burden of the expense and the responsibility and trouble of enforcing the laws?

Probably when the State of Maine, of which our correspondent is a citizen, finds it expedient to enact similar laws and regulations, it will do so. If such laws would accomplish the consummation for which we have so long devoutly wished and earnestly worked, we would be willing to submit to special

discriminating laws as applied to every State in the Union, until the result was reached.

As respects the fishery licenses and regulations to which our correspondent refers, we must defer that part of the subject for want of space here. It is a question which involves different conditions.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL TEXAS CORRESPONDENT.)

TEXAS NORTHERS—HONESTY—ORANGES AND LEMONS IN TEXAS.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

We are having such a furious spell of weather that I can do no mischief outdoors, and am therefore driven to seek some occupation indoors. For several days we have been enveloped one of those singular north winds of Texas—shot undoubtedly from caverns in icebergs somewhere—accompanied by a pelling rain. All of winds that blow this is assuredly the most villainous—a Texas "wet norther." To walk or ride against it is excruciating torture. The drops of rain hit you like bullets, squaring in the face, and I doubt not you could hear them sing like rifle balls on a skirmish line, as they flit past your ears, if it were not for the continual whizzing and howling of the wind. When such come there is nothing to do but to "snook" round one's fireside and engage in whatever mischief may come to hand. And yet this is the very weather when one who loves his gun and dog can find the most sport if he can stand the pelling and the whizzing. The ducks and geese leave the bays and bayous and swarm on the prairies, reinforcing the curlews, grouse, sandhill cranes and jacksnipes. And blackbirds or grackle come by the literal million, though none but the "small boy" ever shoots them. I take up my shooting irons and look upon them with a melancholy look. Then I look out of the window and see the scudding mists, the cedars tossing their boughs as if they were frantic, and hear the howling of the tempest. I then lay my irons aside with a sigh. This sort of weather is calculated to make folks crazy unless they have some resources for mischief within themselves. Well, my pipe never fails to give me solace under affliction, and I have lots of books and paper and lead pencils. With these accompaniments I can from my heart say: "Howl, howl, ye breezes!"

But let me suppose that this norther is really Arctic, though it does come from caverns in icebergs, or from the regions of perpetual snow. This one has been piping about a hundred hours, yet the thermometer on my gallery, exposed to its full fury, points ten degrees above the freezing point. Yet this is cold enough when driven into a fellow with a forty-horse power. And how brilliantly the skies will sparkle when the norther is gone! The air will literally dance with delight. Nothing can exceed the beauty of these Texas days which succeed a norther. It makes a fellow feel ten years younger; like jumping over fences, riding wild mustangs, turning somersaults. All nature, animate and inanimate, laughs with electricity. Indeed, these Texas northers are most admirable institutions, and nothing could induce me to live in any country where they do not blow. And they blow nowhere on earth save in Texas.

But let me suppose they are usually accompanied by rain. Usually they are not. Usually the skies are as clear as a silver bell; but then, Mr. Editor, they are cold, I tell you, for a fact. Then they'll make a fellow jump Jim Crow, who gets caught out in one. They'll pinch him blue; they'll buffet him; they'll wallow him, and if he don't go to shelter they'll turn the marrow of his bones to icicles. They are snorters; they are terrific. There is nothing like them in this world, to him who rides on a vast uninhabited prairie, and there never will be anything like them. And yet I would not give one of them for all the perfumed zephyrs of Araby the Blest.

But I had to engage in some mischief indoors during this embargo on locomotion outside, and I fell to reading Horace, as I often do when the weather is inclement or the nights long. I hit upon that celebrated ode, "*Intiger vite ceterisque purus*," the 32d of the First Book, and it amused me so much that I make a translation of it, literally where I could and paraphrastically where I couldn't help myself. Here goes:

The man who leads an honest life,
Free from crime and not some squire,
Don't need the ponderous Moorish spear,
And nought beneath the skies need fear;
Even though his wandering footsteps turn
To where the Syrian deserts burn:
Where Albanian mountains lift the snows,
Or famed Hydroses current flows,
For late, as carelessly I strayed,
Unarmed, beyond my rural shade—
My Lalage's sweet name repeating
To his amorous breezes round me meeting—
A wolf—and such he'er Afric bore
Or howled upon the Apulian shore—
Fled from me in the Salvia wood,
And sought the deepest solitude.

Place me in those dread regions where
No tree withstands the icy air—
Where endless night and vapors dwell,
And storns the scudding clouds impel;
Place me in realms where the blazing sun
Witnesses all that he glares upon,
In silent deserts waste and wide,
To human residence denied.
And still, with thought serene and free,
The flying hours beguiling,
I'll love and sing my Lalage
Sweetly speaking, sweetly smiling!

tion; hosts of old bachelors, not to say married men, who would never have dreamed of them! Modern morality shudders to contemplate what developments are yet in store if such things are allowed to go on. We know that our voice is feeble and our influence slight, but our duty is plain, and we are scrupulously and unswerving in the performance of it. We have little expectation that the virtuous secretary of the Society for Suppression will venture to act officially in the matter, and have therefore decided to place the offense of the Fashion Plate Publishers squarely before the public, and herewith hold it up to the open light that they may the better determine its true character, (which see).

We are well aware that a nice sense of perception has enabled the aforesaid Secretary to affirm that circumstances may be so altered cases that the bad may sometimes appear the better thing, and that indecencies become indecencies only according to the purposes they are intended to serve, or the light in which they are regarded. Profoundly impressed by this philosophy, we have felt that the public good might be best served in the instance before us by turning the facts to the best account and adapting the odious suggestions to the requirements of sportsmen. In the accompanying diagram we have a com-



bination of the best devices of Holabird and Cording. Made of waterproof fustian, we secure a garment for hunting and fishing almost as impervious to water as a Boyton swimming suit. Being all of one piece, it can be slipped on over one's ordinary clothing, (except the coat,) with great facility. Three yards of material should make a suit. Buttons need not come below the waist. Boots and shoes two sizes large can be pulled on over the feet; approved wading shoes for anglers are made for the very purpose, with lines of holes punched in their sides near the soles. For wading streams, or for work in marsh and swamp, nothing more satisfactory can be imagined. For horse-back riding through wet underbrush and in rain storms, the combination suit would prove most comfortable and serviceable. For hunting, their great advantage would consist in dispensing with heavy rubber or leather boots, and keeping the feet dry. Shoes are just as practicable for hunting as for wading. We have long used the English wading pants and have always kept dry although in water to our waist for hours. Manufacturers of waterproof hunting suits are welcome to our ideas if they choose to adopt them.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—Nashua, Dec. 2.—The shooting season is about over with us. Woodcock have been fairly plenty, Phillips, of the "club," having shot 120 in October, and added more to his score, last Nov. 1. Partridge have been unusually scarce; snooks have about finished them in this section. Ducks gave us the "go-by" in their southern flight, but few have been seen. Some fine bags of gray squirrels have been taken. On the whole, the past fall shooting has been rather dry. The fishermen are laying in their annual supply of shiners for winter fishing, which about here is excellent. A few coveys of Bob White's have been bobbing around here this fall. Happy to say that but few have been shot.

DOVER, Dec. 4.—Game has not been very plenty around here this fall, especially beach and marsh birds. Now and then a good bag is brought home by some lucky sportsman. Quite a number of foxes have been killed this fall on the outskirts of our city. Two were shot a few mornings since by Mr. Wesley Beck and one by Capt. J. S. Dame.

MASSACHUSETTS—Salem, Dec. 9.—Game with us at present is somewhere else where one is after it. There are some quail in Foxford and vicinity; also some in Wenham, with a fair lot of rabbits, and some partridges in both localities. I have seen two partridges, one quail and a rabbit brought to bag the past week. Salem harbor quite bare of birds. A few auklets about since recent gales.

WORCESTER, Dec. 9.—There is some big game still left in old Massachusetts. A large wild cat shot in the East Princeton woods, Nov. 5, by Mr. George H. Cook, has been set up and placed on exhibition. It measures 36 inches from tip to tip and stands 14 inches high, while the girth is 20½ inches. Last Monday Mr. Charles E. Johnson, of Northborough, captured one of the finest fur otters ever seen in this vicinity. This is the third he has captured within a few days. The weight of his last one was twenty-three pounds. It measured six ft. in length. The same day Mr. Johnson captured two minks, two muskrats and a partridge.

RHODE ISLAND—Newport, Dec. 2.—Coots, old squaws and some black ducks have been shot in our bay the past week. They are reported by the gunners to be very abundant in the neighborhood of Providence and Hope Island.

CONNECTICUT—Farmington, Dec. 5.—Grouse and quail have been rather scarce here this season, but woodcock have been quite plenty and the shooting good. Three of us bagged in one day's shooting sixty-eight woodcock, five grouse, eleven quail, which, in this locality, comes once in a lifetime.

NEW LONDON, Dec. 10.—Black ducks are quite plenty around Black Pond, Niantic, and numbers have been shot. Saw a flock of wild geese flying this morning during the snow storm, heading about southwest.

NEW YORK—Shelter Island, L. I., Dec. 5.—Yesterday, the 4th, being a remarkably calm day, with smooth water for battery shooting, a score of call boats were out for food. Probably there will not be such another chance this season, unless the winter months are as mild as they were last season. I was not very fortunate in anchoring my boat, but I got 13 fowl, all killed singly on the wing, though hit chiefly on other places than on the wing. My friend Al. Tuthill gathered them up in another while the writer did the shooting. The weather being so very favorable for the sport, some half dozen other batteries and a score of call boats were out for food. Payne and Bruce got 18; Flagg and Congdon, 14; Captain Cartwright, 10; a white yacht, 5; and others not reported. There are but few quail on this island, but the two Conklins got 21 yesterday. Rabbits very plenty, but of low price.

NEW JERSEY—Ashley House, Barnegat Inlet, Dec. 7.—Shooting has never been as poor for years at this time of year. Such a scarcity of wild fowl of all descriptions never was known. I have not heard of a dozen geese being killed up to date. Very few flocks of brant have been seen. We are all looking for cold weather hoping an improvement.

KENTUCKY—Hickman, Dec. 4.—Reelfoot Lake being only 12 miles distant, wild fowl shooting is splendid, the lake being the feeding-place for ducks and geese in their southward flight. Deer and turkeys are abundant. Squirrels and quails are found in great numbers, but little attention is paid them, however, as the splendid shooting of larger game attracts both the attention and ammunition of the sportsmen. There were shipped to-day to Columbia, Miss., 73 black ducks, being the lake made by Col. Johnston in one day's shooting on the lake. The man who brought them to town said the Colonel killed 60 that he did not get—pretty good day for ducks. A party from Madison, Ind., on their way back from Little River, Mo., about 40 miles south, brought 55 ducks, 21 deer and 5 turkeys with them, the result of four days' hunting. Among the notables now at the lake are E. S. Wheat, U. S. Marshall, with Messrs. Friel, Perkins and others on the Nashville, comprising one party; and W. A. Knight, Trustee Davidson County, and Mr. W. L. McKay, also of Nashville. On my way here from Columbia I met Mr. H. S. Gittings, of Dickson, Tenn., with his black setters Jet and Belle, on his way to the fields near Gillem. He told me he killed over 200 birds in three days' shooting over them. A party from Illinois River en route for White River, brant hunting, gave us a call, and showed a very nice lot of brant on the river above. They had a boat fixed up for the occasion and were taking the world easy. One of the party killed the largest brant last year that was ever killed on the river. Undoubtedly this is the sportsman's paradise. He can find anything he wishes to shoot, and the mild winter makes camping out very pleasant, and for those who do not want to camp there are good accommodations to be had on the lake.

TENNESSEE—Piney Fork, Dec. 7.—The principal game in northwestern Tennessee is deer and turkeys, but the deer are fast diminishing in numbers, in consequence of the detestable practice of hunting with snare traps. Southern hunters are addicted to, and not a single month in the whole year is exempted.

MISSOURI—St. Louis, Dec. 6.—In the history of States or individuals there occurs some notable event as a kind of climax. Our Nimrods concluded to put the cap sheaf on their fall shooting, by organizing a grand match hunt for Dec. 5. On the evening of the 4th, quite a respectable company convened at the gun store of Mr. A. B. Dempsey, and soon arranged the preliminaries. There was but a single prize offered to the one making the highest score, for the very exclusive privilege of "bragging." Other prizes were talked of, but the party seemed to be entirely free from any bare desire for filthy lucre, and were only intent upon that exhilarating sport that makes us start

Dr. Majors and Mr. F. Houston were selected captains of the respective squads, and chose their men as follows: Capt. Majors—T. Newton, L. Krenon, J. Parmelee, S. O. Gold, Wm. Brandon, W. R. Thomas, C. H. Gauss. Capt. Houston—J. G. Sloan, W. A. Sloan, W. Baker, Dr. Evans, A. B. Dempsey, Ed. Smith, Arthur Hall, and J. B. D. Early Thursday morning they started to the four winds, and late Thursday evening the returns began to come in, and by 11 p. m., without any build-up, the votes were duly counted. Capt. Houston's party summing up 144, Capt. Majors' 181. Capt. Houston had the largest score, 86 birds. Two turkeys were brought in, but nothing was said about who pulled them off the roost. Taking it all in all the party seemed to enjoy themselves, and many a pleasant incident could be related in connection with the day's sport.

ILLINOIS—Charleston, Coles County, Dec. 9.—The sportsmen have had considerable fun this day hunting two deer with four bounder, four miles west of here, near the Indianapolis and St. Louis Railroad, on Riles Creek. The second day, the 4th inst., there were 25 men and eight hounds; John Rice had his four hounds, Scott Dowling two, William A. Jeffries two—all excellent fox hounds. They jumped up only one deer the second day, a fine doe. She took a circle of two miles. Late in the evening William A. Jeffries gave her a load of buckshot in the side and stopped her wild career. Weight, about 100 pounds; age, about one year; she was very fat. J. B. D.

WISCONSIN—Baraboo, Dec. 5.—Baraboo is a small place, of about 3,000 inhabitants, but there is a remarkably sport for the other side team. The former have a shoot once or twice every week. Deer hunting is the main sport at present. Snow fell the other night to the depth of two inches. Some of our sportsmen started the next morning, and, before night, eight fine deer were killed. One buck weighed 190 pounds.

IOWA—Pomeroy, Dec. 12.—Large fowl are all gone, but ducks still linger in countless myriads around the larger bodies of water like Twin Lakes and Big Deer Lake, the gradual approach of winter having driven them from the smaller ponds by freezing them up solid and hard. But they come from the freezing lakes in clouds to the cornfields for their morning and evening feed. They are very wild, so that a large amount of strategy is required to make a good bag. I was at Twin Lakes yesterday and found it partially frozen and all the open water literally black with ducks and more coming in large flocks from the north and lighting continually without any preliminaries.

With a good sick boat and decoys there would be no end to the sport there for the next week or two. Two of the boys from Dubuque were here a short time since. They arrived in the morning, went north of town and got three ducks and then went home in the evening, despatched, when at the same time there were millions of ducks at the lakes and a market hunter there killing fifty per day. Deer are quite plenty back seven or eight miles, and every day one or two are brought in.

KANSAS—Delphos, Nov. 30.—Quail and grouse very plenty, even nearly as plentiful as before our hard winter of '74.

COMPLIMENTARY.—A benefit will be given to Mr. Bubser at the Arcade Theatre, Jersey City, on the 19th inst. Mr. Bubser is a well and favorably-known sportsman of that city, who was injured not long since by the premature discharge of a cannon at a salute given him by his sporting friends. Captain Bopards has kindly tendered his services for the occasion, and the programme will be an interesting one.

THE CHAMPION QUAIL EATER.—Here is a chance for a betting undertaker. If he lost the \$500 he would at least bury the man who had buried the 90 birds:

On the 28th of October, says the Nashville (Tenn.) American, Alex. Ament made a wager of \$50 with Charles Deschaw that he could not eat 30 quails in 30 consecutive days. Deschaw was to commence Nov. 1, and every succeeding morning, between eight and nine o'clock, devour his quail. He experienced no sickness until Nov. 25, when he threw up his bird. On the 27th he again became sick, but retained his quail. He was all right after that date, and instead of eating one, Nov. 30, he finished two, making 31 birds instead of 30 he devoured, and so he won the wager. He will commence Jan. 1 and eat 30 more birds in as many days, and will bet \$500 that he can eat 90 in 90 successive days.

THE LAW OF TRESPASS.—We are indebted to a Philadelphia correspondent for the following very clear elucidation of the law of trespass, which he sends in response to a note in last week's issue. The writer is a lawyer, who therefore speaks with authority, and gives legal advice, without fee or hope of reward, to thousands of interested readers. The instances mentioned are certainly very curious. In the courts we know little of the troubles and vexations of the trespass laws which so vex the landowner and intruder in the closely settled counties of England and other countries. Our correspondent writes under date of Dec. 6:

In your issue of the 5th inst. I noticed a question propounded by a correspondent, as to "What is Trespass?" Birds rove over the dividing line of the land, and a dead fell on the adjoining premises. Apparently the bird at the time it was shot had crossed the line. Trespass was undoubtedly committed by sending the dog on the neighbor's property to retrieve the bird. If a wild bird flies from my land to the land of another, and I shoot that bird after it has crossed my line, I have no right of property in the bird so shot. It belonged to the neighbor, and he has the right to sue me for the ownership of beasts (*feræ naturæ*), and the maxim of the law being, "*Cujus est solum ejus est usque ad celum*" (He who possesses land has an interest in, and exclusive right to, that which is upon or above it; to an indefinite height), gives the person over whose land the bird was flying an ownership in the bird for so long a time as it remained in the air over his land, and so, under the common law, the correspondent really did not own the bird at all. (No offence is intended to him.) The question of "What is Trespass?" is very interesting, and some curious cases are to be met with in connection with this subject. For instance, it was decided in England many years ago that a person shooting a rifle ball high in the air committed trespass against all the property owners over whose lands the rifle ball had passed, and it was also a reported case of a person sailing over the land of another in a balloon, who was in consequence of his act adjudged a "trespasser."

It would seem then, if the correspondent so pointed his gun that the shot not only passed through the air over the farmer's property, but actually fell upon his land, he was a trespasser before he thought of calling his dog to retrieve.

This will explain how a person may commit trespass without being liable for damages.

THAT OFFICE BOY ORON MORSE.—Just home from Florida; he has been to Jacksonville on the steamer *Western Texas*, and, heartily enjoying the trip, thus describes it: He sailed from this city on the 23th of November, which was the third trip of the first and only ocean steamship that ever crossed the bar at St. John's River. She was built by John Roach & Sons and is measured at 1,121 12-100 tons thirty-ton. She is well equipped and has accommodations for thirty-two first-class passengers and twenty steerage. She was in charge of Captain I. Rince, who is one of the best sailors on the ocean and knows his business to perfection. Of the mates, purser, steward and crew he says enough cannot be said as to their kindness, discipline, etc.; but the captain was the noble king of the ship, and a generous king at that. The boy says he had no sea sickness on the way out, and passed Cape Hatteras at 4 a. m. Sunday, but off Crystal Palace Shoals they encountered a heavy gale, but it did not trouble the steamer any, although the water swept the main deck. They passed several steamships during the day, among which was the *City of Dallas*, the sister ship of the line. He passed Charleston Light about 11 a. m. Monday, and 7 p. m. was in Port Royal, where all there was to be seen were grocery stores and negroes, and passed Cape Fear River at daybreak, where three or four longshoremen would do the work of twenty of them, and not make half the fuss about it either. But it was very amusing to see them labor unloading, etc. At 9 p. m. they left, and at 9 a. m. Tuesday they were at Brunswick, Georgia, where they remained about one hour, and from what he could see of it thought it a very pretty place and nicely laid out. At 3:30 p. m., same day, they anchored off the bar at St. John's River, and had to wait 28 hours before they could go over, as the tide was down and wind from the north, which blew the water out of the river. The steamer drew 8½ feet of water and went over the bar as soon as 9 feet were shown by the soundings, which was a little more than low tide, on account of the west wind. The boy has brought all the soundings, which shows that the report that any steamer could go over the bar has been proved to be an utter impossibility. Mr. Ament's yacht *Ambassadors* lay off outside the bar drawing 10 feet of water, and could not get into port until after the *Western Texas* sailed on her

THE CAPITAL OF ARIZONA.—Prescott, the capital of Arizona, one latest El Dorado, is situated in a small valley or basin, surrounded on all sides by mountains, and has a picturesque location. At the first glance it strikes the tourists as being an extremely home-like place, recalling many of the features of a New England or Western New York village. The population is now about 4,000 and is increasing with wonderful rapidity, as the fertile valleys adjacent and the rich mining districts round about are filling up. Most of the houses are of brick and wood, two or three stories in height, solidly constructed, and exhibiting good architectural taste. There are few Mexicans and Indians, save in consequence of the street scenes are novel. The city is 175 miles east of the Colorado river, 250 miles northeast of Yuma, and about the same distance northwest of Tucson, the second city in the Territory. The center of the city is a large plaza, now square, which is to be occupied by substantial public buildings. All the churches in Arizona are in Prescott, and besides the Catholics there are three Protestant ministers there. The largest of the seventeen public school houses in the Territory, a two-story brick, costing \$20,000, is in the city limits. Yavapai county, of which Prescott is the county seat, is not only the largest in area but the best populated of the five into which Arizona is divided. Within its borders are some of the finest settlements as well as the most notable evidences of prehistoric life.

DUCKS CATCHED WITH SALT.—We have more than once heard of the wonderful properties of the waters of Deep Spring Valley Lake, but, until the present, not with sufficiency of detail to give the story full credence. Lieutenant Wetherpoon, Company D, Twelfth U. S. Infantry, in command of the relief party for Captain Joe's Indians, passed several days last week in the valley, and he and his men the literal truth of the remarkable phenomena. These are, that at certain times the ducks, which visit the lake in great numbers, become so loaded down with crystallization of borax, salt, or some similar substance, that they are unable to fly, and while in this condition become an easy prey to the Indians, who wade into the water and pick them up in their hands. In fact this substance often collects upon the birds' bills in such weight as to actually drag their heads under water and drown them. As asserted by Mr. Beasley and family, who have lived near the lake for years, the ducks are often loaded with several pounds weight of this substance; not less than ten pounds in some instances. During the first stages the crystals are quite evenly disposed over all the birds' feathers above water, sticking them together as firmly as if glued. Then it accumulates in bunches or strings, forming drags or rafts with which the bird can swim but slowly, if at all, and if formed from the bill or head soon causes its death by drowning. —*Inyo (Cal.) Independent.*

NEW AND STALE BREAD.—The nature of the difference between new and stale bread is far from being known. It is only lately that the celebrated French chemist, Boussingault, instituted an inquiry into it, from which it results, that the difference is not the consequence of desiccation, but solely of the cooling of the bread. If we take fresh bread into the cellar or into any place where it cannot dry the inner part of the loaf, it is true, found to be crumbly, but the crumb has become soft and is no longer brittle. If stale bread is taken back into the oven again it assumes all the qualities of fresh baked bread, although in the hot oven it must undoubtedly have lost part of its moisture. M. Boussingault has made a fresh loaf of bread the subject of minute investigation, and the results are anything but interesting. New bread, in its smallest parts, is so soft, clammy, flexible and glutinous (in consequence of the starch during the process of fermenting and baking being changed into mucilaginous dextrine), that by mastication it is with greater difficulty separated and reduced to small pieces, and in its smallest parts is less under the influence of the saliva and digestive juices. It consequently forms itself into hard balls by careless and hasty mastication and deglutition, becomes coated over by saliva and slime, and in this state enters the stomach. The gastric juice being unable to penetrate such hard masses, and being scarcely able even to act upon the surface of them, they frequently remain in the stomach unchanged, and, like foreign bodies, irritate and incommode it, inducing every species of suffering—oppression of the stomach, pain in the chest, disturbed circulation of the blood, congestions and pains in the head, irritation of the brain and inflammation, apoplectic attacks, cramp and delirium. —*The Miller.*

SEVERE ON THE BOSTON WAITERS' GUILD.—There is no more striking likeness of things than a table set by a good Boston public dining room. The cream pitcher is at one end of the festive board, the sugar bowl at the other; the napkin lies half in, half out of the meat dish, and soaks up the gravy; the butter is a yard away from the would-be diner, and the bread plate occupies the place that should be held by the dinner plate. As for the carter, knife and fork, potatoes and rail, they are dropped in anywhere, "promiscuously like," and it is not easy to refrain from

rising and deliberately setting the table over again. Even if all the girls be duchesses in adversity and do have to submit to a great deal of impertinence from rude women, there is no reason why, having undertaken to be waiters, they should not do their work as well as men. They can best show that they are ladies by surpassing those who merely claim to be good servants. —*Boston Transcript.*

A WELL-PRESERVED OLD GENTLEMAN.—The English papers republish the story of how Bob, the dresser of McCullough, the American actor, once asked his master to give him a holiday. "Where are you going?" inquired McCullough as a preliminary. "Going out with my girl, sir." "H'm!" quoted genial John, "going out with your girl, eh? I thought so. Where are you going with your girl?" "Going to see her grandfather, sir," said Bob, readily enough. "She goes to see her grandfather every Sunday." "Where does the old fellow live?" inquired McCullough, absently. "He doesn't live anywhere, sir," rejoined Bob. "He's a skeleton in Wood's Museum at Bellevue Hospital."

THE ROUTE OF A TELEGRAM.—A cable despatch recently sent from Hartford, Conn., to Australia, consisted of thirty-three words, and cost \$64.98. "The course of the message was as follows: From Hartford to New York; to Heart's Content, N. F.; to Valencia, to London; through Germany, Russia, Siberia, to Vladivostok, a point on the coast of Manchuria; thence through the Japan Sea to Nagasaki, on one of the Japan Islands; through the Yellow Sea to Shanghai, China; thence down the coast to China, through the China Sea to Saigon, Siam; to Singapore, Malay; thence to Batavia, on the coast of Java; thence to St. Darwin, on the northern coast of Australia, and to Sydney."

—The man whose lame back prevents him from splitting a stick of wood or building a fire is the one who leads an attack on a pile of ten cords of wood to help uncover and kill a frightened rabbit. —*Detroit Free Press.*

Admirers of Artistic Pottery and Glass are invited to inspect some choice examples selected by Messrs. TIFFANY & CO. during the Paris Exposition, including:

New Plaques by Minton, decorated by Mussall with novel marine designs.

Salvati's latest reproductions of the Venetian Glass of the Sixteenth century.

Fac-similes of the Trojan iridescent bronze glass exhumed by Dr. Schliemann.

New Plaques by Copeland, decorated with strongly drawn heads by Hewitt.

Reproductions, by Doulton, of old Flemish stone ware.

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"	50,000
"	25,000
10 "	100,000
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5 "	2,500
20 "	1,000
100 "	100,000
200 "	10,000
200 "	10,000
1000 "	10,000

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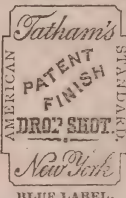
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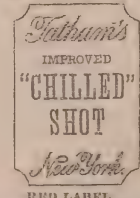
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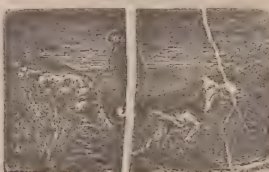


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277th, 279th, 281st, 283rd, 285th, 287th, 289th, 291st, 293rd, 295th, 297th, 299th, 301st, 303rd, 305th, 307th, 309th, 311st, 313th, 315th, 317th, 319th, 321st, 323rd, 325th, 327th, 329th, 331st, 333rd, 335th, 337th, 339th, 341st, 343rd, 345th, 347th, 349th, 351st, 353rd, 355th, 357th, 359th, 361st, 363rd, 365th, 367th, 369th, 371st, 373rd, 375th, 377th, 379th, 381st, 383rd, 385th, 387th, 389th, 391st, 393rd, 395th, 397th, 399th, 401st, 403rd, 405th, 407th, 409th, 411st, 413th, 415th, 417th, 419th, 421st, 423rd, 425th, 427th, 429th, 431st, 433rd, 435th, 437th, 439th, 441st, 443rd, 445th, 447th, 449th, 451st, 453rd, 455th, 457th, 459th, 461st, 463rd, 465th, 467th, 469th, 471st, 473rd, 475th, 477th, 479th, 481st, 483rd, 485th, 487th, 489th, 491st, 493rd, 495th, 497th, 499th, 501st, 503rd, 505th, 507th, 509th, 511st, 513th, 515th, 517th, 519th, 521st, 523rd, 525th, 527th, 529th, 531st, 533rd, 535th, 537th, 539th, 541st, 543rd, 545th, 547th, 549th, 551st, 553rd, 555th, 557th, 559th, 561st, 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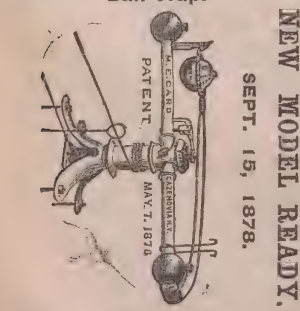
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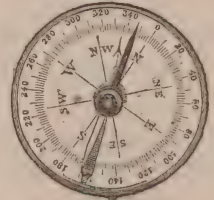
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ARIZONA IN VERSE.

THE following beautiful stanzas are from a rough old soldier, who is now serving his country in Arizona. We assure our readers that in his attempt to delineate the charms of his abiding place, he *does not go beyond his station*, either as soldier or rhyme singer. We will not attempt to place too high a standard upon his effusion, as he seems to have a modest opinion of it himself. It is rather long, and would have been longer had we not mercifully cut it short, perceiving that he was going on from bad to *verser* (as a German might pronounce it). His description of the country is very truthful, and will be valued by all our readers who propose to migrate to his section.—Ed. F. & S.

To Ma's I bid a glad farewell,
And turn my back upon Bellona,
To photograph in doggerel
The features of sweet Arizona—

The stinging grass, the thorny plants,
And all its prickly, trochiloid glories;
The thieving, starved inhabitants,
Who look so picturesque in stories;

The dusty, hot, long dreary way,
Where 'neath a blazing sun you totter,
To reach a camp at close of day
And find it destitute of water;

The dying mule, the dried up spring,
Which novel writers seldom notice;
The song of blood the mosquitoes sing,
And midnight howling of coyotes.

Taratulas and centipedes,
Horned toads and mesquit daggers,
With thorny bushes and sharp weeds
To bight the traveler as he staggers.

Why paint things in a rosy light,
And never tell the fact, thus:
How one sits down to rest at night,
And often squats upon a cactus?

The night bird's music, sweet and clear,
Is ever pictured, not a little;
A search might prove, quite lying near,
The habitation of a beetle.

And oft at night the sentinel,
Who, dozing, dreams of distant battle,
Is roused in fright to hear the yell
Of Indians who have nipped his cattle.

As desert, mountain, rock and sand,
Comprise the topographic features,
There's little left at my command,
Except to paint the living creatures.

In point of energy and sense,
The wild Apaches are the head men;
And so, in fairness, I commence
To tell you something of the red men.

Each mountain chain contains a live
Of these marauding sons of thunder,
Who somehow manage and contrive
To live upon mesquit and piñon.

From lofty crags they watch the route
O'er which a train is slowly creeping,
And, with a wild, blood-curdling shout,
Across the desert come they sweeping.

But here their valor takes a turn;
With carbine raised from off your saddle,
The "noble red" will take to flight,
Nor blush to think he must skedaddle.

Too long my pen has dwelt upon
These foes to railroads, soap and labor;
A few short years and they are gone
Beyond the reach of gun or sabre.

Now, turn we to another race
Inhabiting this sunny region:
I calm and fearless stoop to trace
Their manners, habits and religion.

There is no fairer law than that
Which gives to Caesar what is Caesar's,
Yet this is not a land of fate
Because the people are called "Greasers."

The women dress upon a plan
Resembling French Zouaves or Turcos,
And thus God's last great gifts to man
Appear but little else than scarecrows.

With face concealed from human sight,
And legs exposed to all that passes,
Their color varies, in the light,
Between new leather and molasses.

Upon their heads, in triumph reign,
Great swarms of vermin, fat and saucy;
These rovers on the Spanish Main
Cruise heartless o'er the ocean gassy.

Their mode of travel on the road
Would frighten one who never met a
Dirty, screaming, stupid load
Of greasers in an old corral.

Great wooden wheels devoid of grease,
And oxen rushing with a vengeance,
With noise like forty thousand geese,
Or like a score of new steam engines;

They plow the earth with forked logs;
For fuel dig the earth with shovels;
Cut grass with hoes, chain up their hogs,
And keep their horses in their hovels.

When Gabriel blows his final trump,
And all the nations are paraded
For grand inspection in a lump,
This breed will prove one most degraded.

An earthquake which should sink the land
(Some great subterranean motion),
And leave this tract of barren sand
The pavement of a heaving ocean.

Some huge convulsive water shake,
Some terrible spasmodic movement,
Subsiding but to leave a lake,
Would be a most desired improvement.

Their language is a mongrel tramp,
From which the meaning seems to vanish
Like strength from lager beer or wine—
A parody upon the Spanish.

On what they live besides the air
You may perhaps be interested;
They have as queer a bill of fare
As human stomach e'er digested.

They eat frijoles and dried corn,
And on a hog's intestines riot;
Tortillas, sheepheads (hair and horn),
With chile for the favorite diet;

Pinocche, water-melon seed,
Bad eggs, strong onions and pinola;
But when hard up for other feed
They live on beans of mesquit solely.

The greaser little cares or feels,
So he bat apes the Spanish hero,
With monstrous spurs upon his heels
And on his head a wide sombrero.

He looks so grim and full of fight,
You might suppose his temper soured;
But danger turns him nearly white,
And proves his hero but a coward.

He grimly scouts at gringo jokes,
Though he has not a single tlaço;
With dignity he calmly smokes
His cigarette of bad tobacco.

They tell a thousand barfaced lies,
To all the saints in heaven appealing;
Confess their sins with fearful eyes,
Devoutly pray, but keep on stealing.

They go to church, believe in hell,
Where their own torments must be hot ones;
They play on addies, ring a bell,
And worship God with drums and shot-guns.

I've not, in picturing this class,
Been either brilliant or pathetic,
But told of facts, in simple rhyme,
By far more truthful than poetic.

If any think me too severe,
Or call my yarn a wicked libel,
I'll take, to prove myself sincere,
My davy on a Mormon Bible.

Camp Verde, Nov. 15, 1878.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun. Sketches from a Miner's Camp.

"BOYS, do you notice how bright the stars are at this altitude?"

For some moments there was no reply from either of the other four weary miners, or rather prospectors, who were stretched before their camp fire, on one of the many plateaus that form the main divide of the Rocky Mountains. A hard day's work with pick and shovel in a prospect hole, had tired us so that even the usual camp fire just and badinage was foregone. At last Old George drawled out:

"Hank, how der yer account for it?"

"Don't know, George. Let's all smoke a little cigarette, and Petee, you give us the science of it."

"Well, the science of it is very plain. We are above the timber and on the snow line. Take Venus there for instance, that very bright star: if you were looking at her from the plains your vision would have to pierce ten thousand feet of air, but here you are looking at her from that altitude and through a rarified atmosphere that you can scarcely breathe in. Well, you all saw how it was to-day. There is Hank, the strongest of us, could not swing a pick for five minutes at a time; the air is so fine and rare that you loose breath, and of course it is easy for the eye to penetrate it. How unnaturally bright they seem. What would the dwellers below say if they could look at the beauty of the heavens as we are seeing them to-night? I doubt whether Ingersoll, with all his infidelity, could stand on these rocky heights, look at those glittering beautiful worlds and deny the existence of a God. There is some great power, some divine hand guiding them. Take for instance the moon: see she is just peeping up behind that peak, her orbit—Hello! what is the row now? Here come the pack mules as if they were crazy from eating loco or as if the devil was at their heels! What's up?"

Old George, after peering through the darkness, stepped toward the tent, with the remark: "Git yer rifles, it's varmint. Come away from the fire later the dark."

The three pack mules and little Jock the donkey, stood near the tent, showing every sign of terror. Harry remarked: "There is something wrong, for there is that box of crackers open and little Jock is too badly scared to steal them. We are on the old Ute reservation and I would not be surprised if some of them good boys were around. But what would an Indian want up here?"

Just then there was a sharp clatter of hoofs over the rocks, the mules dashed into the darkness, and a huge shambling mass of hair approached the cracker box and upset it. No body fired; it was not from fear, but sheer astonishment. In another instant Old George's rifle cracked, bruin gave a sharp growl of pain, stood up on his hind legs only to receive four more balls and fall over the pile of crackers, changing the color, giving them a new flavor and scattering them to the four winds in his death agony. George, sticking a new shell into his Sharps, walked up to the bear, growing out:

"Well, I'm darn'd if ever I seed such importance in all my long life in these yer rock piles, a bar coming within a hundred feet of a camp fire. Mule Ear Bill used ter tell about how he went ter bed one night and saw er shadder come atween his fire and his tent, and when he looked out a big grizzly was a settin' there warmin' hisself. He didn't shoot, out er respect to the bar's feelings, and if he hed had champagne he would hev asked him in ter take a drink; but he hed nothin' except a bottle of Mexican Frank's whiskey, and he didn't like ter offer that kind of stuff ter a bar, for it was rifle, and the bar might hev thought he was wounded in the neck, and then yer know he would hev been dangerous. I allers thought Mule Ear Bill was a liar when he told that story, but I believe him now. That pesky varmint war after that donkey colt, and that drew him onto the crackers, and a nice mess he has made of them; but, boys, he hev got a mate around here somebair, and to-morrow we will hev a bar hunt. There em mules will take care of themselves and, if that colt gets chewed up its no loss, he steals everything about the camp, sugar, flour, green coffee, and yesterday he stole all the dried apples. I was a hopin' they would swell up and bust him like the government mule what ate a bushel, but they didn't; he grunted, yanked his back up and down, rolled around and blowed off enough wind to run a blacksmith shop or Congress. Harry, sing that song about holdin' out yer hand to a brother that's down, and we'll turn in."

And Harry's splendid tenor voice ringing out through the clear air was our lullaby, and the next morning we threw off our blankets on hearing the same voice singing

"Morn amidst the mountains."

A hearty breakfast of fresh bear steak, corn dodgers and coffee, and we were ready for the hunt. Hank, Harry and Cooper took the gulch, whilst George and I climbed the spur, intending to go down into the valley. We had proceeded but a short distance when George stopped his dissertation upon the proper way to attack *Ursa horribilis*, or his nearly as dangerous cousin the cinnamon, and said:

"Petee, we will strike the lake, and if one on us had a shot gun we'd get er goose or bunch of ducks for a change from buck rump. No use er wasting ball-cartridges and shooting just one at a time." Knowing that I was the one meant to have the shot-gun, I started back and exchanged my Sharps for what we called Harry's bible—his No. 10 Parker. My old sporting friend Poist used to say that when I pulled the trigger of my little English gun I shut my eyes. Well, those were tender-foot days, and I had no faith in the gun; but when I bring a Parker to my shoulder I know there is a breach behind the shell. Crossing the spur we came in sight of the valley, a Rocky mountain park five miles long and half as wide—one of nature's beauty spots—surrounded on all sides by granite walls and towering peaks. The lake gleamed like silver in the sunshine, while three or four mountain

place," the last house and clearing we should see for a week. We here renewed our stock of potatoes, butter and eggs. This place is used as a hotel during the winter and early spring months by the lumbermen. We found Sawtelle and wife very cheerful and obliging people.

Dragging the reluctant Mel, into the canoe, we bade adieu to civilization and turned our faces toward the wilderness in earnest. Chesnecook is a bulge of the Penobscot, eighteen miles long and three wide. Far as we could see, to the base of Caribou Mountain, its shores are densely wooded. Spence's prediction was verified, and we had head winds for the entire distance. Paddling lost its charms and became not only monotonous, but tiresome. We made good time, however, and noon found us with more than half the distance accomplished. Going ashore we had lunch, and Bricktop stepped into the woods a few paces and returned with a fine brace of partridge, which proved a valuable acquisition to our larder.

Paddling was now succeeded by poling, and poling by paddling again, before we got plainly in sight of Mt. Caribou and its stream, the wind still blowing fresh, indicative of storm. Spence and William proved staunch canoeists, and we made such good progress that our accomplishing the trip was doubted by an old guide when we found encamped with a party at the falls. We reached the falls and our second camp in good season, and while the camp was being put in order we tried the trout in the falls, returning with a handsome string, none weighing less than one and a quarter pounds. Our camp on the mountain was a good one, and the night was doubtless by an old guide when we enjoyed the quiet night and our wild sense of freedom to our hearts' content.

Sunday morning found us in rain, and raining hard, rather discouraging to less hardy fellows, particularly as this was to be our first real carry, one and a half miles. Getting on our rubber clothing, and after taking fourteen drops of Jamaica ginger, we picked up our traps and started. Right here I must express my admiration for the virtues of Jamaica ginger. Nothing in liquid form is one-half as good as the reliable extract of ginger. It is the only kind of tonic that is palatable in alcoholic, as you derive all the benefit of one without the ill effects of the other. It is warming after and during a day's work in the rain, good in case of sickness, and put into pond water makes a wholesome and palatable drink. We had everything over in two hours and were resting on the shore of Ripogenus Lake, a lovely little sheet of water entirely shut in by high wooded hills. A two miles run across it brought us to Ripogenus Falls and carry. Ripogenus Falls, as I have said, one of the wildest, most picturesque spots in the wilderness of Maine, and the scenery is most rugged, grand and impressive. Rugged cliffs rising perpendicularly nearly one hundred feet on both sides, now with just room enough for the water to tumble through in fantastic, wild and beautiful shapes, again widening into immense gorges, into and over which the water rushes in myriad forms. In one place these cliffs so nearly approach each other that one could almost jump across, forming an arch. To lie upon its top and look down into the boiling water ninety feet below, requires strong nerves and a firm direction. "Gib about trout," said Mac, who was good authority, declared that Niagara must pale before Ripogenus. While the guides were totting the canoes and supplies a mile on the carry to Carey Pond, we went down to the falls, catching magnificent trout. When we arrived at the camping ground we found that Vose had put in a canoe and gone up the pond. Returning for us, he could hardly speak for excitement; could just ejaculate "Trout!" and point up the pond, moving in the direction indicated, and we soon saw in the perfectly clear water great shoals of trout moving in that direction. "Gib about trout," said Mac, "trout! paradise—nothing but trout, and the water literally alive with them. In this little pond, covering perhaps thirty acres, with no visible outlet, fed by cold springs that find their sources in the high hills that encompass it on every hand, the water of which is so clear we could see the bottom entirely across it, we had trout in abundance, from one quarter of a pound to three and a half in weight. Some of these latter we caught, and what royal sport it was to land some handsome fellows with an eight-ounce rod and line, none that weighed less than five pounds. We had trout for breakfast, lunch, and supper—trout to look at and speculate upon, and every specimen larger and handsomer than the first.

Monday morning was cloudy and warm and we were much troubled by black flies. We remained in camp until after dinner, when we started upon our pre-arranged grand expedition against the trout. Getting quietly anchored on the best ground, we were soon gathering them in right and left, when, in changing our position, Mel, being perched upon the slawarts in that over-confidence he usually alighted to, the canoe suddenly rolled over. Hoops! A bucket, a piece, and what a freezing sensation! The water was cold, and what a shock! As Mel, who had reached the shore, what a ludicrous sight we saw! Mel, clinging to the slippery bottom of the canoe with all his might, his classic features depicting despair, desperation and resignation in varying colors.

The common created by Mel had frightened the trout beyond hope of further capture, so Tuesday morning early we broke camp and started on the carry. What a back-breaking, soul-stirring, patience-provoking carry it proved to be. The day was most uncomfortably warm, but after making many trips ahead with luggage and returning for more, we finally accomplished the distance with the assistance of fourteen drops of ginger, taken with due caution at regular intervals about noon. While dinner was being prepared we fished in

the falls, and were all greatly surprised at catching small land-locked salmon. Their appearance so far from any possible breeding-ground caused much discussion. We encamped that night at the head of Amjenackamak Falls and carry. We all agreed that this was the best place for the purpose. The theory that the fish were spawned in the falls was not supported. Wednesday was partially clear. We should have reached Mt. Katadin very near us here, but the clouds are shut down close along its sides, entirely obscuring it. This carry would ordinarily seem pretty rough and hard, but after our experience of the day before it appeared a pleasant ramble. We drove over safely in an hour's time, and the wilderness was soothing to the eyes. The country was not so much wild scenery and excitement as the trip to the head of the falls. The morning, until long after noon, we glided gently forward over an uninterrupted stretch of water. Coming to the mouth of Sourdhabuk stream, we entered and passed up its perfectly clear, cold water as far as the falls. Katadin was directly over us, but still heavily enshrouded in clouds. A short distance below we saw several cascades of very thick, black, sticky mud, and a few cones. All lamenting the habits of black flies and their luck in being unable to catch trout with fancy flies in the dead water about them.

We passed the mouth of the stream with the phonophons title of Aboljakkamegus, which runs at the foot of Katalindin, well stocked with gamy trout, and disappointed in making our contemplated trip up the mountain, made for the inevitable carry below. Mcl., being a little lame, started across and soon returned, reporting good path and distance a half mile. We got easily over it and pushed forward to Pockwocokanus falls, where we camped. The night was bright and clear, and at the cool twilight, the river opened up beautiful vistas of shore and bay at every turn. We soon had camp in readiness and enjoyed our supper and our sleep as tried sportsmen can. Thursday morning found us much refreshed, and as it was still cloudy we were obliged to push on without visiting Katalindin. We passed this camp safely and a little later on reached Weneke and the Mesagaganan falls. At the last named falls we went into and up a stream to a beautiful lake, having a remarkable echo, which was fully testified by Vose, Mel, and a scrub chorus.

We paddled across this lake two miles with the intention of entering the lake above, in which we were told trout could be found of fabulous size, but having found the route impracticable we started on our return considerably disappointed; but Brickston covered himself with glory by his well directed shots at ducks, otter and caribou. The latter he only succeeded in hurrying into the woods, but the others succumbed to his fatal aim amid the plaques of the entire party. We were now in the arms of the water, and the fall of the carry by the carry we made a rush in a wild sweep of water into Ambejeux lake. Now we could plainly see Katadin—its sides bare and rugged, its summit only enveloped in sunset clouds, glorious in shifting colors. We pushed on three miles across the lake, passing the "Brown House" used by lumbermen, and sailed into the dying sunlight to Millinocket carry. We had only twilight to make the carry in, and before we were aloft again the moon was shedding its soft radiance upon the still waters of the lake. The shore was wet and we rushed out for camp. The shores proved low and wet so we rushed out into the lake and skirted the shores of numerous rocky islands looking for earth enough to sleep on. In desperation we clambered up the rocky sides of one of them, and getting our traps ashore with no little difficulty, we soon had a fire and supper. No use in looking for boughs; even if we had found them we could not find a level spot among the rocks to spread them. Wrapping our blankets about us we lay down upon the rocks with nothing over us but the stars, and the moon, and the stars. The first sleep sound of the morning broke cold, cool and beautiful. Before us lay the loveliest lake in Maine, and on our left stood old Katadin alone. The clouds that had covered it so long were now entirely dispelled, and we had a grand uninterrupted view of it. Its top sharply outlined in the early light seemed but a short distance away, and we regretted much the necessity that compelled us to forego the rough enjoyment of climbing its ragged sides. We were aloft early, and passing the eastern extremity of the mountain we were again in the arms of the water. A description of getting lost in the snow with a house ten rods from him, for there right before us was one of the most charming camping spots we had seen.

Five miles of paddling brought us to the mouth of Sandy stream, up which we poled against the rapid current for two miles. Making camp for the day and night, we passed the day in catching handsome trout, in hunting, and fighting black flies. We saw recent deer tracks, but no deer. The flies disappeared at sunset, and when we gathered about the fire from our several expeditions we passed the evening in solid comfort. On Saturday morning gave provisions to the Indians, and, after a breakfast of salmon, we started again in a few moments. Leaving Mushadin behind us, and after catching immense pickerel in Mud stream, we made for the outlet, which we reached about ten o'clock. Now began our descent, going down hill, as Mel expressed it, at the rate of twelve inches to the foot, and this proved to be the hardest day's work we had encountered. Twelve miles of rapids and falls more boisterous than many of those we had carried by, over which we must go in some way. In many places the guides were obliged to cut the water waist deep and lift the canoes on their edges by which there was no other passage. We ran many of them together and enjoyed the wild excitement much, but at last began to wilt in sight of so much rushing water ahead. So we all walked around the rapids in solemn procession, while brave old Spence came boldly to the front and ran canoes and supplies safely over. We reached the end of them for the day as we must, reach the end of every thing else, and getting about the foot of the last and the last of the rapids, we lay along in the smooth, rapid stream until we reached "Fowler's" about dusk. This was the first clearing and building we had seen since leaving Chesuncook before. Procuring fresh eggs and milk, we made a royal repast, and, seated about the cheerful fire, recovered our spirits with our drying clothes. Sunday was bright and warm, and getting under way early, made good time, with the current to aid us. Passing several rapids during the morning, we arrived at Medway, where we had only about enough to get away. We proceeded without further incident to Mattawamkeag, where we arrived sound and well at the end of our memorable journey in canoes.

Getting a good supper at the hotel, and going to bed the first time for two weeks, we were in readiness at an early hour for the train which was to convey us to our several destinations.

F. C. P.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.
A TRIP TO MARYLAND.

ON the 24th ult., Drs. L. and C. and Capt. J., all members of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club, with your correspondent, took the 10 p. m. train for Washington, our objective point being some place down the Potomac, on the Maryland side, in pursuit of wild fowl. Big stories had been retailed in the club room of the farmers in that region being unable to sleep o' nights on account of the noise made by the myriads of the aquatics flying over their houses.

J. W. Thompson down the Potomac. We found the captain and purser both gentlemen, who did all they could in their way of information in regard to the country, game localities, etc., to make our trip pleasant. The purser seemed to be a friend of the Forges, and as a result we were especially pleased to have him as our correspondents. We expected that Thompson would land us at Abet's Wharf, and then we were to ride some three or four miles to Belvidere farm, the residence of one Abel Hammett, but, unluckily for us, the steamer stops at that particular wharf, and we are obliged to take a launch to Belvidere. So we got off at Colton's, some ten miles lower down the bay, where we engaged a colored man to take us over in his log-bottomed canoe.

We arrived at the farm early in the evening, and were most heartily welcomed by Mr. Hammett. Belvidere farm is owned by one of our Jersey City Heights citizens—Mr. Daniels—and is rented to the present occupant. It is a fine farm, of some 420 acres, very satisfactorily located on the Potomac River. About 200 acres are under cultivation in corn, wheat, tobacco, etc.

As it proved, we were much disappointed in regard to the wild fowl. As the ravens had come too early, owing to the mildness of the season. We saw quantities of swan and geese at a distance on the bosom of the placid Potomac, but even a Parker gun could not reach them. Later in the season the birds come up the bays and creeks and furnish some good shooting. But the quail shooting (partridge they call them there) was simply superb. The ravines (branches they are denominated by the residents), which run up into the farming lands from the river, are being more and less covered with small trees and underbrush, and will lastly with a growth of vines, and we several hundred of the new Winchester paper shells, and we were much pleased with them. They seem strong and compact and can be readily reloaded. We had not a single misfire. These, with the new pink edge wad from Schnyder, Hartley & Graham's and the tinned shot from the same place, proved very satisfactory. We found the tinned shot an excellent good article, and we prophesy it to be the shot for the future. As to the wad, it is a very good one, and we are now often, apparently, you may have discharged every piece, one or two pieces of your field-cannon will remove every particle of foulness.

The first two days after our arrival—owing, as the boys say to the presence of *Dr. Il.*—proved wet and rainy. It seems to amount almost to a moral certainty that whenever our accomplished druggist goes with any of us he is the *Jonah* of the party, and the fountains of the great deep are broken up; but his universal good nature, together with his conversational and vocal powers, make him a very desirable companion.

We found Mr. Hammett, the occupant of Belvidere farm, a very intelligent gentleman, and by himself and family were welcomed with true Southern hospitality. We had heard here as now of Southern chivalry and Southern open-heartedness as we were to find it in the South. To trip the warm feeling of heart coming out to us from the citizens of the South. Not only were their lands thrown open to us for free shooting, but we were cordially invited to their hearthstones and made glad by the cordiality of their greeting. After the first day or two, when they had learned who we were—sportsmen from the North on a shooting trip—they could not do enough for us. They gave us horses, traps, pointers, hunts and covey fights, to say nothing of the oyster roasts—and Potomac bay valves are not to be sneezed at.

This fox-hunting business is a big thing down there, and the excitement is heavy; but we had to be counted out, as our experience in the pig skin is not of a very flattering character. But the Lokers, the Bontons and the Beans of that neighborhood are famous in the business, and we were told that Loker, one of the hardest and most pertinacious riders of that section, has been in at the death of no less than thirty reynards in one season. I need not say that to shoot a fox ahead of the hounds would be almost an unpardonable sin. The fellow who did it could not stretch his feet under any table down in that region.

I need not try to detail to you the various incidents of our ten-days' sojourn. We lived on turkey (Mrs. H. feeds only about 100), geese, ducks and possum, and such corn cakes as must be tasted to be appreciated. The corn cakes down there are a decidedly different article from any we have been in the habit of eating. They are first of all made of a mixture of white, sweet corn, and somehow Bettie and Tennie (daughter and niece of Mr. H.) know just how to get them up every time. Soft and fresh, with that sweet home-made butter, which you vanished before us. It is an unsettled question, whether we should have been content to eat the corn cakes, or whether we should not have put away the largest number of an article after a binge.

It is enough to say that we had a right royal good time, that we made some acquaintances down there in Dixie land whom we shall not soon forget; that the cordial invitation from so many of its citizens to come down again next fall shall remain fresh with us until the November frosts turn the leaves again, when we hope to meet at Hammett's hearthstone his trusty boys, Tom, Spencer, Dan and Edmund, who made our days in the field so pleasant, and the girls who, with their songs and chat, caused the evenings to slip by so enjoyable.

Fish Culture.

The Eel's Eggs.—The long vexed question of the eel's mode of reproduction has now been set at rest. Mr. Fred Mather has reduced the evidence to the form of a "mathematical certainty," by actually counting the eggs in a specimen. Happening to be in Mr. Blackford's office a short time ago when a six-pound eel with spawn was brought for examination, Mr. Mather proposed a computation of the eggs. He took the ovary home. Under the microscope the eggs appeared to be of an octagonal form, but this is due wholly to their pressing upon one another; when separated they assume the globular form. The use of the micrometer failed to give satisfactory results because the eggs varied greatly in size. Mr. Mather therefore placed a number in line, measured and counted them and found them to average 80 to the inch. Then he took the whole mass of eggs, halved, quartered, and further divided, seventeen times in all, until the section small enough to count represented 1-131,072 of the total number. The count showed 68 eggs, or 8,912,896 in the whole. A second computation in the same way showed 77 eggs in the counted mass, or 10,092,544 altogether. And to make the computation still more certain, a third count was made, which showed 71 eggs in the last division, or 9,306,112 in the whole ovaries. From these results Mr. Mather fixes the number of c⁸'s in this particular eel at fully 9,000,000.

FISH PLANTING IN MASSACHUSETTS.—*Salem, Dec. 11.*—Last Saturday I placed 10,000 California salmon in Milk River, at Wenham Neck. This makes 17,000 in the past year at different points on this stream. In June, '77, I placed 2,000 *Salmo sebago* in Wenham Lake. I intend the boys shall have some good sport after I am gone. Have had my share, even though I get no more.

J. N. K.

HATCHING CODFISH.—The Fish Commission at Gloucester, Mass., are meeting with very satisfactory success in their work of hatching codfish eggs. New cones have been substituted for the ones formerly in use, and the necessary circulation of water is secured by the use of Mr. Ferguson's method of a lever and engine.

THOAT.—Superintendent A. W. Marks, of the Greene County Fish Hatchery, arrived in town on the 6th inst. from western New York with 20,000 California salmon in cans, hatched, with the sac yet attached; 100,000 salmon trout spawn, and 120,000 brook trout spawn. The California salmon were taken in Clear River, Cal., by Professor Baird, of the U. S. Fish Commission. The whole lot of very valuable fish and spawn was secured on very favorable terms, costing but a trifle. —*Catskill Recorder.*

Madison, Dec. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The State Fish Commissioners met in Milwaukee December 10 and received the reports of President Welch, of Madison, and Superintendent H. W. Welcher, of Milwaukee. Both papers report that the work of the past season was very successful, and that the various points had in view are fully stocked, as had been desired. The Commissioners received from the Milwaukee city authorities the right to continue hatching in the water works building on North Point. Beyond the reports routine business engrossed the attention of the board.

ROYCE.

Natural History.

WHAT A FOSSIL COST.—Our readers will no doubt remember the announcement of the discovery some time since of a specimen of *Archaeopteryx lithographica* in the Jurassic beds of Solenhofen. As but one specimen of this most remarkable fossil bird was previously known, and that specimen an imperfect one, there was of course no little desire on the part of paleontologists to secure this second one and to have the honor of describing more fully the bird which has proved to be so important in connecting those two apparently different classes of the animal kingdom, the birds and the reptiles. Letters and telegrams bidding for the fossil poured in upon the fortunate collector, who wisely refused at first to sell and has only recently parted with his treasure.

The purchaser of the specimen is Dr. Otto Folger, President of the Freie Deutsche Hochschule, who paid for it the sum of 35,000 marks, or about \$8,500. It is presumed that it will be handed over to some eminent German paleontologist for description, and the scientific public are anxiously looking forward to the publication of a memoir upon it.

The remains in question are said to be in several particulars more perfect than those now in the British Museum, which have until recently been unique, and which have engaged, at different times, the attention of the most noted British paleontologists, among whom in the first rank are Professors Owen and Huxley.

THAT HELMGRABITE.—In our issue of October 31 an unlucky correspondent, who innocently supposed that he was doing fishermen a good turn, gave a description of this insect, but, not being by profession a "bug hunter," some of his statements were a little wide of the mark. Through inadvertence his communication was printed just as it was received, and ever since the date of its appearance we have been fairly overwhelmed with letters correcting the errors of our contributor. In our issue of November 14 we printed a brief but pregnant note from "A Naturalist" which we had hoped would arrest the flow of ink upon this subject, but it seems that we reckoned without our host.

The following note corrects Isaak's statement that the dobson feeds on vegetable matter, a manifest error, for it has long been known that these larvae are decidedly predaceous in habit. We should say, however, that Isaak did not say that the dobsons are larval butterflies, but that it is "a theory of some naturalists" that they are. We would respectfully suggest that the non-scientific bass fishermen among our readers cut out the Latin name of the helmgrabite and paste it in their fishing hats. By carelessly using the term occasionally they can win great fame as scientists among those of their piscatorial companions who do not read *FOREST AND STREAM*.

The note of correction above referred to is as follows: In our issue of Oct. 31, "Isaak" attempts to give the natural history of the helmgrabite, but leaves the reader much the worse for the reading of his article. The helmgrabite (*Corydalus cornutus*) is, in the winged state under gauzy, grayish wings, the males having two long, black, curved horns. The female lays her eggs in a mass on twigs overhanging the water, and the young, on hatching, make their way to the bottom and hide under stones or logs. Here they remain for three years, subsisting on insects, etc., and, never, so far as is known, upon vegetable food. During the month of May the oldest larva may be found in abundance under stones, not far from the stream, and especially on warm sandy knolls. At other times they may be taken as "Isaak" states.

R. T. M.

A STRAYING SHARK.—There was discovered on the flats at the western part of Provincetown, Mass., harbor last Friday a fish which was new to even the oldest fishermen of that seaport. Professor N. E. Atwood, of that place, identified the specimen, which belongs to a remarkable species of spineous shark, *Le chien de mer bruno*, this name being given to it by Brossennet, who first described it. "Yarell mentions it in his History of British Fisheries. Its habitat is from the North Sea to the Cape of Good Hope, and from the shores of Italy into the Atlantic. It is very rare in British waters, there having been only four specimens of it known to science between 1838 and 1841. It has never before been seen in American waters, and what the Provincetown fish was doing

here now is more than we can explain. The Boston Herald thus describes it:

It is about eight feet long, has a thick body, smooth skin, except that there protrudes from the skin numerous horny, hooked and bony thorns, varying from one-eighth to one-half an inch in length. It has a good-sized mouth on the under side of the fish, with one row of flattened teeth on each jaw, pointing from the centre to each side, like the teeth of a carpenter's splitting saw; eyes not very large, one entirely blind; the snout flattened and rounded on the edge. The fishermen are puzzled, calling it a mongrel of shark and dogfish.

"Grouse-Ticks."—A contemporary, speaking of the lack of young birds among the grouse killed this season, says:

We mentioned in these columns a short time ago the fact of grouse having been destroyed by what was taken for ticks by casual observers. That it amounted to an epidemic is easily conjectured from the small number of young, or this season's birds that have been shot by sportsmen. Dick Christy, of Sussex County, owning a farm in the Sussex hills, and being a thorough sportsman, had his attention called to this thing by the number of young grouse he found dead during the months of July and August last. Upon examination he found in every instance a lot of grubs in their necks, just below the throat. At first he supposed they had gotten on after the death of the bird, but, finding this to be not so, he shot a few on purpose for investigating, and found in every bird these same parasites. He also found the fly which laid the eggs, from which were hatched the grubs in question. This fly he describes as about twice the size of our house-flies and of the same color—brownish gray. He found the selfie also on the old birds which he has shot this fall, but no grubs. The grubs, he informs us, have something the appearance of a tick, but that they are much more lively in their movements. They were in great numbers, and he found all the young birds terribly thin and emaciated. Their necks were bored in holes as the bark on an apple tree is encircled by a different one. He also thought that these grubs crawled, after hatching, into the ear openings and adown the throat, but unfortunately did not think of making an examination into the throat. That it had been more terribly destructive is seen in the fact of such small lots of these grouse being secured this season, upon ground that is generally found alive with them.

These remarks are very interesting, but we could wish that they were more detailed, and that the insect which causes the great mortality among the young of this finest of our game birds could be identified. We have never seen either the fly or the grub, but an old sportsman tells us that the larvae which do the mischief get into the young bird's throat, and that the symptoms resemble those of pip in the young of the common fowl.

We have several times called attention to this disease, and should be glad to receive any further information on this subject from those of our readers who may have had an opportunity to observe either the cause or effects of this lamentable epidemic.

A BIRD'S STOREHOUSE?—Cleveland, Ohio.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While passing through the Lake View Cemetery of this city, with a friend last winter our attention was called to a fine clump of sumachs (*Rhus typhina*) in an open field, loaded with their bright red bark. With no other object than to crumble a few of the bunches in my hand and scatter the seed, I gathered one after another, but to my surprise, I found in addition to the usual quantity of seed one or more beech nuts in the interior of the sumach fruit, as you will mention in a specimen I send you. The lobes of the sumach fruit are quite open in the fall, but as the winter cold approaches they close up. Within forty rods of this clump of sumachs stands a number of bearing beech trees. I think some blue jay or other winter bird put the beech nuts in this unusual place for his winter store.

DR. E. S.

—In the Berlin Zoological Garden, on the night of the 7th and 8th of November, the royal tigress brought forth four young ones. Last year, within five months, she gave birth to the 2d of May and the 4th of September, to two strong cubs each time an event which would be unparalleled in zoology. After the first birth, on the 2d of May, she refused to suckle her young, and the director was obliged to place them with the Newfoundland bitch Minka, at that time nursing, who faithfully reared them with her own two puppies. The tigress nursed the cubs born Sept. 2 with the greatest tenderness. All four grew to be splendid animals.

LAND-LOCKED SALMON AND SMELTS.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

I wish to protest against the continued use of the name *Salmo gloveri*, Girard, by some of your correspondents for the land-locked salmon of the lakes of Maine and New Brunswick. There are two or three good and sufficient reasons why this name should not be used.

1. It is not the oldest name. *Salmo sebago* of the same writer (Proc. Ac. Nat. Sci., Phila., 1853, page 380) having nearly a year's priority, the date of *S. gloveri* being 1854, page 85, of the same series.

2. The original type-specimen of *Salmo gloveri*, which is still preserved, is probably merely a smolt, or the young of the common salmon, not a land-locked at all. This is also the opinion of Dr. Hamlin (on the salmon of Maine, Report U. S. Comm. Fisheries, 1872-3, p. 349). The species was probably, like many of Dr. Buckley's, a purely complimentary one, i. e., one named for a friend or correspondent without any expectation that it would prove valid. A doubtful compliment, in deed.

3. The land-locked salmon, in my opinion, cannot be considered as a distinct species from *Salmo salar*. It is simply a modified race of the latter species, having even a variety in the zoological sense. Dr. A. C. Hamlin, in the excellent article above quoted (p. 341), makes the Indian, Toma, say, "There, that fish brother to salt water salmon, only he forgot to go to sea, but stay in lake instead." And, with Dr. Hamlin, I think the Indian is right. In the lakes of Sweden are other land-locked salmon, which I have closely compared with ours, and I am unable to indicate the slightest permanent difference.

As, however, it is convenient to have a name for the land-locked salmon, we may call it *Salmo salar*, var. *sebago*, or after the fashion, desirable in many respects, which Dr.

Coues and others are trying to introduce, *Salmo salar sebago*, or even for short *Salmo sebago*, but let us no longer continue the galvanized life of the synonym, *Salmo gloveri*.

In regard to the American smelt, there are several land-locked forms in the waters of Maine which have been described as species, but which are probably local races. Mr. Henry F. Rice, of John Hopkins University, has lately compared the American *Osmorus mordax* with the European *Osmorus eperlanus*, and considers the two identical. After examination of a considerable series, the writer is compelled to agree with Mr. Rice in thinking that no permanent difference exists between them, although ours has on an average two or three more scales in the lateral line. Our smelt is, therefore, *Osmorus eperlanus*, L., or, if we choose, *Osmorus eperlanus* var. *mordax*.

DAVID S. JORDAN.

Frelington, Ind., Dec. 6, 1878.

Philadelphia, Dec. 9, 1878.—In regard to the question asked by "W. W. F." in last week's paper as to habitat of smelts, would say that I have known them to have been caught in tide water in the Schuylkill below Fair Mount dam. Sixteen and twenty years ago fish of different kinds were plenty at that place; eland, herring, catfish, eels, perch and striped bass in large quantities, the latter from pau fish up to twenty-pounder, caught trolling with live minnows, but fishing is played out here on account of gas tar covering the bottom from the dam to the mouth of the stream. Many a happy day have I put in trolling for bass. If "W. W. F." wants to know more about smelts caught in the Schuylkill let him interview Charlie Vogel or Bill Lark, frequenters of Uncle John Krider's sportsman's depot, old Philadelphia fishermen. He can get all the information he desires.

Yours respectfully,

H. L. LEWIS

Mr. Editor: In Professor Jordan's article on black bass nomenclature, he describes the large-mouthed bass as the one described by Cuvier, under the title of *Zoster nigriscans*, and the small-mouthed fish as the one spoken of in foreign books as the *Gryllus salmonides*. Reading that article set me looking over the plates of "Jardine's Naturalists' Library," and in the volume devoted to perches I find not only these two fishes mentioned, but another one, yelent the American black bass (*Centropomus nigricans*). This last is, according to the plates, a different and much more beautiful fish than either of the others. I would like to know what kind of a bass it is. I have only seen the large-mouthed bass, and hence do not know whether the plate of Jardine is correct or not with regard to the small-mouthed one; but if he is correct in his delineation of the third "American" black bass, we must have a fish which is not the one we are waiting for, namely, either *Zoster nigriscans* or *Gryllus salmonides*. Do you know anything about this fish? The letter-press description in Jardine says the fish is very abundant in the United States and highly esteemed for the table, but I have never chanced to run across a bass that fills the description. There are other fishes in the river here that come pretty close to the engraving in shape, but they do not possess such gorgeously colored scales as Jardine's specimen. What is this *Centropomus nigricans*, called nowadays?

GUY RIVERS.

AN EXPLANATION WANTED.

MR. EDITOR: Several years ago, in November, while following a cow path through a thicket of scrub oak and beach, I found, what is not unusual for like localities, a nest of the song sparrow; but what was a surprise was to find the nest filled with fine sand and gravel, although there was no sand of any kind within a quarter of a mile. I gave the credit of this unusual contents of the nest to the freak of some mischievous boys, and would have thought no more of the circumstance had it not been for a like discovery made two years ago last December. I had been waiting for a certain marsh to freeze over so that I could reach some button bushes (*Cephalanthus occidentalis*) in order to procure cocoons of the *Attila ceropha*. The morning finally came when the ice would bear, and I know that I was the first among those button bushes that season. While gathering cocoons, which could be counted by hundreds, I came across sparrow's nest, and this too was filled to the brim with fine gravel. Now the nearest gravel to this nest is a railroad embankment forty rods from the border of the marsh. The pond is neck deep in year round water, and it is impossible to get to the nest for a boat, owing to mangrove-like thicket of button-wood shrubs. Both nests referred to were new ones, that is of the previous spring, and contained nothing to indicate that they had been used for incubating purposes. This is an open question: How did the gravel find its way to these two nests?

DR. E. S.

ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, CINCINNATI, UP TO DEC. 1, 1878.—Two spotted hyenas, *H. cruenta*, one zoodad, *A. vagabunda*, born in garden. Two Humboldt's jaguars, *L. humboldti*, one tamarindia spider monkey, *A. leucelyth*; one black ape, *Cynopithecus niger*; five weaver capuchins, *C. capucius*; two brown capuchins, *C. fulvulus*; one three-banded douronout, *Axythya tricoloratus*; one hyacinthine porphyrio, *P. hyacinthinus*; three blue and yellow macaws, *A. ararauna*; twelve common boas, *B. constrictor*; purchased. One woodchuck, *Arctomys monax*, presented by Mr. R. Johns; one gray squirrel, *S. cinereus*, presented by Mr. G. Reiche; one ruffed grouse, *Zenaidura macroura*, deposited by Mr. J. Reiche; one scops owl, *Scops asio*, presented by Mercer Co. Shooting Club; one tiger, *Felis tigris*, deposited by Wm. Bros.; three prairie chickens, *Cupido cupido*, presented by Mr. W. Eiston; one herring gull, *Larus argentatus*; one scarlet fish, *Rib rubra*; one cock of the rock, *Rupicola corax*; seven crested ground parakeets *Calyptops nova-hollandiae*; four gray-headed parakeets, *Agapornis cana*; one lineas parrot, *Eolophus lunatus*; one intermediate parrot, *E. intermedius*, purchased; one loon, *Columbus torquatus*, presented; one zebra, *Equus indicus*, born in garden. FRANK J. THOMPSON, Act'g Supt.

TANGLE FOOT.—There is nothing very solemn about this, if it be true, and it probably is.

An Englishman was walking down Park Row, near Ann street—one of the most crowded places in the world. He had a black-and-tan dog at the end of a long, thin chain, and he was reading a newspaper as he walked. A horse, which had tangled anybody's legs with the chain the man would look around and say: "Aw, guess these Hamerians 'ave no heys."

FOREST AND STREAM will be sent for fractions of a year as follows: Six months, \$2; three months, \$1. To clubs of five or more, \$3 per annum.

Woodland, Farm and Garden.

POULTRY.—In order to have fine fowls, whether the breeder desires to raise them for market or for exhibition purposes, it is of the greatest importance that he choose a good breed and have it properly cared for. If you raise fowls for market begin right by procuring at the outset some of the larger breeds, viz.: Brahmas, or Plymouth Rocks. The Plymouth Rocks, for market purposes, are generally favorites, having proved themselves good layers, and also a good table fowl, maturing earlier than the Brahmas. They originated, it is said, by crossing the black Java fowl with the American Dominique. In plumage they resemble the Dominique, but have a single comb. Suitable quarters for the fowls should be provided. Build your henry with a southern exposure, that it may be warm in winter, and do not fail to give it proper ventilation, as this is highly necessary to the health of your fowls. Do not keep too many fowls together in the same building if you wish them to thrive. Keep their quarters clean, and their bodies free from vermin. Give them a dust box filled with road dust, in which place a little sulphur, and place it where it will be exposed to the sun's rays. Occasionally apply a little kerosene to the roosts to destroy the lice. Give your fowls, if possible, a good range, and they will do at least 50 per cent. better than if you had limited them to a small run. Set your hens in the evening, and by the next morning they will be accustomed to the eggs, and more likely to remain contentedly on the nest. Early in the season do not place as many eggs under a hen as you would in warm weather. Nine or ten are as many as she can cover and hatch during January and February; later than this thirteen is the usual number. A great many breeders do not let the mother brood the chicks, but take them away when hatched, and after drying by the fire, place them under a false mother, and bring them up by hand. A neighbor who, this season, has tried this method, says his losses have been very small—much less than when he allowed the mother to care for them. I am expecting to use an incubator this winter to hatch eggs with, and thus do away with the trouble of hunting up broody hens, which always command a high price early in the season. Incubators thus far, I think, have been generally expensive, and most of them are so complicated, and require so careful management, that they are far from being a success. A gentleman in New Haven is now perfecting an incubator which is very simple in construction, easily managed, and can be sold at a price within the reach of all. For food give your fowls corn, rye, wheat and oats, and occasionally cooked soft food. To fatten fowls in four or five days, confine them in close dark quarters, and place rice over the fire with skimmed milk—only as much as will be consumed in one day; let it boil till the rice is quite swelled out; you may add a teaspoonful of sugar, but it will do without. Be careful and not give them sour food, as it will prevent them from fattening. A quantity of charcoal broken in small pieces will increase their appetite, promote digestion, and expedite their fattening. No food should be given for twelve hours or so before killing.

NUTRICE.

GARDENS IN THE SKY.—The Denver (Colorado) *News* gives the following brief summary of an attempt last summer to grow vegetables at Summit, Rio Grande County, an altitude of 11,800 feet; latitude 37 deg. 28m. 18s. north; longitude 106 deg. 30m. west. We do not remember to have seen any similar statistics published in respect to any part of the globe:

June 26.—Maine, Mexican beans, dwarf peas, Irish potatoes, beets, kohlrabi, nasturtium, parsley and spinach seed planted.
June 29.—Lettuce sown.
July 13.—Peas up.
July 20.—Potatoes up.
July 25.—Corn, beets and spinach up.
July 31.—Redishes ripe.
August 1.—Nasturtiums up.
September 1.—Frost destroyed maize, Mexican beans, nasturtiums and foliage of potatoes.
September 7.—Ground covered with snow.
September 9.—Heavy frost, blighting tops of beets and peas.
September 20.—Everything in garden dead, except lettuce and spinach, latter holding out best. Redishes grew to be five inches long and half an inch thick, turnips to be three-quarters of an inch in diameter, maize (stalks) to be three inches high, Mexican beans, three inches high; peas five inches high and blossomed, but produced no fruit. Potatoes (stems) grew to be six inches high. Three-quarters of an inch was the largest diameter of tubers; beets four inches long and one-third of an inch thick. Kohlrabi and parsley did not come up. Nasturtiums grew to be one and one-half inches high. Spinach and lettuce grew three inches high, and shows about one-half green and one-half dead leaves, on this date, October 1. No snow on the ground.

The growing season, it seems, is limited to two months and three days—from June 26 to September 1. The highest temperature during this period was 61 deg. and the lowest 20 deg. Rain or snow fell on eleven days, equal to a rain-fall of 1½ inches. The United States has a signal station at Summit, in charge of C. E. Robbins, who made the foregoing observations. He has concluded to buy what vegetables he needs and not try to raise any more.

BURNING GREEN WOOD GREATLY WASTEFUL.—Water passing into vapor absorbs and hides nearly 1,000 degrees of heat. A cord of green wood produces just as much heat as a cord of the same wood dry. In burning the dry wood we get nearly all the heat, but in burning the same wood green, from one-half to three-fourths of the heat produced goes off latent and useless in the evaporating sap or water. Chemistry shows this, and why, very plainly. Therefore, get the winter's wood for fuel or kindlings, and let it be seasoning, as

soon as possible, and put it under cover in time to be dry when used. It will, of course, season or dry much faster when split fine. A solid foot of green elm wood weighs 60 to 65 lbs., of which 30 to 35 lbs. is sap or water. As ordinarily piled up, if we allow half a cord to be lost in the spaces between the sticks, we will have a weight of about two tons to the cord, of which nearly one ton is water, or sap. Such wood affords very little useful heat; it goes off in the ton of sap. The great saving of hauling it home dry is evident, as we get the same amount of real fuel for half the team work. Beech wood loses one-eighth to one-fifth its weight in drying; oak, one-quarter to two-fifths.—*American Agriculturist* for December.

PACKING CUT FLOWERS.—"Cut flowers," says an English contemporary, "will travel safely hundreds of miles by rail in common tin biscuit boxes, if the stems are placed in water for an hour before packing."

The Kennel.

SETON FOR DISTEMPER.—A correspondent, Mr. H. F. Hyde, writes from Galesburg, Ill., that, having read in this paper the article recommending a seton for distemper, he was induced to try it upon a pointer puppy which he had almost given up, having first tried every remedy known to him. In a few days it commenced to discharge, the puppy was relieved, and is now as bright and lively as ever.

DAISY.—We print this week a portrait of the black setter bitch Daisy, belonging to Dr. E. J. Forster, of Boston, Secretary of the Massachusetts Kennel Club. Daisy was sired by Copeland's (late Jerome's) champion imported Gordon setter dog Shot, out of E. F. Chapin's Nellie (black and white). Nellie is by J. W. F. Willson's Scot (black and white) out of H. W. Smith's bitch. Daisy is "English" in shape of head, form, etc., and is jet black with the exception of a snow white spot on her heart. She was whelped April 8, 1877, and was bred on October 16, of this year, to Mr. Luther Adams' Champion Drake. She was broken by Fred A. Taft, of Dedham, who has used her in the field the past autumn, and reports her as very staunch with a good nose. The engraving is from a prime drawing by F. W. Rogers, of Boston, who has made a good portrait.



DAISY.

ENGLISH KENNEL CLUB DOG SHOW.—The dog show of the English Kennel Club, which has been held during the past week at the Alexandra Palace, near London, was one of the largest ever known, there being over 1,300 entries. Never were so many bull dogs or so many collies seen together, there being 47 of the former and 84 of the latter. The fox terrier class was, as usual, the largest, although the figures in this class did not equal those of former years, there being but 140. There were also 30 bloodhounds, 67 mastiffs, 65 St. Bernards, 80 setters, 30 bull terriers, 54 retrievers, 55 spaniels, 40 pointers, 34 dachshunds, 26 pugs, 18 Skyes and 41 litters of puppies.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. LORT.—Mr. Lort's popularity as a judge in England was made manifest when on the 15th inst., at the Alexandra Palace, a testimonial subscribed for by breeders and exhibitors all over the country was presented to him. The testimonial comprised, in part, a full length portrait, painted by Charles Luytens, which is said to be a most excellent likeness. There was also a silver soup tureen and side dishes, and an illuminated address with the names of the subscribers on vellum. The many friends of Mr. Lort in this country will be pleased to hear of this public recognition of his worth as a judge and a gentleman. In this connection we call to mind the very pertinent remarks of the London *Fancier's Gazette*, where it says:

"Judges and breeders have their partialities; one prefers one type, another some other. While it is so, different men will never precisely agree as to the true type of beauty. But their honesty is not to be impeached on that account, any more than a mother may be called dishonest because she thinks her very ordinary baby the prettiest in the world."

INTERESTING TO FOX HUNTERS.—A case was recently decided in England which decides the question as to whether fox hunters in that country have a right to ride over anybody's land without making themselves liable for an action for trespass. Two horsemen, having been warned against crossing, a

certain field, persisted in doing so by force, and were summoned for trespass and assault. They were convicted by the magistrate, but appealed, and the case being brought before Lord Coleridge on an appeal, he confirmed the first decision. In delivering judgment, he said that the Game Act, 1st and 2d William IV., did not apply to the case of fox hunting, and with regard to the real question in this case, whether the circumstances justified the respondent in resisting the entry of the appellants after they had been forbidden, he was clearly of opinion that he was, and that fox hunting could not be exercised adversely to the owner of the land. No such right existed, but it must be carried on like all other sport, subject to the general rights of mankind with reference to the ordinary and established rights of property. There was nothing to justify a field of fox hunters entering a gentleman's garden, trampling it down, and destroying the flowers and plants. No such right existed at common law. The opponents of fox hunting in England—and they are increasing in number—will hold on to this case as a precedent in their arguments against the national sport. We believe, however, that many generations will pass away before any appreciable decadence in fox hunting will be perceptible.

CANINE OVARIOTOMY.—A correspondent in Bangor, Maine, writes: "I have read several articles in the *Country* on canine ovariotomy, the last one by a contributor signing himself 'M. B.' in the issue of June 8th. The procedure he recommends sounds extremely well, and I have no doubt is very good, but to those who, like myself, are unacquainted with canine anatomy, the question still occurs: 'How recognize the ovary when you see it, what relation of position does it bear to the uterus itself? If Mr. B. will kindly answer these questions he will much oblige the writer, and I doubt not many other readers, also.' W. W. S."

[We are of the opinion that any person not a surgeon would have great difficulty in performing the operation he alludes to, certainly until he had witnessed it done and had some practical instructions.—Ed.]

A LONG CHASE.—A Virginia correspondent sends us the following: As my neighbor, Mr. Edward Terrill, who keeps a small but very choice pack of fox hounds, was returning home from a neighbor's plantation last Thursday after-

noon his dogs struck the trail of a deer. They first ran to the southwest for nearly three miles, circled back to the starting point and then straightaway east into the heart of the Virginia Wilderness. The dogs followed the trail all night and killed the deer in the morning near Parker's store, which is eighteen miles from here as the crow flies. The dogs must have run at least thirty miles from start to finish.

I am fully convinced as to the merits of the *FOREST AND STREAM* as an advertising medium. A few weeks ago in the "Answers to Correspondents" column was stated the simple fact that I had imported some choice English beagles. In less than a week I received ten letters inquiring if I had any for sale. Unfortunately I have not, as I have only one litter as yet, and those I wish to keep. The advertising columns of the *FOREST AND STREAM* will be sure to announce the fact of my having any for disposal. Wm. L. BRADBURY, Mason, Orange Co., Va.

TRAINING THE COLLIE.—A writer in the *Poultry Bulletin*—D. Z. Evans, Jr.—gives the following description of how the collie should be trained:

There has been much said and written about the great intelligence and sagacity of the shepherd dog, particularly the Scotch collie, and yet his merits are not over-estimated in the least. We have known and have bred them for years, have sent them to almost all parts of the country, and have always received favorable reports from the purchasers. In all reasonable things the Scotch collie will give unbounded satisfaction, and no more trusty or faithful friend can be had than he will invariably prove himself to be; but those who expect him to do their work in their own particular way, without having first been taught how it should be done, will be disappointed. These dogs will herd, drive and tend sheep naturally, for they have been bred for this purpose for so many years that it had become an inherent propensity, but they must be accustomed to the stock and the stock to them, and must be brought to understand just how you wish your particular work done before you can expect them to prove entirely satisfactory. This is one of the greatest troubles which is experienced by purchasers of trained dogs, for they expect to have them start in, the first morning they arrive, and drive the stock well, and they disappoint their owner, as any one would well know they would if he would give the subject any thought.

Generally, much better satisfaction is experienced by purchasing a pup and then gradually accustoming him to your own particular work than in buying a well-trained dog. The

very first thing to do when you get your pup is to accustom him to your voice and command, and you will find you do this thoroughly you cannot commence handling your dog. The best and soonest way to do this is to always feed him yourself, and make it a point not to permit the pup to be played with and mauled while too young. Our advice to those who want to have a first-class dog is to let the pup run comparatively wild, so it does not get into mischief, until he is at least eight or ten months old, by which time he will have gotten staidier and more easily managed, though you can in the meantime take him with you when you go for your stock. Do not force your dog, but let him take to his work gradually, and by all means treat him kindly, for there is one peculiarity about this breed: If you break the will of the pup by harsh treatment, which is as useless as it is cruel, the dog will be useless. After he has once reached full growth with his courage unimpaired he is but little to be feared, having his mind cowardly and sneaking. Whether a dog be grown or not, it does not depend a great deal on the one who handles it, for a violent-tempered man will make a cowardly dog out of his pup, while a careful, kind and considerate man will soon have an animal which will repay him for all his care, for it will be invaluable in herding, driving and tending almost all kinds of stock; it will be invaluable as a watch dog, carefully guarding the premises at all times, and will be a source of pleasure to the members of his owner's family. We know of no dog which will better please the farmer, stock breeder, poultry fancier or country gentleman than a well-bred Scotch collie.

A BULLDOG SHOW.—The third show of the English Bulldog Club was held in London on the 20th ult. The prize list comprehended four classes, viz.: dogs and bitches over and under 40 pounds in weight, the first prize in each of the large classes being £5 5s. and the club's silver and bronze medal for second and third prizes. In the small classes a silver cup, value £5 5s., with silver and bronze medals, were offered for first, second and third prizes. This liberal prize list, says the *Live Stock Journal*, brought 60 entries, and, taken as a whole, it was perhaps the finest collection of bulldogs within the memory of any man living. In the class for dogs over 40 pounds there were 20 entries, and it is a fact worthy of notice that Mr. T. B. Burton's Crib (the finest bulldog living, and perhaps ever seen) is the author, directly and indirectly, of 16 out of the 20. The first prize was carried by Mr. T. Crincher's Slenclerman, a grand white dog, of the family "Donkey" group; he is long in the leg, and his tail is carried too high; his eyes resemble too much that of the bloodhound, and he stands on his legs instead of springing between them. The bitches in the large class numbered eight: Mr. H. Layton's Venom, bred by Mr. Berrie, came first; she is a bitch of rare quality and points, but with very bad ears. Class 3, under 40 pounds, presented eight, Captain F. Heworth's dogs were very justly taking first prize; this dog possesses extraordinary points, but even he is not faultless, being rather flat-sided, and his nose (which is very good) might be a little larger in proportion to his head, which, though well finished, lacks wrinkles, and has not the "day-back" so desirable in a bulldog; he also wants greater depth of chest, and he would be better if a little more out at shoulder. Class 4 was the largest in the show, there being 25 entries, and the prize was won by Mr. C. H. R. O'Brien's Rosalie, own sister to Doune Brae, and in many respects she is his superior. Mr. G. Kaper's Rosy Cross, second, is beautiful, but she has one faulty ear. Mr. W. H. John Smyth took third with Old Sugar, whose finest point is shortness of face.

SHEEP-DOG TRIALS.—The first meeting of the Northwestern Sheep-Dog Trial Association (open to the four counties of Westmoreland, Cumberland, Lancashire and the West Riding Yorkshire), was held on Barbon Fells, Westmoreland, last month, and appears to have been very successful. In fact, the working of the dogs was so interesting that we quote at length from our contemporary, the *Live Stock Journal*:

There was a large gathering of spectators, the weather being bright and fine, though very cold. The Countess of Beville and several other ladies were present, as were also the Marquis of Headfort, Lord Lonsdale, Lord Beville, etc. The "meet" was about two miles from Barbon station, on the London and Northwestern Railway. The road to Dent runs along a valley between the Barbon and Middleton Fells, and it was along this road that the spectators witnessed the trials. Some fifty yards in front of the space allotted to the spectators was placed a small sheep-pen, formed of open hurdles, having a 2 ft. Gin entrance, in which the dogs were required to bring and pen the sheep. Nearly a mile distant a reserve pen had been erected, in which 100 half-bred Scotch sheep were stored. At right angles to this was a smaller pen, into which three sheep for each trial were carried. At a given signal the three sheep were liberated on to the Fell, the man and the dog standing in the pen below. Then the owner instructed his dog to go up to the sheep, signalled it to drive them about a quarter of a mile along the breast of the Fell, take them round two flag-staffs, bring them down to the valley pen, and, assisted by himself, to place the three sheep in the pen. The shepherd, however, was not allowed to touch the sheep.

Underley Stakes, any age:

Dogs—1, Joseph Capstick, Howill (Hop), 4 years; 2, Robert Bracken, Howill (Climb), 6 years; 3, Michael Aikrigg, Ravenstonedale (Jack), 3 years.

Bitches—1, Martin Airey, Middleton (Flora), 3 years; 2, S. Downham, Sederberg (Fly), 6 years; 3, J. Winstler, Middleton (Bet), 3 years. Cup, R. Bracken's Climb, 6 years.

Mr. Scalfie's Brutus worked well and quietly to the pen, but after rounding the sheep, the sheep were driven through the spectators, and the dog was crossed out. Mr. Downham's Fly put in some beautiful preliminary work, driving in the sheep carefully to the pen. Mr. Tomlinson's Ned took his sheep a long detour, and worked fitfully. Mr. Airey's Flora went direct to her work, showed much sagacity and careful training. At the pen she worked beautifully, and penned her sheep in ten minutes. Mr. Downham's Laddie refused to ascend the pen, and several times, the sheep being Jack worked well at the commencement, but at the end of twelve minutes the sheep broke, and he was called off by the judges. Mr. Capstick's Hop opened very well, but missed the upper flag, secured the second, and displayed great sagacity and obedience to orders in the penning process, which was accomplished in fifteen minutes, the dog's beautiful working elicited much admiration. Mr. Airey's Brutus worked rather to his work, but arriving at the pen, he worked rather, and was called off. Mr. Winstler's Bet had some difficulty in getting on the track of the sheep, and was

called off at the end of thirteen minutes. Mr. Bracken's Climb went leisurely to his work, but as soon as he got to his sheep did some capital work, securing one of them in eight minutes, and the other two in ten minutes.

Underley Stakes (open to the district of the Association), any age:

Dogs—1, W. Eggleton, Penrith, (Teas), 5 years; 2, T. Harper, Sederberg (Bright), 24 years; 3, A. Cleasby, Sederberg (Mat), 34 years.

Bitches—1, Mr. Aikrigg, Kirkby Stephen (Fan), 2 years; 2, R. Atkinson, Bessendale (Gip), 6 years; 3, S. Downham, Uldale (Fly), 6 years. Cup—Dog: W. Eggleton (Teas). Bitch: Mr. Aikrigg (Fan).

Mr. Scambler's Duff worked too wildly, and failed to pen. Mr. Aikrigg's Fan accomplished a feat performed by no other during the day. As the sheep ran below the upper flag-post, her owner signalled her to take them back again, which she accomplished in beautiful style. She penned her sheep in 9½ minutes. Mr. Harper's Bright was wanted by a young dog. He went at a rapid pace to his sheep, and, having secured the upper flag, displayed some excellent manoeuvres, but failed to pen at the end of sixteen minutes. Mr. Eccleston's Tees went straight to his work, took the sheep carefully on the breast of the Fell, and penned in six minutes, amidst loud applause from the spectators. Mr. Atkinson's Gip, after she saw the sheep, went to her work in nice style, and penned two in twelve minutes. Mr. Cleasby's Mat went to the wrong side of the sheep, but soon recovered, and penned in ten minutes. Mr. Downham's Fly took her sheep almost to the top of the Fell, displaying some excellent working powers, but prolonging the trial. She penned one sheep in twelve minutes; at the end of sixteen minutes she was called off.

Lower Stakes (open to the district of the Association), any age not over eighteen months:

Dogs—1 and 2 withheld for lack of merit; 3, Peter Cummings, Howill (Snap) 17 months.

Bitches—1, Robert Huck, Kendal (Fly) 16½ months; 2, T. Stainton, Sederberg (Lassie), 17½ months; 3, prize withheld for lack of merit. Cup, T. Stainton's Lassie, bitch.

The young dogs were unfortunate in their trials in respect to weather, heavy showers of rain and sleet falling. Despite this, the winning bitch, Mr. Huck's Fly, made some of the best work of the day. She overcame the sheep a chance of breaking, and penned in 6 minutes. Mr. Cummings's Snap was not judiciously worked by his owner, who distracted him too much by a rapid accumulation of signals. Had this not been the case, we feel assured the dog would have taken first award. He failed to pen at the end of 13 minutes. Mr. Langstreth's Bob lost his sheep in the blinding rain, and as he failed to find his sheep he was called off. Mr. Stainton's Lassie was also unable to find her sheep at the opening, but ultimately penned in 7 minutes.

THE PITTSBURGH DOG SHOW—Pittsburgh, Pa., Jan. 15.—I see you announce the Pittsburgh Dog Show for the 8th of January for three days. It is incorrect, as their premium list issued to-day announces the poultry show for January 8 till the 13th inclusive, but the dog show dates are from the 13th to the 16th inclusive. The show has every indication of being a success. It is to be held in the new building, which is a better place could not be found. High on the bank of the Allegheny, it is well supplied with fresh air as could be desired. The premiums amount to nearly \$1,000, and consist for the most part in cash. Notable among the exceptions are a \$75 Parker gun, donated by Brown & Son, gunsmiths, for the best setter dog or bitch; also a handsome breech-loader for best setter dog or bitch; also a handsome silverware to the amount of \$50, donated by Walter E. Brown, engraver and jeweler. Have not heard who is to do the judging (a hankless labor, it seems, late ly).

AIRMAN.

TRAINING RETRIEVERS.

BUFFALO, Dec. 9, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

While hunting for ruffed grouse near Machias, Cattaugus County, I had, upon my return from a very successful day's sport, an opportunity to inspect two three-months old puppies, of a stock that was claimed by the owner to be the true English retriever breed. They were then at that age about the size of medium-sized, full grown cocker spaniels. One was a dark liver, of the peculiar shade only noticed in full bred cockers, while the other, a fair sister, was black and white, which seemed to me rather unusual. The coats of either betokened their being finely bred, as they were exceedingly glossy, with a slight tendency to curl. They were cooped up in the rear part of a barn, where they had commodious quarters and given now and then liberty to run about for exercise. Chas. Lyell, in his discussion upon inherited instincts, incidentally mentions the fact that a couple of retrievers of warranted breed, taken upon being taken out without first time, not only hunted fairly, but retrieved the first bird ever killed before them in most approved and handsome manner, and fully as well as could be expected of a first-class old and trained dog.

The behavior of these puppies recalled to my mind this passage in the works of the great geologist. Not only did they delight in picking up the bird, but they lay along the yard which bore some remote resemblance to a bird's nest, as dried up fragments of chicken wings, etc.—but they also retained their hold by carrying it firmly yet softly as long as I watched them, which must have been over a quarter of an hour. I have had ample experience in the training of young dogs, both setters and pointers, which made most excellent retrievers, so I do not remember of ever having seen so early a development of this valuable trait in such an extraordinary and pronounced manner. These dogs were then all ready, under systematic training, to develop another trait, which makes them doubly valuable in these rough and hilly parts of the country, all cut up with steep and almost inaccessible gulches—namely, not only to bark at birds when treed, but a very intelligent man in order to locate the bird, he fastens a long and fine string, such as a fish line. The light of it is thrown over the limb of any small tree of convenient size and shape, in such a manner that he may draw the bird quickly along the ground and hoist it up as swiftly before the dog as he can next taken to the vicinity of the apparatus, hid on, and when the dog finds himself checked in their endeavors to obtain the bird on account of his being

rapidly hoisted toward the overhanging limb, they set up a most violent barking, which they learn gradually to commence as soon as they see the bird standing along the ground, and later on, by scent only, which guides them to the bird they are allowed to see, although beyond reach. He who has worn out his clothing, boots and patience in pursuit of the ruffed grouse, the most wary and yet most royal of all game birds of the Northern States, will readily comprehend the saving of both time and maledictions by such valuable aids, and he is apt to find the capacious pockets of his hunting coat more useful after a day's hunt when no other game than partridge may be obtained, than by relying upon the success of his setter alone, the positive qualities of which are often set at defiance by the birds rising too far ahead. Nothing gives me more pleasure than a clean shot at a bird flying like an arrow across an intervening opening to the next thicket, and nothing next highest to this than a chance at least to make a miss. I have at times, however, used exceedingly plain English in black cedar swamps, when hearing, but not seeing, was the chief pleasure of the hunt, and I then have often wished for some brown, curly, eagerly-barking, never tired little four-footed sprite to aid me in my dilemma, and bag at least a brace of the many I hear whirring up from time to time.

DETROIT DOG SHOW.

DETROIT, Mich., Dec. 15, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM AND ROD AND GUN: Enclosed please find Special Prize List, for our forthcoming show. The number proves the great interest that is taken in this show. We hope to have a large entry from the East. Special provision will be made for all dogs sent by express. Mr. E. H. Gillman will give his supervision over all dogs that may be sent without their owners being present.

As many letters have been received asking if dogs will be allowed, for want of feather and condition, owing to being hunted all year, I beg to say a rule is specially made to give them due allowance.

Entries close 31st Dec.

Yours truly,

CHAS. LINCOLN, Supt.

[Probably Eastern exhibitors will be more ready to send entries when they have learned who has been appointed to judge.—Ed.]

SPECIAL PRIZE LIST.

No. 1.—M. S. Smith & Co., manufacturers of jewelry, etc., give a splendid silver cup, value \$30, for the best kennel of setters, to consist of not less than five, owned and exhibited by one person or kennel club.

No. 2.—J. N. Dodge, Esq., of Detroit, offers two dozen decoy ducks (weighted, anchored and strung) for the best English setter stud dog to be shown with two of his progeny.

No. 3.—Hon. Geo. C. Langdon, of Detroit, offers a handsome silver cup for the best English setter brood bitch, with two of her progeny under 8 months.

No. 4.—The Le Roy Shot Co. offer 125 lbs. of their celebrated tin shot for the best English setter brood bitch, with two of her progeny of any age.

No. 5.—The proprietors of the Russell House offer a splendid figure in bronze for the best native setter dog.

No. 6.—J. J. Snellingburg, of New Brighton, Iowa, offers a canvas suit and hat for the best native setter dog.

No. 7.—The Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun offers a handsome silver cup for the best English setter dog or bitch that has never won a first prize.

No. 8.—The Great Eastern Powder Co., through their agents, Messrs. Jno. E. Long & Co., offer a case of powder for the best brace of English setters.

No. 9.—Capt. Bogardus offers one of his patent glass ball traps for the best brace of setters to be shown with two of his progeny.

No. 10.—J. N. Dodge, Esq., offers two dozen decoy ducks (weighted, anchored and strung) for the best pointer stud dog to be shown with two of his progeny.

No. 11.—A. A. Holabird, of Valparaiso, Ind., offers one of his duck hunting suits for the best Irish setter puppy, native or imported, under 12 months.

No. 12.—Messrs. Parker Bros. offer one of their best breech-loaders for the best Gordon setter dog, a very valuable prize worth \$50.

No. 13.—The Batavia manufacturing Co., of Batavia, Ill., offer a Molee patent glass ball trap for the best Gordon setter brood bitch, to be shown with two of her progeny.

No. 14.—J. N. Dodge, Esq., offers two dozen decoy ducks (weighted, anchored and strung) for the best pointer stud dog to be shown with two of his progeny.

No. 15.—C. L. Mabley, of Detroit, offers a splendid smoking jacket for the best pointer brood bitch, to be shown with two of her progeny.

No. 16.—Geo. Paterson, Esq., manufacturer of decoy ducks, offers two dozen decoy ducks, nicely painted, etc., for the best brace of pointers, any age.

No. 17.—W. H. Goodrich, Grafton, Vt., offers one of his best handmade iron rods for the best brace of pointer puppies over six months.

No. 18.—The Columbus (Ohio) Kennel Club offers a fine pointer puppy for the best brace of pointers under six months.

No. 19.—The Le Roy Shot Co. offer 125 lbs. of their famous tin shot for the best collection of pointers, to consist of not less than five, to be owned and exhibited by one person or club.

No. 20.—A. A. Morgan, of Detroit, manufacturer of boots and shoes, offers a fine pair of hunting boots (winner to select from his case) for the best Irish or retriever water spaniel.

No. 21.—Lawrence Dewey, Esq., offers a box of the best Mocha (No. 25 lbs.) for the best spaniel in the show.

No. 22.—H. H. Hayes, Esq., offers a pair of silver paper rings, representing Rip Van Winkle and his dog, for the best cocker spaniel, dog or bitch.

No. 23.—The Great Shot Powder Co. offer a keg of their best powder for the best foxhound, dog or bitch.

No. 24.—Fred. Stenton, Esq., manufacturer of hats, etc., gives one of his best silk hats for the best harrier, dog or bitch.

No. 25.—The United Metallic Cartridge Co. offer 1,000 No. 12 paper shells and one dozen boxes (250 each) of No. 12 pink edge wads for the best brace of beagles that have never won a first prize.

No. 26.—Best beagle bitch, under 13 inches, with progeny, L. F. Dewey, Esq., offers the voice of a fine puppy by Burgess' Dred out of his belt on Moll.

No. 27.—Edward Macoun, the jeweler, offers a silver cup for the best beagle puppy under six months.

No. 28.—Geo. L. Angell offers a splendid picture, illustrating a sporting scene, for the best beagle, dog or bitch, under 1½ inches high.

No. 29.—Jno. P. Lovell & Sons, of Boston, give an elegant parlor rifle for the best fox terrier bitch with progeny.

No. 30.—The Great Shot Powder Co. offer a keg of their best powder for the best greyhound or Scotch deerhound.

No. 31.—Chas. A. Zimmerman, Esq., of St. Paul, offers a pair of his celebrated pictures, "The Tight Shell" and "Tying for a Dog," to be given to the best English setter bitch, to be shown with sucking progeny.

No. 32.—The United States Feed Mill offer a ¼ ton of corn for the best brace of horses and cattle to the best collie, dog or bitch.

No. 33.—Messrs. Leblanc & Merrill give a silver cup for the best setter puppy under six months.

No. 34.—Messrs. Barclay & Black offer a very handsome parlor rug for the best pet dog exhibited by a lady.

cutter they now too hastily condemn. The centre of gravity of the cutter is in the best position for all purposes, right at the load line. A great many popular misconceptions concerning the cutter are still in vogue, notably the current impression concerning her displacement being greatly in excess, and her above-water body, or spare buoyancy, considerably less than that of the sloop. To these and other errors, arising from a lack of the application of mathematics to yacht design, and the ready acceptance in consequence of pretentious and glib sounding, but generally meaningless, phrases of the knights of the thumb-rule, we will again recur at greater length when opportunity offers.

EVIDENCE FOR THE SLOOP.

New York, Nov. 25, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

That every one has a perfect right to build a cutter if he thinks he wants one I will not gainsay, but when any one says our sloop is unseaworthy I feel like screaming with poor Greeley, "Uli, Uli, villain, Uli!" To the proof." Our coast from Montank to Hatteras in the winter time, you will admit, is a tolerably bad one, and any one running it down continually from October to March can rely upon seeing some hard blows and rough water. Yet you will find our oyster sloops, such as Ellsworth's, the Rockaway boats, and those from the South Bay, come and go at all seasons, and the very nature of their business makes it imperative with them to go, and go quickly. With an intimate acquaintance with the majority of these boats I know of none drawing over 5 ft. loaded, and as a rule their draught is not over 4. Their rig is the sloop *pur et simple*, and they are all centreboarders. This to my mind shows that the sloop, properly built, rigged and handled, is without a peer for speed, handiness, comfort and ability. If you wish to prove it, just get one of the Rockaway skippers to give you a lift when they are going home some day with the wind S. E. and an ebb tide; and under these conditions you will find Coney Island point about as rough a spot as you will care to go around. As an old hand told me some two years ago, when I asked him if we were going to get to the Inlet, "If I can get round the point I can go to Bermuda." My word for it, you will have a better opinion of the sloop. (A good boat to try it in is *Orion*.) That *Vision* is no sea boat I admit, but one swallow don't make a summer any more than it makes a fellow drunk. *Gracie*, with proper treatment, is a good sea boat, though to my mind too big for that rig; but we have dozens of sloops, from *Midge's* 30 ft. to *Bunbury's* or *Orion's* 50, that can go in any company in any weather. As you have had some controversy about small Corinthians, let me call your attention to *Midge*—she was built by a friend of mine and yours—as embodying all the points sought for in a small boat. I have known her to work down the beach under two reefs when the sea was high enough to break from Duckbar to the point of beach at Rockaway, and not a patch of clear water in Fire Island Inlet. She is comfortable and roomy, as her owner and friends will testify; and as to speed, ask your friend Cary Smith how fast she is on the wind blowing a breeze and the water lumpy. Yet she is a sloop and a centreboarder—not built on the wave line or any other theory, but on the principle that you cannot get a good little boat without you have plenty of boat. The lines that are good for 30 ft. are not worth shucks for 40, and it is the overlooking of this important point that brings so many naval architects (?) to grief.

JACK CREW.

CHINA TO THE RESCUE.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 25, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

You have kindly said that your columns are open to all who may desire to advance ideas on the subject of deep-water yachting. I see that some of your correspondents have been pounding you with a heavy head sea, and I want to add my mite to the gale, by which we hope to shipwreck your theory. So let me have my say: I think that in the controversy now going on, most of your readers and the public are interested in solving the following problems:

1. How small a boat is it safe and proper for me to cruise outside with in summer weather without danger, and without carrying a crew?
2. What shall be the rig of my boat, so that myself and friend or brother can handle her ourselves in all weathers?
3. What is the best model for safety, combining speed?
1. A boat 30 ft. in length over all is sufficiently large for outside cruising, except in winter.
2. The rig should be a modification of the English cutter rig.
3. The model should be of the shallow, broad-beam style, with centreboard.

Every sailor knows the danger of an immense mainboom "taking charge of the quarter deck," and nothing perhaps is so frightful as to see this great stick of timber thrown skyward as the boat rolls to windward, when running almost dead before the wind; or if not cutting this angle, to see it plowing into the sea when she rolls to leeward. My first care would be to reduce the length of the mainboom, so as to make it perfectly manageable in all weathers, and small enough to be jibed in comparatively bad weather without endangering the boat.

To rig my centreboard, 30 ft. beam, with 12 ft. breadth of beam, I would place the mast in the same position as in the English cutter—45 of her length from forward at which point it can be pleasantly stayed, being so far aft as to be nearly in a line with the greatest beam of the boat. I would have nothing to do with bowsprit that rig, or topmasts that house or work on a Gunter's slide; but having reduced my mainsail by placing the mast so far aft, and having it so broadly stayed, I would see that the sail was made with two good reefs, and holes for a balance reef to lay to under in a summer gale if necessary.

I would have the bowsprit of good, solid timber, well fastened to the boat with martingale and stays. Three feet on to the bowsprit I would fasten the forestay from the mainmast head; to the end of the bowsprit I would lead another stay from the mainmast head, and on these two stays I would set two jibs—or jib and foresail, if you please—the outer jib to have pennants to work over the inner stay in going about. Outside of all this again,

the very extreme end of the bowsprit, should be fastened the topmast stay, upon which, in light weather, a jibtopail or balloon-jib might be set. The topmast should also be arranged so as to set a gafftopail in light weather.

Now what have we got? A boat that can be easily handled, free from all gill guys, with safe and compact sails. If you want to get under way, after hoisting the mainsail, run up the outer jib and east to starboard, or put as you may wish. When well under way and clear, up with the inner jib or foresail, and away you go. Remember that the foresails should work upon a traveler, as should the main sheet; and all in the world that you will have to attend to when close hauled and beating to windward will be the outer jib sheets—the other sails will take care of themselves. Should it come on to blow, in with the inner jib, and you will feel your boat relieved at once. If it still blows, lay the boat to, down jib and forel, it and clap a reef in the mainsail; then hoist up the foresail, and stand on your course. In very bad weather you have only to clap a second reef into the mainsail, and you are all snug; but if you should be caught in a regular snorer, your balanced reefed mainsail ought to enable you to lay to like a duck, the rest of your canvas being furled.

Now as to the centreboard: In unknown waters it acts as a lead, and gives notice of shallow water more perfectly than would be done by standing in the chains and "throwing the lead." The moment your board touches it is drawn up, and your boat that a moment before drew eight feet of water now only draws four, and you change your course, or go about and escape danger. There are several harbors in the neighborhood of this city notably situated—as Cut River—where, should it come on to blow from the eastward, a centreboard boat could find shelter at an hour's tide, while your deep-keel boat would be compelled to keep outside, and on a lee shore, too.

We laugh at the Chinese sometimes, although they have given us the mariner's compass, water-light compartments and the lee board, which is only our centreboard on the outside of the boat, and pulled up or let down on each tack on each side, and I cannot see why it could not be mechanically fastened so strong as to replace our centreboard, which now takes up all the room in our cabin. Its principle of action is exactly the same. Besides this, the Chinese know enough to bring all parts of the after leech of a sail to the wind, as well as the lower part, which we command by means of a boom. By small bamboos running across the sail at intervals, parallel to the boom, they are enabled to attach small sheets or vangs to each of these, and thus have a series of sheets up and down the after leech, drawing the upper part inboard as well as the foot. Besides this also, when they want to reef, they lower the sail into a series of standing brails, and the thing is done. Lowering away is all that is needed, and by means of the ballards one can reef the sail one inch or six feet, as may be desired.

Reef assured we have much yet to learn, and it is my ambition to own a 30 ft. boat rigged Chinese fashion, with a sail in one piece that will instantly brail, and the useful centreboard on the outside, and what you, Mr. Editor, will probably think extremely outrageous, the bows and stern "square-toed," as "Pod gers" calls the bows which he says "go outside all along the coast, and invariably outsize and outweather the round-bottomed craft." Such a boat shall I surely build "when my clipper comes in."

FEST.

Sea and River Fishing.

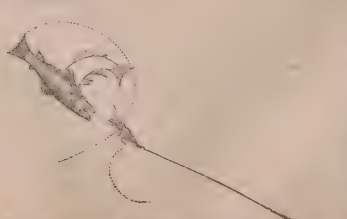
FISH IN SEASON FOR DECEMBER.

Black Bass, *Micropterus salmoides*; Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius*.
M. pallidus, Yellow Perch, *Perca flavescens*.
 Sea Bass, *Sciaenops ocellatus*, White Perch, *Morone americana*.

FISH IN MARKET—RETAIL PRICES.—Bass, 20 cents; smelts, 20 bluefish, 16; salmon, 35; mackerel, 20; shad, 60; white perch, 15; green turtle, 18; terrapin, 215 per dozen; frostfish, 8 cents; halibut, 18; haddock, 6; codfish, 6; blackfish, 15; flounders, 10; eels, 18; lobsters, 10; sheephead, 25; scallops, 81 per gallon; whitefish 15; pickerel, 12½; salmon trout, 18; black bass, 15; red-snapper, 18; hard crabs, \$3.50 per 100; soft crabs, \$1.50 per doz.

HOW TROUT TAKE A FLY.

Will those who maintain that trout sometimes, or at all times, flop the fly into their mouths with their tails, tell us whether they likewise flop the minnow, frog, worm, spoon or whatever other bait is trailed upon the surface. If not, why not? Why not the latter as well as the fly? Moreover, when a trout leaps clear of the water and happens to get hooked, is he ever hooked in the mouth? Is he not always hooked in the tail, or in other parts of the body, by the "wrist-knack." When trout do jump clear of the water, as they often do at evening, are they not then the most difficult to catch? The most certain to miss the fly? Then, if it be a fact, as asserted, that trout do frequently flop the fly (flop the fly, is good) into their mouths with their tails, what becomes of the real fact that so large a portion of their number are taken beneath the surface, and so few above it? Our diagram of last week was to show the impossibility of accomplishing the feat at all. The line of direct rise and the contact are supposed to be shown, immediately after which the trout turns tail and makes for the bottom, throwing his tail upwards as he descends.



The fish will succeed no better if he shoots clear out of

the water, turns a somersault (we were on the point of writing hand-spring), and falling to the water, hits the fly with his tail. If he hits it at all, he not only diminishes his chances of getting it into his mouth, but endangers the light tackle of the angler. We should not like to fish with the finest tackle if trout invariably took the fly in that way, and if the Beaverkill trout have that habit, we shall feel like declining our good friend's invitation to fish the stream. We will be content to see him fish.

Now, we have seen many other kinds of fish (mackerel for instance,) in the air by the hundred, at a time, in every possible curve and segment, and have "jiggered" them with a squid in the tail, and in every other part of the body excepting the mouth. Only those which took the bait fairly were hooked in the mouth. But salt mackerel are not fresh trout; and lest we get farther away from the subject, we pause here for the present.

✓

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 10, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Appropos of the method in which trout take the fly, a good deal of discussion necessarily goes on in such a sheet as yours between parties who have a measure of right on their side, and who, having seen part of the truth, think they have seen it all. I have captured trout with the fly for more years than I care to confess, and as it is the one sport which above all others delights me, I have tried to be observant of their habits and ways, and the result has been to impress me with this opinion: First, that trout do not ordinarily, by any device or movement, try to get the fly under the surface before they seize it; their power of rapid leaping upward in the water will enable them nearly always to cover with their mouths a fly on the surface, whether living or artificial. Second, I feel confident that there are exceptions to this rule, whether these occur because the trout does not know how to jump, or because of the particular fly proffered to him that he requires different treatment from the usual, or whether the state of the flow of the water on the surface seems to make him doubt if an assault with open mouth will be a success, or whether it is mere wantonness from exuberance of "feeling his oats," I don't undertake to decide. But I do say that I have in my time basketed sunfish which have slipped from my net under water before they seized it. I presume this movement is the same as the blow of the tail, for I do not see how otherwise it could be accomplished. On such occasions he gives about as much time for observation as it requires to wink one's eye. You can see the leap and move of his body, and your fly is under the surface before the hook has struck. One instance will live in my recollection. I was fishing on a clear mountain stream in Northern Pennsylvania, below a fall at a point where the fall where the water was full of rapid eddy and air bubbles. A beautiful trout rose; for three successive leaps he failed to seize the fly on account of the unsteady motion on the surface of the water. I halted, went to the bank, lit my duodean and smoked calmly for a quarter of an hour, at the end of which time I presented to him for the fourth time the winged devil. He came from the water with a rush that showed me his noble proportions, carried the fly down to a point just below his mouth, I feel sure, and the joyful tug came later when the fly was down some inches under the surface. He was a 16-inch, and one of the most beautifully marked trout I ever saw. My sum of the whole matter is that trout ordinarily take the fly on or near the surface with the onward rush of their leap; but that on some occasions, for reasons here known to themselves, they will take the fly under water before seizing it. No part of your valuable number more acceptable to me than the descriptions by intelligent observers of the habits of beasts, birds or fishes.

Joz.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

NEW YORK, Dec. 16, 1878.

Dear Sir—Your diagram on page 384 (last week's paper), is wrong; at least, it is not the way trout come out and strike the fly when they strike it with their tails and catch it in their mouths. If they struck from beneath with their tails you would be right, and undoubtedly they would knock the fly away. But they don't. The trout comes out of the water, turns his tail up in the air, his head apparently resting on the surface, and then he comes down, and with his head part of a capital G, and snipping the fly with his tail he flops the fly down to the surface of the water. Having struck the fly as described, he seems to reverse the action of his muscles, and with his head curved around from beneath (as I explicitly said in my former letter), in the opposite direction to the tail, and very like a capital G (here the head would be the lower right-hand corner of the letter), he shoots forward and takes the fly in his mouth. In this operation he is often aided by the tail. Trout frequently strike natural flies to the water in the same way. I have seen them do so. I cannot prove it. I do not possess an electric quickness of vision; but I have studied trout carefully, in their own haunts, with the lightest of tackle, and have taken many a basketful, always on a fly, for the last twenty-two consecutive trout seasons, and the trout have never given me a more deadly enemy than I have correctly remarked. I cannot tell how it might be with a fish-line all in a heap or coil on the surface of the water, as you suggest, because I don't throw my fly in that way. There are gentlemen enough who will read this who can prove that statement, I guess. And I think you are mistaken about it "not coming natural to the trout" to slap the fly into his mouth with the tail over his head, the trout that I have seen do it were trout, in their natural state, not domesticated on liver, etc.; and they were of various ages, but generally from seven to thirteen inches in length. And I can only wish that you would accept my oft-repeated invitation to go up with me to the Beaverkill and Willewence so you might, like Izaak of old, show me "fishing as good anglers fish." I'll show you fine trout, and maybe a few will turn somersaults for you. Yours truly,

Geo. W. Van Sicezen.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Dear Sir—If you can spare the space I should like to have the chance to put in your excellent paper my ideas of how trout take a fly. As you are aware, I have made the painting of brook trout my study for several years, and have spent weeks and months watching their motions and habits; in addition to that, have fished for them more or less every season for twenty years past. I have lain on the banks of a trout stream by the hour watching their play, for they are very playful when not disturbed, and I have seen them hundreds of times taking natural flies, sometimes very deliberately and at others very quick, and I have yet to see them strike a fly with their tails, otherwise than in play, and very rarely then.

A trout on the feed, when it sees a fly fall on the water or come floating down the current, rises straight at it, takes it in his mouth and returns the downy turn, make what anglers call the swirl, and that is the moment to strike. On reaching his resting place he swallows his prey. If the fish suspects anything wrong in the bait or fly he blows or spits it from his mouth with considerable force. Once in a while a trout will jump clear out of the water in his eagerness to catch an attractive fly, and if he misses it repeat the jump a number of times. I could fill pages of queer circumstances connected with the feeding of trout, and I think all experienced anglers will agree with me when I say that the more one fishes for them the less certain one feels about their habits. The flies of one season are useless the next, the theories of last season are upset by the experience of this, and so on. Trout often miss the fly or become suspicious, and a quick strike will hook them foul as they turn to go down. I am afraid Mr. Prime's pen or theory cannot be sustained by any evidence. He brought the subject up at one of the meetings of the "Society for the Protection of Game," but, if I remember, the anglers present all differed with him.

W. HOLMES.

FISHING-ON-THE-HUDSON, Dec. 14, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

The discussion as to how a trout takes a fly, has in it some considerable interest. I have read Mr. Prime's very interesting book, "I Go-A-Fishing," and remember of his speaking of trout striking the fly with their tails before taking it. Mr. Van Sichen has seen them do it also. Probably owing to my less keenness of vision I never have, although I always thought my eye-sight was as good as the best. I have very frequently hooked trout and bass in the tail, and once hooked a trout in the tail when fishing with bait. In this case he might have tried to shovel the bait into his mouth with his tail, but as the water was very deep I could not say for a fact. I once hooked a pound trout in the tail while fishing the Luckawack stream in Ulster Co. He was in a pool, and I saw the motion of his tail, but he went for my fly, but he saw me too, I think, for he turned short and started for the bottom with the hook fast in his tail, but I don't think he had any idea of striking the fly, for he was evidently trying to get out of sight; and I think that if trout were in the habit of striking the fly with their tails there would be a good many more caught in that way. The editor gives the trout credit for being a bold biter, which he deserves, and Mr. Van Sichen thinks they are bold, but they are not, they are clear pools in low water, and has put grasshoppers, crickets and worms under their noses and they would not take them. I don't know what fish would under the same situation but a sunfish or minnow. I have always found that a trout could see me about as soon as I could see him along the stream, but a trout when he starts for a fly or bait and is not interfered with goes with a rush and strikes hard. Mr. Prime also states that he has seen a trout start from a point forty feet distant for a bait in the Penningswasset, and take it. This should be evidence enough that they are bold biters.

Yours truly,

FLAT FLAP.

EMIRA, N. Y., Dec. 14, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Permit another lover of the gentle art to enter an opinion relative to the manner in which a trout takes a fly, particularly when he "takes it with his tail." I must corroborate the observations of your sprightly correspondent, Geo. W. Van Sichen, and state that I have seen trout strike both artificial flies with their tails. I doubt not that almost every angler has seen this performance. But I cannot say that the fly is knocked into the mouth of the trout, for you see that statement, to be verified, requires an acuity of vision not possessed by the subscriber. My impression has always been that the movement was intended to submerge the insect that it might the more readily be taken. Have you never seen a trout strike a fly lying in the water with his tail, and then, for an instant upon the surface of the water, then to disappear in a swirl made by the returning fish as he sucks him in? Eh? That performance is of such frequent occurrence that it certainly could not have escaped your notice. I have had this occur repeatedly during a day's fishing on the Lycoming to my artificial flies, occasionally capturing the sly gymnast by his caudal appendage, when he strikes was quick enough. By the way, he doesn't strike the fly in the manner illustrated by that double tailed fish in the last FOREST AND STREAM, but exactly the reverse of that. Flip him over the other way and make him strike downward, then you have his motion and the plan by which he captures his prey.

Piscatorially thine.

T. S. U.

ARE FISH NEAR-SIGHTED?

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

We are led to believe by the investigations of anatomists that the organs of special sense in fishes are very imperfectly developed; but while this may be true in the main, as regards the special senses of smell, sense and touch, I am constrained to believe, from the observations of myself and many others, that fishes in general have the senses of sight and hearing developed in a much greater degree than is generally supposed. It is a popular idea that fish are necessarily near-sighted on account of the conformation of the eye, which is large, round and prominent; and the main argument adduced to support this theory is the readiness with which they will take an artificial fly, trolling spoon or other artificial bait which resembles in but slight degree the natural objects of food that they are intended to represent, if, indeed, they are intended to represent anything. It is very often the case that those anglers who are most certain of their theory that fish are near-sighted, stultify themselves by carrying a large and most varied assortment of artificial flies of all shapes and colors, in order to meet the "fastidious taste" of the fish that often refuse one pattern or color and rise eagerly to another, which could not be the fact were they so near-sighted as many believe. The consistency of these anglers would be more apparent if they would adopt Mr. Chubb's theory of the theory of artificial flies, and confine themselves exclusively to his three typical flies—brown, yellow and green back.

Now, I am not of those who believe that our brave game fish possess such extreme gullibility as to mistake an artificial lure for the genuine article upon the hypothesis of near-sightedness. My opinion founded upon numerous experiments, is that fishes see and hear as well in air as they do in water, and that the water is all practical purposes as the angler does through the medium of the atmosphere—the clearer and more rarified the medium, the clearer and greater the range of vision in both instances. In muddy or turbid waters the

sight of fishes is necessarily limited, as ours would be in hazy or foggy weather. It is neither fair nor logical to presume that fish in water ought to see objects in the atmosphere above, any clearer or plainer than we can perceive objects in the water while standing on the brink. We are altogether too prone to judge everything from our own standpoint, and to attribute to our own cleverness results that in all probability depend upon other and extraneous circumstances. Who of us could tell a skillfully tied artificial fly from a real one beneath the water, when its surface was ruffled by a brisk breeze, shadowed by drifting clouds, covered with the froth and suds of an eddy, or surmounted by the foam and bubbles of a rapid? Yet, there are those who contend, because fish fail to detect this difference through the same obstacles to clear vision, that they are of a verily near-sighted and easily fooled by the very poorest semblance of a fly or feathered nondescript; but let one of these persons try a cast of the best flies upon a bright, still day, when the water is perfectly clear and its surface like a mirror, and if he expects to get a rise under such conditions he himself must be very near-sighted indeed. On the other hand, any one who has seen a black bass dart like an arrow and seize a minnow swimming quietly thirty feet away, or a brook trout flash like a meteor for a dragon fly hovering near the water at the same distance, must admit that their visual powers are sufficient for all practical purposes.

I am well aware that scientists consider fish myopic or near-sighted; not, however, on account of excessive convexity of the cornea, as is popularly supposed, for it is an exploded theory in medical science that myopia depends necessarily upon this condition; indeed, in fishes the cornea is almost flat, while in birds of prey, which have a very extended range of vision, the cornea is quite convex. From the lack of analogy, from the great difference of construction of the ocular and auditory apparatus of fishes and terrestrial animals, and from the wide difference in the properties of the media of air and water, I am convinced that the organs of the special senses of sight and hearing in fishes are not well understood at the present day; and I am confident that future investigations will prove them to be possessed of much greater acuteness of vision and hearing than is now accorded them.

It is a well-known fact that fishes are attracted by any gay, bright or glittering object, such as a gaudy ring, a egleonnet, or a coin, and have deliberately swallowed such trinkets in the water. I have caught brook trout with watergreen and partridge berries, the bright scarlet color seeming to allure them, and I have even caught them with a naked bright fish hook; but all this does not prove that they were the victims of a myopic mistake, or that in their near-sightedness they mistook these various articles for something else; neither does it prove that they will grab at a trolling spoon, a bluefish snipe at a bone snipe, or Spanish mackerel seize a metal or pearl troll under the delusion that they are really choice shiners or delicate piscatorial tidbits. A camel, it is said, will bolt all sorts of substances, as metal, glass, stones, leather, etc., but when was his shortcomings attributed to short-sightedness? Our dogs will often refuse good, clean food and hunt up an old dry bone, a stone, an old shoe, or a stick, and will run the stick with delight, and even swallow them with evident gratification. Birds will peck at and swallow bright beads, colored threads, etc., and kittens will seize, claw and bite almost any moving small object; but these vagaries are attributed to the idiosyncracies of the animals mentioned, while in fishes they are ascribed to defective sight. Does a salmon or a shad at spawning-time seek out and ascend its native stream by instinct, smell or sight? It is very convenient, but not very satisfactory to give in instant credit for this truly wonderful faculty on the same principle that Coleridge accounts for the blindness of love.

"His eyes are in his mind."

But what are a fish's eyes for? According to our present knowledge they are to enable him to become "a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles" with hooks attached to them!

Now, as far as the artificial fly is concerned, when it is cast lightly upon a fretted surface, I think it is generally taken by a fish under the impression that it is a natural insect; but with regard to trolling spoons, bone snipes, Spanish mackerel, propellers, etc., and very often with regard to the artificial fly, I am of the opinion that they are taken through a spirit of mere bravado, curiosity or wantonness, and not with the idea that they are living objects of prey. They are seized by the fish because they are bright, attractive and in motion; not because they are hungry, but because they are in a biting mood; for we often find, nay, most always find, that fish so taken are already covered with fish, and that they are not seen—where the water was clear enough for observation—the bass seize his minnow through seemingly more caprice, and, instead of attempting to gorge it, would take it gingerly by the tail, toy with it, and finally eject it or spit it out, as it were; and this would be repeated several times in succession, or until the angler's patience became exhausted, when, while unjoining his rod, he would muse upon the waywardness of fish in general, and be convinced that Solomon never went a-fishing or he would have added another item to the four things too wonderful for his ken, or at least have substituted "the way of a fish with a bait," for the less puzzling proposition of "the way of a man with a maid."

Cynthiana, Ky., Dec. 5, 1878. J. A. HENSHELL.

FISH JOURNEYS AND FISH VO-CACITY.

V

NEW LONDON Dec. 10, 1878.

EDITOR

STREAM:

You've all noticed how often a hungry fish will leap for your fly, regardless of warnings in sharp pricks of the hook, until at last he's laid away in your creel. I wasted much sympathy over fish I have caught with their jaws torn, thinking how they must have suffered; but when I caught a trout which had an old hook in his jaws, and later, one with a hook and nearly three feet of line attached, I felt easier, and more as if they had deserved it for their greediness. These fish were caught in a small stream, and therefore my chances of catching a fish previously hooked were not great. But in salt water, with the whole ocean before you, you will admit that the life chances are as slim as drawing the first prize in a lottery. A few years ago I was one of a fishing party on the smack *Guip*, Capt. George Harrison. One morning while casting off Shaganna Reef for codfish I fastened to a large one and succeeded in bringing him to the surface. The Captain stood by to take him, when away he went, with a new hook and six feet of line. I told the Captain I would know that fish again when I saw him. "Yes," he said, "when you see him you will." That night we lay off Port Folio, and the Captain told me that he had seen the fish on the south side of Long Island, and anchored a long distance off shore. Our lines were soon over, and almost the first fish I caught was the identical fish I lost on Shaganna Reef the day before, over twenty miles from our present fishing

grounds, with the same hook, with serving and finely filed point, and marked by his eye. I knew it well, I told this to one of our smacksmen here believing he would tell me, "I don't expect me to swallow that;" but he replied, "Yes! once I was fishing off Block Island; didn't have much luck; lost a heavy hook and some feet of line; thought I'd try a run down to Coxen's Ledge, when I'll be d—d if I didn't catch that same fish and he had my gear in his jaw." Another says, "I fell in with some swifish off Montank and got a couple and put the iron into a big one, but it tore out; the iron struck his back and cut it in two parts, and I looked pretty ragged. The next day we went off Block Island and I saw the same fish, and again off No Man's Land, and when I got to Montank I saw him again! I met the same fellow off the Cape, and finally ran afoul of him off Portland, where I got him. He was the same fish, if I am any judge, which I struck and lost off Montank, and his snail hadn't healed! It is well known that whales have been killed, having iron in them marked with vessel's name, years after thousands of miles from the spot where they were first struck.

MISAL.

New Publications.

THE YACHTSMAN'S HANDY BOOK. By W. H. Rosser. Chas. Wilson, 157 Leadenhall st., London, E. C., England.

As a rule, there is no branch of yachting less understood or appreciated than the science of navigation. An elementary work touching only upon such portions of the science as are really necessary and within the comprehension of an ordinary education, is, therefore, a book that is sure to be welcomed by the student who desires to acquire familiarity with his favorite sport in all its different phases. Such a book is the one now under notice. Prepared expressly for the use of amateurs by writers who are familiar with their needs and capabilities, the text has been confined strictly to the solution of a "day's work," other valuable information being incidentally incorporated wherever needed. We admire the system and arrangement throughout the book, and beginners will find the care taken in this regard a material help in their mastering what is too often considered as purely abstruse and of little practical value. The leading chapter enters upon the arithmetical of navigation. In it the relations of degrees, minutes and seconds of arc and time are explained. The conversion of time or hour angles into arc is then followed, with an elucidation of the scales employed. The compass, its variations, correction of courses to true courses; leeway and currents, and allowances for same; the log, common and patent, are all taken up in succession, and their working laid bare in plain, terse language, which can be understood almost for the trouble of reading. The next division treats of the "sailings" and working out a ship's position at sea by "inspection" or rules of thumb. But for purpose the construction of traverse tables is fully gone into, and departure and difference of latitude entered upon; and then a sample of a full "day's work" is given. For practical purposes the use of the chart is considered. Beyond this the taking of observations of heavenly bodies receives attention, including, first, a description of the construction and handling of the sextant, and the manner of taking an altitude, tides, time of high water, and magnetism of ships; and next, the method of finding latitude by meridian altitude, longitude by chronometer and sun's altitude, azimuths and amplitudes, the latter two for correcting the compass. In addition to this, some very handy and useful brief rules in navigation, the working of logarithms, and much other interesting matter is included in this volume, which, we need hardly add, should be found aboard every yacht whose owner lays claim to being a thorough yachtsman. Many a leisure hour can be profitably spent in its perusal; the interest will hardly flag, for the book has been so written as to make an easy and agreeable study out of what in less able hands would have become a deauntory mixture. Not the least valuable feature in this work is the International Code, with colored flags, and the Semaphore and boat signals which have been appended. These and the International Steering and Sailing Rules, and a catechism of fore-and-aft seamanship, serve to make the book very complete—and all within the size of a volume of a hundred pages. The fore-and-aft seamanship has also been published in the form of a separate pamphlet. It would do good to have it generally distributed among yachtmen's crews, who might pick up valuable points in the art of sailing from it. In the latter form it includes an explanation of the weather-glass for north latitudes and signs of the weather.

CRUISE OF THE ORION. By R. T. McMullen. Chas. Wilson, 157 Leadenhall st., London, E. C., England.

As the question of "Cutter vs. Sloop" is now agitating the yachting public, all information of a reliable character concerning the actual doings of the English cutter will be found of deep interest to amateurs on this side of the Atlantic. In the little volume now before us we have a well written account of a cruise in a twenty-ton yawl, made by the author in 1877, from London to Cherbourg and return. Starting with two hands before the mast, he was obliged to dismiss them in France on account of bad behavior, and there formed the plan of sailing the *Orion* home again single handed. How this was done, the work it entailed, and the successful ending of the undertaking, Mr. McMullen describes in a vivid and minute manner which carries the reader himself aboard the yawl, and makes him feel as though he were actually present upon the occasion. The author also branches off into a consideration of many other things intimately connected with a sailor's life; and though in some respects the reader may differ from him, especially in the relation of labor and capital, or employer and employee—master and servant, as they are still considered in England—the reflections of the lone cruiser will command attention. The chapter on lighthouses is one which cannot fail to elicit warm approval, and is one to which we call the officials in charge of our lighthouse system, as containing a great many valuable and exceedingly practical suggestions concerning the modification of the electric light as at present in use on foreign coasts. As we will sooner or later take to that light ourselves, it is well that all information bearing upon the subject should receive consideration; and from Mr. McMullen's book we conclude that few would be better able to give a clear exposition of the needs of small coasting craft in this direction. To our yachting readers the final chapter on small yachts will not be the least interesting, especially now that the cruising spirit is abroad to a greater degree than heretofore.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INDOCTRINATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1878.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guaranty of good faith and be addressed to the FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous communications will be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notices of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for dereliction of the mail service if money remitted to us is lost. No person whatever is authorized to collect money for us unless he can show authentic credentials from one of the undersigned. We have no Philadelphia agent.

Trade supplied by American News Company,

CHARLES HALLOCK, Editor.

T. C. BANKS, S. H. TURKILL, Chicago,

Business Manager. Western Manager

CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.—This society during the twenty-five years of its existence has been filling a most commendable mission, the value of which may be inferred from the work for the past year, in which alone there were in their lodging houses, 14,234 different boys and girls; 264,045 meals and 198,187 lodgings were supplied. In the twenty day and twelve evening schools were 8,616 children, who were taught, and partly fed and clothed (500,094 meals were supplied); 3,818 were sent to homes, mainly in the West; 2,370 were aided with food, medicine, etc., through the "Sick Children's Mission"; 2,356 children enjoyed the benefits of the "Seaside Home" (averaging about 300 per week); 628 girls have been instructed in the use of the sewing machine in the girls' lodging house and in the industrial schools. There have been 8,353 orphans in the lodging houses. \$7,149.41 have been deposited in the Penny Savings Banks. Total number under charge of the society during the year was, 31,906. We heartily commend the society and its aims to our readers. Gifts of money, food and clothing are acceptable, not only at this Christmas season of the year, but always, and should be sent to O. L. Brace, Secy. Children's Aid Society, 19 E. Fourth st., New York.

CHRISTMAS GREENS FOR THE HOSPITALS.—The ladies of the New York Flower Mission, whose admirable work we have already described at some length, propose this year to decorate with evergreens the city hospitals. The rooms of the Mission, 239 Fourth avenue, will be open all day to-morrow for the reception of evergreens, autumn leaves, grasses, berries, ferns and all the other decorations which make glad the Christmas days. These contributions, which may be very trifling to the giver, are joyfully received and appreciated.

—The Manhattan Turtle Club, of New York, held its eighth anniversary last week at the Knickerbocker Cottage, 454-8 Sixth avenue, in which the aldermen got the best of the soup thanks to Steward Fowler. The club's ball takes place Jan. 29, '79.

CONSERVATIVE TRADE AND ITS RESULTS.

NOTHING is so thoroughly characteristic of our maritime interests as the narrow conservatism which has ruled supreme ever since the decline of the ship-building and the foreign commerce of this country set in some eighteen years ago. While Great Britain was pushing the advantages which the change from wood to iron and cheap labor gave her before our war broke out, we, on the contrary, retired into our shell, and as yet have not again come forth. But for the efforts of the few iron yards on the Delaware to proclaim to the world the fact that we can and do build as cheap as any other nation, it would perhaps forever have remained a secret, known only to the few, that we build any vessels at all. Even among the iron men but two yards—those at Chester and at Wilmington—make known their business and capacity to the outside world at large, through the means of liberal advertising and the pushing of their wares. The natural result has followed. These two yards have stepped in and snatched from other older establishments the cream of the business, and they now launch three vessels to every one built by the sleepy proprietors of half a dozen other yards most favorably located on the banks of the future American Clyde. These latter eke out a commercial existence, which hangs between life and death; they vegetate on stray orders, few and far between; they complain of dull times and have not the sagacity to see the true cause of their limited patronage.

If our Eastern ship-builders—those of Belfast, Bath and Boston—would "blow their own horn" and let the public know that in Maine or Massachusetts fine Al wooden ships can be built better and cheaper than anywhere else, they might secure some of the patronage that now finds its way to Canada, to Sweden and to the Baltic Maine—yes, even back to England's shores, the very wood they use being sent from here. English ships and English inspection has been written up, advertised and pushed in every conceivable manner, until now the good American patriot can hardly convince himself of our ability to compete, and begins to cry aloud for "reform" in our registry laws. He wants to buy cheap ships abroad. Do our readers realize what this means? Do the wooden men of the East and the iron men of Pennsylvania know the consequences of the tampering with the registry laws as they stand? The move to "free" our commerce means foreign ships and the entire extinction of shipping interests in America, the wiping off the sea of our ensign, the closing of every busy yard on our shores, and the return upon public charity or public care of the thousands that now find employment in the construction of vessels, casual though their work may be.

If such a change should be made, the first to feel the pinch of want will be the hardy set of ship-carpenters in New England and the skilled men of Philadelphia, Chester and Wilmington, and the financial crash of the capitalists whose fortunes are sunk in plant and tool will not be long in following. But who will be to blame? None but the very ship-builders themselves, for they are without doubt the slowest and most short-sighted of business men. Strange that in our great country of restless energy and bustling drive, a community should still exist, which, in the barclane methods, the slothful benightedness, the stupid conservatism of its enterprise, or lack of enterprise, and the narrowness and selfishness of its views, would carry off the palm for decay and lassitude in comparison with any business concern in Persia or the Steppes of Tartary!

Though the drafting offices and the engineers' departments are filled with talent of which no mechanic need be ashamed, not a word do we ever see in print concerning the doings at our yards. Ships may be launched, the people hardly know where, a three-line notice in some local organ with a circulation of three, dismisses the whole subject as unworthy further attention; and, though another fine vessel may have been added to our fleet, though her model and rig may embody wisdom, talent, genius and beauty by the ton, no one ever learns the fact, nor does any one seem to care. The owners, builders and sailors belong to the class of limited energy we have referred to; from them nothing can be learned, nothing can be hoped; the lay press is not competent to discharge the duties of a technical critic, and so the false impression gets abroad: we cannot build ships, we cannot sail ships, we cannot own ships. And the average American, thoroughly in the dark about the true condition of things, in his last extremity appeals to Congress, and Congress, gored to something desperate by the free trade sophistries of would-be Britains, born against their will within the fair lands of the Republic, seriously thinks of ignominiously retiring the Stars and Stripes from the seas and hoisting in its stead the colors of an alien and a rival!

In the same class of conservatives with ship builders and owners the American yacht builder still belongs. Some honorable exceptions there are, it is true, but as a class the yacht builder is as blind to his interests as ever a person can be. He is thoroughly contrifed in the range of his reputation, and lives off the crumbs the fickle winds of popular favor may happen to blow his way. He makes no noise in the world, neither does he nor his intelligent friend waste time or money in laying before the general public his peculiar talent and fitness for the specialty he has chosen as the source of his livelihood. Generally a rotten ship, a tumble-down shanty for a shop, some primitive tools and a blisful ignorance of the scientific facts underlying his profession seem to be the acme

of his ambition, and to nail together a boat or two every season is the highest goal of business success he craves. The idea that by fully publishing his successes, his facilities for repeating the same, his location, the wares he can offer to those in search for such goods; that by stirring himself and keeping a weather-eye open to all avenues of increased fame; that by making himself heard and his influence felt throughout the community, he can surely, if slowly, attract to his vicinity a vast amount of business that now strays all along the coast and falls to the hands of many men incompetent to perform their tasks; in short, that by well-laid plans, he can rise to success, can climb above dull routine mediocrity, has never yet entered into the head of a single yacht builder in America.

One thing, and only one, as heretofore been against him. No periodical on this side of the Atlantic had made itself felt among the yachting fraternity as the organ of their particular sport, and the thousands of amateur followers of the sea took in what they could find in the way of yachting news and instruction in small dribbets through the means of numerous incomplete and precarious sources. The builder's pocket-book was seldom long enough to put forth in all these mediums his card to the public, and was vainly compelled to trust to good luck for an inquiry falling his way. But this grievance, however well founded in days gone by, he cannot now aver in extenuation of the absence of business tact in his operations. Since the FOREST AND STREAM has taken the subject in hand, and in one season swung itself up to the head of the list, leaving all competitors so far astern as to be out of the race, and since this journal now has a monopoly of the yachting interests of this country and Canada, from the Race to the Keys, it behooves all parties who are connected with the rapidly growing needs and desires of this pastime to give us that material support which we have a right to expect and which we think we have fairly earned by hard work in the advocacy and the resulting increased popularity of yachting among the masses. There is a great field before the builder and a flush time coming. He who does not stand in his own light, but follows out the course here indicated and avails himself of the recognized means of placing before the yachting men his ability to construct cheaply and well, will ere long feel the beneficial effects resulting from a liberal and at the same time judicious use of printers' ink. It was printers' ink that made Barnum—he will tell you so himself—it is nothing but printers' ink which makes the success of any honest work. The yacht builder who fails to make a note of this may one day learn to his sorrow the reason why his neighbor has his yard full of frames going up like the trees in the forest, while his own name is unknown to fame and the public alike.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the only recognized yachtsman's journal in America. It is accepted as indisputable authority at home and abroad; it is quoted by all in this and in foreign lands, it goes into the hands of every lover of the sport, and is seen in all places where yachtsmen most do congregate. We refer with pride to our columns in the past, replete with matter, useful and instructive as well as of interest to all concerned, and we can promise a continuation in the same strain in the future. To our many friends who have so readily contributed to our success, and who have shown their appreciation of our efforts to cater to their wants through the liberal support accorded, we return our best thanks and wish them all a merry Christmas, and what they probably relish more, an open and an early spring.

SPARROWS AND SKYLARKS.

A CORRESPONDENT, "Corvin," favored us with a communication on the first subject in our last week's issue. Believing that our readers may be interested in the method by which these brown British invaders captured our country, we give the following history of the proceeding: In the year 1846, Thomas Woodcock, Esq., the president of the Natural History Society of Brooklyn, L. I., brought over from England with him many specimens of the field birds of that country. The pairing season in the south of England being two months earlier than in this latitude (New York), he also purchased large numbers of eggs, which, on his arrival, were duly placed in the nests of our own little warblers by boys hired for that purpose. Among these were several sparrows and their eggs; and, since then, more have been imported by order of the Park Commissioners of New York.

The consequences of Mr. Woodcock's efforts were that, in the ensuing season, not only sparrows, but goldfinches, linnets, bullfinches, etc., were to be seen at Greenwood and in the suburbs of Brooklyn. At the Wallabout, then open fields, a colony of English skylarks was successfully established, and wintered two seasons.

In the spring of 1847, the Brooklyn Advertiser, a paper then published by Mr. Lee, contained an allusion to the circumstance last mentioned, which is here inserted verbatim:

THE HUMBLE APPEAL OF A COLONY OF BRITISH SKYLARKS TO THE SPORTSMEN OF NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN. SUNG AT THE WALLABOUT ON THE FIRST OF MAY, 1847, TEN MINUTES BEFORE SUNRISE:

Awake! 'Tis morning prime!
Ligh on a broken clime,
From an air-built crag, his crimson flag
Our monarch's waving proud:
Then list to the cheering calls
Ascend the skies, and sing,
His herald's we, with minstrel glee,
To usher in our King!

Chorus—Mount, mount the azure heights,
Our carol is begun;

Hail to the dawn of early morn,
Hail to the rising sun!
Far from our native land,
O'er stormy ocean's vast,
We're brought no trumpet but a peaceful pipe,
Which sounds no note of war.
Then list our carol light,
Nor seek to do us wrong;
In us you see no enemy,
The plowmen of song!
If, in its infant state,
Our colony you shield,
We'll pay our thanks in after years
From many a fertile field.
Manhattan's maids shall hear
Our tidely warbled strain:
Our tales of love, by dell and grove,
Shall cheer the western swain!
Now, at the eastern gate
Our monarch's coursers prance;
We know his heralds' chariot wheels,
We know his golden glance,
No daggling wings are ours,
Our voices clear and sweet,
And soaring high, from earth to sky,
'Tis thus our king we greet!
Chorus—Mount, mount the azure heights,
Our carol is begun;
Hail to the dawn of rosy morn,
Hail to the rising sun!

It may also interest our readers to know that the above beautiful poem was revised by William Henry Herbert. The author of it is Mr. R. W. Hume, of Long Island City, who was for a considerable time engaged with Mr. W. H. Herbert in the instruction of youth at the Rev. R. T. Hindnot's school in Bloomingdale, who testifies to the correctness of the above statement.

It is a melancholy pity that the design to colonize the skylark, the finest day songster of Europe, was not then accomplished. But, unquestionably, were the attempt made in southern New Jersey or Maryland it could hardly fail to prove successful. Unlike the sparrow, against which certain charges are brought, the skylark is known everywhere as the farmer's friend. Who will cover himself with fame by the importation of some of these unparalleled warblers, and, by following our suggestion, raise to his name a pyramid of song as high as heaven and as enduring as nature?

THE TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT BALL.—The first ball this season of the Twenty-third Regiment, after an interval of six months, was held last Tuesday evening at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, which was suitably and handsomely decorated with gas jets, flowers, portraits and regimental battle-flags. These Twenty-third Regiment receptions are among the most agreeable social features of Brooklyn, and are always looked forward to with very pleasurable anticipation; without being pretentiously exclusive, they are most happy in their management, and uniformly prove the most successful events of the Brooklyn season. The attendance the other evening was very large and represented, not only the society of Brooklyn, but also nearly all the regiments of New York and Jersey City. The great capacity of the Academy was severely taxed by a brilliant gathering. The evening was one of thorough enjoyment, and the order of dancing was not finished until two o'clock.

"Dr. Carver, the marksman, broke, with his rifle, one thousand glass balls in an hour at Atlanta, Ga., last Friday."

Statements of remarkable feats with rifle and shot-gun, not only by Carver and Bogardus, but by some amateurs, have been made so frequently the past year that they no longer excite surprise or comment. Such feats are possible, and the public seems content in recognizing and accepting the fact. Yet, consider how marvellous they are! Contemplate the skill, dexterity, unvarying accuracy of aim, nerve, composure and endurance required to accomplish them. Does the reader realize the very brief measure of time allotted to each discharge of the rifle when 1,000 hits are scored in 3,600 seconds? Of course some balls are missed, and these misses reduce the time allowed for each shot to a minimum of 3½ seconds. It would take some potters the whole of this time merely to pull two triggers of an ordinary gun; but the professional shooter loads, extracts, cocks, aims and pulls the trigger, all in three seconds and a half! How quick and accurate his aim must be, scarcely ever to miss! What chance would a party to a duel have with such men, firing at the word? Coolness! Crowds of spectators pressing, people asking questions, careless persons pushing directly into the line of fire, directions to be given to attendants, appeals to the constables to preserve order and keep the crowd back—all these obstacles and interruptions interpose to disconcert the aim, and yet the scores go on: hit—hit; hit—hit; smash—smash; break—break; *one thousand and more times in a single hour*. Why, the arms of the amateur would become so weak in half that time that they would hang powerless by his side, the muscles would swell and inflame, and the sufferer have to be fed with a spoon for a week. Then think of the pounding and percussion upon the deltoid and biceps muscles, and the chest! What ordinary frame could endure it? But these marvellous athletes, Carver and Bogardus, have not only submitted to the hammering for an hour, but Carver has stood it for 7 hours, 35 minutes and 20 seconds (July 13, 1878), and Bogardus for 6 hours, 13 minutes and 45 seconds (Jan. 3, 1878). Both of the heroes are still alive and enjoying the pursuit of wealth and happiness. Of fame each has his "suffi-

ciency full," unless peradventure they step their feet into the realm of miracles and impossibilities.

Hereafter, when our readers see mention made of these performances let them think on what we have written; then their estimate of the gentlemen will be much increased.

GAME PROTECTION

KILL THE CATS.—In another column a Maryland reader tells us of a colony of wild house cats. It is not at all unusual for the domestic cat to revert to a wild state. English gamekeepers are almost powerless to stay the ravages of these animals in the preserves. Our correspondent should have killed the animals he discovered. They are very destructive to all small game. This leads us to say a word about the cat, which we believe to be a pest to sportsman and farmer alike. One cat will destroy more birds in a season than a dozen boys with shot-guns, and no fear of the game laws. Every farm has from one to a dozen cats, and just in proportion to their numbers will the orchards be full of worm nests, the fields with grasshoppers, and everything covered with caterpillars. We cannot have cats and insectivorous birds. They cannot exist together. We are convinced that these sleek pets of the farm are altogether too expensive. Central Park night patrols carry revolvers with which to shoot the hordes of cats nightly infesting the Park to prey upon the birds and fowl. If the farmer should follow their example and kill the cats of the neighborhood he would abundantly repaid for the expenditure of powder by flocks of worm-destroying birds, and fairer harvests. The cat as a bird destroyer is utterly bad. As such, kill it.

POUND NETS AND POOR FISHES.—*Barnegat, Dec. 19.*—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I can endorse Mr. Roosevelt's article on pound nets in your issue of Nov. 23. (That is necessary of immediate attention to these destructive engines, and our State legislators should see the necessity of prompt action. It will be a hard fight in some of our Atlantic States, yet perseverance will accomplish it. I have been through the mill—I write from six weeks' experience in our State Capitol. Since the law passed last winter in this State, although not as stringent as we desired, the result has been the past season the best fishing we have had for years, and letters received from collaborators in the cause in other countries on our coast admit the same. We apprehend no trouble in securing all the legislation we want next winter for fish preservation.

Will not Mr. Roosevelt favor us in a future number with his views on purse nets for menhaden, and explain the effect of their extermination on bluefish? This is the first fall my recollection of ten years that the menhaden and bluefish have not approached our coast. We attribute it to the increased use of purse-net fishing. If you destroy the bluefish food will they not seek other waters?

POUND NETS.—*Mr. Editor*: In your issue of the 5th inst. appeared an excellent article on this subject, of which too much cannot be said in opposition. A large portion of our fresh water food fish comes from the great lakes, and if these are not protected they will certainly cease to yield their harvest to hungry humanity. Take any of the many important bays that indent their shores, and you will find them well barricaded by these instruments of destruction. The proprietors of many of the large fish houses on the coast encourage many of the men in their work of destruction, and while there is no law to prevent, can we wonder why they look out for themselves to the detriment of their fellow-men. To show ourselves to the detriment of their fellow-men, I will relate an instance that came under my observation a few years ago. In company with two others I was fishing on Black River Bay (adjacent to Lado Ontario). It was in the middle of the forenoon, when rowing along we struck a couple of pike, and inside of a few minutes saw another party take three. We did not stop to fish more, but kept on our way to camp. In the afternoon the aforesaid party came in with a fine lot of fish, mostly pike and bass. After a few hours we returned from the village (Dexter) accompanied by a guide, who is employed by an ex-Senator from Oneida County in all his fishing excursions in that vicinity. When they returned they informed us a school of fish had struck in on the bar. By daylight next morning the aforesaid guide appeared, accompanied by a companion of congenial taste rowing a boat, the stern of which was filled with a net, which they at once placed across the bar. This guide is the individual who a few years ago discovered the mass of bullheads in Muscalonge Creek when cutting holes through the ice to set nets. But that was not what he said he was cutting the holes for, according to the accounts given in the papers at the time. It is such men as this who are doing the mischief, and unless a law is passed soon to either stop or modify it, one of our greatest blessings will be destroyed by an avaricious and ignorant few to the misfortune of themselves and multitudes of others. In opposition to our Legislature will take hold of the matter, I dedicate this epistle to them, and remain yours, hopefully,

H. O. KIRK, Dexter.

MAINE.—Bath has a new game society, known as the Sagadahoc County Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. The officers are: Dr. C. A. Packard, President; James H. Millay and A. G. Goud, Vice-Presidents; Charles H. Greenleaf, Secretary; George E. Newman, Treasurer; S. W. Carr, George E. Whitney, G. D. Willis, George H. Nichols, E. B. Mayberry, Executive Committee. The new society promises to accomplish a long-needed protective work.

NEW YORK.—Shandaken, Ulster County, is to have a game protective club. The members of this association will be mainly residents of the township—farmers, etc.—who wish to maintain and increase their stock of fish and game, and their natural resources are such as to amply require vigorous protection.

—On the 11th of December, Samuel Mason, David B. Clark and Frank Haines, of Pine Hollow, Gloucester Co., N. J., were arrested on complaint of an officer of the West Jersey Game Protective Society, and taken before Magistrate Charles Young, of Newfield, for snooding and trapping quail and ruffed grouse. Having been found guilty, and not paying the fines imposed, they were committed to the county jail at Woodbury for twenty days each. This association is very energetic, and its efforts deserve approval.

FIRST PROTECTION IN TENNESSEE.—*Nashville, Dec. 13.*—I have just had an interview with Col. George R. Akers, one of the Fish Commissioners of Tennessee, with regard to the chances of the next Legislature, which is to meet here on the 6th of January, 1879, taking any action in passing such laws as are necessary for the protection of fish in our many streams. He informs me that our present Governor Porter, whose time expires this year, in his message will strongly recommend the passage of such laws, and that he has been assured by friends of the Governor-elect, Marks, that he will indorse in his coming message all that Governor Porter may say. Colonel Akers is under the impression, from what he knows from different sources, that the laws will certainly be passed. J. D. H.

MICHIGAN STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—The annual convention is set down for Jan. 21, 22 and 23.

THE FISH OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.—Mr. R. H. Kilby, President of the Fish and Game Protection Club of the Province of Quebec, has called our attention to the following circular issued by his society, and which is to be presented to the Minister of Marine and Fisheries at Ottawa. The subject is an important one, and justly demands the attention of the Montreal society. It is to be hoped that interested game protective societies in the State of New York will take suitable action for seconding the Canadians in their efforts to preserve the young fish of the St. Lawrence. The petition reads as follows:

MONTREAL, December, 1878.

To the Hon. the Minister of Marine and Fisheries:

We, the undersigned, dealers, sportsmen, fishermen, and members of the Fish and Game Protection Club of the Province of Quebec, having noticed that the food supply, in the form of bass, dore and muskunge, furnished by the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers, has year by year been diminishing in quantity at an alarming rate, and believing that if certain measures be at once instituted and scrupulously carried out the rivers alluded to will, in a few years' time, yield as much as they have done in the past, hereby respectfully submit our views, and pray that you will take them into your consideration:

1. To your petitioners proof does not seem wanting that the laws affecting the taking of these species of fish, at present on the Statute Book, are but little observed; fish being caught at prohibited times, and, in some instances, kept alive in boxes or pounds to evade the laws until the season opens.

2. It appears to your petitioners that the most destructive practice of all is the capture of fish by means of nets during the spawning season and in contiguous to the entrance of certain small streams which may be termed breeding rivers; and should this practice be persisted in your petitioners feel convinced that one inevitable result will follow, viz.: our large rivers will speedily and completely be depleted of the fish named.

Your petitioners would also humbly suggest that the following rivers be preserved as "breeding rivers," and absolutely closed against all netting, not only in the streams themselves, but within three-quarters of a mile of the entrances thereto, viz., the Chateaugay, Beaudette, Salmon River and North River; and, also, that such steps be taken to enforce the laws as will effectually put a stop to the netting of fish during the breeding season, in or near to the other tributaries of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers, notable among which are the River St. Louis, Riviere Rouge and the Rigaud.

That to enable your Department, as well as the members of the club, to have a more perfect knowledge and supervision of the net fishers it is desirable the law be so further amended that a list of all licences granted for nets, to be used in the Province of Quebec, be forwarded to the Secretary of the Fish and Game Protection Club at Montreal.

Your petitioners, moreover, humbly pray that—as these species of fish ordinarily spawn so nearly about the same time, as they swim in the same waters and can be caught by better means than the net character—the laws regulating their capture be the same for all; and would recommend that the close season for rod and line fishing commence April 1 and terminate May 28, and for net fishing to commence April 1 and terminate June 15.

CLOSE SEASONS FOR FISH AND GAME.

In a majority of the States the close seasons for everything but wild fowl commence on January 1. For the benefit of our readers we reprint in this issue a revised table of close seasons.

ALABAMA.—Deer, April 15 September 15; fowl, April 1 to October 1; quail, April 1 to October 1; wild turkey, April 1 to September 15. These provisions relate only to the counties of Mobile, Choctaw, Monroe, Clarke, Washington, Baldwin, Wilcox, Lowndes, Sumter, Escambia, Hale, Dallas, Montgomery and Greene.

CALIFORNIA.—Salmon, August 1 to September 15; salmon trout, November 1 to April 1; shad, April 1 to December 31; trout, November 1 to April 1; mountain sheep, elk, doe or antelope, until March 30, 1882; deer (huck only), November 1 to July 1; wild fowl and quail, March 15 to September 15, except in Los Angeles and Sierra counties; in San Bernardino and Los Angeles counties, April 1 to August 1.

COLORADO.—Elk, buffalo, deer, antelope, mountain sheep and bison, January 1 to September 1; pinnated grouse, pheasant and prairie hen or grouse, November 15 to October 1.

CONNECTICUT.—Black bass, May 31 to July 1 (in Connecticut and Farmington Rivers may be taken at any time); salmon, none taken until nine pounds; shad, June 25 to March 15; trout, July 1 to April 15; quail, ruffed grouse and woodcock, January 1 to October 1; wild fowl, May 1 to September 1.

DELAWARE.—Rabbit, partridge and pheasant in Kent and Sussex counties, February 15 to November 1; in New Castle county, January 1 to November 1; woodcock, January 1 to July 1.

FLORIDA.—No law for fish except one requiring non-residents to obtain a license; deer, April 1 to September 1; no sea birds or birds of plumage may be killed; wild turkey, April 1 to September 1.

IDAHO.—Fowl in Ada county, April 15 to September 1; pinnated grouse in Ada county, March 1 to August 1; quail, April 1 to September 1.

ILLINOIS.—Deer, February 1 to October 1; geese, May 1 to August 15; pinnated grouse, January 15 to September 1; quail, February 1 to November 1; ruffed grouse, February 1 to October 1; snipe, May 1 to August 15; wild turkey, February 1 to October 1; woodcock, January 1 to September 1.

INDIANA.—Deer, January 1 to October 1; wild fowl, April 15 to September 1; quail, January 1 to November 1; pinnated grouse, February 1 to October 1; woodcock, January 1 to July 1; wild turkey, March 1 to September 1.

E B Sonthor.....	5	5	5	5	4-2
E B Souther (re-entry).....	4	4	6	6	4-2

Some purple sandpipers and snow buntings, with shore larks, about Stagville Hill quail grounds have been much out of.

R. L. N.

New Bedford, Dec. 14.—The quail and partridge shooting has been superb the past month. The mild weather so far has brought large numbers of ducks into the large ponds in the western part of the county and also in the Middleboro or Uxbridge ponds to the north of us. Thanksgiving day a friend secured three specimens of the duck called by Audubon the "gadwall" or gray duck, a rare visitor in our waters.

CONOIA.

CONNECTICUT—Centre Brook, Dec. 14.—Shooting has been fair this season; over 200 woodcock shot in one locality here. Partridge season, more so than ever known. Quail shooting fair; three to four berries an average day's find. G. H. C.

—Frank Farley, a young man of the Thimble Islands, while in a boat gunning the other day drew his gun toward him, muzzle foremost, and was fatally injured by its discharge.

New York—Jamaica Bay, L. I., Dec. 7.—The shooting this season has not been as good as usual. Some nice bunches of shell-drakes came in, but they did not stop long. The season has been so mild that sailing parties and other parties have been so plenty, and in fact, poking around through the creeks and bay, that the birds did not have a chance to settle for any time. Black ducks have been quite numerous, but at the break of day they fly across the beach and go to sea, and stay there till dusk, when they come in again to feed during the night. So there is not much chance to get a shot at them. There have been very few of them killed this fall. Geese, both mallard and broodland so far have given us the slip, as very few of them have been seen since their usual haunts. There was quite extensive preparation made for bay shooting at Canarsie Landing, the terminus of the Canarsie Railroad from East New York. There are several gentlemen from Brooklyn who own boats, yachts, and decoys; also the Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, who have a neat little club-house, and three single and one double ducking boat, and some two hundred decoys, which they had all ready to use, but the birds gave them the slip this season. Bob Clark, of "Clark's" House, had two duck boats built by Sellers, of the celebrated Stafford pattern, and purchased a good supply of decoys, for the accommodation of parties who would like to take a day's shooting near home, and easy of access to the city.

Eldred, Dec. 11.—Deer are more plenty here than for the last five years. Parties are here and there, and up at Bradley's have had one killed within one and a half mile of my house this season that I know of. Partridges are in fair numbers, and on open grounds now; rabbits very plenty. Foxes are very plenty, and if some sportsmen would come up here and help kill them it would greatly increase the small game next year. I have built a good house on purpose for the accommodation of sportsmen, and game from a quail to a deer can be found any time within a mile of the door; partridges, woodcock and rabbits are frequently killed within a stone's throw of the door. Daniel Hallock, of Eldred, killed two fine deer in one day last month, and six partridges. Daniel hunts for the market and profit.

J. M. BRADLEY.

PENNSYLVANIA—Uniontown, Dec. 17.—Quail, ruffed grouse and rabbits are in quantities sufficient for fair sport. Two men recently in one week's shooting bagged 326 quail, 17 grouse and 12 rabbits.

WEST VIRGINIA—Bridgeport, Dec. 12.—Though strangely overlooked by sportsmen, this is one of the finest hunting-grounds on the continent. All the land is full of grouse and quail, and the mountains abound in deer and bear. The pigs are fattened on trout in the wild, remote districts, where game laws are unheard of unless the valley of Gauley is filled with pump and bear; boarding in the mountain cabins is of cost, and the wild, beautiful land is the hunter's paradise. Not a house in thirty miles save, perhaps, the hut or cave of the moonshiner. The valley is the bed of an ancient lake, level and beautiful as any Texas prairie; the black water flows slowly among the tangled laurel, and the pines, the bear and the deer are seldom alarmed by the hunter's gun. The scenery is grand and beautiful among those mountains. The castellated rocks are like the ruins of old cathedrals, and the moss is deep and soft as Persian carpets. Flocks of wild turkeys feed under the "green-wood tree," a mass of emerald gold. Sometimes in autumn the white umbrella of the painter is seen by the waterfall or among the boulders in the mountain gorge; but the wild duck dreams on the river and the deer among the laurel, and the hunter comes not from the far North land.

J. M. McCANN.

SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston, Dec. 14.—The weather up to this time has not been favorable for hunting, as it has been generally warm. Ducks are very scarce at present and will not make their appearance before we have some severe weather. A few fine deer have been brought into market during the past week, and a great many wild turkey. Partridges and woodcock are coming in slowly, but are reported in large numbers in some parts of the State. Preparations are being made for considerable hunting during the Christmas holidays, and I will no doubt be able to chronicle some good bags.

YONORA.

TENNESSEE NOTES—Nashville, Dec. 13.—After the field trials were over Capt. A. B. Woodson, of the Fifth U. S. Cavalry, accepted an invitation from Mr. McGowan to go on a chase and a day's shooting on his farm, some five miles from the city. The farm is situated on a narrow peninsula formed by the Cumberland River, which makes it a most charming ground for fox hunting; the chase can be followed closely, and the dogs kept in sight most of the time. Mr. McG. has a noted pack of fox hounds, which rarely fail to find Reynard. On the occasion of Captain Woodson's hunt, they killed the largest red fox the Captain has ever seen. The next day he went out shooting with the same estate. He had his own dog, but he had brought to the field trials, but which he did not enter. In company with General Jackson, he had a good day's sport, bagging 40 quail. Quite a number of deer and wild ducks are being brought to market. The deer are mostly killed in west Tennessee. Quail are still very abundant and very cheap.

MICHIGAN—Detroit, Dec. 14.—Dec. 5, Jerome Cannata was out for a few hours' sport and bagged five quail and four partridges. Dec. 6, Albert Schroeder was out after rabbits and brought six to bag. On the 9th inst. Wm. Smith bagged five quail. On the same date Charles Choate and Jno. Hunsaker took a trip to Canada for a day's sport, and made a bag of nine quail and five partridges. Game seems to be rather scarce in our immediate vicinity, but must be considerable

in the interior of your State, as our game depots and commission houses are as full as they can very well be.

DAVID.

—They had a big ring bust in Sunfield, Eaton County, recently. Four hundred hunters surrounded a territory about four miles-square, and closed in to the centre. Each man made all the noise he knew how, and they kept it up for four hours. One turkey, a few rabbits and one fox was the result. Four hundred men to one wish-bone may be the correct thing in Sunfield, but it would not do anywhere else.

GAME IN NEBRASKA.—A well-known Philadelphia correspondent, who has recently returned from Nebraska, writes us: "We had good shooting—ducks in Minnesota and geese and chickens in Nebraska. By the way, I see in your 'Close Season' table in FOREST AND STREAM that you say no shooting for quail, chickens, etc., in Nebraska in November. There was game enough about the State in November, and when I asked for the interpretation of the existing game law of Nebraska I was told there was none. Perhaps there is one that receives no attention. The one passed by the Grangers, forbidding chicken shooting on account of grasshoppers, has been repealed now that the 'hoppers have left, as the birds chew up the best part of the grain crop! In Platt County where we camped, in all my gunning I found but one man who was not a settler, and that he was an immigrant from Illinois—as the settlers preferred to see something bigger fall when they shot. Game must be thick when such a state of affairs exists. My cousin killed nine big Canada geese with one barrel one day, and it wasn't anything of an extra day for geese, either!"

L. MAGOON.

A BIG SCORE.—Salem, Mass.—I have just received a portrait of Mr. Cross, of the Winons Point Club, and now our introduction is complete. He states his score for the season at 1,028. Game ducks, 66; other game birds, of which five were geese. This is the best bag I have ever heard of for one gun, and that by a gentleman sixty-four years old. When a glorious fall he must have had, but what on earth could he have done with so much game, when others of the club must have done something. He stated in a former letter that the club one season (two years ago) bagged over 5,000 ducks and geese. There are thirty members; if the rest did their duty as well as he this season their aggregate must be something enormous.

C. T. J.

TRIAL OF GUNNS.—A correspondent writes from Dover, N. H., under date of Dec. 8:

Last week a trial of guns was had at Great Falls, N. H., a town some five miles from here. Two breech and several muzzle-loaders contended for a prize. One of the breech-loaders won, placing four shot in the target with the first barrel, and two with the other. The winner was made by Tipping & Lowe, of Concord. The other breech-loader took the second prize and was a Fox gun. The target was a ten inch ring and was placed at one hundred yards distance. The muzzle-loaders did not touch the target. No. 6 shot, 1 1/2 oz. and 4 drachms powder was used. The winning gun belongs in this city.

W. A. G.

MR. PAINÉ AT GLASS BALLS.—On December 11, at Suffolk Park, Philadelphia, Mr. Ira A. Paine undertook, on a bet of \$200, to break 51 glass balls out of 100, the balls to be thrown in any and every direction by James Devlin, the swiftest ball picher in America. Mr. Paine won easily, breaking 57 balls out of 90, and to his pleasure to see him do it. He used a pair of beautiful 16-bore Parker's weighing 6 lb. 2 oz. each, 3 oz. Tatham's chilled shot, and Dupont's No. 3 Eagle Ducking powder.

BEAR STORY A LA MODE PARISIENNE.—It is barely possible that American genius is to be outdone in a field hitherto regarded as peculiarly its own. We may some day go to Paris for our bear stories as we do now for our dresses. There is no accounting for the whims of the literary public; the plate, unvarnished tale indigenous to the American frontier, may lie unread while that capricious public stands agast in appreciative horror of *Le Figaro's* depictions. That Paris journal in a recent issue announces the tragic death of Mons. W. Benton, an American newspaper reporter who fell a victim to his heroic devotion to duty. The lamented W. Benton scattered abroad the dollars of his journal with princely munificence, was on intimate terms with all the political and military celebrities of Europe, spoke eight languages with perfect fluency, and assisted at all the wars of the Old World as a most conscientious spectator. He had gained admission to Prince Gertschakoff's presence as a tailor, to Bismarck's as a dog merchant, to the Congress of Berlin as a photographer, and had gone to royal banquets disguised as a waiter and to royal burials as a coffin-bearer. In 1867 he made the acquaintance of Mlle. Schneider in the role of a Brazilian diamond miner, while during the Franco-Prussian war he figured as a Turco (blackier than life), a Zouave or a Uhlan, according as the exigencies of the situation demanded. This accomplished journalist was about three weeks ago in a great German city, where the sensation of the time was a troupe of trained bears. There were six of them, and they went through their drills and other performances with such startling regularity that it was very generally suspected that they were not bears, but men disguised in bear-skins. W. Benton thought as much, and offered to wager with the manager that he would enter the den, but the manager declined to sanction the enterprise. W. Benton thereupon wrote all the journalists of the city, and had them to be present at the afternoon performance next day, when he intended to unmask the humbug. Having bribed an employe of the menagerie, Benton, disguised as a bear, entered the cage. His five companions seemed furiously excited, but he attributed this to their desire to fend off suspicion. The public applauded enthusiastically. It was then that the unhappy being, desirous of coming out of his plan, un-camped the circus by turning toward the press box, removing his bear's head and bowing politely. A tremendous roar of laughter, followed by an immense shriek of terror. The bears, on seeing this human face, precipitated themselves upon the unfortunate man. Before the tamer could take steps to save him, the reporter, frightfully mutilated, had breathed his last. This perished the poor W. Benton, whose editor-in-chief seeks vainly a man fit to replace him.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun. THE BOGARDUS RULES.

FOR shooting pigeons from traps, the rules lately published by A. H. Bogardus are to be especially recommended, omitting as they do some objectionable features of various other

rules, and making some marked improvements over even his own previous rules.

His letter published in FOREST AND STREAM of November 28, giving reasons for these rules, suggests a conversation on the subject of trap rules that I had with its author and "Baring Blot" (Hon. J. H. Ackley in New Orleans at the time of the great tournament in the spring of 1876).

It was generally conceded that it was essential to the popularity of trap shooting in this country at least, that "trap shooting should be made as much like field shooting as possible." The tournament was shot under rules framed by "Baring Blot," and these rules were very comprehensive.

Yet in one notable instance, at least, were they defective, as acknowledged by their author; and I am glad that the defect, also common to some other rules, has been remedied in the new Bogardus rules, by that rule on double shooting, which requires that "both birds must be shot at, and if the first is shot at." And if in any case "no bird" is declared, "the shooter shall have two more birds to shoot at."

If I remember aright there are various club rules which require the shooter, in case one bird is killed and the other alights, to shoot at a single bird, sprung from the trap at three yards greater distance. To kill two birds thus is far from being a feat, and, as a rule, is not a fair test of single bird shooting. As a pigeon match should be a trial of the skill of the shooter, and not of the respective merits of guns, the enlargement of the boundary from 80 yards to 100 yards is a marked improvement, as also the rule requiring "ties to be shot off at the same distance as when shooting the match." Too often has a good shooter been defeated simply because some of his rivals, no more skillful in the use of a gun, have shot with guns that were superior to his for trap shooting.

I remember an occasion of two gentlemen, shooting off ties, when it was suggested that the distance should be increased at once from 31 yards to 81 yards. As one gentleman was shooting with a 10 lb. "full choke" bore gun, and the other with an 8 lb. cylinder bore, there was naturally some objection made to such an arrangement, whereby the match was so very unequal, and the result was a foregone conclusion. The rule, rather than by the respective skill of the shooter.

Another improvement to the credit of the Bogardus rules is in relation to birds shot on the ground. "If a bird is shot on the ground before it takes wing, it shall be scored as a lost bird; but if shot on the ground after it has taken wing, it shall be counted no bird."

This is justice in cases where a slow or low-flying bird is taken in the aim of the shooter, who catches the trigger on the trigger when the bird at the same instant unexpectedly alights.

Some of these new rules referred to are identical in both form and principle with what I have often advocated and urged upon the attention of sportsmen who shoot at pigeons from the trap.

Last year I happened to be present at the annual club match for the championship of Maine, and was called upon to officiate as judge thereof. The match was shot under local rules, the deficiencies of which were evident to the various gentlemen whose attention I called to them at that time, and those deficiencies and defects would be remedied by the adoption of the rules whereof I write.

The rule of using but one barrel for single birds, so generally adopted in this country, and which I claimed for that it will insure care at every shot. And an element of chance is excluded, which enters into the shooting with both barrels when the smoke may cause several losses to one shooter, and perhaps none to another.

Yet the privilege of using the second barrel, which obtains in England and quite generally in Europe, has great merit in at least one respect. It teaches the ready and accurate use of the second barrel, the lack of which readiness is felt by many sportsmen. Many sportsmen have I know who would be so flurried by a miss as to be unable to use the second barrel, or even attempt to. I can remember when I so affected myself, but by practice have long since entirely overcome this serious drawback. Very often in field shooting the second barrel will need renders more satisfaction to the sportsman than the first.

Believing, however, that the new rules are the most perfect and desirable one yet published, and that their own merits will commend them to sportsmen, I would suggest for them the name of "The Bogardus Rules," with the hope that they will be adopted generally throughout the country.

December 1, 1878.

EVERETT SMITH.

A THOUSAND WILD TURKEYS.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, NOV. 26, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

There are many who anticipate a few months, or weeks, of Southern pleasure and recreation—I mean men living in the cold North. I can safely say that probably there can be found no place equal in all respects to Western Texas. I have resided in the city of San Antonio five years, and have enjoyed many pleasant hours in showing country, such as sportsmen know how to appreciate, to visitors from many Northern States. I will give a short sketch of a hour of twelve days, from which I, with a party of five others, have just returned.

Fully supplied with all necessary equipments for twelve days in the nest, we started from the Alamo City on Tuesday, the 12th of the present month, our destination being the neighborhood of Frio City. We brought up about fifteen miles beyond that place, leaving our camp at about 10 miles on the Yo-o-digo, fifteen miles from Frio City. There we settled down and went to work for deer, and spent two or three days, but found the deer rather scarce, only killing seven. We finally determined on a change of base, and began to retrace our steps, coming ten miles northeast of Frio City and camping on the Saco, where we said our attention to the turkey. I can safely assert that the Saco is one of, if not the most favorite, places for turkey in Texas. It is a small stream, and runs only a few miles, but the water is so pure, and the banks are so timbered, and all such streams are in Western Texas, with scattered clumps of live oak and other trees. The clumps of trees, especially where you find a water hole, are favorite spots for the turkey to roost in, and here is where the hunters go to shoot them. I am well aware that many consider this a barbarous way of slaughtering turkey; but let them come to Western Texas and I will stake my reputation as a sportsman they will do as we do. The idea of calling a turkey up to shoot him, is a very old one, and you have seen them do it all time, but we only shoot for camp. They usually wait until we start for home; then we have fresh turkey. I will assert that I saw in one roost, the night before we left, in one hundred yards distance, over a thousand turkeys. I killed at least twenty-five turkeys in thirty minutes. Our whole cul of turkey on the tramp was over a hundred, seven deer, innumerable quail, both the common and blue topped, one wild boar, four avocets, or wild muskrat hog. This section is the wildest I have ever seen in Texas. I could write pages upon many things, strange and new, which I saw on this

Game No. 89.

Played recently at the Divan, Black receiving a Knight. Remove White's Q Kt:

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
Mr. Macdonnell.	Dr. E.	Mr. Macdonnell.	Dr. E.
1-P-K4	1-P-K4	8-Q-Kt5	8-R-K
2-B-B4	2-B-B4	9-B-K6	9-Q-Q3
3-K-K3	3-K-K3	10-B-K3 (d)	10-R-K3
4-P-K4	4-B-Kt (b)	11-Castles	11-P-K5 B
5-B-Kt5	5-P-Kt5	12-P-Kt5	12-Q-Q1
6-Q-Q3	6-Q-Q3	13-R-Kt5 P	13-R-Kt5 P
7-Q-B-Kt5	7-Kt-Kt5 P		

- (n) Kt-Q3 is preferable. NOTES.
 (1) This is not advisable. He might safely play 4-P-Q3, but at the odds I consider 4-P-Q4 better still. Receivers of Kt odds would not want to note that P-Q3, when played early, is in almost all open games "anxious to the opponent."
 (c) Here he should most decidedly play P-Q4.
 (d) A very menacing move, especially against an odds receiver. I apprehend that Black's best play is B-K3.

CURSORY JOTTINGS.

The score in the International Tourney now stands: Great Britain, 14; America, 13; drawn, 2. Hur— but we had better wait awhile.

—Mr. Cook, President of the A. C. and P. Association, can find no authority in the laws of the Association empowering him to investigate the charges preferred against the managers of the recent problem tourney. Happy, voiceless McKim! If Mr. Loyd pocketed Secretary McKim, as the *Twit* broadly intimates, it is now time that the chess public petitioned that a single stitch be cut, and the Secretary allowed to escape. We are not inclined to be unkind, and we only await his reappearance astride a friend's "chariot wheel" rolling down hill, seeking "vindication" in order that we may applaud as well as laugh at a disgraced officer of the Association. That "chariot wheel" will, of course, be suitably decorated, and we further suggest that a motto be affixed to it. The following occurs to us as appropriate: *Sile et philosophia esto*.

—The *Westminster Papers* for December is an interesting and attractive number. Mr. W. T. Pierce contributes the first installment of his analysis of the opening by a table of reference to model games. The three pages devoted to this feature are also worth the price of the number. Address *Westminster Papers*, 8 Salisbury Court, Fleet St., London, E. C., England.

—The *American Chess Journal* for November is a decided improvement on its recent predecessors, and the management announce that more attention will be given to its preparation, and the typographical errors, so frequent of late, will be looked after in the future. The following are the prizes, rules, etc., of its first Problem Tournament: Prizes—1, volume of "Chess Strategy" and \$10; 2, volume of "Chess Strategy" and \$5; 3, *American Chess Journal* and "Strategy" 1; 4, "Cent. Prob. Book" and "Chess Strategy" 5; 5, "Chess Strategy" 6. Free to all the world; one problem (with solution) only should be mailed to *American Chess Journal*, 68 Cornhill St., New York City prior to Feb. 1, 1897; problems to be 3, 4 or 5 moves. "To give competitors a fair and equal chance, we will explain that the problems will be graded according to their actual difficulty—the number of moves, and how many pieces are employed in their construction. Every problem will be solved by a committee, and a record of time consumed in each problem will be kept. One-thirtieth of this time will be deducted for each piece employed in the construction of the problem, and the average balance will give the rating of each problem. We are compelled that a three-move problem should be six times as difficult as a two-move, and a four-move four times as difficult as a three; a five-move problem should be therefore as difficult as 120 two-move problems." The rating of each problem will be given at the time of its publication, and the awards will probably be published in February, 1897. A solvers' tourney is also announced in connection with the above problem tourney, and the prizes offered are well worth trying for. This programme is somewhat novel, but will doubtless prove an attraction to problemists. The manner in which the difficulty of a problem is ascertained, it seems to us, favors a class of problemists to the exclusion of others, who consider beautiful variations obtained by the use of additional force. In order that no one may misconstrue our remarks on this point, we state that we refer more particularly to the pieces employed for defensive purposes. The use of unnecessary or inactive pieces for the attack, in order to increase the difficulty of the problem, or to obtain unnecessary variations, although sanctioned by some, should be handicapped in this or a similar manner. The programme with this exception is very good.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. S. F., Cincinnati, O.—The top of diagram, as you infer, is Black's side of the board, and the bottom White's, etc. The author's solution to No. 50 is as follows:

1-Q-Kt5	1-Q-P-Kt5 Q	1-Kt-Q3 ch	1-B-P-Kt5 Q
2-R-K5 ch	2-R-Kt5 P	2-B-K5 mate	2-K-Kt5 P
3-B-K5 mate			

J. A. G., Jackson, Miss.—In Game No. 84 the move of 20-Kt-K5 should read, according to A. C. J., 20-Kt-K5. We agree with you.

W. A. B., Montpelier, Vt.—We do not think that B-B3 will solve No. 15, or that Kt-K5 ch will solve No. 27. Examine No. 16 again. We give your solution to No. 27 below, hoping that our solvers and the author will point out to you the unsoundness of your proposed double solution. It cannot do so, as our time at present, as during the past few months, is fully taken up with other matters, much to our regret:

1-Kt-K5 ch	1-P-Kt5 P	1-K-Q4	1-K-Q4
2-R-K5 ch	2-K-Q4 B3	2-Q-Q4	2-Kt interposes
3-R-K5 mate		3-Q-Kt5 Kt mate	

H. A. A., Williamstown, Conn.—We have complied with your request. Should like to hear from you occasionally.

C. W., Winsted, Conn.—Your favor duly received. Sorry that you cannot devote more time to chess.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Communications.

WHEN TO GO FOR GAME.—Correspondents who send us specific questions as to where to find best localities for game and fish are referred to our game columns. All the news that comes to us is there given. By keeping themselves informed from this source our friends will save themselves and us much trouble. Read the paper.

Dr. E. S., Cleveland, O.—The leaves and buds you send us, and which were found in the crop of a ruffed grouse, are those of the white birch.

P. O. B., Watertown, Conn.—Will a new model "Whitney" rifle, long-range, cal. 44, 71 grs., carry a distance of 4 miles or more? Ans. No.

Dick, Painesville, O.—The puppies probably have worms. We would suggest sanative in doses of one grain, to be followed by $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. of castor oil.

J. A. R., Woodville, Miss.—We believe Ritzman & Co. to be square dealers and a reliable firm. Shall be pleased to hear anything further of the movements of Messina quail.

G. N. R., Worcester, Mass.—For cheap trip to Indian River, Florida, we know of no better way than to go by steamer to Jacksonville, and then take schooner to the River.

BROOK BONES, New York.—My setter puppy six months old has a spot of red mange about the size of a silver dollar on his head. What shall I do for him? Ans. Rub it with crude petroleum.

G. L. W., Steubenville, O.—Please give me your opinion on decarbonized steel gun barrels. Ans. We do not consider them safe for large charges, and certainly not as strong as twist or laminated steel.

HARZ TATCHEL, Montreal, Can.—Bogardus offers the American championship medal for competition in Brooklyn next week. He has himself withdrawn from the championship. Any one can be a champion on paper.

J. J. APPLEBY.—Mr. H. J. Appleby, a resident of Meadville, Pa., disappeared from that city very mysteriously Sept. 21, 1878. Will any one knowing his present whereabouts send his address to this office, or to his wife, Mrs. Fanny Appleby, Meadville, Pa.

J. A. C., Wakefield, N. H.—What is the best medicine for tape-worm in a dog, simplest and most efficacious? Ans. Areas nat is probably the most efficacious remedy known, but should be freshly grated and given in repeated doses until the effect is produced.

SUBSCRIBER, Phila.—It is not necessary that the shells should fill the chamber when loaded; if you can turn them down with a reamer to the shot they will fill the chamber when discharged. You can use the sawdust as you suggest, or another way over powder.

T. H. ATLANTA, Ga.—Please examine sample of powder that you will find inclosed, and give me name, etc., and where it can be procured, also price? Ans. The powder is the Dittmar powder, and can be bought in this city for \$1 per canister from H. C. Squires, No. 1 Courtland st.

R. B. T., Orrville, O.—What length, weight, gauge and also pattern for each barrel would you recommend me to get for hunting pheasant, quail, woodcock and squirrel? Ans. 15 gauge 30 inch barrels, weight 3 pounds, lead barrel to make a pattern of about 200, No. 6 shot and the right about 170.

II., Philadelphia.—Can you give me the name of any party that understands making up leather goods, such as a buckskin coat, in a first class manner? Ans. Messrs. G. W. Simmons & Son, Boston, manufacture leather shooting suits, and so, we believe, do Thomson & Son, 301 Broadway, this city.

II. H. II., Philadelphia.—What would be the proper charge for a ten gauge Remington, weight eight pounds? What would be an average pattern for the charge. Ans. $\frac{3}{4}$ to 4 dr. powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. shot for upland shooting. For a cylinder bored gun, 170 pellets of No. 6 shot in a 30-inch circle would be a good pattern.

C. H. II., Lynn, Mass.—Your dog has a very rare disease known as "turnside," which is an inflammation of one side of the brain only. He may recover if you put a poultice on his neck and give him nitrate of silver, say two grains, carefully powdered and mixed with crumbs of bread enough to make eight pills; give three pills a day, first giving a purgative.

S. D., Uniondale, Pa.—Can you give the address of some good, reliable firm in Michigan that could send me a few deer skins. I want to get a few untanned and tan them myself, or could I get them as cheap in N. Y. city? Ans. You would do better through the restaurant keepers and market dealers in New York city. See Van Nostrand's advertisement in our paper, Washington Market.

II. K., New York.—Please let me know whether the pointer dog Sensation, belonging to the Westminster Kennel Club, has produced any noted dogs in this country? Also, where can these be seen? Would you recommend him as a stud dog, or do you know of a better? Ans. Sensation is the sire of a number of very excellent field dogs, and from his own field qualities, breeding and bench-show successes we know of no better dog to breed to.

D. G. J., Cedarville, Ohio.—How should a minnow net about four feet long, to be pushed ahead of a single person, be hung? Should it be hung with the meshes at the braid closed or with the meshes open? I hung one the latter way, but the top and bottom lines have a tendency to draw toward each other in the middle, and the result is it does not lie close to the bottom of the water. Ans. If it will not work one way, try it another. Address the parties through the London Field.

J. W. S., Manfordville, Ky.—1. Is the Dittmar powder free from dirt and smoke, and what is the price? 2. Where can the best pin-drawers be purchased? We have trouble in finding a first-class shell No. 14. 3. Is there a brass pin-draw shell made? Ans. 1. Yes, comparatively so; price $\frac{1}{2}$ per can, equal in bulk to one pound black powder. 2. Nearly all dealers in this city keep them. You would be very apt to find an assortment at Schuyler, Hartley & Graham's A. S. No.

ELVERN GACON, Monroe, Mich.—What is the difference in pattern of 11 gauge muzzle-loader, 42 in. barrels, loaded (14) with wire carcasses, No. 1 shot, and (24) with same size shot, loaded in the usual way, 60 yds.? Please give me proper load for such a gun. Ans. As you could tell in ten minutes by firing two shots, and as we have never tried such an experiment, we can scarcely understand why you should ask us. As for a charge for a gun of 42 in. barrels and unknown weight, we cannot give it.

KNOWS HIM.—We were unable to answer a question regarding a gunmaker named Sutherland, but a correspondent, writing from Richmond, Va., kindly supplies the information. He writes as follows: "I noticed in last week's issue of your paper an inquiry for S. Sutherland, gun-maker. He manufactured guns here in this city for twenty-five years; some of them are used now by our best shots; he died two years ago and was succeeded in business by his sons, under the style of S. Sutherland & Sons."

DRAW.—Suppose A, B, C and D are playing draw poker. A bets a certain amount on his hand; B and C content themselves with "seeing" him. Does that fact prevent D from "raising," or is he also obliged to content himself to "seeing" the other three? Ans. Well, really, we are not up on this sort of thing, but we have it on the authority of a man who once made a small fortune in the business that D can "raise the whole party," whatever that may mean. We can conceive of no possible reason why he should not.

BICERS, Boston.—What way of exercising is the very best to enlarge the biceps? Ans. A blacksmith's hammer persistently wielded for 8 hours a day, "chinning" yourself on a horizontal bar, lifting iron barrels, and various other exercises are highly esteemed. If you have a pulling machine, the best way to use it is to pull it. There are several "professors" in New York and Boston who will teach you how to strike

from the shoulder. They advertise to enlarge the biceps very markedly, particularly just above the eye.

J. S. P., Albany.—For the book "Down Channel" write to Charles Wilson, late Norie & Wilson, 157 Leadenhall street, London E. C., England. Price about 4s., or \$1 in England. Can be sent to you by mail or we can procure it for you. Other books of a similar character are: "The Cruise of the Kate," by Middleton, price \$2; and "Orion," a cruise in a 10-ton yacht single-handed, price \$1.75. Both by same publisher. See our book reviews this week and next. Can order the above upon receipt of price. Time, about four weeks, as our dealer in America keeps such books in stock. The "Cruise of the Kate" is an account of a voyage around England in a little 30 ft. yawl, and interesting and instructive to Cornishmen.

T. S. S.—1. How many No. 8 Leroy shot, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. with 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ dr. DuPont's ducking, two pink-edge loads on powder, one oz. shot, ought a good Parker gun put in a 24-inch circle at 45 yards; also at 30 yards, said gun being a 12-gauge 30-inch? 2. Is 3 dr. DuPont's powder (next grade to ducking) or 3 dr. dead shot powder, with 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. shot, sufficient for quail, gun 5 pounds, same gun as above? 3. What book contains best instructions for an amateur shot, and where to be had. Ans. 1. The usual distance for testing guns is at 40 yards and at a 30-inch circle, with 2, 6 shot. Test your gun in this way, let us know the result, and we will tell you if the pattern is a good one. 2. We should, $\frac{3}{4}$ dr. at least. 4. "Bogardus' Field, Cover and Trap Shooting" to be had at this office.

POWNER, Pittsburgh.—My pointer scratches himself constantly when he is in the house and drags himself on his belly on the rugs and carpet. In his kennel he is not so restless, but he seems to be tormented, and can never be done with scratching. He has no skin trouble, and with fine-tooth comb can find no lice or fleas; eyes clear, bowels regular, appetite good; works well in the field. 2. What is the "Field Trial" dog, as now imported under that name? Ans. 1. There must either be some skin trouble or else worms. If there are no symptoms whatever of the latter, we should try Fowler's Solution—say ten drops twice a day. 2. The so-called "Field Trial" strain, now known as the "Llewellyn setter" comprises the dogs bred by Mr. Llewellyn (and their descendants) by his Dan out of Laverack bitches, or by a Laverack dog out of a sister to Dan.

"I O DIED OF POTASSIUM."

He's dead, then? Poor fellow; gone at last! I had no thought that he was going so fast, but knew he would come to it soon or late. For his credit was getting in a very bad state. I O was clever and good, and ever so kind; wouldn't slight even the lowest one he could find. He would borrow any sum he had money to lend; would owe him always rather than chest a good friend. Now, I O was a friend built on the adjustable plan. He could love or hate either this or that man, just whichever ever you said he was always your treat. He was a gentleman always. You say dead? Ah, well, be it so! Let him rest in peace. He was a jolly good fellow and lived at his ease; so well that he was a good deal of a success. That all who pass by may know I O died of Potassium. HALL HAZEN.

* Gender rather mixed, but purely from a motive of gallantry.

National Pastimes.

NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB.—The second annual winter meeting of this club will be held at Gilmore's Garden, this city, on the evenings of Jan. 3d and 4th. Full particulars may be obtained by addressing the Secretary, P. O. Box 3101, New York.

HARE AND HOUNDS.—The Westchester Hare and Hounds will hold their second meet Christmas morning. The start will be from Schroder's Hotel, near the entrance of Woodlawn Cemetery, and the run is to be across the country and of three hours duration. The hares will be Messrs. Frank Banham and W. S. Yeaburg; the master of the hunt Col. Delancey Kane, and the first and second whips Messrs. J. B. Haviland and James Lowe.

—The Queens County Hunt talk of building a club-house.

ARCHERY.—Cranfordville, Ind., Dec. 13.—Mr. Will H. Thompson shot the "York Round" with this result:

No. arws.	Yards.	Hits.	Score.
72	100	32	128
48	50	34	161
24	60	23	111
Total.....		89	400

SCISSORS.—In a newspaper office scissors are as necessary as pen and ink. Marx Bros., 480 Broadway, N. Y., manufacture Young's patent folding scissors, which are just the thing for an editor to carry in his vest pocket. Now let some one contrive a pair of scissors which will clip out a good dog, put a new head on it and give credit at the bottom. We will buy a couple of dozen for our contemporaries.

AN EGOTIC EARL AND HIS DOGS.—The Earl of Bridgewater lived in Paris during the last century, when, according to the *Kelco Mail*, the circus was new and they took place. He was a miserable-looking little man, unable to walk without the aid of two lackeys. He had an immense fortune, which he spent in gratifying every caprice. Was a book lent to him, it was representative of its owner, and returned in the Earl's hand, occupying the place of honor, and attended by four footmen in costly livery, who handed it to the astonished owner. His carriage was frequently to be seen filled with dogs, his special pets. On the feet of these dogs he bestowed as much attention as though they were human beings. He ordered them boots, for which he paid dearly as for his own. Not caring to entertain his own kind at the table, few people dined with him. Still, covers were daily laid for a dozen, served by suitable attendants. At this table he received and dined with no less than twelve favorite dogs, who seemed to comprehend the comfort of them, as they occupied their chairs with decorum, each with his white napkin tied round its neck. They were so trained that should any, by an instinct of appetite, transgress any rule of good manners, he was banished from the table, and degraded to an ante-chamber, where he picked his bone in mortification, his place remaining empty until he had earned his master's pardon.

Admirers of Artistic Pottery and Glass are invited to inspect some choice examples selected by Messrs. TIFFANY & CO. during the Paris Exposition, including:

New Plaques by Minton, decorated by Mussill with novel marine designs.

Salvati's latest reproductions of the Venetian Glass of the Sixteenth century.

Fac-similes of the Trojan iridescent bronze glass exhumed by Dr. Schliemann.

New Plaques by Copeland, decorated with strongly drawn heads by Hewitt.

Reproductions, by Doulton, of old Flemish stone ware.

Reproductions of the Scinde Pottery made by the Bombay Art Society.

Recent examples of Ginori's reproductions of old Italian majolica.

Specimens of Capo di Monti ware, Austrian iridescent and enameled Glass and Limoges Faience of new colors.

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MANUFACTURER OF

Fine Silk and Felt Hats.

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CUTLERY.

Quality Guaranteed.

PRICES AS LOW AS ANY HOUSE IN THE UNITED STATES.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

J. CURLEY & BROTHER,

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Sportsman's Lantern,
(Patented June 4, 1878),
Combining CAMP LANTERN
HAND LANTERN, HEAD
"JACK," & STAFF
"JACK."

**FERGUSON'S IMPROVED
RUST PREVENTER**

For Fire-Arms, etc. Superior to all others. Water-proof for Boats, Insect Repellants, Gun, etc.
Send for descriptive Circular.

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dec5

The New AIR PISTOL
shoots darts and slugs.
Black enameled slugs,
darts, fifty slugs, \$1.75.
Full Nickel Plate, \$2.50.
Sent, prepaid, on receipt
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In all Qualities and Sizes of English Dye.

Fur-Lined Circulars,

CLOAKS AND WRAPS,

From Paris, and of our own make.

FUR TRIMMINGS, GENTS' FURS,

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RUGS AND MATS.

Large assortment, superior styles and make, and at Low Prices.

Orders by mail, or information desired, will receive special and prompt attention.

The Kennel.

SPRATT'S PATENT

MEAT FIBRINE DOG CAKES.

Twenty-one Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals awarded, including Medal of English Kennel Club, and of Westminster Kennel Club, New York.



None are genuine unless so stamped

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BROWN & HILDER, St. Louis, Western Agents.

For sale in cases of 112 pounds.

Fleas! Fleas! Worms! Worms!

STEADMAN'S FLEA POWDER for DOGS

A Bane to Fleas—A Boon to Dogs.

This Powder is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animals, or money returned. It is put up in patent boxes with sliding pepper box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and efficacious.

Price 50 cents by mail, Postpaid

ARECA NUT FOR WORMS IN DOGS

A CERTAIN REMEDY.

Put up in boxes containing a dozen powders, with full directions for use.

Price 50 cents per box by mail.

Both the above are recommended by ROD AND GUN and FOREST AND STREAM.

W. HOLBERTON.

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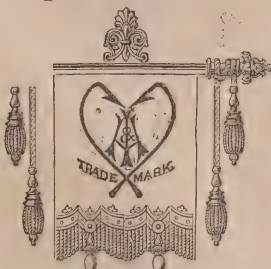
AUTHOR OF THE

"Practical Kennel Guide," &c.

begs to inform Ladies and Gentlemen in America that he purchases and sends out dogs of any desired breed, fit for the highest competition.

N. B.—A bad dog never left the Doctor's Kennels.

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NEW YORK:

48 Maiden Lane,

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The Kennel.

GRAND INTERNATIONAL

BENCH SHOW OF DOGS.

January 7, 8, 9 & 10, 1879.

AT

DETROIT, MICH.

Price Lists now ready, and can be had of

CHAS. LINCOLN,

Supt.

Entries close 31st Dec.

dec5 4t



Splendid kennel accommodations; dogs have daily access to salt water.

dec10 1t

Imperial Kennel.

Setters and Pointers Boarded,

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Young Dogs handled with skill

and judgment.

Address,

H. C. GLOVER,

TOMS RIVER, N. J.

LISTEN!



The Sportsman's Bell tells the position of the dog, causes the birds to lie closer. Valuable in early woodcock shooting, cocking and general shooting where the cover is thick. Sold by dealers in guns and sporting goods. Samples sent by mail postpaid, 30 cents. **BEVIN BROS. MANUFACTURING CO.,** East Hampton, Conn.

sept19 3m

COCKER SPANIEL

Breeding Kennel

or

M. P. MCKOON, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y.

I keep only cockers of the finest strains. Sell only young stock. I guarantee satisfaction and safe delivery to every customer. These beautiful and intelligent dogs cannot be beaten for ruffed grouse and woodcock shooting and retrieving. Correspondents enclosing stamp will get printed pedigrees, circulars, testimonials, etc.

110 1t

COCKERS! COCKERS!

Sportsmen in want of first-class cocker spaniels write at once to **CHAS. S. HITCHCOCK**, Secretary Outcote Kennel Club, Franklin, Delaware County, N. Y. Stock and delivery guaranteed. Price \$16 each for dog or bitch pups.

sept12 1t

THE NEW YORK KENNEL CLUB offer for sale out of Mollie, Mollie Adams' pups out of St. Kildar. Pups whelped May 16, 1878. Address **DR. H. M. QUINBY**, Worcester, Mass.

nov25 1t

FOR SALE—Six pups by Luther Adams' Drake out of Mollie. Mollie Adams' pups out of St. Kildar. Pups whelped May 16, 1878. Address **DR. H. M. QUINBY**, Worcester, Mass.

nov25 1t

FOR SALE—One liver-and-white (very handsome) pointer dog pup, by our champion imported Snapshot, out of Fanny II.; full pedigree. Price \$25. **LINCOLN & HELLYAR**, Warren, Mass.

dec15 1t

FOR SALE—My pair of celebrated dogs; pedigree guaranteed. **DASH**—A coal-black setter, 4 years old; weight, 60 lbs.; thoroughly broken on quail, woodcock and grouse; nose unsurpassed; a splendid retriever; kind and gentle; by Henderson; price \$50.

GROUSE—A liver and white (small) pointer; weight, 50 lbs.; 1st prize winner; thoroughly broken on quail, woodcock and grouse; A1 nose; a good retriever; very stylish; price \$60.

Both of these dogs have been hunted on the game named, and have had thousands of birds killed over them. Sold for want of use. Price for pair, \$100. **A. J. WOMELSHORS**, Fortville, Pa.

The Kennel.

FOR SALE—Pure-blooded Gordon setter bitch Jennie, of J. R. Tully's stock; has raised several litters of pups, good mother and kind; color, black-and-tan; not a white hair on her; a splendid bitch in every respect; some of her pups won second prize at St. Louis Show; refer to Chicago Field, December 29, 1877; two of her pups were sold by J. McWhorter, of Canton, Mo., \$100 and \$125 a piece; broke on woodcock, quail and snipe; this is a good opportunity for parties in want of a good bitch or hunter to secure one. Full pedigree given. Price \$40. Also a very handsome Gordon bitch, eleven months old; will make a good one; dam, Jennie; sire, Tcm, the best dog in Lancaster on quail; full pedigree. Price \$25. **H. B. VONDERSMITH**, Lancaster, Pa.

dec10 1t

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred red Irish setters from 6 weeks to 1 year old, by Elcho, Rory O'Moore, etc., and out of bitches containing blood of Imp. Punkett, Sell, Buck, Flowers and Burges, Imbus and Friend. Address **E. J. ROBBINS**, Wethersfield, Conn.

dec 19

FOR SALE—Four well bred and well broke setters: two out of John E. Devlin's imported Irish bitch Moya; sire, Punkett; one out of imported Nell, by Punkett, the other by O'Doherty's Pania. Also **DAVID G. HARTT**, Northport, Suffolk County, N. Y.

dec10 1t

FOR SALE—Setter pups, by P. H. Morris; Well-well setter, Czar, out of Horace Smith's Gypsy. Also some pups by Buck out of Quail II.; both imported red Irish. Address **HORACE SMITH**, 33 Park Row, Room 8.

dec12 2t

COCKERS FOR SALE—Three cocker spaniel puppies, six months old, by Wm. A. Winsor, of first prize, N. Y., 1877, and second, 1878, out of Midge, winner of second N. Y., 1878. Apply to **FRED. H. HOE**, Tarrytown, N. Y.

dec19 2t

BLUE BLOODS FOR SALE—Some fine English setter pups, five months old, for sale, out of imported Kate II., by imported Lavacack, Pride of the Border. Kate II. is a sister of Lordship's Dash II. and Luther Adams' Dash III. Address **E. A. HERZBERG**, Yonkers, N. Y.

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FOR SALE—A red Irish setter dog and a liver-and-white pointer dog pup. Address **N. R. BAKER**, Topeka, Kansas.

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FOR SALE.

One million brook trout eggs—ready for delivery

from the 1st of Nov. to Jan. 20. Send for price list

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MINNESOTA FARM—For sale, 1,660 acres improved land in Rock County, Minnesota, with farm house, corn shaves, cow house, hen house, grain house, fences, trees, windbreaks, elevator, windmill, wells, grading, running streams, a clear water; directly on line St. Paul and Sioux City Railroad; price \$15,000. Only one half mile by rail from county seat. Sold only to increase farming interest in land and neighborhood. No such bargain to be had in the entire West. Photographs shown and full specifications given on application to **CHAS. HALLOCK**, office of FOREST AND STREAM.

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I HAVE perfected a valuable device for the use of sportsmen who may desire shot-gun practice at a training camp. Having engagements occupying my entire time, I am desirous of locating a responsible man to introduce the improvement. **C. E. HESTER**, care Editor FOREST AND STREAM.

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All Sewed; No Pasting. Price, \$6.

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Total surplus as per Insurance Commis-
sioner's report, 1,621,078 98
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There will be only 15,000 Tickets, 632 Full Prizes,
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Smallest Prize, \$1,000.

1 Prize of	\$500,000
1 "	100,000
1 "	50,000
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488 "	1,000
9 Approximations of \$2,000 each, for the 9 remaining units of number drawing the \$50,000 prize	18,000
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532 Prizes am't to Spanish Doll. 1,352,000.
PRICE IN CURRENCY.
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\$100. \$50. \$25.
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Prizes cashed, orders filled, and information given free.

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SHELTON'S Auxiliary Rifle Barrel for Breech-Loading Shot-Guns.



This barrel can be placed in a gun ready for use in a second of time with the same ease as a cartridge, and can be removed just as expeditiously. There is no wear on the rifle barrel, nor on the shot-gun, and it cannot get out of order. With this Auxiliary Barrel, which weighs about one pound, almost instantly a breech-loading shot-gun can be converted into a most accurate rifle. THE AUXILIARY BARREL will fit any standard make of gun of 10 or 12-calibre—calibre of rifle 32, 38, or 44, as desired. Length of barrel, twenty inches. The shells used with the best advantage are the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.'s cartridges, No. 32 and 38, extra long, and No. 44, model 1878. Send for a Circular and Price List.

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ESTABLISHED, 1811.

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MANUFACTURERS' AGENTS,

Importers and Dealers in all Makes and Qualities of

Breech Loading Fire Arms,

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STORES: No. 19 North Sixth St., No. 220 North Second St., and No. 527 Commerce St.

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WEBLEY'S TREBLE WEDGE GUNS,



WITHOUT A RIVAL.

Messrs. F. WEBLEY & SONS, Birmingham and London, who, it will be remembered, received the highest award at both Vienna and Philadelphia, have secured the most perfect machinery for gun making ever set up in any factory in England. The result is, that they can now turn out guns perfectly uniform in excellence, and in much increased quantity as to greatly reduce the cost.

Their specialties this year are their BEAUTIFUL TREBLE WEDGE GUNS, Nos. 1 and 2, of which the above cut will give a tolerably fair idea. Every gun has fine Damascus or Laminated Steel Barrels, Rebounding Bar Locks, Pistol Grip, Extension Bolt, Lever Fore-piece, and Treble Bolt. It is a new thing to be able to buy a fine breech-loader, with every possible appliance which can contribute to its beauty, convenience, or excellence in shooting, at the price of ordinary guns.

In addition to the Treble Wedge Guns, we have on hand about fifty of Webley's Breech-Loaders, Top and Side Lever, Single and Double Bolt, of various grades, which arrived last year, after the season was over. These guns we are rapidly clearing out at greatly reduced prices. It is fair to say that as regards soundness, durability, and perfection in shooting, these guns are in no way inferior to the Treble Wedge Guns. Many of them are from 5 to 10 lbs. weight, and are splendid guns for duck shooting or for killing large game at long range.

The fifty guns mentioned above are all that now remain of a much larger number referred to by us in the FOREST AND STREAM in October, and as the season is now well advanced we will allow an additional discount upon the few that are left, provided they are ordered in December.

WEBLEY'S GUNS are remarkably Strong, Close Shooters, and do not need any additional choking.

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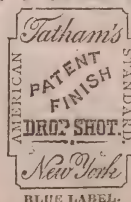
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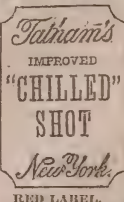
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BLUE LABEL.

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Compressed Buck Shot.

FIRST PREMIUM, CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION—REPORT—"Exact uniformity of size and spherical form; high degree of density and general excellence."

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FRANK SCHLEY'S AMERICAN



Partridge & Pheasant Shooting.

Describing the Habits, Haunts, and Methods of Hunting and Shooting the American Partridge—Quail; Huffed Grouse—Pheasants, with directions for handling the gun, hunting the dog, and shooting on the wing. Price, \$2. Liberal discount to the trade. To be had at book stores generally. Also for sale one double-barrel breech-loading central fire shot-gun, 12-gauge. Address,

Frank Schley,

Oct 11 Frederick City, Md.

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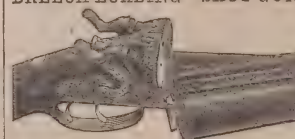
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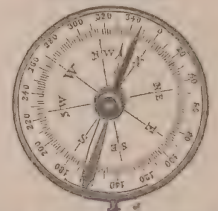
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1878.

Volume 11—No. 21.
[No. 111 Fulton St., N. Y.]

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun. MAXINKUCKEE.

Here is a scene for a painter—
A gleaming and glorified lake,
With its framing of forest and prairie,
And its echings of thicket and brake;
With its grandeur and boldness of headland,
Where the oaks and the tamaracs grow
A-league with the sunlight of heaven,
And the spirit-like shadows below.

Where the swallows skim over the surface,
And quaff as they touch the clear wave;
Where the robins seek out the cool waters,
And warily venture to lave;
Where the sandpiper toys with the plashes,
And whistles his passionate note,
And the water-bugs sail like a navy
Of faeries for battle ahead.

Where the blackbirds go noisily over,
And the mallards wing rapidly by,
And the heron that flies like a snowflake
Comes down from the clouds in the sky;
Where the bobolink lights on the rag-blade,
But so proudly and swiftly swims,
Or watches advance the prettily minnow
That out of his element springs.

Where the lilies-a-bloom on the surface,
Held down by their cable-like stems,
And the tails of the bright cardinals
Have the semblance of loveliest gems;
Where the mosses and festoons are hanging
In the richest of fashion and fold,
To decorate submarine dwellings
O'er pavements of amber and gold.

Where the soul of the mortal may worship
In the freedom of unwritten creeds,
Hearing many and joyous responses
In the music that comes from the reeds;
And where in my fancy I've pictured
A temple that's builded so high,
It reaches in grandest proportions
From the beautiful lake to the sky.

—J. C. BURNATT.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

Three Weeks Among the Moose and Beaver.

ON Saturday, the 12th October, 1878, Foster and I started from Sherbrooke at 4 p. m. At Scotstown we had tea, and then embarked on the engine of the gravel train to go as far as the end of the iron, our luggage having been deposited, dogs, rifles and all, upon the gravel ploy. On the same car was an Indian, his squaw and boy, two more dogs, traps, a huge basket, nearly large enough to have contained the party, but of which the contents were a mystery, a couple of guns and a birch bark canoe. Al. Warner, the engineer, behaved like a brick, and after arriving at the gravel pit, and taking out the loaded train and bringing it back to be refilled, he kindly ran his engine and ploy on to Spring Hill, where we arrived about 11:30 the same evening.

Routing out T. W. Odell, who has charge upon a contract at that point for some miles of road construction, we stayed the remainder of the night with him and the "boys."

Stepping out early in the morning, we saw the Indian family camped by the side of the track. Odell was going over the same road as we for some distance; so after loading a wagon with our things, we started ahead to walk six miles to John Boston's, where we arrived about 8:30, where John and his estimable wife got us up a glorious porterhouse steak for breakfast. While we were waiting for our meal, John's little daughter came in and sang "Pull for the Shore" for us. Just as we were going into breakfast our team of splendid "grays" dashed up. We gave the driver his breakfast with us, and then drove up the Lake Road to Myers' Mills, on Lake Megantic, some eight miles from Boston's, where we arrived just at noon, watered the horses, paid the driver, and hired an immense canoe, into which we got our two boy oarsmen, another boy, ourselves, Fee—the dog—and our luggage. It was pretty rough crossing the bay—some three miles. We landed at the old "Pamy Camp," and "toted" our things a

mile through the woods to Denison Ball's, on Spider Lake (so named from its resemblance), where we arrived at precisely 2 p. m. on Sunday. Then we returned three times, and finally managed to "pack" all our stuff through.

Den (or Dan, as he is always called) had gone off a day or two before with Mr. Ryan, of Megantic, who helped to bring in some wood, and Mrs. Ball got us up a splendid supper—partridge, rock buns, tea with milk in it, and a fine three-pound trout slightly salted, etc., etc. After tea, at Mrs. Ball's instance, we fired a couple of blank cartridges in quick succession, as a signal in case Dan might be within earshot. Not getting any reply, and after waiting a couple of hours, we made up our minds to turn quietly in. Just at this moment we heard Dan's signal to his wife—a single blow of the paddle against the side of the boat. (Nothing will frighten game more quickly than this—not even a gunshot—and great care should be taken to avoid its occurrence.) "Whoop! hurrah! here's daddy and Mr. Ryan!" cry the five children; and going out, there they were after all. They had been detained on account of the roughness of the lake, and had waited for the wind to go down, arriving at about nine o'clock. It was a beautiful moonlight night, so we went to the landing to meet them. They had had "mighty" poor luck, and only brought seven musquash, which were handed over to Master Willy, the eldest boy, to skin. Then we had another grub and talked over the prospects, and piled into bed shortly after.

Monday morning—up bright and early. Foster and I slept like whippersnappers in our comfortable beds (in a home-made bedstead of Dan's handiwork). As Dan had to go to Myers' mill for flour and supplies for the house before we left for the woods, I decided to accompany him and help to "pack" things back through the woods from the other lake. So, after a jolly grub at daybreak—6 a. m.—we started, Mr. Ryan in his boat on his way home, Dan and I for the mill in one of Dan's boats.

Scarcely as we found three covers from Vermont, waiting to get Dan to guide them in the way they should go. After some "talkee-talkee" they left for Rush Lake, at the head of Megantic Lake, and we saw no more of them. I succeeded in finding and purchasing a stone pitcher, some matches, and a piece or two of maple sugar. Mr. Myers had another piece of maple sugar, which he would not sell, as he was keeping it as a present to the bishop.

Dan got his buck when about 105 lbs. in a bag, making a pretty "soggy pack," as he expressed it. Before crossing we rowed up the shore a mile to call upon Mr. Ryan *en passant*, and I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Ryan for the first time in their comfortable home. Their house stands upon a high bluff overlooking Lake Megantic, and the view is grand. There we were cordially welcomed and entertained with various good things which were most acceptable after our hot pull. We then returned to our boat, recrossed the lake to the Old Pamy Landing, where the road to Balls leaves the lake shore.

At Mr. Ryan's we obtained a crock of most beautiful butter, and on making up our packs across the lake we discovered that Mrs. Ryan had quietly slipped a huge loaf of home-made bread into our basket (I take this opportunity of thanking her for it). We unwisely packs upon our backs through to Spider, had dinner, and then went on. We took him for partridge and he would frighten any deer we might see, got our things together and we all three left for Upper Spider at noon; stopped at Dan's camp on Spider River, took some blankets, etc., of Dan's, and then proceeded in the boat as far as the water would permit. Here we decided to spend the night, but before dark we carried our heaviest packs up to an old lumber camp about half a mile further up the stream. There we left them and returned to have supper of baked beans, boiled mutton and toast and a huge tin cup of tea, and feel better, thank you.

We are now rolling around the fire smoking, this fine Monday evening, waiting for the moon to rise to try for a deer down the stream and pay a visit to a camp of two trappers, Messrs. Hoyt and Nagle. After being out about four hours we returned, colder than charity, Dan with a wet limb which he had thrust into the mud.

While down near the lake we distinctly heard a moose close to us, near enough to hear his feet making a sucking noise as they were withdrawn from the mud. This began to be exciting. The moon was very bright, but his majesty was among the thick alders and we didn't get a shot at him, much to our chagrin. We also heard a deer in the bushes at another point, but did not see him either. Next morning we were up and off betimes, Dan carrying a load of steel traps. This looked like business, and so it proved before night, as I shall relate further on. After trudging about setting traps and seeing several partridges, which Dan forbade shooting, we stopped at a likely looking spot for lunch. Dan had seen fresh sign of moose and offered to bet fifty cents that we would see a moose before night. Had we taken him up we should have lost the wager. Shortly after lunch we separated, Dan and Foster taking one direction, I another by Dan's advice. They kept up the stream; I went off at right angles through a horrible windfall and swamp to a clearer place beyond. There I stood for some minutes perfectly quiet, gazing about. Soon I fancied I saw a dark object among some dead trees about a third of a mile distant. For a while it remained perfectly stationary, then I thought it had moved a little, then I was sure of it. It was either a bear or a moose;

and it was some time before I could make out in what direction it was going. Approaching me it certainly was, as I soon saw, and then I perceived the huge antlers of a large bull moose—a magnificent old fellow. He was coming leisurely along browsing upon the fireweed. The wind was blowing almost directly from me to him, and fearful lest he should scent me, I made my way as quickly as possible to one side, out of the line of the direction of the wind. This increased the distance between us, and I several times lost sight of him among the rocks and bushes, and hoped died within me. However, he reappeared. Between me and the point to which he was going was a lot of dead-fall timber, a *brute* (brute, i. e., fallen trees through which fire has run), making it impossible for me to head him off before he should reach the heavy woods, and I soon saw I must put faith in my sporting Snider for a long shot. Nor had I any time to lose. So taking a hasty aim I pulled trigger and had the satisfaction of seeing the huge brute give a heavy lurch forward and drop in his tracks. I crept cautiously closer, knowing well how formidable a wounded moose is, and found him still breathing and making an effort to rise, but failing in it. I hid myself behind a rock with a spare cartridge in my teeth ready in case of a charge, and in one of his huge efforts he managed to raise himself half up. At this moment I fired a second shot, but he lay tail toward me and the shot did not kill him outright; he still breathed but did not attempt to rise again.

It was now just fifteen minutes past two. I was to meet the others at the Beaver Dam at three, and besides it began to rain; so, after deliberating, I made up my mind there was nothing for it but to shoot him through the neck at the "atlas joint" next the head and put an end to him. I was loth to have to fire the two latter shots, but at that time I was not aware of how true the aim had been in the first instance. This stretched him out lifeless, and I then found that both shots had taken effect immediately behind the shoulder, but a couple of inches higher than desirable, just above the heart; both were fatal, but not instantaneously. I then went to meet the two at the dam. I arrived first, and as the others approached on the other side of the stream, I heard Dan say, "Hullo! here's Ned—in first!" In answer to his inquiry what had I shot, I pulled out of my pocket some of the beautiful long mane of the moose and allowed it to fall into the water, being careful to avoid showing any feelings of joy or excitement, well knowing with what contempt any such weakness is regarded by the trappers. I merely remarked, "I've got him, Dan."

"So you have, sure enough." And so we then returned to our quarry. Dan cut his throat and partially dressed him, and we "streaked" for camp in order to get in before dark. The others had less exciting sport, though probably more fatiguing. While watching for game they saw several partridges in the trees close by. The birds seemed to be aware that shooting them was strictly forbidden by our guide.

Wednesday—Raining; started from camp at seven a. m. to where our meat lay; skinned the "critter" and cut him up; dined royally on choice moose steak and tenderloin. Then we each loaded ourselves with the meat—in all 130 pounds, of which Dan shouldered about 70. This we carried by means of a thick stick thrust through the enormous lumps and thrown over one shoulder. It was rather a moist, uncomfortable job to have on one's back, and nothing between to protect one's clothes. However, the guide "toted" his in this way and his example was enough. The walking was none of the best, and the load seemed double the weight when we arrived at the boat, some four miles off.

Foster and I then went back to camp, and Dan paddled home with the meat for the use of his family.

Next morning, when we two reached the spot where the moose lay cut up with the raw skin thrown over it, the day had turned out very warm, so we set about carrying the remaining three-fourths of the animal (which weighed some 1,100 pounds as he walked, so the guide said) down into the woods out of the hot sun, fitted up some poles, and prepared to smoke him.

The whiskey-johns kept hopping about as bold as could be, picking up pieces of raw meat and the bluish blue-jay, and are the very persnickiest (a terrible word to bring out into the woods, as Dan quietly remarked) of impudence, and while Foster and I were at work one of them came and pecked a bit of meat off the former's boot.

While idle in camp on Sundays the lumbermen amuse themselves by killing these birds in the following way: A pole is thrust through the side of the log ship, and a short portion of the pole inside. Upon the end outside is tied a piece of meat. In a second or two a bird is sure to alight, when the short end of the pole within the camp is struck a violent blow with the back of an axe, which kills the bird and throws its body high into the air. This is called "bird flip."

At 3:30 Dan returned just as we were preparing dinner; after which, as fast as he slashed out the steaks with the new knife I had given him, we hung them over the fire, and before dark our task was completed. A portion of the shoulder was useless, having been so mutilated by the bullet, which had partially flattened itself in passing through the body of the animal, and which we found next the hide on the opposite side. We then brought in wood for the night, had tea, and lay talking till eleven p. m.

Friday opened fine; however, the day turned out showery. We skinned off the hocks and pasterns and then breakfasted,

and Dan and Foster started off on an exploring expedition. As I had chafed my instep on the previous day, I remained to smoke the meat.

It is now dark and raining, so Dan and Foster won't be back this night. I have placed the hide upon poles for a roof. Midnight—I have just been awakened by a noise which rather startled me. Seizing my rifle I sat up, found it still raining and the fire nearly out—"Cold on the hearth, the last faint sparks expire"—and the night as dark as a stack of black cats. I tossed on some dry wood which I had stowed under the hide, and, as I was looking at my watch, I heard something prowling about and breaking sticks quite close. It was probably a bear, and he smelled the fresh meat and the hide, which lay all around. As I was in hopes the beggar would come within the circle of light shed by the fire, but he did not.

The morning was showery. We saw a rainbow, which made a very fat arch (because we were so high up in the mountains, I suppose), and was intensely brilliant. Dan and Foster turned up at 8. After breakfast we packed the smoked meat, Dan carrying the monstrous head, and off we went en route for Dan's house, miles away. Although Dan's load was far lighter than our packs, it proved to be almost unbearable, as the antlers kept catching in every bush; however, "per tota disciplina rerum," we at length arrived at the boat, and, like "Christian," gladly threw off our burdens.

Nothing occurred of any moment till our arrival at Dan's, where we had supper. Shall I ever forget that supper and the breakfast next morning. We had fresh fish, potatoes, pancakes, *ad libitum*, cream, butter, home-made bread, tea and milk (sugar was finished, and none could be obtained at that distance from the settlements), pepper, salt, mustard, tomato catchup, hard tack, and last, but not least by any means, a gigantic juicy moose steak, steaming hot. This, with a dish of stewed wild cranberry sauce, composed as rare a meal as it has ever my luck to enjoy. I spent the evening in preparing the moose head, Dan and Foster repairing rents in boots and trousers. Fortunately we had taken a few "waxed ends" and an awl from Sherbrooke. We turned in and slept until rooking.

The next day was Sunday. All hands up at 5 A. M. Snowing hard, and blowing from the northwest. The wind was in our favor as we ran up the lake. Dan had several musquash in his traps. It was just night when we reached camp, close to the boundary line between the States and Canada. We came upon some fresh tracks of moose, and if this flurry of snow contained any look for sport to-morrow. The region here is elevated, being near the summit of the water-shed between the two countries.

On the way we stopped where we had smoked the meat; carried off enough to last several days. This upper camp Dan and Foster built the day before yesterday of boards, which they split from the balsam tree (the favorite of hunters for this purpose, and for building traps, making paddles and canoes, and for their furs). It was just snowing as we go to sleep. Monday turned out clear and colder. Dan and Foster looked at my watch at 4 A. M., and we set about preparing our breakfast by moonlight and firelight, getting off at 6 (day-break), and each taking a different route. Mine lay due north. During the morning I flushed and might have bagged a large number of partridges at different points, but nothing smaller than moose or bear was allowed, so I passed on. About noon, strolling up the bank of a mountain stream, I suddenly saw a look for my very first of the lake, a beautiful swamp grouse (*Perdix de savanne*). These birds are a little smaller than the two other birds—the wood grouse and the ptarmigan—are of a rich, dark bluish gray, spotted with white, reddish brown and black marks, have no ruffs, and are especially to be distinguished by a handsome scarlet comb over either eye. So tame are they that they can be caught by a noose on the end of a pole, and, knowing the fact, I at once put a long rod, fixed to a long pole on the end, and, with caution, up I "roped" the beauty, and he is at this moment, cozily seated between me and the fire. Dan turned up shortly before dark; saw no moose, but says he has a mortgage upon a beaver, and promises us beaver liver for supper to-morrow. He also had noosed a swamp partridge, but not upon the ground as mine was. We had the two birds for our supper. Going to freeze hard to-night. We are off at the crack of day to-morrow.

Tuesday day. Dan split out some balsam stretchers for his furs, and off we started. Foster going by himself, Dan and I to the beaver dam. In one of the traps we found caught a portion of one of the beaver's feet. Nothing of any moment occurred until the evening, when Foster didn't turn up, so I went off in search of him, and at dark, returning unsuccessful and thinking he would have to remain out all night in the woods, I found him at camp all right, having heard Dan's axe. In the morning we struck camp and returned to Dead River Lake, bringing down the hide, hocks and hoofs. The latter, when properly arranged, make very pretty ink bottles, pin-cushions, etc. On the way Dan found several of his musquash and one trap carried off by some creature. It began to blow hard from the southeast, and that night such a storm came up as shook the solid black house, and the rain poured in torrents. We were not sorry to be under Dan's hospitable roof.

Thursday it was still raining. Dan and Foster started round the lake, setting traps, and at evening returned, bringing with them the culprit who had stolen the musquash and carried off the steel trap—a magnificent gray horned owl, one of the largest size, with eyes that appeared as big as saucers. This they tied by the leg to a stick and placed in a dark room. Two days after he picked the string, smashed his shadowy wings, and, like a bird taking to flight, he flew out of the hoofs, cleaning the moose head, and skinning and stretching the jackets of several musquash for Dan.

Next morning Dan had to repair his house; so, after lending a hand till 9:30, Foster and I went over to Megantic, took one of Dan's boats and pushed on to Rush Lake. Shot a snipe and missed another; saw fresh sign of beaver. Foster is at this moment paddling the boat after black duck—a fine black bird. While I was taking the boat to the shore, we returned to Spider Lake just made my first attempt at cutting hair, and later myself I acquitted myself, considering the circumstances. Dan's head of hair was something enormous, and made his head ache; so I was made barber, and had to use a very blunt pair of scissors to hack off his locks. Besides, it was getting almost too dark to see. That evening we spent in looking over illustrated papers and chattering about nothing.

Friday, Oct. 26. Dan woke me early. We had breakfast by lamplight, and started for the Upper Camp at 5 A. M. bidding adieu to Foster, who was to put in the day fishing with the boy Willie, and then return next morning to Sherbrooke, his leave of absence having expired. On the way we stopped at the camp of Nigle and Hoyt to give them some

leaves of bread which Mrs. Ball had baked for them early in the morning, before we had our breakfast. They received us cordially and showed us the skins of two beaver "kittens," as they are termed by trappers, a sable and a small mink, all prime furs. We proceeded up the stream, leaving our boat at 10 A. M., several miles up, then carrying our packs, guns and traps on our backs some five miles across country to the Upper Camp. Just as we approached, three deer partridges flew up, two of which we bagged (as it was close to camp, where a shot or two would do no harm), and a few steps farther we came upon a very large sable, caught and killed in one of the dead-fall traps we had set a few days previously. This was a good beginning. We made some tea, and went to inspect the beaver traps, our packs, guns and traps on our backs searching for one that I strolled off for moose. On my return to camp at dark, there sat Dan stretching his sable skin, and hanging on a small birch was a splendid beaver, four years old, and weighing not far short of ninety pounds, making a heavy load for a man to carry for any distance. My eye! what a feast we shall have upon his liver! A beaver's liver is very large for the size of the animal, and is considered a delicacy by trappers, and also by the visitors of the place. We have been feasting every day since we shot the moose and smoked venison; to night we are each having a partridge "to his cheek," as Dan elegantly expressed it, and are to have liver for breakfast. As we have had a hard day I shall bid you good-night.

Sunday turned out a lovely warm day. At 5 A. M. we breakfasted on smoked venison, biscuits soaked in our cups of tea, then popped into the hot frying pan with some salt butter. We had not yet dressed the moose, so the visitors of the previous evening of liver suffered a postponement. While strolling about, doing nothing, I came upon one of the larger or "ruffed" grouse, apparently very cold, sitting near the edge of a pool of water. These birds are much more difficult to approach than the swamp partridge, but since he permitted me to come within a few feet of him, I thought perhaps I might noose him. Fumbling in my pocket, I found a piece of soft antler, and, with a deft hand, I cut the long alder pole, attaching the noose to the smaller end. To my chagrin I found that, although I could come within reach of the bird, the aggravating noose would not remain open long enough for me to pop it over his head, but kept twisting upon itself, the string being so limp. After several attempts, whereby the bird became somewhat alarmed and began to move slowly off, I succeeded in my endeavor, when, giving the pole a jerk, the noose flew over his head, and I drew a short distance; but being chilled by the white frost, I still lay on the ground, he permitted me to approach him a second time. I now took a piece of deer skin which I wore as a watch guard. This answered better, and I had no difficulty in placing the thing over his head; but, having fastened it carelessly to the smooth small end of the stick, it pulled off, and away flew the bird, noose and all. This was to aggravating for anything, so I started to return to camp. As I was trying to dispose of my now useless watch guard, I saw a short piece of brass wire (that I had vainly looked for in the first place) in my trousers pocket. I decided to make a third attempt, and followed him up. There he sat among the stiff lower dead branches of a balsam fir, too high to reach from the ground; and, as I was about to have been an end to the matter, I took a flick of my wrist, and there was another balsam which the wind had broken off at the stump and blown against the tree in which sat perched the partridge. The bird could only be approached from this quarter, and many dead twigs and branches intervened, and I almost gave up. However, after scratching my hands and face, and with a deal of patience, I at last managed to pass the noose over the bird's head, he pecking at it. There was my watchguard still about his neck, and with a wriggle of his leg I gave a jerk. For a second "times were in a wobble," and I was again in the air. For a second or two I was hanging by my arms from the wire, which became kinked and—broke! Ghost of Cesar! Had you been there, gentle reader, you would have seen a disappointed man. There was nothing for it but to crawl down and prepare to be laughed at by Dan on my return. So much for not going to church on Sunday.

On my return, however, I found that Dan had been there, had dressed the beaver and left again. It was about 3 P. M., and I began to feel "the keen demands of appetite," so lighting the fire I made some tea, cooked some beaver tendon and liver and fried some biscuits. While I sat in the camp eating my dinner the wiskey-jobs were bolder than usual, and I noticed that upon alighting on the carcass of the beaver they invariably perched upon the same spot, and I thought I would catch one by way of a canary to sing for me. I fired my gun, and, upon the meat I had a bird in my hand in less than 30 seconds. The voice of the bird did not seem at all put out by his captivity, but ate pieces of meat from my hand the moment he was caught.

I heard a noise shortly after, and looking up saw Dan approaching. He had strolled up the stream looking for signs of game for the morrow. Our supper consisted of a "laiz saturo," of beaver head, beaver haunch, beaver liver, beaver tail and beaver kidneys, all boiled together, and biscuits soaked in our hot tea and butter. I had a new record of old ever enjoyed their nectar more than we did our classic dish. Here is the hunter's recipe for cooking beaver tail: Hold it in the flame of the fire for a few moments and the skin will peel easily; then it must be boiled, not fried, till cooked through; seasoned well with pepper and salt, and eaten on hot toast or biscuit. It then resembles marrow fat is not a bad thing, of a generous nature and is excellent. I cut up the remainder of the beaver, and now hangs over the fire to smoke. I am intending to give them a treat at home of smoked (or jerked) moose and beaver.

Monday—Wet snow and rain in the morning. I had hoped we should have snow that would remain on the ground in order to do a little still hunting, but it soon cleared up and turned cold. I accompanied Dan on a trapping tour. We set up traps, and, at lunch in the woods and a long tramp across the meadows of several miles, returned to camp hungry. We were soon regaling ourselves on fried musquash, some of the beaver tail and a partridge that I pinned in the neck with a bullet as we neared camp. I am now cleaning the beaver head for the sake of the teeth, and boiling dried meat to take with us on a tramp across the boundary line for a couple of days.

Tuesday, Oct. 28. We left the upper camp just at day-break, and, after an en route to the waters of Dead River, which are on the other water-shed and across the line, we passed through the forest we easily distinguished the boundary when we came to it, the trees having been cut down for a space of forty feet in width, and the open space having since it was cleared grown up with a different kind of wood, par-

ticularly noticeable among the spruce timber where we crossed it. The line runs along the height of land, or "divide," between the two countries from peak to peak of the mountains. At this point we happened to strike one of the square-tapered iron posts which were planted along the line in 1842, about a mile out in accordance with the Ashburton treaty, and we wrote our names and date on the white point on the post. In block letters, cast in relief, are the following words:

On the east side, Treaty of Washington; west side, Boundary, Aug. 9, 1842; north side, Lieut. Col. J. B. B. Escomer, H. B. M. Comsar; south side, Albert Smith, U. S. Comsar.

These posts stand three feet high, and are, as regards shape, Bunker Hill Monument in miniature.

We stopped for lunch at a place where a mountain stream flows through a split granite boulders which we named "The Strainer." Saw a fine black popping about lower down the stream. Visited a small pond with a shore of which two years ago we traced a deer we had wounded. Then, intending to take a shorter route back to Canada, we climbed up a cliff of loose granite rock covered with fallen trees, through which the fire had run, a most fatiguing scramble, and had the satisfaction of finding we had made a mistake, and that the great Duke of York who with his 40,000 men went up the hill, we then went down again. Finally we reached a beaver dam upon another stream showing fresh sign, and we set two steel traps (visions of liver and tail for breakfast). Biscuit and bread all done. To-night we are sleeping *a la belle étoile*, although there is a fine clean lumber camp (built in 1869 by Crosby's gang) just near the beaver dam, but we dare not remain there for fear of frightening the wary creatures. The night is very cold and we have left our overcoats, blankets and everything which might possibly do without, across the line in Canada; but we have made a long fire, and to prevent more noise than necessary by chopping, are "nigging off" some of the larger logs in the middle. Then, hunter fashion, we each take off our coat, lie down behind a wind screen of boughs on each side of the fire, and throw our coats over ourselves. Long practice shows this to be the warmest way of sleeping when one has no other covering.

At this point I saw the first of the line fifty-one inches in circumference actual measurement, which the beaver had recently gnawed down. The skill and *adresse* of these creatures is simply astonishing, and although their habits have been often ably discussed by naturalists whose observations have been read by most people, still I picked up during this trip a few interesting details which I can vouch for, and which have never seen in print.

As is well known, they work by night and are extremely wary and difficult to trap. Here is an instance which shows almost superior intelligence: Dan had had his trap sprung one night by an old beaver without catching him, and, thinking to succeed next night, he reset the trap in the same place. Judge of his surprise in the morning upon visiting the spot to find the trap drawn out of the water the whole length of the chain, high and dry upon the bank, and un sprung. Next night he was much less successful, but he was not so sure of the lower one should be carried away.

Their teeth are very peculiar, are very long, and grow far back in the head. The upper ones are the most curious, and are an exact semi-circle; in fact, placed end to end, they form a perfect ring about two inches and a half across. It is very difficult to obtain perfect ones, they break them so gnawing at the steel traps. The nail upon the third toe of each hind foot is, according to Buffon, their tooth-pick, and is of a most curious shape.

Wednesday.—How long the nights seem when one cannot sleep steadily through, but has to keep building the fire! Six A. M.—"Hail, snoring man!" Dan has just started to visit his two beaver traps. I am getting our breakfast ready, which is easily done, as it consists principally in putting on the tea-pot. Here comes Dan. As he approaches he sings out that something has sprung both his traps. This sounded disappointing. However, he soon appears, carrying a beaver skin and one of the traps and the largest musquash, both in prime fur. We were not long taking off the beaver, and then we rubbed plenty of salt upon the shoulders of the beaver and roasted them upon a stick in front of the fire, making a most substantial meal in spite of the want of bread or biscuit.

We struck across a spur of the range of mountains from Chain of Ponds, re-crossed the boundary line at a point where the wind had made havoc among the trees, throwing down a great one for a long distance and forming an almost impassable barrier, and, by way of improving matters, it was snowing and blowing hard at the time.

On the way back to-day we traveled for hours by compass, taking a direction that we thought would strike the headwaters of the streams in Canada, upon which Dan and I had set some traps a few days previously—the 28th.

It is simply wonderful how these old trappers and guides work with such accuracy and success through the forest. At the point where we struck the first snow-bank at 6 P. M. and on of these same traps. We followed up the stream for about fifty yards, and then took the "spotted" line through the woods the rest of the way.

Here we are back at the Upper Camp in Her Majesty's domains, wet and cold, but fast becoming the opposite under the united influence of hot tea and a crackling fire. Upon my word the smoke like a hawk is on one's nose. Dan had a smoke, rolled himself up in blankets at 6 P. M. and is asleep. I write. I am boiling dried meat for to-morrow. On the way to-day we caught two splendid sable, or marten. I must put some beaver oil on my gun, ride and boots, and then turn in also.

Thursday—6:30 A. M.—Dan slept clear round the clock; nothing but boiled meat for breakfast and a dish of tea; strike camp at once for a long day's work. We have more partridges. A brace of which I could not be pined at all from my rifle, as their heads were in line; saw fresh tracks of a cow moose and calf, but had no time to follow them, as we had a long way to travel. It mixed all the way to Dan's, where we had a glorious supper, and home-made bread!

horns were saved. We were close to the Wind River, and after an hour's ride we put our camp up on the bank of the stream at last, having crossed the dreaded Bad Lands. Now, being in a country where the Indians, both peaceable and hostile, roam around, we had to be careful and on the lookout; still, we slept through the night quite easily.

12th. Moved camp ten miles to the head of the Big Horn Canyon, where the stream ceases to carry the name Wind River. Here the Cheyennes killed, sixteen months ago, eight trappers. After dinner we had a rest, and then walked down the canyon one and a half miles.

13th. Started at 8 o'clock A. M.; tried to follow the river, but when we had made about five miles we had to stop; there were on both sides the almost perpendicular rocks 800 or 900 feet high. The stream was narrowed by them to about fifty feet, and had a considerable fall. Here we found an old camp, and two flatboats in good condition, left here, very likely, by an exploring party from Camp Brown. We had to turn to the right and eastward, following a deep canyon, which was about the roughest part of our trip. When we had reached the summit we followed a game trail leading northwest. At three o'clock in the afternoon we stopped for this day near a nice little stream, but without any game in it. We saw to-day two herds of buffalo—one band of about sixty elk and two sheep; we tried to kill one or the other, being short of meat, but did not get a shot. After dinner every one of us went on his own hook to bring some game home, but without any result, except that Frank reported to have killed a buffalo, but did not save any meat or trophies. I had a band of sixty-four elk, which could not get near enough to kill.

14th. Had a foggy morning; wind easterly; moved at eight, and riding 12 miles, we arrived at the Big Horn Basin at the foot of the Big Horn Canyon. This canyon, from 15 to 18 miles long, runs from south to north. On both sides it is lined by rocks from 500 to 1,000 feet high, in some places almost perpendicular. This was the first great canyon I saw, and I must confess that I was astonished at its grandeur. To describe it is an impossibility for me; one must see and so. The fall of the river is only 300 feet from head to foot, therefore I believe it is navigable for small boats. On account of possible Indians we agreed that only one party would hunt while the others had to remain at camp. Jack and I stayed at home, while Frank and Lancken went out hunting, without killing anything. During their absence I tried fishing, and landed two three-pound cat-fish, which were delicious.

15th. This was my day, so Jack and I went out together, but soon separated, and I killed two buck antelopes, wounded another, and Jack killed another one. Coming back, we found that the other party had also shot a buck antelope. In the afternoon I fished with grasshoppers and caught several fish that looked like large salt water herring, but with sharp teeth.

16th. At ten o'clock left this place, where we had such poor shooting, looked homeward. A heavy rain shower of half an hour made our traveling unpleasant. A 16-mile ride was enough for to-day, and, looking out for a good camping ground, we saw some buck elk at a distance. I shot one of them and Jack wounded another. The horns were not large, but the meat was fine. We saved both tender and sirloin and a good deal of tallow. Frank killed on this day's trip an antelope fawn and buck.

17th. F. and I left camp early. F. shot two antelope bucks. In the afternoon I succeeded in bagging two pair of antelope horn, and toward evening I jumped a large mule-deer buck. I got off my pony and advanced, the buck standing 60 or 70 yards away, broadside toward me. I thought he was mine, but, trying to cock my rifle, it would not go off. I tried it again and again, and found that there was something broken inside. The old buck did not move, always looking at the pony. I rested the rifle on my left knee, took sight, pulled the cock and let go; buck ran only about 50 yards; the same experiment with the same result; never saw him again. When I had climbed the hill I saw a large antelope buck just below me within 80 yards; fixed my rifle between my hands and killed him without trigger. It was nearly dark when I arrived in camp.

18th. We started pretty early, and after a tiresome tramp of about 25 miles or more we arrived at our old camping ground on Wind River. In the evening we saw lightning in the east, a bad sign for the next day; and so it was.

19th. It rained all day, and we could not move on—a nasty day.

20th. A cloudy morning; doubtful about rain; still we started back through the Bad Lands, hoping to make it in four days. A 20-mile ride brought us to an old Indian camp, where we found good water. The night was cold and we found ice half an inch thick in the morning.

21st. Was a very hot day; rode only 16 miles, and camped a second time near the duck pond. In the evening I shot seven gray ducks, which were very tender and nice.

22d. Cloudy morning, sharp wind, at noon rising to a gale. At three P. M. we camped at a little creek.

23d. Cold, fog, and a strong wind blowing up to a gale again. In the afternoon we found ourselves in the old camp of Rattlesnake Mountains. When we left this camp we put several of our canned fruits, condensed milk and other provisions in a bag and hung it pretty high up in a tree; we did the same with some antelope, elk and deer horns; but now we found all the things spread on the ground; the bag was open, the provisions were all spoiled and all the things empty. Uncle Geize had paid a visit to our camp and sucked the sweet juice. This time we made our camp up a little nearer to the spring. After dinner every one on his own hook went out hunting. I killed a very large elk buck that had the largest pair of antlers of all we shot on the trip. Lancken supplied our camp with a fat saddle of a young mule deer, while Frank came in with fur, a coyote around his neck, and covered with lots of little jumpers belonging to the pulch family.

24th. Windy but not cold. Our grubbing going to an end, and meals nearly reduced to meat, very little bread, thin coffee without milk. In the same condition was the quantity of our tobacco. To-day Fred killed an antelope. I saw different kinds of game, one of which was an old she bear with two cubs, but did not get near enough to shoot.

25th. We tried all our skill to kill as much game as possible to get enough meat to last us till Rawlins, having little chance

to shoot something after we left the Rattlesnake Mountains. Jack and I were successful, I killed an elk buck and one mule-deer doe, and Jack another one. Our ponies were so heavily loaded with the elk horn and the meat that we could not ride fast, and it was late when we reached camp.

26th. We left the Rattlesnake Mountains, and about noon we saw at Horse Creek four buck elk, of which Frank and I killed one and F. wounded another one. That night we camped at Sage Creek.

27th. About noon we reached Lancken's ranch, having saved our scalp. Here I have to mention that coming back through the Bad Lands one morning we found three large fresh trails running parallel and made by ponies of Indians on the warpath (no lodge poles dragging behind). The guides thought that they crossed here only one or two hours before us. At the ranch we heard that the Bannocks had killed several white people on the Wind River the same time.

28th. I did not like to sit all day long in the log house, and with Jack tried my last hunt, but did not get a shot, although a number of sheep and two big rams were seen by us.

29th. Leaving our ponies at Lancken's ranch, I drove us with a team of four to Rawlins. Jack, who was riding a pony, killed one antelope. This was the last piece of game we killed on our trip. I have nothing more to tell, only that we arrived at Rawlins the first of October, but half frozen to death.

After we had taken our mail we went to Fred Wolf's cosy little place where we had a glass or more of fine Rhine wine and a long talk with the kind-hearted and good humored landlord, Fred. The afternoon we were busy to pack our trunks, order boxes for our trophies, packed and shipped them. On the

2d Sept. we found ourselves in a car of U. P. R. R. Jack and I stopped at Chicago, while Frank went right through to New York. I stayed four days in Chicago and two days at Fort Wayne to see some friends.

Sportsmen intending to hunt in that part of the Rocky Mountains advise to write to Gus Lancken, care of Fred Wolf, Rawlins. He is certainly one of the best guides around there, and is reasonable in his charges. He supplies a party of two or three with himself and another as guides, four or five saddle horses, as many pack horses, all the saddles, etc., and tents, for \$12 to \$14 a day; grub and bedding is not included—it does not amount to much. If he should be engaged, take "Tom Gun."

F. S.—On this trip the elevations as well as on the first trip, but did not mention it, the average being only 6,000 feet, and highest point in Rattlesnake Mountains, 8,100 feet. In all, we hunted as gentlemanly as possible; we could have killed perhaps ten times as much.

Yours truly,

STIMMANS.

Fish Culture.

CALIFORNIA SALMON IN HOLLAND.—Capt. J. H. Taat, of the Netherlands and American Steam Navigation Co., made us a sociable visit last week, bringing from Prof. A. J. Boltemann, the eminent fish culturist of Holland, the information that of the 100,000 California salmon ova recently consigned to him at Berzenopzom by Prof. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution, 70,000 have hatched out fine young fish. This is subject for congratulation, and we hope to hear of further results as satisfactory. The ova were sent out by the Netherlands steamer *Catland*.

SALMON-BREEDING IN FRESH WATER.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: One or more fish breeders have reported through your paper the hatching of the eggs of the trout impregnated by the milt of the salmon. Would like them report their success in raising them, and to start the ball rolling, will give my experience with them, as also with three different kinds of salmon. I have the hybrid, two years old. They have not made the growth that trout of the same age have. The male parents were California salmon. They show no signs of spawning, and as they are now as old as their parents were when they were bred, think they are going to be barren. Am now hatching eggs taken from the California salmon in our ponds—this only as an experiment, for I no longer prize either them, the Atlantic or land-locked salmon (have all three) as worth raising in ponds. Think the same food will raise double the number of pounds of trout; and while I sell them for half the price of trout, seldom get a second order from the same customer. Our Atlantic and land-locked salmon are now four years old, and but little larger than trout of two years. The California salmon made fine growth, and a large bill at the butcher's for offal to feed them on. Have not eaten of the land-locked. Think the fish of the pickled one as good as the other two. A. PALMER.

Biscobel, Wis.

SCREENS FOR OUTLETS.—*Forced River, N. J., Dec. 18.*—Mr. Editor: In your journal of 25th ult. I observe an article in regard to erecting screens at the outlet of lakes which have been stocked the past few years. It is a well known fact that the fish of the salmon species (which includes brook trout, lake trout, California and land-locked salmon) are fond of running water. If lakes which contain this species have not a proper screen at the outlet, they will to a great extent escape the second year. A law should be enacted by each State compelling every township to have screens erected where such lakes exist. The article by Mr. Porter on this subject was very timely, and should be enforced. It is a subject which all fish commissioners of the several States have neglected. C. A. SMITH.

ICE.—There need be no fear about the supply of ice this season. There was a jam over twenty feet high on the Pen obsoet at Bangor, Me., the other day.

—Mr. Robt. Bonner, of this city, has in his stable ten horses, each of which, with one exception, has trotted its mile in 2:20 or better.

—With each recurring New Years we all resolve to keep a diary, and generally go so far in the very commendable determination as to purchase a new diary. Most people would persevere in the task if they used the spring book books made by Francis & Loutrell, 45 Maiden Lane, New York.

Natural History.

AN ESSAY UPON RABBITS.

By JAMES S. BAILEY, M. D.

THE domestic rabbit is undoubtedly descended from the wild breed. Although familiarly known from time immemorial, its origin is shrouded in mystery. It seems to have been a native of portions of Africa and Europe, but was not known in America until introduced by Europeans. In our earliest records it is called coney, a name probably derived from some root common to most European languages. Varro says that his countrymen named it thus on account of its dwelling in burrows. The name rabbit was undoubtedly derived from the Gaelic word *rabaid*, signifying fruitful. Pliny speaks of their multiplying so rapidly in Spain that the inhabitants were obliged to destroy them in order to protect their harvest fields, and to prevent them from burrowing and undermining their dwellings. They became so great a pest that Roman soldiers were sent with ferrets to destroy them. In England the name rabbit was employed in the translation of the Bible before the reign of James I. In the "Privy Purse Expenses of Elizabeth of York" (p. 13), May 24, 1503, is entered the payment of two shillings "to a servant of the Abbess of Lynton, reward for bringing a present of Rabbits and Quayles to the Queen at Richemont." During the reign of Philip Augustus and Louis VIII., in the early part of the Thirteenth Century, some French nobles devoted certain localities to the breeding of wild rabbits. These places they called *arennes*, which in English means warrens, the name now employed to designate the place where rabbits are bred in an inclosure.

The rabbits, in their wild state, form winding burrows, in which they remain by day, and emerge in the morning and evening to feed on vegetation. When domesticated, and they regain their freedom, they return to their instinctive habits. They are frequently taken in nets and traps; also by ferrets and dogs. Their flesh by some is much relished as food. There is a strong resemblance between the rabbit and the hare, although there are distinctive characteristics. Their habits differ, and so does their flesh; that of the rabbit is white and delicate, while that of the hare is dark and highly flavored. Domestication, however, makes a difference in this respect.

Rabbits are liable to produce varieties in color, in form, and in the texture of the hair. It is supposed that the fancy rabbits of the present day originated in this way, and by continually mating such specimens, distinct varieties were established. We gather the first account of breeding rabbits in a domesticated state from the writings of Fusser in 1580, in "January's Husbandry," where this sentence occurs:

"Let doe go to buck,
With such good luck."

In 1631, Gervase Markham writes of a Way to Get, "Wealth." In this treatise the subject of rabbit keeping, feeding and breeding is given, and in so clear a manner that but few improvements have been made up to the present day. According to M. Mariot Didiex, it was not until 1830 that, in France, much attention was paid to the extension and profitable breeding of rabbits. At first, fearing opposition, the matter was conducted with secrecy, but this was soon dispensed with, and rabbit culture has made great progress, not only in France, but in Belgium and Holland. It is estimated from the official returns of the Custom-house statistics that in the Ostend market alone, 350,000 are disposed of in a single week; and notwithstanding this enormous consumption, the prices, instead of deteriorating, are constantly increasing. In the markets of Troyes there are annually sold 150,000 francs' worth of rabbits, which are used as an article of food, while in other locations the entire object in breeding them is for the profit from their fur. They have also been bred by respectable persons to furnish meat, for the poor, as well as employment, the sale of the fur being quite sufficient, together with the selling of choice specimens for breeding, to pay the expenses of the same. Among these may be mentioned the names of Count d'Albertas and Monsieur l'Abbe Fisseuse.

The rearing of rabbits, to be successfully practiced, should be thoroughly understood, as well as their peculiarities of habits and constitution.

The rabbit belongs to that order of the class Mammalia, or suck-giving animals, which is called *Insectivora*, because they cut their food with the front teeth of their upper and lower jaws. Some of these "cutters" are carnivorous—or, rather, omnivorous, like the rat; others are herbivorous in general, but occasionally insectivorous. The cutters of the first class (which the old French naturalists called *cutters of Indes*, or Indian rabbits) are the hare, feed exclusively on vegetables and grain, and the rabbit, unless under exceptional circumstances, is included in this latter category. The rabbit and the guinea-pig are the only "cutters" that have been strictly domesticated by man, though he has made pets of the squirrel, dormouse, the marmot, the albino mouse, and one or two others.

The male and the female are designated as the buck and the doe. Rabbits are polygamous. One male is capable of serving thirty does, though in warrens only one buck is allowed to one hundred females. The American wild rabbit bears more resemblance in color to the European burrowing rabbit, except that the latter changes in color when domesticated, which the American wild rabbit does not. It is also a little smaller and more slender. There is a striking contrast between the American wild rabbit and the cultivated varieties.

* NOTE.—The classification usually adopted for these animals at the last of the several families with gnawing teeth—hedgehogs, rats and mice, gophers, prairie-dogs, squirrels, beavers and the like—that, in the present order, is composed of *Indes*, or Indian rabbits; *Brachia*, *Vertebrata*, *form*, *Mammalia* (*Dicodonta*); order, *Rodentia* (*Lagomorphia*); family, *Leporidae*; genus, *Lepus*; species, *Capensis*—the jack-rabbit.—Ed.

* *Lepus sylvaticus*.

The habits of the American gray rabbit are so well described by Audubon that we give his language. He says that "it abounds in our forests, even in their densest coverts, also frequents farms and plantations, occupying the coppices and grassy spots in the neighborhood of cultivation, remaining in its form by day, concealed by brush heaps, a tuft of grass, or some hedge-row on the side of an old fence, from which retreat it issues at night to regale itself on the clover, turnips or cornfield of the farmer. It frequently diverts the young of the deer, by the ravage of their bark. It often makes incursions on the kitchen-garden, and the orchard, eating the roots, cabbages, etc. and doing a great deal of mischief; and when it has once had an opportunity of taking these dainties it becomes difficult to prevent its making a nightly visit to them. Although the opening at which it enters may be carefully closed, the rabbit is sure to dig a fresh hole every night in the immediate vicinity, and snares, traps, or guns are the best auxiliaries in such cases, soon putting an end to further incursions. When first started it runs with great swiftness and makes a few doubtless leaps, but the noise of the heels has advanced a hundred yards or more, it stops to listen. Finding itself pursued by dogs, should the woods be open and free from swamps and thickets, it runs directly towards some hole in the root of a tree or hollow log. When briar patches afford a place for concealment, and to elude the pursuit of dogs, it remains on foot much longer. When the males are engaged in combat, and when alarmed at night, they have the habit of stamping with their hind feet upon the ground. When the season is somewhat advanced, the male is heard at midday instead of as usual at early morn or late in the evening. Its voice is never heard except when wounded or captured, when it utters a shrill cry, like a child in pain. This rabbit breeds freely in warrens, but does not easily become domesticated, and always seems ill at ease when an attempt is made at domestication. In the state of nature it never burrows, but in trying to escape will dig to the depth of a foot or more to effect its object. When taken quite young, and properly reared, the animal is sometimes domesticated. The gray rabbit is very prolific, in the Northern States it produces about three litters during the season, from five to seven at a litter; while in the South it breeds "from February to October."

HABITS OF DEER.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

was raised in Western New York, and can remember when the whole western portion of that State was comparatively an unbroken forest, and seemed to be the natural home of the deer, the wolf, the panther, the bear and numerous other kinds of game, which at that early day were seldom disturbed by the crack of the white man's rifle. I have lived in the State since 1835, and it has since that time been so much thinned and broken up by the axe and the plow, that it has ceased to be a deer State, and the deer that used to roam there in untold numbers. The Northeastern Pennsylvania still retains some of its former glory in the way of deer hunting and trout fishing, but it is being fast encroached upon by railroads, coal diggers and oil producers. The elk that used to inhabit that portion of the State have gone the way of their ancestors, and might be left to mark the spot where they once lived, by the horns that are now half decayed horns that are occasionally found there. I have hunted and fished, and feasted and fasted on nearly all the sources and tributaries of the Allegheny, Susquehanna and Clarion rivers long before breech-loaders were invented. A breech-loading or repeating rifle would have been a fortune to me in those days. I have occasionally hunted the deer in the Allegheny mountains and the Susquehanna. The deer is about one size smaller here than in the Northern States, but the venison is of excellent flavor.

The horns of the deer are the most heavy and hardest of all horns, and yet they are grown and perpetuated in less than five months. The horns of a full-grown buck begin to grow about the last of April, and by the middle of June they will be ten or twelve inches in length with two or more forks, the points or ends being large, soft and spongy, and the whole horn being covered with a velvety skin with a thin coat of short, soft hair. By the middle of July the horns are gray, and then begin to curve, the prongs or points begin to grow out being the largest and softest at the extreme points, and gradually hardening toward the base as they continue to grow in length. By the middle of August, the full-grown horns in the velvet are developed. While this wonderful natural process is going on, the buck has been strictly non-combative, his whole business being to grow and to grow his horns from the velvet sensitive to the slightest touch, and to keep them from being in contact with any hard substance, as the slightest scratch will cause them to bleed profusely, especially if it be near the tender pulpy substance at the extremities. About the first of September the ends of the horns begin to flatten and shrink, the skin cracks and peels, the buck begins to rub the small saplings, and bloody strips of skin will hang from the ends of the horns. By the middle of October the horns are clean and polished, and the horns of October are very different from the horns of August. The nature of the animal seems to be suddenly changed; he knows that he has now got the weapons of war, and he is not slow to use them. The horns are so curved that when he curbs his neck for a fight every prong points forward and downward instead of upward. Remember, these are the facts, and the facts are the main facts. The man who is the State of Ohio is an old hunter being on a still hunt in the month of November (that being the rutting season), came suddenly close upon a big buck, and in the excitement of the moment shot carelessly and slightly wounded the deer. Before he was really aware of his danger, the buck made a sudden spring, striking him near the hip, ripping down pants, skin and all, and then, while all this was going on, he put his hind foot, near the instep, penetrating through the flesh, thence through the sole of the shoe, literally pinning him to the earth. At that moment his dog (a large cur) came to his relief, and catching the deer by the flank, turned his attention in another direction, otherwise it might have been still worse for the old hunter. We would naturally inquire what the hunter would do while all this was going on, gashing and pinning the leader, please inform me what you could do during the time it would take a streak of lightning to run down a man's leg?

By the 1st of January most of the old bucks have shed their horns. Some of the young bucks shed a little later. I am not aware that they ever bury their horns, and I have often found them soon after they have been dropped. I do not believe that they even notice the horn after it falls.

It is often asserted that deer get up and feed at moonrise, and lie down when the moon goes down. I know that deer are more likely to get up and feed when the sun goes down and lie down at sunrise or soon after, and especially so in the months of August, September and October; but in June and

July, the nights being short, they will occasionally travel and feed until ten or eleven o'clock A. M. But in November they will run more or less day and night, that being the rutting season.

is also said by the oldest deer hunters that fawns leave no scent in the track until after the spots are off. I have not been fully satisfied on that point, having never fallen into the horrid practice of worrying deer with dogs, unless wounded. Have shot some large bucks during my hunting days, and do not remember that I ever killed more than two that would turn the scale at more than 200 pounds each. It is not always the largest buck that carries the largest horns, and the age cannot be ascertained by the number of prongs. **ANTLER.**

Place Falls, Rhea Co., Tenn.

ON BEARS AND OTHER ANIMALS—
1718.

SALEM, Mass., Nov. 7, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Since reading the "Two Bear Stories," by "Penobscot," published in your interesting journal, I have, through the courtesy of Henry Fitz Waters, Esq., of Salem, whose antiquarian researches are well known, been allowed to copy an original MS. by Paul Dudley, F. R. S., written about 1718, on the "Habits of the Bear and Other Animals." I give it to you as near *verbatim* as I can, as follows:

"Black Bears—When the snow is deep they den, and don't come out till the snow is so wasted as they can trail their food—nuts, acorns, frog, berries, crickets, grapes—and preys also. Don't carry food into their dens; generally den alone, unless it be a she with her cubs of the first year, sometimes in a Hollow Tree, a Hollow Log, under the Hoof of a Tree, or in a hole in the ground. They make tracks when they come out. But if the snow be deep they won't stir. Kill them, nothing in their guts but slime; they will put fire to the Hole of a Tree then the Bear will come Thundering out whether they are asleep or only mope, for they easily wake. Bear bring forth but once in 3 years. Suckle their young.

"Raccoon--goes to Bed at the Time of the Bears and den as the Bear. But more in Company from 3 to 7. Come out rather sooner, carry in food.

"Woodchuck--lives still in his Borough in the ground

"A striped squirrel will sleep--Mr. Lynde.
"A Turtle Boroughs in the mud--and so do frogs."

Paul Dudley, Fellow of the Royal Society, and son of Gov. Joseph Dudley, died at Roxbury, Mass., Jan. 24, 1761, aged 75. He was born Sept. 3, 1675, graduated at Harvard College 1690, finished his law studies at the Temple in London, and returned in 1702 with the commission of Attorney General of the Province of Massachusetts, which he held until 1718, when he succeeded Lynde as Chief Justice. Mr. Dudley published a number of articles in the transactions of the Royal Society. Am not sure that the above is one of them, but the "Discovery of the Hive of Bees in the Woods" was so published, and Mr. Waters has the original notes, of which I will send you a copy next week.

HABITS OF THE SILVER GAR.

WE clip the following correspondence from the Albany *Sunday Press*, which was headed "Sword Fish":

Editors Sunday Press: Your interesting article upon "Eccentricities of Sword-Fish," and especially one paragraph in which it is said, "Nobody on the American coast, so far as reported, ever saw a little sword-fish," makes one think the following circumstance will not be uninteresting:

In the month of August, while crossing the Columbia street bridge, a friend (captain of a steam tug) drew my attention to a school of sword-fish swimming in the basin. They were from six to eight inches in length, including the sword, and were very lively, darting with great rapidity upon the appearance of a head over the railing. I mentioned the circumstance to a gentleman in the habit of fishing in the river opposite the lower part of the city, and he said he also had seen one off the dock.

When we consider that they are salt water fish, and that this city is something like a hundred miles above brackish water, their appearance here is remarkable and worthy of being noted. Yours, etc.,

Editors Sunday Press: I noticed an article with the above heading in a recent copy of your paper, in which the writer speaks of a school of young sword-fish swimming in the Albany basin.

Having spent my youth in Albany, and since given much time to the study of ichthyology, I may therefore be pardoned for presuming to state that the fish in question were not sword-fish, although it was by that name they were familiar to me in boyhood.

I do not think that the sword-fish proper, the *Xiphias gladius*, ever enters fresh water.

The fish in question are the young of the silver gar or billfish, *Belone longirostris*, and are often seen in schools in the upper Hudson when from four to ten inches in length, and appear of a transparent green hue.

I have made some efforts to discover the breeding-place of this fish, as I am not aware of the adult ever entering fresh water, but so far have not succeeded.

The adults are perhaps 30 inches in length and are round bodied, about two inches in diameter, and are often found in New York markets.

They must not be confounded with the fresh water gar, *Lepidosteus*, whose habitat is the great lake and Mississippi basins, but has often been found in the Hudson since the Erie Canal was built.

The latter is a "ganoid," with almost adamantine scales in diamond pattern, and belongs to an order now nearly extinct.

I will feel under obligations for information concerning the silver gar, its breeding place, length of stay in fresh water, regular or casual appearance, in fact anything which will throw light on the habits and movements of a fish who its history is little known. Yours, etc., FRED MATTHEW

FROGS IN WINTER QUARTERS.—Our correspondent, Mr. Frank Schley, author of "Partridge and Pheasant Shooting," gives an interesting account of the finding of a lot of frogs which had retired to the waters of a warm spring to pass the winter. Writing from the foothills of Sugar Loaf Mountains Frederick Co., Maryland, he says:

out the first ravine. I came across a small spring, and not having my drinking cup in my pocket, I got down on one knee and drank and took a drink. When drinking, I observed a little cloud of smoke from the large stone partly covered with water in the spring, and embowered and surrounded with soft mud, nearly covered with leaves. I thought it likely there might be a snake under it, as I have often found snakes in springs late in autumn, and to satisfy my curiosity I got hold of the stone with my hands and turned it up. To my surprise, instead of there being a snake, as I fully expected, I found thirteen large frogs, all in one mass, and in a bed of soft mud, water and leaves. I removed them and threw them out of the water one by one, counted and examined them. Eight of the thirteen were large bullfrogs; the balance were of the striped species. All were very thin and semi-torpid, not having much life about them. The spring being the warmest water, all the frogs in the branches, no doubt, made their way up there and found shelter under this large flat stone for winter quarters.

THE REPORT: JOINTROUS—*Mr. Editor:* I see that friend Garlick objects to my characterization of his name for the big-mouth black bass—(*Arygates megastoma*) as "ineaty." I did not intend to use the latter word in the sense of "pertaining to meat," nor yet in the sense of Webster's definition of the word, "fleshy, but not fat." I meant simply that, like a nut or an egg, the name was "full of meat," or, in the words of Mr. Garlick, it "hit the nail square on the head;" or, without metaphor, was very appropriate, inasmuch as it expressed the most marked character of the fish.

Irrington, Ind., Dec. 12, 1878. DAVID S. JORDAN.

ANIMALS RECEIVED AT PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS FOR THE WEEK ENDING DEC. 21—One parakeet, from South America presented by James M. Voy, Phila.; one gazelle, *Gazelle dorcas*, from North Africa, presented by Capt. Earl English, U. S. Navy; one puma, *Felis concolor*, from Argentine Republic, presented by the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.

ARTHUR E. BROWN, Gen'l. Supt.

Woodland, Farm and Garden.

THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES.

FEW persons, who have never visited the southern portion of our peninsula, have any definite conception of what is meant by the term "Everglades," or what sort of a country it is which is designated by that name in Southern Florida.

The writer, when a youth, used to look on the map and wonder, and dream, and imagine all sorts of weird and fantastic peculiarities belonging to this region, and now has a distinct recollection of making a boyish vow, that when manhood came one of his first journeys should be a pilgrimage to the mystic land of the Everglades. But, like most of the things that we dream of in our youth, this dream has been forgotten in the more serious concerns of life, and it was not until the winter of 1874-5, when, owing to failing health and an anxious desire to escape for awhile from business cares, we these dreams recalled and the proposed visit at length made.

Journeys from Jacksonville up the St. Johns to Lake Harney by steamer, thence across to Sand Point by mule power, thence by sail-boat down Indian River to Jupiter, where empties a narrow and tortuous stream, known as Jupiter Creek, the waters of which, though deep, are clear as crystal, and abound in a species of fish here called trout, but are really the well-known black bass, with which Seth Green, the enthusiastic pisciculturist, is stocking Northern waters. Up this stream some ten miles, propelled by oars and poles to the rapids, and the beginning of the Everglades is reached.

Imagine a low, flat savanna, a mile or more in width, over which the water is one to four feet deep, and entirely covered with a dense growth of mammoth saw-grass, which sometimes attains an altitude of ten feet or more, through which runs a channel, varying from a mere alligator's trail, scarce large enough to float an Indian canoe, to broad lagoons or bays, in which the water is deep enough to float a sailing ship. Lilly-pods or leaves of the dog lily, which here attain about the size and shape of an old-fashioned Quaker sun-bonnet, and are a serious impediment to navigation. These lakes are the natural home of the alligator, hundreds of which may be seen on sunny days stretched on the grassy banks or prowling lazily about in search of food and amusement, their ugly heads and repulsive bodies sometimes in much too close proximity to the water. The crocodiles, which are also to be met with, including the venomous moccasin, also find in the waste of water and reeds a congenial pleasure-ground, and curious and rare birds disport their plumage among the rank grass.

By dint of much rowing, poling and pushing, not to mention a vigorous use of inapposite words, a small boat may be forced through the eight or ten miles of this channel finally reaching the Haulover, a sandy ridge, some three hundred yards wide, separating this branch of the Everglades from Lake Worth, and over which boats and baggage must be dragged and carried as best they may. The settlers on Lake Worth designate the mud, perennially difficult of this kind, as the "Wog," each one of which is worse than the last. Indeed, it is a curious study—the mixture of courage and despair, of patience and profanity, in which these navigators of the saw-grass indulge in their frequent journeys this way.

Now fairly across the Haulover, and launched on the waters of Lake Worth, and a pleasant scene is reached. A beautiful sheet of water, some thirty miles long, by, perhaps, one and one-half wide, surrounded by the finest country the writer has yet seen in Florida, lies before you, absolutely below frost line, perpetually warm, and the temperature of the surface of the water runs from five-four to eighty-five degrees, much of the soil of excellent quality, tropical and semi-tropical fruits can be grown, which will not thrive in more Northern latitudes, and will make this section of Florida, at no very remote period, one of the richest portions of the State. It is claimed that the lake itself was originally fresh and without communication with the sea, until some few years since a Mr. Long, a German gentleman, bored a hole through the sand bar between the ocean, since which time the waters have been tinged with salt. Fish, in myriad forms, abound in the lake, and game, such as bears, deer and turkeys roam on its banks, or hide in its hammocks, and its ocean beach is rich in shells and other curious gems of the sea. But, as even the Garden of Eden had its serpent to destroy happiness, so Lake Worth has its mosquitoes, and during its summer months the green pools of slough, or cypress swamp, in comparison with the misery of its mosquito bites. They swarm in the air, they sail on the water, they ride in the breeze. The torments of the damned in "Dante's In-

Royal IV, is a superb young seltzer; Rover unnoticed! deserved better. It is a lovely breed 'un; Duxton show quality, but I don't think I'll be getting one. The next lively Cearé Frig is a good looking dog, and one of the most lively customers we know of; Ranger III, looked well; Prince Royal we thought as good as Rocket, who is a fairish dog. The Prince, however, was only very highly commended. The bitchies were a charming lot. Countess Fear did not show herself in her usual form, but Baffle and Novel were "all there." I don't think I'll be getting either, but I don't admire; she is too spaniel-headed. Mr. Abbott's Maud should have been noticed, and Nellie is a fine little bitch.

The Champion black-and-tan dog class had two competitors, Lang and Duke. Duke won. In tan and in coat he is superior to Lang. The champion bitch class had three entries, the best of which was not for competition, unfortunately; so the class was won. Nell was catalogued at ten guineas—cheap this for a champion. The open dogs class might have been won by Blossom won, and Mr. Parson's Bob was placed next, Marquie taking but a commendation. The bitches formed a poor class. Royal is very ragged, and Rosa was poor in feather. Duchess (passed over) has a good tan and a good coat, but Daphne was out of form altogether. In Irish champions, Palmerston in tan and in coat, won against all the rest. It is to be noted that is a good one for tan, but in the open dogs class, he is not so good. Count, won, and St. Patrick was placed next. Shot was only commended, and Dick looked very old. Mr. Abbott's Plunkett II. should have been in the list. The bitches were not pre-eminently grand. Kitty, however, is a good one; but Belle is too weedy. Farelle has a good frame, but shows too much of her ribs. In the open dogs, the best of the dogs are really too much of a good thing in the wrong places. Snipe is but a wiry weed.

[illegible]

Sottora, English, except Black and Tan—Champion Class—Dogs—
 —Cup, J Fletcher, Roeb. Bitches—Cup, H L Purcell-Llewellyn,
 Phantom. Open Class—Dogs—1st W Duncan, Royal IV; 2d, T
 Kingston, Roeb. Very high com, E L Purcell-Llewellyn, Prince
 of Wales. High com, G D L Macdonald, Ranger III, and E L Purcell-
 Llewellyn, Count Wind'em. C, J Bishop, Buxton, and F Jones,
 Roll II. Bitches—1st and 2d, R J L Purcell-Llewellyn, Baile and
 Nove. Very high com, J Platt, Dolphins. High com, J A Platt,
 and J L Nethling, Nethling. Black and Tan—Champion Class—
 Black and Tan, Champion Class—Dogs—1st, J T Richardson, Duke.
 Bitches—1st, E L Parsons, Floss. Open Class—Dogs—1st, H
 Maplebeck, Blossom; 2d, E L Parsons, Bob. High com, E T
 Parsons, Blossom. Bitches—1st, H Maplebeck, Blossom; 2d, E
 Marquis, E. Bitches—1st, H Maplebeck, Blossom; 2d, E
 Jesse, Irish—Champion Class—Dogs—1st M Hilliard, Palmerston.
 Open Class—Dogs—1st, T M Hilliard, Count; 2d, U T Abbott, St
 Patrick. Very high com, J Kennedy, Dick. Count, F Waddington,
 and J L Nethling, Nethling. Bitches—1st, J L Nethling, Nethling.
 Very high com, J E Johnson, Firth. High com, G de L Macdonald,
 Pamela.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.
BREAKING DOGS ON RUFFED GROUSE.

THE remarks published in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 19 under the above caption were intended to apply to young dogs, and were made upon the assumption that those dogs which had experienced work upon game, even if but for one season, were already broken. Therefore the criticism of your correspondent "Ruffed Grouse" is not to the point when he refers to the dogs that have been worked on the prairie.

[illegible]

primary lessons. I have seen sportsmen who were quite contented if the dogs found the game, pointed it staunchly, and never mouthed it after it was killed. My own dogs will do all this without any breaking whatever. No teaching whatever is needed for them in pointing and backing, and no caution required as regards mouthing dead birds. Yet I derive so much more pleasure from shooting over thoroughly broken dogs, that I am willing to devote the necessary time and patience to teaching the accomplishments which are such desirable accessories to the main work. I have known a dog who was impatient, from impatience, or because owing but one dog, will take a pup of six or eight months into the field for work, which too often results in mental and physical detriment to the dog.

So well convinced am I of the great advantages to be derived from having a dog thoroughly yard-broken ere taken into the field for work, that I allowed the autumn of last year to pass by without once taking into the field a brace of young dogs that were eight months old. Yet I spent three months of that year in shooting over dogs.

In a season of flood miles and miles of this region are submerged, and what at other times is a wilderness of grassy desert, then becomes a sea of water, and one may journey from the St. Lucie River to Lake Okechobee and to the Big Cypress, and thence to Biscayne Bay and back to the St. Lucie, and still find the same things. Though all this vast region is now in bloom as bright and gay as in the conservatory, birds sing as sweetly as when hung in gilded cages; the deer and the panther wander at will; the rattlesnake and moccasin here abound undisturbed by civilized man; the crocodile of the Indus and Nile dwells unmolested; and the laws of God are as fixed as the stars in the heavens. In this vast region, the State of Florida is in every part of the civilized world. — *Florida Agriculturist*.

drawn a number of prizes for persons who had been present at the fair. The prizes were as follows: Mr. W. W. Wick secured 1st prize for light brahmas, red Spanish chicks, golden Poland, bull and white Cochins. Mr. Coldman 1st for Plymouth Rock chicks; Mr. W. T. Johns took several 1st and 2d prizes with his bantam game and duckering games; other prizes were awarded to Messrs. Watson, Scruggs, Talley, Newman, Harris and Dandridge. The only lady competitor was Miss Ella Kirkman, she took 1st prize for gray Jordin, and 2d prize for black. The attendance was quite small, but yesterday, being a beautiful bright day, quite a number of admirers of fine poultry were present.

J. D. H.

EXISTENCE OF FORESTS ON CLIMATE.—Many trees have totally disappeared, or have been reduced to mere streams by an irrational and heinous felling of the forests. In the north-east of Germany, the Narp and Gold rivers exist only in name. The classic lands of antiquity are rich in sad lessons of deforestation. The springs and brooks of Palestine are dry, and the fruitfulness of the land has disappeared. The Jordan and Euphrates have been reduced to mere streams. Greece and Spain suffer severely to this day from the effects of destroying their forests. Many parts of the Kingdom of Wurttemberg have been rendered almost barren by the felling of the trees. In Hungary the periodically returning drought is universally attributed to the extermination of the forest. We attribute the present fruitfulness of Asia Minor and Greece to the preservation of the forests. The ruins and tombs have taken the place of what was the highest culture. Sardinia and Sicily were once the granaries of Italy, but have long since lost the fruitfulness sung of in ancient poets. On the other hand, man can improve the condition of the land in which he lives, more slowly indeed, but as certainly, by cultivating and preserving the forests. In the Delta of Upper Egypt, there were only five or six days of rain in the year, but that, since the time when Mehemet Ali caused some 20,000,000 trees to be planted, the number of days of rain in the year has increased to forty-five or forty-six. The Suez Canal has produced remarkable results. Ismail is built on what was a sandy desert, but since the Nile has been dammed up, and the water has been distributed and other plants have sprung up as if by magic, and, with the reappearance of the vegetation, the climate has changed. Four or five years ago rain was unknown in those regions, while from May, 1865, to May, 1869, fourteen days were recorded, and once such a rain storm that the natives looked upon it as a supernatural event. (Facts recorded in the *Vierteljahrsschrift der Naturforschenden Gesellschaft in Zürich*, 1869, and in the *English Journals*.)

Austria herself has a very striking instance of a change of

The letter alluded to as published in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Nov. 18 was written some months ago, and was suggested by the well-known writer on canine matters, Mr. Arnold Burges, advocating the ruffed grouse as the best bird to break dogs on. I differed in opinion so widely as to make the assertion that it is the worst bird for the purpose. One cannot allow to select the game, but to answer the game may be upon which the young dog receives his initiatory lessons, he should first be well yard broken. When well yard-broken he will, at command, "lie on," drop to shot and signal, come to heel, and retrieve. Everything in addition to this that is taught in the yard, such as "toho," quartering to hand, etc., saves much patience and more precious time when in the field. First, and constantly, teach implicit obedience. The dog must understand the meaning of a command, and then obey without hesitation or delay in his part, or repetition of the command by his master. Teach him not only to drop instantly, but also in good form; and he should retrieve without mauling or dropping the bird, always holding to hand until receiving the command to deliver. My own dogs are exceedingly gentle, are very easily taught, and I have obtained great perfection in them. Upon seeing them perform in the yard many sportsmen have asked the pertinent question, "Will they do all this in the field?" I reply, "Yes, if they have been well taught and have learned perfectly the lesson of obedience, they will do all this and much more after the little experience which is needed to teach what can be learned by no other means. As a practical instance of the result of the system of breaking that I advocate and adopt, I will cite a young dog that I have initiated on game the present season. He was broken on woodcock and ruffed grouse, but for the sole reason that I was obliged to give the first field lessons in covert and on such game, or not at all until another season. He had already well learned all that I desired to teach him in the yard, and a few days devoted to his education in the field sufficed to render him a very superior dog on the game mentioned, rivaling the older and experienced dogs with which he was worked. I shall hope to give him a varied experience in the open, another season. Had circumstances permitted, I could now be shooting long trails along the Mississippi River, and perhaps in the good company of "Guido" and his friends, who would be well pleased by the natives in which I have the merited pride of breeder, breaker and owner. A friend at my side who has shot over dogs for many consecutive years, and has had much experience with ruffed grouse, entirely coincides with me in opinion as regards their fitness for the breaking of young dogs; and furthermore adds, that when cock shooting, if the young ruffed grouse is immediately called to heel, not allowing them to hunt the birds, but walks in and flushes. And his dogs have very superior noses and unexcelled staunchness. But after a dog has been well broken on other game, then break him on ruffed grouse, and in some localities good sport may be had without your dog acquiring bad habits. I have studied the habits of ruffed grouse, not only as a sportsman, but as an ornithologist, and well know how varied are their habits (as well as those of other birds) in various localities. Ruffed grouse are very abundant in Massachusetts, and probably nowhere will they be better dogs. The covert is generally favorable to this purpose, and also favorable for the sportsman, yet Massachusetts sportsmen will do well to first break their dogs on other game, unless they are to be used only in covert shooting. And when Mr. Editor, a correspondent asks what dog to get fortridge (ruffed grouse) and rabbit (saw) shooting, do not, I pray you, recommend a setter or pointer for such a purpose. To such uses and no other may they never be called as long as spaniels exist. EVERETT SMITH.

THE MINNESOTA FIELD TRIALS.

LETTER FROM HON. WM. MULLIKEN, ONE OF THE JUDGES.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Having read the statement of Mr. Rowe in his paper regarding the circumstances wherein I read the rule to him during the Minnesota Field Trials, and said statement being wholly untrue, I desire in my own behalf a space in your columns in order to give your many readers the true history of the case as it occurred.

Nellie, landed by Mr. Sanborn, and I think Maggie May, by Mr. Waddington, were down. Five birds were flushed and settled some distance ahead of the dogs in the edge of a dry slough, there being a small patch of hazel brush on the right as we approached the locality where the birds went down. When we got into the slough Nellie came to a stand in good cover, and after waiting sufficient time for her to establish a point, being next to Mr. Sanborn, who was on my right, I requested him to allow Nellie to flush the bird. Mr. Sanborn ordered her on, and she worked upon the trail two or three rods, and then, instead of finding a bird, threw up her head and commenced roading to the right, making a circle and crossing the trail she had been on, came in front of Mr. Whitford, who was on the left, Mr. Davidson being in the centre. While Nellie was in front of Mr. Whitford Mr. Davidson was walking up, flushed a bird some distance from Nellie and to the left of the trail where she had been working. Nellie, at the time the bird was raised, was roading with head up, giving the judges no evidence that she was on a scent. Myself and Mr. Davidson at once gave Nellie a false point, whereupon Mr. Whitford dissented in language I do not desire to repeat. Mr. Whitford and Mr. Sanborn claimed the bird that Mr. Davidson flushed was the one that was on my right, and we had a hot controversy about it. At this stage of the proceedings Mr. Rowe, who had been riding in the judges' wagon for two days (saying he was placed there by Mr. Lincoln as "signal officer"), said to Mr. Sanborn: "Sanborn, if that was my dog I would take her up."

I then asked Mr. Rowe what business he had to interfere in the matter, and if he knew the rules governing the field trials. The respondent flushed the bird, and he replied, but it was so ungenerously that I was compelled by duty to read him part of rule 8, which is as follows: "No spectators are allowed nearer the handler of the dogs than seventy-five yards to the rear. No spectators or others shall make any remarks about the dogs or judges within hearing of the judges; such persons so offending shall be expelled from the ground by the judges, who shall order the special police to effect such persons leaving."

After much controversy between the judges it was decided to give Nellie a point in order to heal the disturbance, on the ground that the bird that Mr. Davidson flushed "might have been" the bird she had pointed, while there were four more birds known to have gone down in the immediate vicinity. Regarding my apology to Mr. Rowe his statement is entirely outside of the facts. He came to me on Friday evening

just before I left the camp and requested me to leave my tent on the ground over night for his accommodation, which was freely granted. I then said to him: "I hoped he had no hard feelings for what had occurred in the field that morning," and he said he had none. This is the only apology I made, and I will qualify it under oath.

It is notoriously known by all who attended the field trials that Mr. Rowe was very officious for a reporter, and entirely out of his proper place during the whole field trial. When not riding with the judges he was arm in arm on more than one occasion with one of the judges. Especially when Countess Royal and Nellie were down.

I am glad to bear witness that the representative of the *FOREST AND STREAM* knew his place and kept it in such a gentlemanly manner that it met the commendations of all who saw him tread warily and staidly. I have endeavored to keep out of this field trial controversy, and should have done so had not Mr. Rowe made statements regarding me that are utterly false. WM. MULLIKEN.

ACKLEY'S DOG.

BEDFORD, Ohio, Dec. 14, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

The death of "Old Sport," and the "Law of Trespass," as contained in late numbers of *FOREST AND STREAM*, remind me of a sporting incident that occurred many years since to my partner, the late Prof. H. A. Ackley. He was shooting ducks in the marshes of Sandusky Bay, and had an excellent retriever, that would retrieve all the ducks that fell, no matter who shot them. There was another person shooting from a point of land not far from where Doctor Ackley was shooting. Ackley's dog beat to Ackley's pile of ducks all the ducks that this fellow knocked down, which so angered him that he informed Ackley, that if his dog took any more of his ducks he would shoot you; Ackley replied, "If you shoot my dog I will shoot you; I do not want your ducks, but I cannot prevent my dog from retrieving all the ducks that fall." Pretty soon the fellow dropped another duck, and Ackley's dog "went for him," and the fellow blazed away at the dog and Ackley blazed at the fellow. The manner in which that fellow humped himself satisfied Ackley that he had better be off; so, gathering up his ducks he put out for his buggy and horse, which were back a short distance. Ackley delivered horse and buggy to the liverly man in the town of Sandusky and took the middle dog to Cleveland. The next day after a man called at our office, saying he had been out shooting duck the day before with a friend, who had carelessly shot some small shot into his body, and he wished to have them taken out. We took them out, eleven shot in all. "What is your charge, gentlemen?" "Twenty dollars." He said it, not knowing that one of the firm of Ackley & Garlick, was that "friend" who had lodged those shot in him.

Our bill of items was ten dollars for digging out the shot and ten dollars for that scamp shooting, though not killing, one of the best dogs I ever saw.

Very truly yours,

T. GARLICK.

TENNESSEE FIELD TRIALS FOR 1879.—The Tennessee Sportsman's Association have fixed the time of their next Field Trials for 1879 for December 1, at Col. Overton's farm, near Nashville.

CANINE OVARIOTOMY.—Editor *Forest and Stream* and *Rod and Gun*: As W. W. T., in your issue of Dec. 19, 1878, refers to a letter written by me, B., in reference to some article on ovariotomy, and had the honor of having printed in the *Country*, I feel called upon to answer him on account of my interest in all that relates to canine pathology. To his direct question: "How to recognize the ovary when you see it," I would reply: The ovary is a small body ranging from the size of a pea to that of a bean, according to the age of the subject, and in shape resembling the latter. W. W. S. will, if he has read the *Country* carefully, see that, I rather doubt the practicability of "M. B.'s" procedure, which doubt is confirmed by further investigations. To W. W. S.'s inquiry: "What relation of position does it (the ovary) bear to the uterus itself?" I would simply refer him to my original article and suggest that before he sacrifices a well bred pup he practice upon a dead cur of low degree. The operation itself is very simple, and provided an opening is not made of sufficient size to afterward collect pus by a hernia or protrusion of the bowels is rarely if ever attended by any untoward results. If any further information on the subject of spaying is desired none will give it with greater pleasure than

MOHICAN.

A SPANIEL SUCKLING TWO PIGS.—A correspondent of an English contemporary writes: "The other day, while walking in the country a few miles from Reading, my attention was drawn to a most singular incident—namely, a spaniel bitch sucking two young pigs. The owner, living at a small homestead at Knowl Hill, informed me that all the spaniel's pups had recently been destroyed, which appeared to greatly distress the mother. It happened about that time that a sow had a litter of pigs, and she shortly afterwards died, consequently the little ones would have shared the same fate had not succor come to them by the timely assistance of the spaniel, who, of its own accord, took the place of the sow, and is now suckling the pigs."

POISONED.—A liver colored cocker spaniel belonging to Isaac H. Folger, Esq., senior officer of the Brooklyn, Mass., *Advance*, was poisoned Dec. 7th at Nantucket. The dog was pure blooded, an excellent retriever, thoroughly trained and would perform a variety of tricks. Mr. Folger has offered a reward of fifty dollars for the detection of the poisoner. He has also placarded Nantucket with doggers reading as follows:

DO NOT POISON THEM!

One of them lives in Nantucket. I believe dogs go to heaven. If they do not it is unfortunate for the cur who poisoned Snyder, Saturday, Dec. 7, 1878. The poisoner betrays his guilt every time he talks about it. ISAAC H. FOLGER.

Brooklyn, Dec. 21, 1878.

—Jilt, pure Laverack, property of A. F. Huston, Coatesville, Pa., whelped six pups on 17th instant, by Carlowitz, two dogs and four bitches.

—The setter bitch Fanny Ellsler (Rob Roy-Pickles), belonging to H. K. Bostwick, of Atchison, Kansas, whelped, on December 15, eight puppies—three dogs and five bitches, by Topoke, Kan., Kennel Club Brussels (Leicester-Dart).

—Dr. Edward J. Forster's Daisy (Shot-Nellie) whelped, 16th December, 1878, two dogs and four bitches, by Adams' champion field trial winner Drake.

—Mr. J. P. Bigelow, of West Boylston, Mass., claims the name of Uno for his red Irish setter bitch puppy whelped July 12, out of Hosmer's imported Rose, by Moore's Sancho.

—Mr. J. P. Bigelow, of West Boylston, Mass., writes that his native English setter bitch Rumpus, winner of first prize at Worcester National Dog Show, May, '78, whelped Dec. 17th two dogs and four bitches, sired by Brewster's Don, of Butler Adams' Rock stock.

—E. Lavislette, of Binghamton, N. Y., claims the name Pat for his red Irish setter pup.

THE NOM DE PLUME "MOHICAN."

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 13, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

"Mine ear is open and my heart prepared,
The worst is worldly loss than canst unfold;
Say, is my kingdom lost?"

In your issue of December 12, 1878, I noticed a communication on "Canine Skin Diseases—Eczema."

In regard to the *nom de plume* of "Mohican," I would say that I have had possession, adopted and used it for the last three years or more, to the several articles communicated by me to the *FOREST AND STREAM*. There appeared in a Chicago paper in the year 1876, a communication from me entitled, "The American Shooter Fifty Years Ago," and bears my *nom de plume*, "Mohican" (the above article appeared in that journal for several weeks in succession); also to several communications on express charges on dogs, in which I upheld the American Express Company as the only express to be patronized by the sportsmen and breeders. These articles drew forth communications favoring my ideas from M. Von Culin, Esq., Delaware City, Del., and several others.

I think I have the full right to withhold and adopt the *nom de plume* of "Mohican," and shall use it to any of my future articles which shall appear from time to time in the sporting papers. But if your correspondent, "Mohican," can show and prove his prior right, I am willing to forfeit the same, and not before.

Communications published and signed "Mohican" are supposed to be from me, and if there are more than one by that name it will be apt to lead to misunderstanding. I would request your correspondent, "Mohican," in a gentlemanly way, to adopt another *nom de plume*.

"If you deny me, be upon your law!"

There is no force in the decision of Venice—

I stand for judgment; answer, shall I have it?"

JOSEPH E. FISHER (Mohican).

We have not the slightest doubt that our correspondent will do so at once.—Ed.

Yachting and Boating.

THE BRITISH YACHT FLEET.

THE wonderful growth as well as the peculiarly preferences of popular taste among the British yachting public is shown in strong light by some figures recently published by the *London Field*. The total number of yachts in 1850 was 503, consisting of 372 cutters, only 70 schooners, 45 yawls, 7 of other rigs, mostly luggers, and but 3 steamers. By 1864, the numbers had swelled to a total of 895, including 574 cutters, 207 schooners, 54 yawls, 27 of other rigs, and 38 steamers. In 1878 there were no less than 1,833 yachts regularly enrolled, and with those of which no records are available the fleet may be set down as having attained a total of 2,000! These are divided as follows: 754 cutters, 328 schooners, 328 yawls, 25 of other rig, and 238 steamers. What is most remarkable, at least in the light of our own experience, is the fact that even as far back as 1850 the average tonnage of all craft was as high as 44 tons, or very nearly as large as that of the modern fleet, which is 47. With us the average tonnage would fall very much below these figures, as we still have to draw very largely upon the small cat-boats and jib and mainsails for the make-up of our fleet. No doubt this can be traced to the lack of wealth and leisure, as well as the presence along our coast of large bodies of sheltered water, rendering possible a spirited devotion to the sport in craft smaller than would be of service abroad, where everybody's ambition is to go foreign in his yacht. Cutters are the most numerous in British waters, and very justly so. With us the sloop cannot supply their place on account of the unhandiness of its rig, and we have therefore made the schooner our "national rig," with the sloop relegated only to the smaller classes. Of larger sloops there are hardly a dozen in America, and the tendency seems to be to displace even these by the cutter and yawl, leaving the sloop to hold sway among the small smooth-water sailers, chiefly on account of its cheapness and greater efficiency for short river work. The schooner does not seem to hold so prominent a position in Europe as here, for the cutter outnumbered her two to one, and even the yawl runs her a close race. This latter rig has sprung into very sudden popularity for both cruising and racing, and the satisfaction it has given to those who have tried it on this side of the Atlantic assures it an equally prosperous future here. Steamers, as a matter of course, have increased in a rapid ratio with the spread of a knowledge of steam engineering; but we still fall very far behind our cousins in respect to sea-going craft of this description, there being really only two sea-going steam yachts in our waters, the *Isabel* and *Violetta*. In 1870 there were in Great Britain about 100 yachts under 5 tons, 300 from 5 to 10 tons, 403 from 10 to 20, 189 from 20 to 30, 90 from 30 to 40, 84 from 40 to 50, 50 from 50 to 60, 88 from 60 to 80, 6 from 80 to 100, 1 from 100 to 150, 1 from 150 to 200, 1 from 200 to 300, 1 from 300 to 400, 1 from 400 to 500, 1 from 500 to 600, 1 from 600 to 700, 1 from 700 to 800, 1 from 800 to 900, 1 from 900 to 1,000, 1 from 1,000 to 1,500, 1 from 1,500 to 2,000, 1 from 2,000 to 2,500, 1 from 2,500 to 3,000, 1 from 3,000 to 3,500, 1 from 3,500 to 4,000, 1 from 4,000 to 4,500, 1 from 4,500 to 5,000, 1 from 5,000 to 5,500, 1 from 5,500 to 6,000, 1 from 6,000 to 6,500, 1 from 6,500 to 7,000, 1 from 7,000 to 7,500, 1 from 7,500 to 8,000, 1 from 8,000 to 8,500, 1 from 8,500 to 9,000, 1 from 9,000 to 9,500, 1 from 9,500 to 10,000, 1 from 10,000 to 10,500, 1 from 10,500 to 11,000, 1 from 11,000 to 11,500, 1 from 11,500 to 12,000, 1 from 12,000 to 12,500, 1 from 12,500 to 13,000, 1 from 13,000 to 13,500, 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80 to 100, 87 from 100 to 130, 48 from 150 to 200, and 40 above 200, all exclusive of 283 steamers of various tonnages from the launch up to the five and six hundred tonners. But what is of much more import, while almost every English yacht, no matter what her size, represents a strongly built, fully rigged and decked vessel, fitted out in a most complete manner with navigation and cruising implements aboard, too many of our craft are still under the influence of that neglect and incompleteness arising from a want of intimate knowledge with many of those phases of the sport which afford much more health, pleasure and instruction than merely trimming sheets or may be hauling down a reef and bobbing jib. For these evils time is the only cure.

ROUGE CROIX TO CORINTHIAN.—Editor *Forest and Stream*. Dec. 15: "Corinthian" says I "evidently found a mare's nest," in his letter of Oct. 25, as he was not speaking of rigs but of types. His words were: "When the plucky Ashbury brought his *outer yacht Cambria* to these waters, etc." and if that is not accepted as meaning that *Cambria* was cutter-rigged, all I can say is that every writer on yachting during the past thirty years has misused the term. Schooner yacht, cutter yacht, yawl yacht, sloop yacht—all these are terms which have never been used in any other sense than as descriptions of rig. Corinthian should not blame me for taking him at his word. **ROUGE CROIX.**

OUR WINNING LIST.—Says a yachtsman from the North: "I want to thank you for the valuable record of this season's racing. It is most creditable to your paper, and fills a need long experienced."

STRAIM LAXTON WANTED.—Parties having 30ft. cabin steam launch for sale at low price for cash may address Yachting Editor, this office.

THE COMING BOAT.

ROSEN, L. I., Dec. 10, 1878.

EDITOR *FOREST AND STREAM*:

I am well aware that there is a deeply-rooted prejudice against flat-bottomed boats, particularly among those would-be boatmen who condemn everything concerning which they know nothing, and who have not the capacity to investigate rationally for themselves. To such individuals I have nothing to say, except that they will not interest them to read what follows.

Being interested in the question of heavy draught *versus* shallow boats I have been led to make inquiries concerning the Fairhaven sharpie, and in the light of my own experience during years long ago, can also from facts kindly furnished by an old-time yachting friend, can say that I am convinced that for all the purposes of coast cruising, for seaworthiness, economy of construction and for speed there is no boat of equal tonnage that can approach the sharpie.

I am told, and have every reason to believe, that "one of these boats, thirty-two feet in length, ran ten knots off the wind on L. I. Sound in thirty-four minutes"; that "last summer George Smith's sharpie, of Milford Point, Conn., averaged sixteen knots per hour for three hours."

Minor Smith, whom I well know to be one of the best boatmen on our coast, says that "Many a time has he lain outside Montank in his sharpie, long after the deep keel smacks found it uncomfortable and unsafe to stay, their decks being covered with water, while his decks were dry." He also says that he never saw the time when he was forced to lie to, but that his sharpie would eat to windward no matter how bad the sea.

Another man, Mr. Roe, who had lived in and built these boats for thirty years, says that a "thirty-five foot sharpie will drown out any forty-five foot ordinary boat that sails, and will beat her in any weather, either on or off the wind." Also, that "she will lie at anchor, easy and dry, when a sixty-ton sloop will plunge her bow under every sea." Now, if these be facts, and I have every reason to believe they are, I would ask where can we find the craft that for cruising purposes combines more excellent qualities?

What do we want a cruising boat to do for us? In the first place, she must be able to carry us wherever we desire to go. Suppose, for instance, we wish a few hours of coast fishing, or shooting, well, our sharpie will take us just where both are to be found—among the rocks, along the meadows, or up the creeks.

In such places a keel-boat is but a nuisance and an incumbrance; even the centerboard sloop, drawing three or four feet of water, will often sorely try our patience by displaying amphibious proclivities just when those tempting snipe-flats heave in sight.

Then look at the beautiful simplicity of our sharpie's rig. Two gracefully-tapering masts, no standing rigging and but four lines, with the same number of single blocks in her entire running gear. Just compare it with the cumbersome top-hatop which must go with a boat of any other kind.

Another point in the sharpie's favor is that owing to her form, every square inch in her can be made available. She is also so light, from her peculiar construction, that if she should by any chance sink she will (to speak in Irish) float.

The first attempt I ever made at yachting was in a sharpie, forty feet over all, drawing ten inches of water. At that time I knew but little about sailing anything beyond a cat boat of small size, and the result proved that I was fortunately experimenting with a craft that could take care of herself, for just to the eastward of Faulkner Island we encountered a gale. Not knowing what else to do, and being headed for old Long Island, I just lowered my mainsail and "so she drove." Well, we found some land just to the westward of Plum Gut. Not seeing the wished-for haven I put her full tilt for the beach, through the breakers. She tried to climb over into Orient Harbor, but only succeeded in running two-thirds of her length out on dry land. Could any boat do more? T. C.

A DISSENTING VIEW.

Boston, Dec. 29, 1878.

EDITOR *FOREST AND STREAM*:

In your issue of Dec. 19 I noticed the heading "Two Boston Creeks." As I question their merit I doubt the application.

I have had the pleasure of a sail in the *Enterprise* on one of her severest trials and though it was a very heavy sea and strong breeze it must be nothing to what some of the English cutters have had

to undergo, from the accounts handed down to posterity, for in stance, "coming up to blow" occasionally, or passing through a breeze, when some one "will have to hold your hair on."

I also question "Neptune's" opinion that the *Viking* is the best boat of the two to windward.

I think "Neptune" is wide of the mark in observing the superiority of *Enterprise* over *Mallap*, and more so in assuming the *Viking* can go to windward better than *Enterprise*; that really makes *Viking* the best of the three, which is certainly not generally conceded.

From my own observation of the 9th of October regatta I feel certain that *Viking* could have done nothing with *Shadow* had the proper canvas been carried on her. And, strange to believe, I have lots of company (men who thoroughly understand yachting who believe *Shadow* could discount the *Viking* in any weather.

In rough water especially the fair lines of *Shadow* would tell amazingly on *Viking's* irregularities. That *Viking* has power no one will deny, that she is roomy and comfortable is also true; that she is fast remains to be proved.

When she piles up the admirable record of *Shadow*, or wins the most races from her we will admit her superiority, without being prejudiced.

I think *Viking* has got hard lines to straighten with boats of her own class before her aspirations tempt her from her sphere. To speak bluntly and honestly, the models of both *Enterprise* and *Viking* are objects of criticism and comment, and they make friends very slowly. Though the over-doing of square bilges and keels is evident to me, I do not wish to influence others to my way of thinking, but advise them to profit by observation and careful investigation.

There is a great deal of talk this way about scientific figuring in boats' models, but I fail to see the science displayed when the model does not sit in the water to a scientific load line. I also fail to see the science displayed in balancing sail when, after repeated trials, the forward or after sails have to be altered to make them steer easy, as circumstances require. I should like to see *Enterprise* rigged as an American vessel. I think she would develop more speed, and be just as comfortable. Although any narrow vessel makes a better rough water boat if she is provided with sufficient depth to steady her, I doubt the practical use of them as cruisers—you forfeit too much for weatherliness. I claim you can make a yacht more seaworthy with 38ft. length, 16ft. beam, 6ft. draught, than you can one of 38ft. length, 8ft. beam, 8ft. draught.

We have a veritable cutter here, 42x37, and I can produce a number of small centerboard craft that can go right away from her to windward in a rough time, and her only show is a free wind and a very light one, then she skims like a bird. She was imported from England.

We are to be treated again to the subject of marine insanity, but although I should not like to go through the undertaking myself, I cannot help admiring courage and wishing success to the individual in question.

Mr. Herbert Burrell, a man about 35 years of age, a native of Cape Cod, by occupation a painter, now working at Melton, Mass., is to make the southern passage of the Atlantic around the Hope across the Indian Ocean to far Australia. When one stops to think of days and hours and months of solitary confinement on board a miniature life-boat, we shudder to think what humanity undergoes for filthy lucre and unsatisfied ambition. Mr. Burrell selected Messrs. Hulings & Pryor as the one to give him the most satisfactory craft for his perilous adventure, and from observation I should say she was complete. She is 19ft. over all, 18ft. 3in. water line, 8ft. beam, and 2ft. 2in. depth of hold; she is framed of best New Hampshire oak, and planked with picked cypress; is timbered and planked heavy on bottom, with lighter top; has excessive crown of deck, without rail or any obstruction to prevent the water from running off; two masts will be stepped, one permanent, aft from the bow, on which is a boom-leg-of-mutton sail, 10ft. hoist, 8ft. gin. boom. A headstay is carried to stem of boat, on which a forestay sail will be set. On one side of the stem an iron strap will be rigged to push out a jibboom for light weather to set a balloon-jib on. The boom of leg-of-mutton sail will be rigged with studding-sail irons, to increase the size of sail in light weather. Twelve feet from the bow is a small cockpit, 2ft. x 20in., the seat aft of which forms a cover to after part of the boat; aft the standing room or cockpit. Her keel, including an iron shoe of 150lbs., will be 7 1/4 in. in depth, and the boat, loaded, will draw about 2ft. to 3 feet of water. The floor of the stand room is concave, and the scupper is in the centre, leading down perpendicularly, coming out on bottom one side of keel. About 3ft. from sternpost a temporary mast 7ft. 6in. high will be stepped to carry a dandy or jigger sail. The boat will be provided with two rudders in case of accident, two drags for laying to, and all necessary navigating instruments; suitable cans for stowing will hold the water, in all about two barrels. One of the modern kerosene oil stoves will do the cooking. I neglected to say that the boat's model is sharp at both ends, and somewhat of the pinkey style.

When you stop to think of a human being going so many miles in such a wee thing, and alone, you must say his courage is stout. The boat is to be placed on exhibition. The start will take place from the wharf of the builder, December 25, if everything can be got in readiness. Mr. Burrell formerly followed the sea for a living, having occupied the position of mate for seven years. If he succeeds in his perilous undertaking, he intends putting the boat on exhibition on reaching his destination. **KREDO.**

For *Forest and Stream* and *Rod and Gun*.

CANOEING ON LAKE SUPERIOR IN 1840.—No. 3.

August 3, *Two Heart River*.—We intended to sail early this morning for the Grande Morais, but the wind rose in the night so much that we had ourselves "degrade," as Pierre calls it, and compelled to remain for the present. I took my rod, and followed the little river up to the rapids, where the trout rose well, and I had killed half a dozen when my foot length and dice were carried off by a heavy fish. I had been so engaged in the sport that I had not noticed the attack of the sand flies, which stung me to such a degree as to swell my head to the size of a pumpkin.

The sting is poisonous to me, and creates a fever, which is disagreeable enough. I mention this annoyance the more as it is the only drawback to the pleasure of our journey. The voyageurs say that nothing but a wet blanket will keep off the "brutons," as they call them.

August 4.—Last night a heavy northwester came up, accompanied with thunder and rain, which nearly blew away our tent, and raised such a sea that we could not make a start this morning. I amused myself with making some trout flies.

August 8.—Still at Two Heart River. For the last six days the wind has blown with so much violence from the northwest that we have not dared to embark. We were encamped upon a narrow beach of sand and pebbles, which separated the river from the lake, and during the violence of the storm one night the ground actually trembled. We afterward removed our camp across the river, and found the site of an old Indian lodge, where we passed the time with more comfort. Near the river's mouth there is a picketed inclosure containing the graves of five Frenchmen who were drowned in trying to make the mouth of the river in a loaded canoe. The tall and gloomy pines and firs form an appropriate canopy for these poor fellows, taking their long repose after their weary life toils. We have amused ourselves during this detention by hunting and fishing. I have caught a good many trout, some of them up to two pounds weight, and my companions have killed pigeons and ruffed grouse—there seems to be no large game on the lake shore.

August 9.—The wind having abated, we rose at daylight, and after a good breakfast we prepared to leave the river; but on reaching its mouth we found it so clogged up with sand that there was barely water enough for the canoe, and that ran out like a mill-race. Pierre stood up in the bow of the canoe with his pole, his fine black eyes gleaming with a vigilant excitement. We shot over the rapid like a flash, and unmounted the breakers without shipping much water. Had we struck, a hole must have been torn in the side of the bark, and we should probably have filled and sunk. With a hearty cheer we bade adieu to Two Heart River, and pulled lustily for the next point. When about half way across the bay we thought we heard a man calling from the shore, and supposing it might be the party of surveyors whom we had met, on their return with provisions for their men, and examining the shore with a glass, we thought we saw a boat with men. We were about making for the shore when the canoe appeared in a loon, which popped up its head and saluted us with screams of derision. "Voilà l'arpentier!" said Pierre, and we heard from the shore called these noisy birds "surveyors." Presently an easterly breeze sprang up, and gaily hoisting our sail we ran on at a fine rate of speed to "Grand Marais," which is a small bay at the outlet of a river of the same name. Beyond this bay commences the "Grandes Sables," which are high and conical hills of sand, more or less bare. One of them is estimated by McKenney to be 500ft. high, and they seem to be a continuation of the pictured rocks in a state of abrasion. The country in the rear is a sandy desert, interspersed with a scanty growth of evergreens. Several miles back there is a beautiful little lake, to which the exploring party of Dr. Houghton gave the name of "The Diamond of the Desert." We traveled until a late hour in hopes of reaching "La Chapelle," or the Doric Rock, as McKenney calls it; but night overtaking us, we encamped about three miles from it, having made forty miles this day.

August 10.—Started at dawn for La Chapelle, and soon after leaving camp the pictured rocks commenced, although at first not so elevated as they are at the centre. For a couple of miles they averaged 100ft. in height, of a friable sandstone, and the storms have excavated their lower faces into a thousand fantastic caverns, which resemble arches, vaults and ovens, from which the dashing water reverberates with a singular hollow sound. Above these caverns, where the face of the rock is more level, it is stained with various colors, from black to white, by the dripping of water from above, where it is saturated with oxid of iron and other minerals, and they assume various grotesque figures. The voyageurs pointed out one which they called Manabouzo's portrait, and which certainly might well represent this Indian deity. Turning a point, La Chapelle came into view. This mass of rocks is the most curious freak of nature that I ever saw. Imagine an arched slab of rock resting on pillars of the most ponderous proportions, and the whole fabric washed and rounded off by the action of the waves into a general resemblance to the Doric order of architecture. The regularity of its appearance at the distance of a few hundred yards would almost make one believe that a race of Titans had piled up these masses as a temple of worship to some antediluvian deity. Jutting over the lake is a perfect pulpit of stone. It is octagonal in shape, and sprinzes from a pillar which supports it, and upon it lies a square block of stone, which represents the Book. This singular structure is surrounded by a heavy growth of evergreens, and from the roof and sides grow vines of large size. Near it a small stream finds its way to the lake, and on a small piece of pebbly beach at its mouth we encamped for breakfast. We coasted along, admiring these manifestations of the waves upon the friable rock, which extends an unbroken precipice for nine miles, when it is interrupted by the entrance of the Miner's River, which forms a break of half a mile. For this distance it is composed of sandstone, except in one spot, where there is a substratum of conglomerate. It is not in a regular line from east to west, but juts out into points and recedes into bays, like salient angles in a fortification. The whole length of the rock is stained in streaks of black, brown, blue, red, white and green, among which the brown predominates. At the Miner's River we stopped, and I went up to the rapids and caught enough trout for our supper. Then along the continuation of the pictured rocks, similar to those described before, except that they are not so high. From the point we made the traverse to Grand Island, which is separated from the main by a channel about a mile in width. On this island a man from Illinois, named Williams, has recently settled, and we assisted him in raising the frame of his house. He and his family suffered much from fever and ague in Fulton Co., where he lived, but have regained their health here. There is a vast quantity of large and delicious raspberries here, which are said to spring up wherever the ground is burned over. We set our gill-net at night, and the next morning—August 11—we found in it some twenty large suckers, which fish are very fine in these cold, pure waters.

August 13.—Went about twenty miles against a head wind to

the fishing station of Mr. Antrim, to whom we were welcome, he having heard nothing from the States for months.

August 16.—We have been detained here for three days by a head wind, and employed ourselves in exploring and hunting. The latter was not very successful; the game is scarce and wild, and the country impracticable. The wild fruit we found abundant—whortleberries as large as hazel nuts, and of fine flavor; also the wild pear, which is a fruit about the size of a musket ball, of a deep purple, and delicious flavor, similar to a pear. The fishing here has not yet commenced for the season. S. C. C.

Hunts and Trapping.

RATS TO THE RESCUE.—There is no better trap for mink rats and small fur-bearing animals than the contrivance known as the "Eagle Claw," some time ago advertised in our columns. It is also successfully used in catching fish. When set it is wide open with the bait in the centre. A tug at the bait springs the claw, which closes with a deadly grip. We set one the other night in our cellar for rats, which had become bold and troublesome, baiting it with a piece of meat and suspending it four or five inches from the ground by a stout cord fastened to an old window blind leaning against the wall. We have never seen that trap since, nor a trace of the cord to which it was attached! Traces on the sand showed where the trap had been dragged off. Had the trap been sprung without catching the rat which seized the bait, the rat would have run away and left the trap hanging. Of course the rat was caught by the head and transfixed by the eight or ten sharp points of the claw, and consequently killed. How then did he get away with the trap? Simply enough. His rodent friends removed him. They could not cut the cord above its connection with the trap, because it was too high for them to reach. Had they done so the portion of the cord so cut would have remained fastened to the blind. They merely climbed up the blind, gnawed the cord off, and then descending, carried off the corpse, trap, cord and all, leaving no traces except the tracks in the sand. There's fidelity for you! But [the trap cost 75c. Lesson—always fasten your trap with a chain.

GOOD COUNTRY FOR TRAPPERS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I left West Point, White Co., Ark., Nov. 5, on horseback, deeming it safest to go overland through the different river bottoms by private conveyance, it being the most pleasant time of the year for that kind of travel, and at the same time allowing me fine opportunity to look up prospects for game and trapping in this paradise of the hunter. At Bayou Desarc, at noon, I examined the banks for sign, and can say that I saw more coon and mink sign than I ever saw before. I think two good trappers could take at least 100 animals there per week, very little effort and no beaver. At 1 p. m. crossed White River. Half mile further brought me to "Surrounded Hill," very rich lands, cotton fields white; a number of hands in the several fields plucking the fleecy staple. They informed me that they received 75 cents per hundred, with board, too much for the present price of cotton. Game is plentiful there but no hunting—cotton-picking pays better. The "hill" is 4 miles wide, after which we descend into Cache River bottom that looks very much like from Coldwater to White oak. Saw plenty of squirrels, and was informed by an old hunter that beaver and deer abound there at this season of the year. The overflow drives them back to the high ground east of Cache, where the beaver struck about a mile below the ferry. Going up the bank I saw several flocks of ducks, and one lone wild goose stream about sunset. Two and a half miles beyond Maberly's Ferry, I stopped with Mr. Fennell (one and a half miles from Cotton Plant), whose charges were very light, and accommodations good. At sunrise was again on the road, passed a small tree on which a dog had two coons at bay. Cotton Plant is a nice little place of three or four stores, harness, shoes and blacksmith-shop. This village is three miles west of Brinkley, at which place I crossed the M. & L. R. Two miles west of Brinkley is Bayou Devine. On prospecting this place I found coon and mink sign—nothing more. Travelling 38 miles further, I stopped at Rev. Mr. Henderson's, three miles from Marvel Station on Ark. Cent. R. R., and 34 miles from Helena. Reached Helena next day, 1 p. m. Very ready just got on in time, and was greatly surprised to find A. H. Hudson, the king of bear hunters of the Coldwater regions. After landing on the Mississippi side, and as we rode along together to Austin, he told me of lately trapping three fine bears, and killing one in this way: Passing through the woods he found the carcass of a cow—there had apparently been a bear feeding on it, so going back a little ways he hitched his horse, and concealing himself behind the carcass, he had only to wait a short time for the brute to make his appearance. A half hour's unerring gun killed it, and it proved to be very fat, cutting 25 pounds of clear fat on the ribs. Lay over at Austin until the following day, when I made the balance of the distance, 148 miles east to Hudson, on the east bank of Coldwater. J. M. LINDLEY.

Hudson, Tate Co., Dec. 5, 1878.

THE SKUNK.—As the trapping season draws around every amateur thinks of his traps, and, if not convenient to engage in his favorite sport, naturally delights in hearing something relating to the art, or about the habits and habits of the different fur-bearing animals so numerous in many parts of our broad land. The skunk is considered a fit subject for the steel trap of every urchin, the spite of every cur, and he is given all the room needed when anybody meets him on the public highway or by chance he crosses their path after night. We might appropriately term him a wandering gypsy, as he is without any permanent abode, unless by chance he moves from a comfortable woodcock's hole. If the occupant chooses to receive him into the family, which sometimes happens, they occupy the same hole quickly and peaceably; but if, on the other hand, the woodchuck is too high-toned for such miscellaneous company, the skunk allows him to move out

without any feeling of malice whatever. The skunk is a great rambler, preferring dark, misty or foggy nights, when he will frequently visit a hen-roost or make and havoc among the young chickens; or, best of all, if he can find a nest of eggs he leaves nothing but the shells. They are quite easily taken in the steel trap or choke, and, in the thickly-set communities, form the principal animal for the farmers' boys catch. A number of "0" Newhouse trap is large enough, and should be placed in the mouth of a woodchuck hole and slightly covered with grass or leaves. When placed in like manner they need no bait; but if such a place is not convenient, a pen can soon be built and the trap set at the entrance, baited from within with a piece of dead chicken or other fresh meat, and no difficulty will be experienced in his capture. Approach him from behind and hit him a sharp stroke on the back of the neck, and there will be little trouble. The hide should be taken off whole and stretched over a board and dried in the shade. They command the best prices generally in February or early in March. SETHIAN-BOZNAI.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Communications.

WHERE TO GO FOR GAME.—Correspondents who send us specific questions as to where to find best localities for game and fish are referred to our game columns. All the news that comes to us is there given. By keeping themselves informed from this source our friends will save themselves and us much trouble. Read the paper.

ENGLISH SNIP.—See game notice at head of this column.

W. H. S., Bangor, Me.—You will find your original query answered in our Kennel column.

C. S. S., Cincinnati, O.—We cannot express opinions regarding the merits of different guns.

T. M. O., Woodstock, N. Y.—The *New York Price Current* is published at 4 Cedar street, New York.

B. J. H., Rome, Ga.—What do you understand by a blue belton setter? Ans. One that is ticked with blue-black spots.

B. F. L., Fairfield, Ill.—From your description we cannot, but if you send us a drawing of his head and tail we probably can.

A. G., New York.—It is probable that your puppy has worms. Treat him with aces nit as recommended to another correspondent.

MINGUS, Lafayette.—For the rearing and training of game fowls buy the very excellent treatise of F. W. McDougal, 64 South Illinois street, Indianapolis, Ind.

H. C. O., New York.—Will you please give me the address of principal agent of "Ruger Barless Hook"? Ans. Manufactured by H. W. Aul & Co., Bloomsburg, Pa. Western trade supplied by W. H. Holabird, Valparaiso, Ind.

W. A. B., Norfolk, Va.—Can you tell me anything about a gunmaker named Chas. Bell? whether he is reliable? Ans. There is an English gun dealer by the name of Bell, but we know nothing of the quality of the guns stamped with his name.

S. S. N. P., Yellow Mud, O.—The little instrument you mention is called a capper and is very useful with a muzzle-loading gun. The price is 75 cents for the German and \$2.50 for Dixon's. They can be had of almost any gundealer in this city.

F. H. P., San Francisco.—Give your dog twice a week 15oz. of sulphate of magnesia, with 10 grains nitre dissolved in sufficient water. If the discharge should be in the stomach alone, wash with 10 grains sulphate zinc dissolved in 1 oz. rose water.

ONKIDA.—Do you know of any place in the city where I can obtain a collection of pictures of fine horses, either photographs, lithographs, or steel engravings? If not, who would be able to know? Ans. Address *Spirit of the Times*, 109 Chambers street, New York City.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Marysville, Cal.—Where can I obtain "The Kennel Club Calendar and Stud Book," vols. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5? also, their probable cost in this country? Ans. You will have to send to the office of the *London Field* for them, and they will cost you, laid down here, about \$20.

C. V. B., Titusville, Pa.—On Saturday last I was challenged to shoot for silver on a 25 ft. I was on the ground ready to shoot; the other parties, six in number, did not come to time. I claim I won the cup the second time. Am I right? Ans. If you shot at the required number of birds you still would the cup.

G. F., Glens Falls.—Will you please inform us what is the best pattern made by a "cylinder-bore" as 6, 8 and 10 rods respectively, with 1 oz. No. 9 Talham shot, target 30 inches in diameter? Also, the best made by a "full choke" for same distances respectively, same charge and target? Ans. We have no record of such performances and therefore no means of ascertaining.

W. M. B., Newark.—A person belongs to a shooting club and joins another in the same county and State. There is a challenge passed between the two clubs and accepted to shoot a match. Does said person shoot in either club, or in both? or is he ruled out from one or both clubs, and for what reason? Ans. We should say that he should elect which club he is to shoot with, and shoot with that alone.

SUBSCRIBER, New York.—My dog seems to have lost his spirits; appetite variable and often vomits. He stands much of the time on his hind legs, with his head on the floor between his paws. He does not seem to be in pain. Ans. It is possible that your dog has worms. Give him a dose of aces nit, or a Nalidre's powder, which latter can be had at Caswell's. The powder should be followed by a dose of castor oil.

J. H. B., Delphi, Ind.—Your dog has chorea. From the treatment you have followed he will probably recover. "Stoneheng" recommends a general tonic treatment, with plenty of outdoor exercise and struts of silver in doses of one-sixth of a grain. 2. Your bitch is liable to come in heat now at any time, and you would have to keep her very carefully housed until over it. It would be very dangerous to have her spayed now.

T. H. K., Wheeling.—1. What is the proper charge of shot and powder for my Wesley Richards' muzzle-loader, 12 gauge 23 inch barrels, using Lizard's No. 3 or 4 powder? 2. Is the "Dixie" gun made now, and where? Is the \$45 "Chas. Wesley" breech-loading gun a reliable one? Ans. 1. Without knowing the weight of the gun we should imagine that 3/4 dr. powder and 1 1/2 oz. shot was about right. 2. Yes, by Dixon in England. 3. We have no reason to think otherwise.

PARKER, London, Tenn.—The experiments recently made at the Iowa Agricultural College show that the trunks of trees do not close.

gate. Tracks were driven into the trunks of various trees and the distance between them accurately measured. At the end of the season they were found to have neither increased nor decreased their distances. In the experiment tree trunks were selected of all ages, from one year up to five or six, and in no case was there any change whatever noticeable.

L. P., New York.—1. What is mercantile ointment, as I read in one of our back numbers that it was a skin rust preventer? 2. What would a good and complete buckskin suit cost, and where can I procure one in this city? 3. Can the Winchester cartridge be loaded with an Express bullet, and at what cost? Ans. 1. Go to the nearest drug store and you will find it. 2. See our advertisers. All dealers in sportsman's goods keep them. 3. Yes, but the bullet cannot be used in the rifle. We think the Winchester do not use the powder.

CONSTANT READER, St. Thomas, Ontario.—M is the holder of a club medal and if challenges him to shoot according to the rules governing the medal, ten birds each, 21 yards rise, 50 yards boundary. They kill 4 each. It did not have birds to shoot off the ties. M told H where he would get birds and that he would wait until he came back. If said he did not shoot off the ties, but in nine days he sends to M to come and shoot. M said he would not shoot until he had read the rules. After that he appointed a day, but H did not appear. Who holds the medal: the parties challenging had to furnish all the birds? Ans. M retains the medal.

LINNVILLE, Marietta, Pa.—My pointer bitch, between seven and eight months old, has been unwell for three weeks past. She is very thin in flesh, has a dry, hacking cough, also troubled with periodical spells of sneezing, and froths at the mouth after coughing. Her appetite is very good, and seems to be languid and lazy. What is wrong with her and what shall be done to cure her? Ans. Unless there are other symptoms which would indicate worms we should give her a tablespoonful of cod liver oil twice a day, together with a tonic composed of 3 grains quinine, 2 grains ginger and extract of gentian enough to form a pill, to be given twice a day.

BIORES, Boston.—Was it Dr. Stuckwipwell (I believe that is his name if it isn't ought to be) who answered "Biceps" in your last issue? Of course if it was there is no use wasting time replying to him, otherwise I will reply to that very clear and apt bit of information. Ans. If our correspondent can do any better he is at liberty to try his hand and "Biceps" too. The person, whom we presume is referred to, long ago severed his connection with the *FOREST AND STREAM*. The one who wrote the answer has no connection with the *FOREST AND STREAM*. Anglo-Afghan war. He sailed on the *Celtic* last Saturday. Address Caxo Khan, via Jelalabad, Or, send to us and we will forward via cable.

F. R. G., Laconia, N.H.—1. Does any maker of brass shells make them as small as 20 gauge; if not, can I get paper ones that gauge? 2. Regarding the trout caught in Lake Winnipissaukee, I have claimed that they were taken from the salmon trout, which trout, which way, which right? 3. Is a 35 cal. rifle large enough for deer hunting? Ans. 1. There are no shells of that size, either brass or paper, made in this country, but you can get them from England. 2. The Winnipissaukee trout, known as *Salmo symmetris*, is not sufficiently marked in its specific characteristics to indicate a distinct variety, although some scientists have claimed that it is such. See Hallcock's "Gazetteer," page 535. 3. Yes, but the heavier caliber is better.

NIMROD, Irvington, N. Y.—1. I have a shepherd dog and would like to know if he can be taught to retrieve, and the method of teaching him. 2. Have also a number 12 breech-loader and should like to know the proper load of powder and shot; also, whether the wad should be pressed tightly on the shot, or loose, and which way makes it scatter? Ans. 1. We cannot afford space to give directions as to how to make a dog retrieve. You will find them in the back numbers for the paper, or in Dinks, Mayhew, or Hutchings. 2. Without knowing the weight of your gun it is difficult to tell, but the ordinary charge for a 12 gauge gun is 3 1/2 dr. powder and 1 1/2 oz. shot. The wad on the shot should be pressed lightly. To make your gun scatter use more powder or less shot.

K., Virginia City, Montana.—I began working my setter puppy on chickens when he was five months old. He behaved splendidly from the start, as far as ranging, dropping to shot, stopping at the command "To ho," etc., falling only in this, that he has never made a voluntary "set," or point on a bird. He is now 10 months old. Will he take to voluntarily pointing his birds as he grows older? He never fails to come to a "stand" at the command and to hold it until he gets the word to "Go." Do not young setters rely more upon the eye than the nose? Ans. If your dog has never developed any powers of scent it is impossible that it may be deficient in this quality, but we should not despair for another season. Young dogs will point at sight, but when taken on game they should acknowledge the scent.

BOATMAN, E. M.—A small ice boat may be built as follows: Take a plank 15 feet long, 6 or 7 inches deep and 3/4 inch thick. Set it on edge. One-sixth from forward end run a plank across underneath at right angles. The latter may be 3 1/2 x 1/2 in. and some 7 feet long. Bolt to centre piece, or keel. Run two planks, one on each side from this cross-piece, or runner plank, to after end of keel, their forward end being about one-third the way out on each side of runner plank. Let them be about 3 1/2 x 1/2 in. They will brace the structure and by laying 1/4 in. slats, or boards across the after half will form the body, or cockpit of the boat. Around this work a rail of 3/4 in. stuff. Over the keel, where it crosses the runner-plank, run a short piece of thick stuff and bolt down through runner and side planks, putting a chock of hard wood in to fill up. Use 1/2 in. bolts. On the centre piece a hardwood chock, slightly cupped out to receive heel of mast. Bowsprit may be of stuff 3/4 x 1/2 in., strapped, lashed, or bolted on top of forward end of keel. It may be tapered at end. Place a runner or skate under each end of the runner, plank, and one stiff to act as a rudder. The forward two should be of oak, 3/4 in. long, 1 1/2 in. thick; the rudder 2 ft. long. Round up forward end, and shoot them into a screw or steel, 1 1/2 in. deep. Grind them to an angle of 90 deg. on the bottom, so that they will run on the edge. Fasten with 1/4 bolts to the oak portion, and then bolt right up through the runner plank, using large washers on top. The after shoe or skate is clamped by the forked end of a stout iron rod, say 1 1/2 in. diam., a bolt being passed through the lugs of the fork, and a collar being forged on the rod, just under the keel. Around the vertical hole in the latter put an iron plate 1/2 in. thick, to take the chafe of the collar. Curve the upper end of the rod, so as to serve as a tiller. Mast, 1 1/2 in. long, 3/4 in. diam., tapered at head; bowsprit, 10 ft. long; mainsail, 10 ft. hoist, 18 ft. foot and 1 1/2 in. deep. Boom, 18 ft. long, 3/4 in. in centre, tapered at ends; gaff, 18 ft. long, 1 1/2 in. diam.; jib, 9 ft. 3 in. 3/4 in. on luff. This will give a moderate rig. Bowsprit is staid with a wire boustay and a shroud each end of 3/4 in. wire. Mast steps in the cup, has two shrouds a side and a headstay leading to bowsprit end. Single halliards and sheets for jib of 3/4 in. manilla. Double purchase for peak and throat, rove all in one, and double sheet of similar rope. Lash luff stick to foot of jib. Or this plan may be simplified as suit. For a 12 in. boat use simply 1 1/2 in. mast, 1 1/2 in. bowsprit, 10 ft. long, 1 1/2 in. deep, and do away with bowsprit. In this case a shorter boom should be used, and a proportionally longer yard on the mast. One-quarter of the sail should be kept forward of the mast. For canvas use light duck. A line of reef points may sometimes be useful.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INFLUENCE IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1878.

To Correspondents.

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SENSIBLE HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Clubs can obtain subscriptions to FOREST AND STREAM and ROD AND GUN at \$3 per annum. Now, at the beginning of the year, is the time to start new clubs; subscriptions to begin Jan. 1. The circulation of FOREST AND STREAM is now distributed among 2,400 post offices in the United States and Canada, and over 100 in foreign countries. Twenty-nine foreign countries are represented.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

THE antiquarians, those wrinkled and grizzled old fellows with great spectacles through which they are constantly peering into the past, complain that we do not keep Christmas nowadays after "the good old way." No, we have not preserved the merry festivities of old England. The yule-log, the mistletoe bough, the wassail bowl and the mummings are known to us only in the books. But FOREST AND STREAM is not among those who can see good only in what is antiquated. We have changed our mode of celebrating the holidays, it is true, but the better spirit of the season we have not lost, and Christmas 1878 is hailed with as much true joy in America to-day as ever it has been since the time, no one knows exactly when, that the early fathers made of the old Roman Saturnalia the Christian festival of rejoicing and good. Christmas was never more widely and more heartily observed than it is now, and who shall place a limit to its reign in the future? As FOREST AND STREAM goes forth to-day it finds everywhere the joy of the Midwinter Holidays, and in accordance with the honored custom of the season, it extends to each one of its many thousand friends the salutations of cheer and good will.

—A very general snow storm has prepared our people for Christmas, verifying the allegory of Santa Claus with his sleigh and reindeer team, coursing over the country through the falling snow. In Montreal on Monday the snow was three feet deep and the streets impassable. In the northern part of this State and through the Northwest generally travel is much obstructed by deep snow. In the city of New York, however, the ground is bare, and the biting cold makes thick glare ice for the skaters.

CANADIAN RIVER LEASES.

AS all anglers who visit Canada are well aware, there is really no free salmon fishing in the waters of the Dominion. The fisheries are held either by the lessees of the Crown or are in the hands of riparian owners.

Ten years ago, with a view to the protection of Canadian waters, which were becoming rapidly depleted, the Government assumed jurisdiction over them, established hatcheries for propagation, set apart close seasons, made regulations as to the kinds of nets and devices to be used and their disposition in estuaries and tide-waters, imposed penalties for violations, and exacted large licenses and fees for net and rod privileges, with a view to revenue for maintaining the service or wardens, overscers, superintendents of hatcheries, and for purchases of spawn and breeding fish. As none but the very wealthy could afford to lease whole rivers, or even thirds of rivers, for the mere purpose of sport with the rod (some of the rentals costing as high as \$300 per annum), they set aside sections of available rivers for what is known as rod privileges, to be obtained at the rate of \$1 per day per rod. Applications for river leases had to be made to the Chief Fishery Commissioner at Ottawa, while the rod permits could be obtained, on request, of any local overseer. To facilitate applications, an official list of available rivers—that is to say, of such as were in market not rented—has been published early in the spring of each year in Canadian papers, and also in FOREST AND STREAM, the latter journal being regarded as the best medium for reaching the American angler. It is needless to say that any person securing a lease of the whole or a portion of any river, secured the exclusive right to the same for the entire fishing season. As the rivers are not numerous—the whole number of those accessible not exceeding thirty—the great body of anglers, rich and impecunious, have been crowded together on the \$1 per day reserves. The result has been a scramble for precedence and best stands, with very small returns in the shape of fish, and a goodly proportion of disgust and dissatisfaction. We have seen as many as fifty rods together on the six-mile section of the Restigouche, and the same on the Rough Waters of the Nepisiguit, both New Brunswick streams. In this dilemma recourse was often had to riparian owners by gentlemen not disposed to forego their favorite sport; and just here a vexed question has arisen as to the respective rights of the Crown and individuals, especially in the Province of New Brunswick. The law at present does not seem very well settled. The presumption, however, seems to be as follows: "That where land, bordering on a non-tidal river, is granted without the bed of the river being reserved, the grantee has the exclusive right of fishing from his own land *ad medium filum aquæ*." Where, however, the bed had been reserved, the majority of the judges held that the Crown had a power of leasing; but the opinion was not an unanimous one, and is held by many to be at variance with the consultation of the Province.

In practice, the \$1 per diem system is a complete farce, as the river sections so assigned are systematically fished by every loafer who can swing a rod, and who sally forth at early dawn and carefully try each pool; but assuming that the right of riparian owners to fish from their own land is established, the fishery would lapse into the hands of several small proprietors, from whom the right might probably be leased. Should this be so, it would well repay hotel keepers to rent the water and have it properly protected, making a fair charge to a limited number of rods. Under some such system good sport, especially at the beginning of the season, would be obtained; and the fair law-abiding angler would be saved the annoyance of having his sport spoiled by men who have no right and title to fish in the water.

It will be apparent, from what has been said, that a great deal of vexation must inevitably be experienced, especially by strangers from whatever country, who attempt angling in Canada without having previously informed themselves of the conditions which we have explained. Of such class, presumably, is one of our correspondents who has had the manly courage to prefer his complaint through our columns over his own signature. But it is evident that a general sweeping charge of "unjust discrimination against Americans," by an American who imagines his countrymen the only class aggrieved, if noticed at all, would be promptly and indignantly met by a disclaimer of the Chief Commissioner of Fisheries, upon whom the responsibility of granting the Government leases rests; and we are not surprised therefore to receive from that conscientious official the following challenge, which we have been requested to publish:

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

OTTAWA, Dec. 14, 1878.

Dear Sir—Mr. Samuel Hanson is hereby requested to specify instances of ungenerous "discrimination" against Americans "in the leasing of salmon rivers," to which his letters refer. That any such cases exist, at least within my knowledge, is distinctly denied.

Yours truly,

W. F. WHITCHER,

Commissioner of Fisheries.

Now, we have no idea that Commissioner Whitcher has been guilty of any misfeasance, or even of favoritism; nor are we willing to believe that our correspondent assumes that he has. Our correspondent only declares his grievance in a general way, without considering where the force of the accusation strikes. The whole question is in a sad muddle, as we have shown, and the only remedy that we can discover lies in a complete revision of existing laws or such a judicial construction of the same as shall definitely settle where one may fish, and from whom he shall obtain the right, or whether he

shall be permitted to fish at all. Meanwhile all anglers who are not wealthy enough to lease whole rivers may as well hang up their rods.

SHALL CREEDMOOR BE ABANDONED?

SHALL Creedmoor be abandoned, is now the live question among the members of the National Rifle Association, and the one difficulty on which the advocates of a change base their demands, is that of access to the range. To regular visitors of Creedmoor, as well as those who occasionally enjoy it as a shooting ground, the fact of the insufficient railroad accommodations must have strongly impressed itself. But then the railroad system of Long Island is peculiar in this respect, and long before the advent of modern rifle shooting this was an established fact, that for not doing what a railroad is expected to do the Long Island roads were especially noticeable. At present though Creedmoor is but thirteen miles from Hunter's Point, the trouble exists only on the last 7 miles where the Central Line track extends from Flushing to Garden City, and it is rather to the removal of the disabilities on these few miles that the energy of the directors should tend instead of rushing off to solve the problem, a hundred times more difficult, to find a new range locale.

In other words, the Association propose to begin, *de novo*, to throw over everything but its name, to sacrifice money and prestige, to break existing obligations, implied if not specified, and generally to lose almost every advantage gained by a half dozen exceptionally prosperous years, to secure what can be gained at Creedmoor by one tithe of the labor required for this new turn-out.

One of the committee on the selection of the proposed new range as secretary of the Association at the time of the purchase of the present grounds said in his first annual report in Jan., 1873, that, "the work of selecting grounds of a sufficient extent for a range, which should be at once cheap, safe and convenient of access, proved no easy task," nor will it prove one whit easier to-day.

The meeting of the incorporators of the Association was held on Nov. 24, 1871, and on Dec. 5 the first step was taken toward the securing of a range by the choice of a Committee on New Range, consisting of Alex. Shaler, A. W. Craven, Augustus Funk, F. A. Mason, John Powell, Jr., Henry G. Shaw, W. J. Harding, Geo. W. Wingate and Geo. Moore Smith. This committee divided itself into sub-committees, "who made a thorough canvass of the whole neighborhood about New York, consulted with the leading real estate agents, and advertised in the daily papers." New Jersey, Staten Island and Long Island were the localities inquired into. The state grant of \$25,000 to the purposes of the Association on May 14 shut off New Jersey, and Staten Island was abandoned as difficult of access, and also because no suitable grounds were offered there. Land from \$1,000 down to \$200 per acre were offered at various points. "After much consideration, it was decided to purchase the tract of land offered at Creed's Farm, as in all respects the best for the purposes of the Association, as well as the most desirable in location and the most valuable for the price." In July, 1872, a contract was accordingly made for the purchase of 70 acres at \$375 per acre, and this is now held by the Association in absolute title, free from all incumbrances.

To-day, were a sale attempted, it is the opinion of competent judges that it would not bring within \$10,000 of its original price of \$26,250, and then the loss on permanent improvements placed on the range would be even more than that. The new butts put up in these cheap latter days cost \$2,700, every cent of which would be lost by removal. The fence about the grounds would be worth nothing for removal, and though the grounds are in prime condition for gardening work, the fall in the price of real estate would more than counterbalance this. The great old butt embankment into which so many thousands of dollars were recklessly poured, would stand only as a monument of somebody's mistake, and serve in after years as an antiquarian puzzle, or perchance a lead mine. The building on the range, including the hotel now in position could only be left behind as hooting places for owls, and the valuation of \$100,000, which the last annual report put on the plant and property of the Association, would shrink away to a few iron target-slabs, whose cost, if not their value, would only be increased by freightage.

The Winchester Arms Company, in Sept. 1876, presented an admirable donation to the association in the Running Deer target, with butts and everything complete. Out of the \$1,417.17 spent on this, fully \$1,000 would stand behind as a monument to the folly of removal. It would be well if an officer of the association, familiar enough with its peculiar book-keeping to get order out of chaos, should make a report on the moneys sunk in plant and improvements upon the range, and which must be lost by removal.

As a *range per se*, independent of the railroad complications, the new committee can hardly expect to find anything superior. John A. Church, the engineer, who surveyed and mapped out the range, says of it: "The ground formed a perfectly even slope of close upon 20 feet in 3,000, or one foot in 150. This is entirely imperceptible to the eye, while its effects in placing the targets in relief, if it has any effect at all, will be to the benefit of the marksman. Certainly the most careful search could not have resulted in a more happy selection of ground in this respect than that which has been made by you." The verdict of thousands of riflemen from

all parts of the world, as of all who have paid casual visits to the range, have but corroborated this early professional opinion, and to-day Creedmoor stands as the model range of the world. As to healthfulness, it is fully up to anything to be found within the accessible area about New York. It has a soil easily drained, and when the trees now set out shall add their leafy shade to that already upon the range, it will be a not unpleasant summer resort.

The Association owe it to the life members that there shall be no diminution in the privileges offered them. Those who joined under the notion that a range was to be forever open to them, are not to be put off with some inferior shooting ground.

If the movement has for its motive only a feeling of enmity or pique toward the railroad company, it is even more unwise than it would appear on a first inspection. A sensible business-like treatment of the road and its managers would, no doubt, be met in a corresponding way, and a policy of mutual helpfulness would be inaugurated to the advantage alike of riflemen and railroad men. As certainly it is true that a change of base could only injure both classes—the range patrons to a large, and the road managers to a much smaller extent. To start the move as a sort of "bluff" game, on the railroad managers is simply ridiculous, since the affairs of the Association are known to all; and besides, the experience of the railroad people with Creedmoor and Creedmoor control is not such as to make them particularly anxious for its continuance.

There is another view of the case which may turn out to be a very important one: Creedmoor to-day is one of the designated State ranges; it has upon its grounds much State property, and has received a liberal share of State assistance since its first inception. All this has been done, with the unanimous concurrence of legislators, press and public, under the impression that it was to benefit the National Guard. Such benefit has followed, and there is not one word of complaint to be laid as yet; the troops have been abundantly accommodated by special trains on the days set apart for their practice on the range. In its appointments, in its size, and its easy accessibility, Creedmoor leaves nothing to be desired for the troop practice of the New York and Brooklyn divisions. It would be impertinent therefore, and should lead to some very sharp investigation if the N. R. A. managers, who are also officers of the National Guard, go to Albany with an application for permission to sell the present range. The Adjutant-General has but one interest in the matter, beginning and ending in that of the National Guard. When the militia are served well he can ask no more, and to discommodate the soldiery for the purpose of furthering other aims and ends, or merely as a matter of accommodation to subordinate officers, will not bring upon the Adjutant-General many utterances of praise.

It may be said, in short, that if the merest fraction of the time, money and labor which will be required in fitting up a new range be spent in securing for Creedmoor its one need—a good railroad communication with the metropolis, the difficulty will be solved, and a vast saving effected. It is one of those cases where "the more haste the less speed" rule can be properly applied, and whatever is to be done should only be after full consideration and discussion.

THE TONE OF SPORTING LITERATURE.

IN another column will be found the communication of a Boston reader, who takes very decided exception to the notion that there is any necessary taint of the whisky flask and brandy bottle upon field sports. In disclaiming any connection between true sportsmanship and spirituous liquors we join our correspondent fully and unconditionally. Such has ever been the tone of our editorial utterances. We are assured that no constant reader of the *FOREST AND STREAM* could infer from its pages that the enjoyment or success of a sporting expedition was to be measured by the amount of whisky guzzled upon the trip, or, indeed, that the bottle was at all a necessary adjunct of the sportsman's outfit. We have always opposed any such notion; how persistently, could be appreciated by the general reader only after a review of the manuscripts which are expurgated as they pass through our hands.

It would be a curious fact, did we not understand the influence which induced it, that very many sportsmen, who sit down to pen their reminiscences of camp and field life, feel obliged to make the most of what little liquor they may have carried with them. Our correspondents persist in doing this, despite our repeated excisions of objectionable passages. The cause of this it is not difficult to discover. It is found in the simple fact that one man's writings have been more thoroughly and widely read by the American sportsman than those of any other author in the same field. Their spirit and morals have as a consequence been more generally accepted, and amateur wielders of the pen have in large measure modelled their literary efforts in a similar vein. The sporting sketches of "Frank Forrester" and his school are redolent through and through with the fumes of the whisky flask. Whatever Herbert may have meant by "true sportsmanship" it is very certain that he did not recognize temperance as one of its elements; and that he did not is a matter of very serious regret, when we note the influence of his popularity. If there be a taint of the bottle upon field sports, "Forrester" and his school have put it there, and kept it there. An edi-

tion of these classics with the whisky element carefully expunged, might be an infinite improvement upon their present character, but they would no longer be recognized as "Frank Forrester's."

To overcome the effect of such models is not the work of a day. A pure sporting literature is necessarily a thing of slow growth. That the tone of what is recognized as characteristic American sport is constantly improving must be apparent to any one who will take the pains to give the subject a little careful thought.

We shall be disappointed, however, if we look for a universal ideal plane of morals where such does not exist. Conviviality is a feature of the woodland jaunts of very many men, whose knowledge of woodcraft, skill with rod and gun, and hearty enjoyment of the pleasures of the field entitle them to the name of sportsmen. To studiously ignore this feature were vain. That we do not attempt it must not be construed by our readers as an indorsement of it.

COLLEGE HAZING.

IN the January *Scribner's* Professor Charles F. Thwing, who has recently contributed to the magazines several intelligent papers on college topics, discusses College Hazing. The origin of the custom, Professor Thwing finds, we think rightly, in the artificial distinctions of rank which obtained in all branches of early American society with a despotic sway hardly to be conceived at the present day. It was natural and inevitable that these distinctions should be stringently observed in the institutions of learning. The evil influences of such divisions were further fostered by the adoption of the English fagging laws, by virtue of which the new student was little better than a serf subject to every caprice of his elders. As a direct imitation of European customs then, and as an outgrowth of the spirit of the times, it is not strange that hazing was grafted upon our American college system. It is more curious that now after the decadence of the spirit which originated it, and the obliteration of like institutions in other branches of society hazing has maintained itself.

To understand its persistency we must remember that the college student, who is strictly *sui generis*, neither boy nor man, is in a receptive stage. His life so far has been spent in hearing and believing. It is his duty to receive what is told him by his seniors. Upon entering college hails the student finds his religion even all out and dried for him, as it has been for scores of classes before him. In his studies the dicta of his professors are received in the same delightful faith with which years before his eyes had "widened at the story of Jonah and the big fish. And the sophomore he believes with a blunder faith than is accorded even to professors. These same sophomores are tyrants by a sort of divine right; giants in the path to fame, against whom he must wage as best he may. Happy freshman if he be not in the fray utterly consumed! And when a year has rolled around he too becomes a tyrant (he knows now it is not by divine right) and turns giant, which is but another word for coward. "There is nothing so very manly in clubbing together and sousing a poor fellow's head under the pump; everyone knows that, but," reasons the collegian, "my head was soused, and my father's head was soused, and his father's head was soused; it has always been the custom. 'The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done,'" and our undergraduate philosopher says this with something of a different meaning from Solomon's. If our collegians would only think for themselves, as they are learning to do, such reasoning would soon be consigned with the practices it perpetuates to where they both belong—the slums. But reason or not reason, hazing must soon disappear. It is in its very nature cowardly and unjust, in its spirit directly opposed to the age. As such its days are numbered. A very potent factor in its abolishment is the healthy tone of public sentiment regarding it. The time has gone by when men may win a reputation as clever fellows by relating their barbarities, euphuistically called "college pranks." Nor can collegians afford to be ruffians and cowards when the newspapers are quick to publish their ruffianism and cowardice to the world. Only let this be understood and our colleges will be rid of the reproach. Amherst long ago abolished hazing, Harvard was next in line, and the Yale faculty have adopted effectual measures for suppressing the abuse at New Haven. Other institutions must follow their example. Ten years from now American college hazing will be a subject only for the antiquarians.

SOUTH CAROLINA ORANGES.—We read much of the delicious quality of Florida oranges, but that fruit equally fine can be grown in South Carolina, is proven to our own satisfaction by the boxes of choice oranges and grape fruit which we annually receive as a Christmas gift from our esteemed friend Chas. G. Kendall, Esq., of Palmetto Island, near Port Royal. The oranges measure ten inches in circumference, and the grape fruit twelve and more. For the latter a taste must be acquired, and when acquired one becomes passionately fond of them as he does for tomatoes. They possess a peculiar dietetic quality and act beneficially upon the liver. Mr. Kendall has devoted most careful attention to improving the quality of his fruit, and we are convinced that none better can be found in Florida. Specimens can be found at the commission house of Lichtenstein & Co., 83 Barclay street, carefully picked, with stems and glistening leaves attached, very charming for Christmas trees and holiday tables.

RETURN OF CAPT. BORTON.—Capt. Paul Boyton, the intrepid swimmer, who has been making an extensive tour in Europe, displaying the many excellencies of Captain Merriam's life saving suit under a great variety of circumstances, has recently returned to his home in this city. The tale of his adventures during his three years' stay abroad, the exciting and often perilous situations while descending rapid rivers or shooting falls, would form a narrative full of the most vivid and thrilling descriptions of skill, daring and endurance. It is needless to say that his life saving dress as well as his bravery have been highly appreciated abroad, and that he returns laden with medals and ensigns of honor bestowed upon him by the crowned heads and dignitaries all over Europe, and that his trip has not been without reward of a more mercenary sort. He will soon set out again for Europe in the fulfillment of contracts undertaken. Let us hope that he will have the time to spare, and that his modesty may not prevent his giving to the world the history of his exploits at an early date.

BROOKLYN ART ASSOCIATION.—The winter exhibition of the Brooklyn Art Association closed last Saturday, after a season of three weeks; but the great majority of the pictures will remain on view until after New Year's. As a whole, the Exhibition has been a success, although the aggregate of really meritorious works was not as large as usual. Many fine pictures have been sold at satisfactory prices, realizing fully \$3,000 altogether.

SKATING.—The "ball is up," and Brooklyn and New York are now enjoying such skating as they have seldom had before. The thermometer on Tuesday registered 16° above zero. Great preparations for sport are being made by the Curling Clubs.

BIRD FLIP.—This is a Canadian game at which two can play. We have never heard of it before. It is described by our vivacious correspondent in his article which we print to-day, entitled "Among the Moose and Bears." Perhaps some of our youngsters will try it.

—The Cuvier Club of Cincinnati have issued some tasteful and beautifully embellished cards of invitation to their annual reception, January 1, 1879. We regret we can't be there. Happy New Year and long life and prosperity to the Cuvier Club!

—Texas has been in a chronic state of mud and flood for a month past, and the weather is likely to continue wet all the winter season through. Sportsmen are disgusted, but the game has a better chance.

—The Erie Railroad has just completed its third (narrow gauge rail) from Buffalo to New York, and regular freight trains will be put on at the beginning of the year. This will give increased facilities for the Erie's enormous traffic.

GAME PROTECTION

THE GAME LAWS OF THIS STATE.

FOR several years past we have urged upon those authorities the necessity of so amending the game laws of this State as to make the dates during which game is permitted to be sold to correspond with the open seasons. At present quail and grouse can be sold for two months later than they can be shot, and the result is that the market is kept supplied with birds that have been netted or taken in some other illegal manner. In addition to the destruction carried on in this way the law as it now stands prevents many persons who desire to do so from turning out birds. While nets and traps are being set in every direction there is very little inducement offered to those who have the disposition to send West and South for birds with which to keep up the supply always made precarious by reason of the uncertain character of our winters. The letter of our correspondent, which we print below, is to the point:

NEW YORK, December 29, 1878.
Mr. Editor—In *FOREST AND STREAM* of December 12 you state that in most of the States the close season for game begins January 1. In this State, according to section 33 of the game laws, any person may sell or have in his or her possession prairie chicken and quail from January 1 to March 1, and ruffed grouse from January 1 to February 1, and shall not be held liable for any penalty, provided he proves such birds were killed within the period provided by this act, or were killed out of side the State at some place where the law did not prohibit such killing. How absurd these two latter clauses are and what a premium we offer to poachers and law-breakers in this and other States by having this open market for them. Until the date of selling ends with the date of killing, illegal shooting and trapping will go on in this and other States. At least there ought only to be a difference of five to ten days, to allow dealers to clear off their stock. All sportsmen throughout the country could not but be benefited by the change.

DE L.

A MIGRATORY QUAIL AT LAST.

IT gives us great pleasure to be able to announce to our readers that the migratory quail, which we owe so largely to the enthusiasm and painstaking efforts of Judge Everts, of Vermont, and Mr. Haggood, of Boston, seem to be on the increase. We had the pleasure, a few days since, of receiving a fine specimen of a bird of the year from a correspondent, G. H. O., of Centre Brook, Conn., for whose thoughtful care in preserving the bird and sending it to us we cannot be

CONNECTICUT—Centre Brook, Dec. 20.—Shooting, day before yesterday, 18th, two of us, and one dog, result: 25 quail partridge. G. H. C.

WATERMAN, Dec. 21.—R. Griffs, of this place, has killed even out of eleven deer seen by him this season. Quail shooting has been first rate in this county. J. R. H.

—John A. Waterman, of Deep River, at a shooting match at Rocky Hill on Thanksgiving Day, won ten chickens in fifteen shots and was then ruled out as being too successful. Mr. Wetherell also, at a match in Deep River the same day, won six chickens in seven shots, purposely missing the seventh. Both used Parker breech-loaders.

VIRGINIA—Highland, Dec. 19.—A party of huntsmen went out to Bull Pasture Mountain last week and captured eight leop.

FLORIDA—St. Augustine, Dec. 21.—With the opening of the hotels, the inrush of visitors, and all the liveliness of the winter season, the sporting interests are assuming importance. The St. Sebastian bridge is the favorite perch for fishing (it is not necessarily perch fishing) and boatmen are looking out to a very near river bank. The old time spots are now deserted, and our anglers must now seek new fields of conquest. Indeed, if we did not have the whole ocean here before us, we should fear the total extinction of our finny attractions. St. Augustine's hunters are not to be succeeded at. Many of them have been in the woods six days in the week ever since they could shoulder a gun; and when they start out for a deer, as a rule that deer may as well capitulate. J. O. Lopez killed 75 snipe and 5 quail one day last week. The most forlorn-looking hunter in town is the man with the trade, looking for some one to give him one hundred cents for it.

WHALES.

ILLINOIS—Warsaw, Dec. 15.—There is as great a variety of game in this vicinity as is usually found in close proximity to large towns. A fine buck deer, driven by dogs a week or so ago, made its appearance in the Mississippi in front of our city, and landed on a large island just opposite here, where it has been seen several times since. The undergrowth is very dense on the island, and affords fine shelter for game. Two wild turkeys were shot there a week ago, at the first snow fall. I went over to look them up, and got two shots at turkeys, one of which I brought down but lost in the dense thickets, having no dog to retrieve. I kicked out rabbits every few steps in some localities, and bagged a few quail. There are a great many turkeys across in Missouri, a short distance, so I learn, and large flocks of prairie chickens have been seen about seven miles out on the M. & N. R.R. I saw nine wild geese standing on the ice to-day, some 500 yards from the land, but too much ice running to reach them in a skiff. I saw three and a half bald eagles pass sixty yards over my office building yesterday. A good many ducks are seen daily swimming among the cakes of ice, sheldrakes, teal and now and then a flock of mud hens and mallards. There were a good many quail in some localities not far from the city, previous to the heavy snow we are now blessed with, but the market and pot-hunters are just murdering them by firing at coveys clustered together in holes in the snow. One man boasted of slaughtering fourteen at one shot. A. A.

IOWA—Vail, Dec. 17.—Yesterday I went out for a rabbit hunt and would have been quite successful (having killed six rabbits and two quail in less than an hour) when some hunters with no regard for my feelings, drove a deer right into the little brushy thicket where I was hunting. I missed the rabbits in all directions. After changing cartridges from .44 to buck shot I succeeded in bleeding him pretty badly, which claim I turned over to the parties who had been trailing him as they were friends and had been after him all day. Deer are getting scarce in these parts, while prairie chickens, quail and rabbits are very plentiful. E. B. B.

WISCONSIN—Baraboo, Dec. 17.—The father of all the deer was killed on the south bluff of Devil's Lake, one day last week. This deer has been seen by different parties for the last six or seven years, his hind hoofs had grown out about ten inches and lopped over, which made a queer impression in the snow, and many a hunter that came across his track wondered what it was. He was brought into town and was seen by many a spectator with curiosity. His horns were fourteen pronged. Weighed nearly 300 pounds.

BRASS SHEETS—I have given the Sturtevant Indented Brass Shell an honest trial, and find it fills the bill entirely. I loaded the right and left hand barrels with 5 drachms powder 1½ oz. shot, used a pink wad (No. 9) over shot; fired 10 loads out of right hand barrel, and found that wad over shot in the left hand barrel had not budged. You will admit that the loads were large, and therefore a strong test. Give me the Indented all the time. T. C. STREET.

WHAT IS A GOOD PATTERN?—A correspondent writing from Noroton, Ct., says: "In your last issue 'T. S. S.' wants to know how many pellets his Parker will put in a 24-inch circle at 45 yards, but he forgot to tell us if his gun is choked or not. As I have had a good deal of experience with Parkers I think I can answer him. If his gun is an open bore it should pattern at 24 in. circle at 45 yards with 1½ oz. No. 8, 100 to 120; if medium choke, 150 to 200; if full choke, 250 at least. Shooting has been very good here this season; I have bagged since Oct. 4 48 quail, 2 partridges, 26 woodcock, besides lots of rabbits and squirrels, but no ducks. Where are they? Yours truly, BACK ACTION.

LES BOTTES SAUVAGES.—A correspondent who has bought a pair of French Canadian moccasins, or bottes sauvages, writes:

I got a pair of them made in Quebec last fall, and they surpass anything for foot, year or canoeing that I ever tried on. They keep out the water as well as India rubber boots as long as they are kept oiled, and are both light, easy to wear, and above all, cheap. If any of my American sporting brethren would like to get a pair of these articles I will get them made for them and send by express at the maker's price. As I do not deal in this kind of goods, or in fact any other kind, they can address me through you. The prices charged by the habitants here are \$3 for a pair reaching to the knee and \$5 for a pair to strap around the waist. I will say that they are well made and sent in good order. Of course the buyer pays all expenses, such as express, duty, etc., in New York. The only measurement necessary is length of foot and girth of instep, allowing room for two pair of socks. J. W. D.

WHAT A SPORTSMAN OUGHT TO CARRY IN HIS POCKET.—Editor Forest and Stream: I received some weeks ago a shooting suit, made expressly for ducking in cold weather. It is made of the heaviest duck pants and coat lined with flexible leather, and, I must say, a most complete thing it is for the purpose. But there is something about the coat (in fact there is about all shooting coats) that I do not understand. Perhaps some of the makers of them would explain it through the columns of your paper. I have asked many sportsmen why they had so many pockets in their coats, and what they were all for, and none could tell. There are seven pockets on the outside of my coat; the two side pockets are used by some to carry shot; the two breast pockets are a nuisance, as for the butt of the gun catches on the flap when brought to the shoulder, and if you tuck the flap in it catches the pocket when taken down. Now, I claim that a man cannot do good shooting with everything stuffed in either of these pockets, and the less you have in a coat the better you can shoot, and the less days there will be to curl up and make the coat look bad after it has once been wet. JAKE.

New Haven, Dec. 18, 1878.

Our correspondent writes from Connecticut, but he is evidently no Yankee. Any schoolboy in the Nutmeg State could fill up those pockets in half an hour, and then, like Alexander, sit down and cry for more pocket-room. "What are the pockets of your shooting coat for?" Why, for the common necessities that would naturally occur to any one going out for a half-day's shooting: Shells, jack-knife, strap, pocket cartridge loader, twine, piece of chalk, hem-stitched handkerchief, half dozen tenpenny nails, pocket dictionary, shoemaker's wax, needles, thread, foot-rule, folding scissors, gimlet, lead pencil, screw-driver, court-plaster, pipe, tack-hammer, tobacco, powder dish, bag of shot, re-loader, piece of leather, Dixon measures, crackers and cheese, Bologna sausage, bottle of amica, re-capper, Spratt's biscuit for the dog, do-funny, microscope, salve, compass, screws, some rags, aneroid barometer, pedometer, chronometer, postal cards, pin-cushion, tourist's photographic outfit, field glass, a receipted subscription for the FOREST AND STREAM, bit of candle, photograph of your girl, auxiliary rifle barrel, some trade dollars, tweezers, microscope, Tennyson's Poems, bottle of flea powder, diary, Eaton's salt preventer, jack-lamp, fruit knife, mosquito netting, cigarette paper, drinking cup, tooth-pick, half-dozen buttons, the grocer's bill, gun oil, railroad timetable, pocket comb and brush and looking glass, receipt for rheumatism, postage-stamps, FOREST AND STREAM compilation of game seasons, apples, beeswax, watch-key, small bottle homopathic pills-for coughs-colds-sore-throats-and hoarseness-none-genuine-without-trade-mark-sample-free, license, razor, crimping machine, barrel of glass balls, H & T traps, man to pull 'em, bit of rope, celluloid collar, buckskin gloves, brand-al, match-safe, pocket photograph, file, birds if you shoot any, card with name and address for identification when they find your body, unlimited credit, half a dozen—but, psaw! when you come to New York give us a call and we'll tell you all about it.

LEAVE OUT THE WHISKY.—Editor Forest and Stream: I read with sincere pleasure, in your issue of Nov. 23, the remarks of Col. Burnside in reference to the desirability of keeping prize contests free from "the taint of the gaming table and prize ring proclivities that are entering into and tending to destroy all proper out-door sports." I wish one endowed with equal weight of influence, vigor of language and earnestness of purpose, would enter his protest against a style of sketch writing which is tending to "taint" the "taint" of the whisky take and brandy bottle upon the sports of the gun and rod. I am one of those who do not think, and do not want the public to think, that there is any necessary connection between quail shooting and rum-sucking; or that a whisky soak through the day and a drunk at night are absolutely requisite to the enjoyment of a day's fishing. I am not a total abstemious, but I am a total abstemious; and I don't think there is either sufficient interest or sufficient novelty in the fact of a man's taking a drink to warrant its proclamation in a paper devoted to field sports, however appropriate it might be in the police news columns of a daily. Neither is there anything so meritorious in a man's getting noisily drunk that it is entitled to a place of especial prominence in the description of a hunting or fishing expedition. Yet, it seems as if many writers thought they would not appear to have done up their expeditions in true sportsmanlike style if they did not notify their readers how much rum they took along and how often they drank of it. One would think from some of these writings that there was an inseparable connection between rum and field sports, and I fear the general public will arrive at that conclusion too, if such literature has its legitimate effect.

I respectfully submit to the writers of sporting sketches that such details would better be omitted, both because it is entirely uninteresting to the reader to know how often the narrator drank or how drunk he got, and because such items tend to degrade in popular estimation a class of sports which need rather to have all the support of public opinion that can be brought to bear in their favor, inasmuch as they have always had upon them some stigma of reproach in the minds of those who have never tasted their pleasures and experienced their benefits.

My attention is more particularly drawn to this matter by the perusal of your last two numbers—Nov. 23 and Dec. 6.—It isn't just the thing to put into articles intended to be read by gentlemen in a paper by which the true spirit of sportsmanship is inculcated. How far away such doings are from sportsmanship! I give you whose little book called "Manual for Young Sportsmen" is fragrant with its very essence. It says: "True sportsmanship consists in the vigor, manhood and science displayed—in the difficulties to be overcome, in the pleasurable anxiety for success, and the uncertainty of it, and lastly, in the true spirit, the style, the dash, the handsome way of doing what is to be done, and above all, in the unshakable love of fair play, that first thought of the gentleman sportsman. And that it never may be degraded into aught else is the ardent wish, as it shall ever be the teaching, of Frank Forrester." Amen! H. P. T.

Boston, December 9, 1878.

MARYLAND WILD CATS.—Editor Forest and Stream: On Monday, December 9th, I was pleasant shooting along the foothills of the Sugar Loaf Mountains, in Frederick County, Md., accompanied by my three pointer dogs, Dick, Duke and Nell. In this locality there are quite a number of springheads along the mountain side, and the spring branches into two hollows, extending out from the mountain, are principally the favorite resort and haunts of the pheasant. These mountain resorts are mostly grown up with forest trees and bushes of different species, and many of them are overrun with grape vine and large masses of cat, or green briars, a thorny, climbing shrub, and the ground is covered with small vines, briars, rank weeds and long grass. I was hunting down one of these ravines with my three dogs, in the hope of springing a pheasant, and had gotten almost to the end of the ravine without finding anything, when all at once I knew there had been something about. I noticed my pointer Dick looked strange. He trailed around on the ground, sniffed the air, and suddenly threw up his head, dropped his tail, and took off at the top of his speed, followed by Nellie, to a piece of wood and thick cover about fifty yards away. I knocked both barrels of my gun, and stood perfectly quiet, supposing the dogs had wended a red or gray fox, and thought they would bring him from out of the brakes, and I could get a shot at him. Away the dogs went, as fast as they could run, and on reaching the wood they gave tongue by two or three sharp, quick yelps, and I knew they had started their game. I still stood perfectly quiet, expecting every moment to get a shot, but was disappointed, and to my surprise I heard bark falling from the side of a tree. I advanced quickly up within range of the spot, and saw that my dogs had treed a large house cat, and on looking round among the trees, to my utter surprise and astonishment I found they had six full grown house cats up in a space of ground not more than twenty feet square, and all on separate trees; some of them were half way up hugging the side of the trunk, others were sitting in the forks quietly looking down and watching the dog. As to my knowledge, there was not a house within a mile of the spot where I found six cats were treed. What were they doing there? It is my opinion that these cats belonged to the woods, were born there, and subsisted upon young rabbits and birds and the wild game that was found in that locality. I did not disturb them, I called my dogs away and left them on the trees. FRANK SOWLEY.

WILD RICE CULTURE—ITS SUCCESS.

WE are pleased to read in the *Turf, Field and Farm* the experience of one of its Indiana correspondents who has been experimenting in wild rice culture. He says that he has been altogether successful and his statements seem to prove it. We think them of such importance that we are glad to reproduce them in our columns, although we might be accused of some slight feeling of jealousy because having first gotten his cue from FOREST AND STREAM as he admits, he did not bring his results to us direct. We quote:

Three years ago my attention was called to an article in FOREST AND STREAM advising Eastern sportsmen to procure wild rice seed from the West, and sow it in their barren lakes and ponds. The editor stated, as his basis, that the introduction of this favorite food of surface-feeding water-fowl would tend to attract them to waters containing it, even though not previously frequented by them. This article attracted widespread notice, and no doubt many gentlemen profited by it; but none of them, to my knowledge, have ever given the sporting public any account of their experience in the matter. As mine has been quite satisfactory, I hope an account of it may interest and benefit others. I live in a region over which pass in their yearly migration vast numbers of water-fowl. On my place I have a shallow pond, covering several acres, somewhat overgrown with reeds and water-grass, but prior to its introduction by myself containing no food for ducks beyond, perhaps, a few shell-fish, etc. I am quite certain of this, because the fact that few ducks ever visited it, and those only to roost. Immediately upon its introduction I made allude to the seed. Mr. Valentine, of Janesville, Wis., ordering a barrel of the seed (FOREST AND STREAM recommended that gentlemen). This was in the fall, and I very soon received my wild rice. Mr. Valentine directed me to soak it until it sank and then sow it that fall on ground always covered with water from two inches to five feet deep. I followed his directions implicitly, covering about an acre of my pond with the seed. The following spring I watched anxiously for the first sign of its growth, and was greatly pleased at its appearance above the water, and I got quite thickly all over the surface covered by the seed. My neighbors, who had been inclined to laugh at my "new crop," as they termed it, became as much interested as myself; and together we watched its progress through the summer and the growth of its long, slender seed heads as harvest approached. September came and I knew that the early teal ducks would soon put in an appearance. Would they partake of the feast I had so carefully prepared for them? I imagined how anxiously I waited for a practical answer to the question. The first birds to visit me was a large flock of blackbirds. They arrived one afternoon and played havoc while they stayed, but myself and neighbors opened such vigorous warfare that they found the place too warm and left in a body, and never returned, however, greatly encouraged me, for they had never done so before, and I felt that I had made me to look out for them. Thereafter I was out early every morning in my boat paddling around my pond on the lookout for ducks. For nearly a week nothing rewarded my search, but on the seventh morning as I was stepping into my boat I heard a suspicious quacking up the pond, and paddling slowly down the open water my eyes were gladdened by the sight of a flock of teal, and wood ducks, and mallards, and the floating rice which the wind had shaken from the stems. The ducks were in the edge of a narrow stretch of open water running through the rice, and from a safe distance, unseen by them, I watched their operations with great pleasure.

After half an hour I paddled toward them, being careful to make no great noise (I had no gun), and, when within a few rods, they took flight, but only to circle around and light in one spot on the pond, evidently thoroughly satisfied with the situation. Toward night they flew away, but next day returned with a considerable addition to their numbers, and that evening I killed seven flying about the pond. My "new crop" was a success, and I was as pleased as a boy with his first pair of boots. During that fall I had many roost ducks on my table, and my success stimulated my neighbors to order barrel and several most of it for their own use. I also bought another barrel and sowed most of it in my uncropped water. But I had an idea that fall sowing was not necessary; and, to try it,

THE TENNESSEE "MAN-FISH."—Dr. L. P. Yandell was among the medical men who took a look at the man-fish of Mr. Whallen, mentioned some time since in the *Courier Journal*. He gives in the *Medical News* the following interesting statement in regard to the wonder:

It is about five since the Tennessee and Kentucky newspapers contained a startling account of a wild man lately captured, with great difficulty, in the Cumberland Mountains. He was six feet ten inches high, extraordinarily fleet of foot and excessively savage. He fed chiefly on raw fish, which he captured without artificial aid. He spent most of his time in water, and after being captured he had to be frequently bathed. He was covered with shining scales, like those of a fish. His hands and feet were webbed like the feet of water-fowls—so the newspaper accounts, with many embellishments, ran. It is scarcely necessary to say that most of this story was only showman's talk, uttered to attract the attention of the curious and credulous public.

The physicians of Louisville were invited to visit the monster upon his arrival in the city prior to his general exhibition. Among others I visited the merman; but before seeing the case I had diagnosed it as one of *Ichthyosis*, and single glance was sufficient to verify the correctness of my conjecture. The man-fish presents a most magnificent example of the form of *Ichthyosis*, or fish-skin disease, called *Ichthyosis serpentina*, or serpent skin; and his general effect is more that of a serpent than of a fish. But upon different parts of his body may be found nearly all the varieties of *Ichthyosis*. The resemblance to the snake skin to the shed skin of a boa-constrictor lately brought from the Zoological Garden in London is almost perfect. About his joints the skin is loose and wrinkled, hanging in folds, and the scales are large, suggesting the skin of a lizard or alligator about their limbs and belly. His arms and legs remind one of the skin of a lizard, the carp, the perch, or other large fish. The cuticle everywhere is dry and harsh, and never perspires. There seems to be an absolute absence of fat, and the man is shrunken and withered, of dead ashen-gray appearance, except here and there, where he is brownish or blackish. Though only about fifty years of age, he impresses one as a very old man. The skin of the face is red and shining, and tightly drawn about the cheeks, pulling the lower eye-lids down to such an extent as to perfectly evert them, making a horrible case of ectropion. In some cases his scales are silvery, in others dark, and again in others small and briny. His hair is thin and dead-looking. The backs of his hands are discolored, and on his palms and soles the cuticle is greatly thickened. The fingers and toes seem shorter than natural, and the skin is drawn tightly back over both feet and hands. The septum between the fingers and toes seems to extend much farther down than usual, thus suggesting the webbed appearance before alluded to. He is considerably over six feet in height, and a man of a low order of intelligence. He is married and is the father of several children, none of whom, fortunately, inherit his malady, and as *Ichthyosis* is almost if not always a congenital disease, they are not likely ever to have it. The fish-man falls to present but a single variety of *Ichthyosis*, and that is the porcupine disease, as it is called. In this species, formed by hardened sebaceous material, protrude from the skin, closely packed together. Wilson states that he has observed them a quarter of an inch long. Willan reports having encountered them of an inch in length. I have never seen them longer than an eighth of an inch. Many years ago two brothers in England having this form of *Ichthyosis* were exhibited in the show as porcupine-men.

Ichthyosis is one of the rarest of skin diseases. I am under the impression that it is more frequent in Europe than in this country. In ten years I have seen less than a dozen cases. Its cause, as I stated in my report to the American Dermatological Association, in 1877, is scrofula, according to my observation and experience. It is found in all the walks of life. I have encountered it with equal frequency among the rich and the poor. It is commonly considered incurable, and only temporarily and partially mitigable.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

QUEERLY PUT TOGETHER.—A novel exhibition in man and beast was given yesterday afternoon to the students of Rush Medical College. At 4 o'clock the large amphitheatre lecture-room was filled with flegged and unflegged doctors, and in the arena stood Charles Warren, a man of about thirty years of age, of athletic appearance, and apparently joined the same as ordinary youths. But he soon showed that he differed from most men in his make-up, for there was hardly a joint in his whole body that he could not throw out of place, or at least give that appearance. He went through with his distortions, much to the amazement as well as the amusement of all. He commenced by giving a circulatory movement to the scapula, moving it once on each side at a time, and without any apparent motion of the shoulders. He then threw the humerus into the axilla, disjoined his elbow, wrist and phalanges. This was done merely by the contraction of the muscles of the arm, and not by the pulling of one member by another. In none of his feats was there any

such wrench of one joint from another. Without touching any part of his body with his hands, the joints would move out of position. He forced the femur from the thigh bone. This he could do while standing on one or both feet or while reclining. The dislocation caused an apparent shortening of the limb. Another striking feat was the turning of his feet so that he could touch the bottom of them while his legs were perfectly straight. Perhaps the most remarkable of all his powers was the wonderful expansibility of his chest. Medical works, upon the strength of examinations of thousands of men in the army and navy, generally give five inches as the maximum of expansion. The exhibition could expand his from nine to twelve inches. Those who did not take much interest in other performances were wonder-struck at this. This feat was performed by the remarkable degree of the compressibility of the chest and his power to force his heart and lungs into the abdominal cavity, and then of the power to force his viscera to his chest. The abdomen was hardly less curious when the viscera were forced upward by the diaphragm than was the inflated chest. At such time there seemed to be an entire absence of organs in that part of the body, and to be no distance at all from the front walls of the abdomen to the spinal column.

This subject proved a fine study in the anatomy of the muscles, because he could contract them so as to show the position of each one from origin to insertion. He had this power over the muscles in pairs or separately, and could make them as distinct as if dissected.

Mr. Warren concluded with an exhibition of his ability to contort his whole body, drawing himself through rings and performing other things, much to the amusement of the students and the professors if they had only felt at liberty to give way to laughter. Mr. Warren has a daughter who takes after herself, and can dislocate her joints with such ease that they sound like rattles.—*Chicago Journal*.

DISPERSAL OF SEEDS.—In relation to the dispersal of seeds, both natural and artificial for the dispersal of seeds, Professor Grant Allen gives the following in the *Popular Science Monthly*:—"The thistle, the dandelion and the cotton-bush provide their seeds with long tufts of light hair, thin and airy as gossamer, by which they are carried on the wings of the wind to bare spaces, away from the shadow of their plant, where they may root themselves successfully in the vacant soil. The maple, the ash and the pine supply their embryos with flattened wings, which serve them in like manner not less effectually. Both these we may classify as wind-dispersed seeds. A second set of plants have seed vessels which burst open explosively when ripe, and scatter their contents to a considerable distance. The balsam forms the commonest example in our European gardens; but a well known tropical tree, the sand box, displays the same peculiarity in a form which is most alarming, as its hard, dry capsules fly apart with the report of a pistol and drive out the disk shaped nut with a force frequently so great as to make a blow on the cheek decidedly unpleasant. These we may designate as self-dispersed seeds. Yet a third class may be conveniently described as animal dispersed, divisible once more into two sub-classes—the involuntary and the voluntarily aided. Of the former kind we have examples in those seeds which, like burrs and cleavers, are covered with little hooks, by which they attach themselves to the fur or wool of passers-by. The latter, or voluntarily aided sort, are exemplified in fruits proper, the subject of our present investigation, such as apples, plums, peaches, cherries, haws and bramble berries. Every one of these plants are provided with hard and indigestible seeds, coated or surrounded by a soft, sweet, pulpy, perfumed, bright colored and nutritious covering known as fruit. By all these means the plant allures birds or mammals to swallow and disperse its undigested seed, giving in as it were the pulpy covering as a reward to the animal for the service thus conferred."

A DOG STAR.—The piece was Miss Lina Tetterhorn's sensational drama, "Tina, the Milk Vender," which has been rendered with some success in English. This time it was given in its original German. In the principal scene a large dog is introduced, having the milk wagon of Hartina, the heroine of the play. The dog understands English thoroughly, but, having had only the advantage of a single rehearsal in German, he became somewhat mixed as to his business,—not understanding the language, and of course mistaking his cue. When the comedian comes on and says "Hartina, are you here?" is the dog's cue to stand still until Hartina and her lover embrace and then sing a duet. Then he follows Hartina around the stage with the milk-cart, and so on. On this occasion, when the words "Hartina, bist du hier?" were uttered, the dog made a jump for the comedian, who took fright and ran off the stage. The dog followed, barking furiously, and scattering the milk-pails all over the stage. Hartina screamed and took refuge among the opposite wings. The dog presently reappeared, and springing the prompter seated in his half-moon in front of the footlights, he made a plunge for him. The prompter dropped his book

and dived through the trap door. The dog, now thoroughly aroused, went after him, followed by the milk-wagon and what was left of the cans. Amid the yells of the audience an effort was made to rescue the unhappy and affrighted prompter. Seizing the tail-board of the cart, some of the people gave a strong pull, and a pull altogether, when up came the wagon, and then the dog, and finally the prompter—the latter in a helpless condition, with the fangs of the infuriated animal firmly fastened to that part of his garment which was the last to disappear from sight. A muzzle was procured, and the dog was led from the stage, yelping at the prompter, and looking dangerous in the direction of the comedian. Order was eventually restored, and the piece proceeded.—*St. Paul Globe*.

THE WAITING CHAMPION.—The championship-of-America craze is making fearful havoc among all classes in these days. Here is a victim, whose feat is thus told in the *New York World*:

William Stiegel stood in Clinton street yesterday and proclaimed himself the "champion American waltzer." A crowd gathered, and he waltzed against time till a policeman carried him off. At the Union Market station he offered to bet the Sergeant that he could outdance Professor Cartier, the eight-hour man, and laying hold of Doorman Perry danced him round the room. He was induced to go into the sitting-room, where he spent four hours dancing to his own whistle and then fell asleep on a chair. He lives at No. 172 Clinton street.

FEED BY THE RAVENS.—The California wood pecker's habit of dropping acorns and other nuts into knot-holes and hollow trees as a source of future supply is well known, and an ingenious Napa armer has turned it to good account by knocking out a knot in the side of his barn and placing a trough underneath. As the birds drop their acorns in his barn, the hogs seize them, and are thus fattened at no expense to himself.

A PARROT'S CALL.—A friend of ours has a mocking-bird and a parrot, which are on very good terms with each other. Occasionally their cages are placed together that they may enjoy a little social intercourse. The parrot will then thrust its poll through the bars and say, "Scratch my head," whereupon the mocking-bird will peck the parrot's head with its bill with an air of great gravity.

—An Iowa deacon went into his barn the other evening to milk a cow, and hung the lantern on a peg near the cow's tail. The foundation stones of the barn and some of the cow's bones were found all right next morning, but the deacon has not been heard from.—*Boston Post*.

—When a man gets bald in Colorado, they say his head has got above the timber line.

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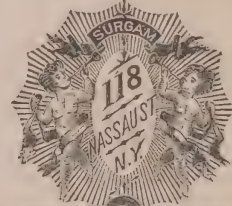
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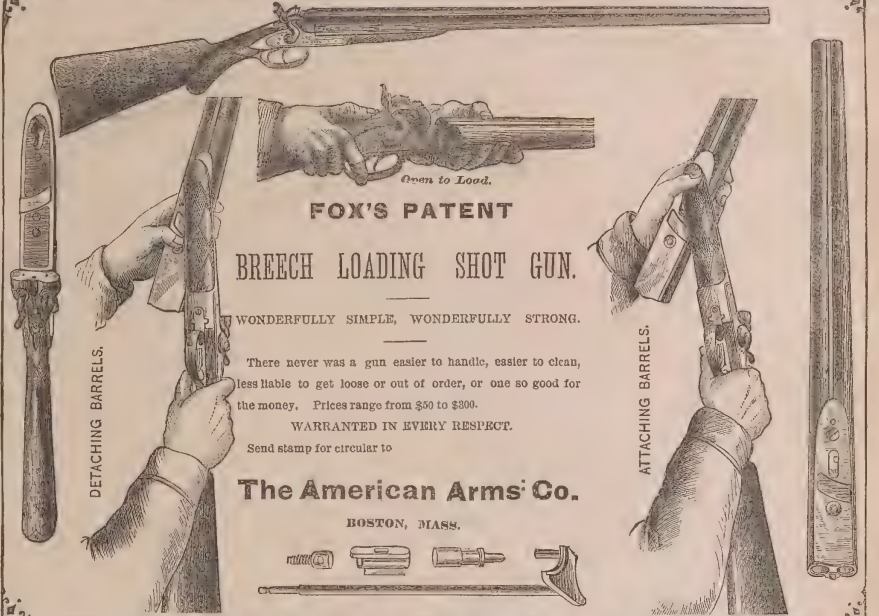
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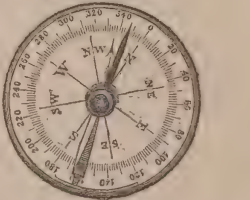
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FOREST AND STREAM

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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Ten Cents a Copy.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1879.

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{ No. 111 Fulton St., N. Y.

NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

I.—12 M.

SO it's you! I began to be anxious;
You said you'd come early, you know;
Besides, I had counted upon you,
And it isn't like you to be slow.
Is that your new dress? How becoming!
- Pray how do you like mine, my dear?
Maid's grand in black velvet and diamonds,
Are you ready? Then walk right in here.
There's the table, Demmonico spread it.
- To said it wasn't worth while?
But what is the root of his money
If we don't have things done up in style!
I wish Fanny Harris could see it;
She'd be awfully jealous. But then
That's the worst of these New Year's receptions
Nobody sees things but the men.
They won't care for the fruit and the flowers.
Well, there's plenty of wine, I am sure.
Come, Neil, get yourself in position.
Be quick! There's a ring at the door.

II.—12 P. M.

Bring the card baskets in from the hall, John,
And put the dead-latch on the door.
Let Ned in; if any one else comes,
Just say the reception is o'er.
Come, Nell, have some turkey and salad.
I'm starved, and I hope you are, too.
I really believe everybody
Has been here that we knew.
Please count the cards, ma. The reception
Has been, I think, a success.
What a shame in that tipsy Fitzendoe!
To spill claret punch on my dress!
Then there was young Schumaker Fyndings
Could scarcely tell his heels from his head,
Mating love to me; it was disgusting.
He should have been home and in bed.
What was it you said, ma—three hundred?
Indeed, that will do pretty well;
Make us see that it gets in the papers,
And be sure that he don't forget Nell.

—Star.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

Hunting the Sea-Elephant.

(From a forthcoming volume by Charles Lanman.)

"THAT'S a ship from Desolation and she's full of elephant oil!" The words were spoken by an old skipper, with whom the writer had been upon a fishing cruise in Long Island Sound, and it was prompted by the sight of a storm-beaten vessel while passing into the beautiful harbor of New London. The return of the ship after a long voyage I could readily understand, but the place and the commodity alluded to were to me involved in mystery. The brief explanation which followed from the skipper only tended to increase my interest in his casual remark; nor was it lessened when he told me that the Desolation Islands were more nearly identified with New London than with any other seaport in the country. In a short time, therefore, after my return from fishing I was busy among the ancient mariners of the town, asking them questions and recording their replies.

In the South Atlantic or Indian Ocean, about midway between the Cape of Good Hope and the western coast of Australia, are located two islands, lonely and inhospitable, and nearly three thousand miles from the nearest continent. One of them bears the name of Kerguelen's Land and the other that of Heard's Island; and although not very near neighbors they are known to the men "who go down to the sea in ships" as the Desolation Islands. The first mentioned of these was discovered by a lieutenant in the French navy, named Kerguelen, in 1772, and for his service he was promoted to the command of a frigate. He revisited the new land in 1773, gave it the name of La Fortune and reported to his government that he had discovered a new continent, in which opinion he was of course mistaken. Its exact location is lat. 49 S. long 70 E. In 1776 the famous navigator Cook, by direction of the English government, also visited this island; he gave its principal bays and headlands the names which they have since borne; and he made the assertion that, if it had not already received the name of its discoverer, he would be inclined to

call it the Land of Desolation. The other island to which we have alluded lies about 189 miles southeast of Kerguelen's Land, and although actually discovered by a Boston navigator named Heard in 1853, while on his way to Australia, the first man who set foot upon it was Captain E. Darwin Rogers, of New London; and the man who brought away from each of the two islands in question the first cargoes of oil was Captain Franklin F. Smith, also of New London. The Log Books and private journals of these men have been placed in my possession, as well as the Journal of Captain Henry Rogers, who was one of a small party that first spent a winter upon Heard's Island; and it is from these original records that the following facts have been chiefly compiled.

The most complete account of Kerguelen's Land comes to me from Captain Smith, and a word or two about the man himself should not be omitted in this place. He was born in New London in 1804, and before completing his thirteenth year became a sailor in a coasting vessel. In 1823 he went upon a whaling voyage to Patagonia; and on being promoted to the command of a ship in 1831, he entered upon a series of voyages which have been pronounced the most successful in the annals of whaling. The names of his vessels were the *Florio*, *Julius Cesar*, *Tuscarora* and the *Chelsea*; and in the course of ten years he made nine voyages, the first seven of them yielding 16,154 barrels of whale oil, and 1,147 barrels of sperm, the total value of which, according to present prices and without counting extras, would amount to about *six hundred and fifty thousand dollars*. These voyages were made in behalf of N. & W. W. Billings and of Williams & Haven. During four of them his wife accompanied him in his explorations around the globe; and his only daughter was born at sea, receiving the name of the ship in which the event occurred. He also had a number of sons, one of whom acquired distinction as a whaleman; and four brothers, who were all whale hunters. One of them was killed while fighting one of the ocean monsters in the Pacific ocean; and another was nearly as successful in the same sphere of enterprise. He made a number of voyages to Kerguelen's Land, and, as already stated, he was the first American who brought any oil from that remote region in 1837; and now, reserving some other particulars about him for another place, I come to his description of the island.

It is about one hundred miles long and perhaps sixty wide, and reputed to be the most barren spot in either hemisphere. It is of volcanic origin, rises in some places in terraces to the height of three thousand feet above the sea, with one pointed peak said to be nearly six thousand feet high, contains a number of lofty and picturesque headlands, is indented with bays or fiords, some of which nearly cross the island, and to the geologist it is especially interesting, as containing in its igneous formations a large amount of fossil wood and coal. Small rocky islands, to the number of three hundred, surround it on all sides; and yet it has several first rate harbors. During the entire year, the higher lands are covered with ice and snow, which, with the fogs and winds, dispute the honor of making the place desolate in the extreme. The vegetation, which is very limited, is antarctic; and although scientific men have described one hundred and fifty species of plants, the ordinary observer would only be attracted by four—a kind of saxifrage, a plant resembling the cabbage, a variety of coarse grass, and a plant belonging to the cress family. As to trees, there is not one to be found, and it is not probable that any ever grew on the island. But the sea-weeds which fringe the shores of the entire island, are particularly rich and rare, some of them growing to the enormous length of sixty feet. Of quadrupeds it is entirely destitute. In the way of birds, it is frequented by a few gulls, now and then by an albatross, and by penguins in the greatest abundance. In olden times, such portions of the coast as were accessible were frequented by several kinds of seal, and also by the sea-elephant; but they are now almost scarce. There are no permanent inhabitants on the island; and since it has ceased, for the most part, to afford a profitable supply of oil, it is chiefly interesting to seafaring men in these latter days as a secure rendezvous when overtaken by foul weather in their lone wanderings around the globe. During the period when England enjoyed the monopoly of killing seals on this island for their furs alone, it was estimated that the yield was about one million skins per annum.

But it is of Heard's Island that we desire especially to speak in this paper. It is about eighteen miles long and perhaps six or seven wide; and by right of discovery is an American possession. For many years the merchants of New London cherished the belief that there was land somewhere south of Kerguelen's Island, for in no other way could their captains account for the continuous supply of the sea-elephant on its shores. As long ago as 1840 Captain Thomas Long, then of the *Charles Carroll*, reported to the owners of his ship that he had seen land from the mast-head, while sailing south of Kerguelen's Land; but Captain Heard has received the credit of the discovery, although he did not land upon the island. The man who first did this was Captain E. Darwin Rogers. He was on a cruise after sperm whale; his ship was the *Corinthian*, and he had three tenders; and his employers were Perkins & Smith—the same Smith heretofore mentioned. Captain Rogers commemorated his success by an onslaught upon the sea-elephants, which he found very numerous on the shore; and after securing four hundred bar-

rels of oil, improved the first opportunity to inform his employers of what he had done, urging them not only to keep the information secret, but to dispatch another vessel to the newly discovered island. When the news reached New London, Perkins & Smith were without a ship or a suitable Captain for the enterprise. The second member of the firm had long before given up the sea and was hoping to spend the remainder of his days at home in the quiet enjoyment of an ample fortune. But the temptation was strong and he yielded. The firm purchased a ship at once, and the moment she was equipped, Captain Smith took command, and sailed for Heard's Island. With Captain Darwin Rogers as his right hand man he fully explored the island, named all its headlands and bays and other prominent features, made a map of it, and succeeded in filling all his vessels with oil. Two exploits which he performed with the assistance of his several crews, are worth mentioning: At one point, which he called the Seal Rookery, they slaughtered five hundred of these animals, and as was afterward found, thereby exterminated the race in that locality; and they performed the marvelous labor of rolling three thousand barrels of elephant oil a distance of three miles, across a neck of the island, from one shore to another where their vessels were anchored. The ship which he himself commanded returned in safety to New London with a cargo of oil valued at \$130,000, one-half of which was his property. On reaching the dock he was warmly congratulated by his numerous friends; was informed that the books of his firm never told a better story than they did then, and that good news had been received from all their thirteen whale ships, which were homeward bound from the Pacific and Arctic seas. In addition to all this, he found that two farms which he owned had increased in value, and that the ten or twelve thousand dollars he had invested in erecting the *Pequot House*, since become famous as a summer resort, would probably pay him a handsome interest;—but as the wheel of fortune would have it, in six months from the date of his arrival home from Heard's Island, he had lost all his entire property. The blow was terrible, and a desolation of heart fell upon him, which could not but remind him of the Desolation Islands in the Indian sea. After resting upon his oars for a few years, he made one desperate effort in 1862 to retrieve his fortunes, but the tide had turned against him, and he was unsuccessful. His friends furnished him with a new ship and he went upon another voyage to the Desolation Islands. Having secured a good cargo of whale and elephant oil, the ship was wrecked on a reef off the Sea Shell Islands, after which he obtained a passage to the Isle of France and by way of London, Liverpool and New York, returned to New London, where he subsequently resided a worthy and much respected, but disappointed man.

But it is time that we should be giving our readers an idea of the physical characteristics of Heard's Island. It is in reality an ice island, with only enough of solid land visible at different points to prove that it is not an ice-berg. From the centre of it there rises to the height of at least five thousand feet a broad breasted mountain, which is known to be perpetually covered with ice and snow, and its sides and summits are so cold and desolate that no living creature has ever been seen to harbor there excepting the albatross. Some of the points or head lands which are found along its eastern shore rise out of the sea in the form of perpendicular cliffs, and Captain Darwin Rogers alleges that he was once at anchor near one of these cliffs for an entire month without obtaining a view of the summit; and also that during that period his ship on several occasions was felt to quiver from stem to stern in a very frightful manner, the cause of which, as he subsequently ascertained, was the falling of immense blocks of ice from the cliffs into the sea. Alternating with those huge bulwarks of ice are some of the most beautiful beaches of black sand, where the surf perpetually rolls up fresh from the South pole. The only fish found along its shores is called the night fish and resembles the cod. There is not a tree or shrub on the island, and the vegetation is so limited that only two varieties are ever mentioned in the journals before us, viz., a coarse kind of tussock grass and the wild cabbage. The birds are about the same as those found on Kerguelen's land, viz., gulls, mollymoks or penguins, cack pigeons, and the albatross. In the way of mammals it boasts of but one creature alone, and that is the sea-elephant, but for these it is the most profitable hunting ground in the world.

What the lion is to the continent, the sea-elephant or *Morongo pyrodes* is to the pool—the mammoth representative. Though not uniform in size, they not unfrequently attain a length of thirty feet, and a circumference of fifteen or eighteen feet, the blubber of a single individual sometimes yielding three hundred gallons of oil, which is considered more valuable than that of the whale. The grown males have an elongated snout, which gives them the name they bear; their teeth are short and pointed, and the molars small and pointed, and the canines very large, and the power of their jaws so great that an angry male specimen has been known to seize a dead comrade weighing a ton and toss him a considerable distance as a dog would a mouse. When quite young they are called silver gray pups from their color, but as they mature they become brown, the males inclining to a dark blue and the females to yellow shade; their home is the sea, but they have a fashion of spending much of their time upon the shore, occasionally going inland two or three miles and luxuriating in fresh water marshes; they are sluggish in their movements and somewhat stupid, and in certain localities they con-

pregrate in large herds or coralls; their tongues are used by the sailors as a welcome delicacy, and by the Yankee boys frequently worked into mince pies; the scraps which are left after the blubber has been tried out are employed as fuel with which the trying-out process is conducted; their food is supposed to consist chiefly of cuttle fish and sea weed, and the instrument employed for this purpose is a large iron hook which is thrust into the throat and causes them to bleed to death. The bull elephants are the largest and fiercest of the race; the gallor parance the old males are called beach masters and bulls, and the females pupping cows and brown cows. During the season of courtship the bulls fight desperately with each other, uttering a kind of roar and inflicting fearful wounds, while the lady elephants in groups of from fifteen to twenty, are seen to be very tame and docile. When the bulls are ready with expanded flippers, to welcome the victor into their mist. The mothers usually remain in charge of their young about two months, and during all that time it is said that the lord of each harem occupies a convenient eminence, with his head generally toward the sea, and acts as sentinel to prevent the mothers from abandoning their young, or from leaving the island in quest of food. The bulls are very covetous individuals. The number of these animals which annually arrive to Heard's Island, coming from unknown regions, is truly immense. In former times the men who hunted them invariably spared all the cubs they met with, but in these latter days the young and old are slaughtered indiscriminately. We caught two cubs as they were the only pair of cubs seen; particularly young, and we knew that the men who follow the business lead a most fulguring and wild life, and well deserve the largest profits they can make. While Kerguelen's Land is the place where the ships of the elephant hunters spend the summer months, which season is literally the "winter of their discontent," it is upon Heard's Island, that the mammoth game is killed, and the ivory obtained. The men who hunt the elephants have the hardihood to build themselves rude cabins upon the island, and there spend the entire winter. Among those who first exiled themselves to this land of fogs and snow and stormy winds, was one Captain Henry Rogers, then serving as first mate, and from his journal, which he kept during this period, we may obtain a realizing sense of the loneliness and dreariness of this life. He writes: "I have been so long so long willingly, subject myself in the far off Indian ocean, and

Having taken a glance at the leading men who identified themselves with the Desolation Islands, and also at the physical peculiarities of those islands, we propose to conclude this paper with a running account of Captain Henry Rogers' adventures during his winter on Heard's Island.

He left New London in the brig *Zoe*, Captain Jas. Rogers, master, Oct. 26, 1856, and arrived at their place of destination February 13, 1857. For about five weeks after their arrival the crew was kept very busy in rafting to the brig several hundred barrels of oil, which had already been prepared and left by the *Zoe* for the *Enterprise* on the 23d of January. March the wintering gang, with Capt. Henry Rogers as their leader, proceeded to move their plunder to the shore, and when that work was completed, the brig sailed for the Cape of Good Hope. The gang consisted of twenty-five men, and after building their house, which was merely a square excavation on the ground, covered with boards and made airtight with mud and soap, they commenced their work. They were expert with the lance did most of the killing; the coopers hammered away at their barrels; and, as occasions demanded, all hands participated in skinning the huge sea elephants, or cutting off the blubber in pieces of about fifteen pounds each, and then, on their backs or on rude sledges, transporting it to the trying works, where it was turned into blubber oil. The game was not very numerous, and the "drugging to bag" a little game, and the number of elephants killed ranged from three to as high a figure as forty. According to the record, if one day out of thirty happened to be bright and pleasant, the men were thankful; for the regularity with which rain followed snow, and the fogs were blown about by high winds, was monotonous beyond conception. And when a high calm, after the snow had melted, and the racks away, the storm which followed was monotonous, and as the tired men wrapped themselves in their blankets for the night, there was a monotony in their very dreams—they were home of—wives and children and friends—far, far away, over illimitable sea—and that was a monotony which they enjoyed. When one of these men chanced to be wakened at the hour of midnight, and the moon shone from a cloudless sky, he would rise to go to the communal altar, with him how must the blackness of darkness and the wild wailing of the ocean, mingled with the screams of the penguins, or the moon and stars shining in their marvellous beauty on the tranquil deep, have filled him with awe! The great waves, perhaps, like beasts of prey, came careering out of the abyss of space, and as they dashed and perished against the icy cliffs, would rise up as if to devour him. The waves that were entirely across the island, only to be welcomed by an answering roar from the waves on the opposite shore.

Month after month passes away, and there is no cessation in the labors of the elephant hunters. Mist and snow and slaughter, the packing of oil, hard bread and saffron, fatigue and heavy slumbers—these are the burthen of their song of life. Those who chance to remember with pleasure the strains of Sabbath bells, may cherish a strange hope in their hearts, that the day of their attendance at the Sunday-school, in the far-off New England church, stern necessarily compels them, with lance in hand, to do battle with the sea elephant. But when the anniversary of their National Independence arrives, they must needs devote one hour of their precious time to the bidding of the patriotism, notwithstanding the fact that their cabin may be covered with snow and a snow storm raging. With the aid of their pistols for muskets, and a hole in a rock for artillery, they sing the national salute; with a tin pan for a kettle-drum and a piece of wire for a triangle, they have an abundant supply of music; forming themselves into a procession, the march with stately pace in front of a snow-drift, instead of grand hotel; and with the tongue of an elephant for roar of battle, and some ginger pop for Catawba wine, they have a glorious feast; and leaving their hunting to flap itself into a snow-drift over their island home, they pick up their lances and armor and march straight to the Cape of Good Hope, and perhaps two months have passed away, when lo! it comes the brig again, with the latest news from the Cape of Good Hope, but with nothing new from dear New England. The vessel drops her anchor; in a few weeks she is filled to the brim, by raftering and boating, with the barrels of oil which have been collected during the long and tedious winter (misnamed summer), and on the approach of Christmas, the sails of the brig are again unfurled, and away she goes, homeward bound; and as the sunset, on the Cape of Good Hope, the keeper of the Montauk Light points to the southeast, and says to his good wife: "There comes a brig from the Desolation Islands!"

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.
SPORT IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

WE reached London the last week in August, very well satisfied with our month's sight-seeing through the Continent, and rather pleased that the greater part of the last two weeks of our stay in the Old World was to be spent in Ireland, among some friends of my traveling companion, who were residents of the county where are situated the famous Lakes of Killarney.

We had already devoted two weeks to England and Scotland; so, when Fred said, "Here's a letter from my friend, the Doctor; it has been here a week. What do you say to our starting right away, asking him to meet us at Killarney?" "Hurrah for Ireland!" was my reply, and forthwith set about completing arrangements to leave for Holyhead that evening. Two days later we reached Killarney.

Yes; the scenery of Killarney is wondrously beautiful, and we enjoyed it to our heart's content—but I must remember that this is to be an account of our sport in Ireland, so I will not attempt a description of Irish scenery just now, but move right on to the scene of our exploits.

A ride on an outside jaunting car for about thirty miles brought us to the village of Ballyherilly, the Doctor's home, and the genuine, hearty welcome we received made us feel that our host was a real old Irish gentleman—one of the good old type, scarce to be met with in this age of the "motor." The river Scourie, three times, and my nerves fairly tingled with delight at the prospect of soon throwing a line over pools that looked like beaundified haunts of trout and salmon. However, there were visits to be made that would occupy the next day—and then for some fishing. But I am very much afraid, when Fred and I retired on the first night of our visit, it was with a decided mental reservation, that if next day I found my fishing companions were not equal to those whom I had just experienced, fishing would by mutual consent be indefinitely postponed.

My anxiety to have a chat with a real, simon-pure, unsophisticated Irishman of the laboring class, who, I felt certain would be found in his most unadulterated state in this wild locality, induced me to up and out very early next morning. A short walk brought me on two, who were at work near the road. They looked the very game I was after—knee-breeches and old hat, and, without doubt, the two coats on the fence near by were swallow-tails of ye ancient pattern.

"The top of the morning to your honor," greeted me the moment I came up. I returned the compliment, and immediately set my Yankee inquisitiveness to work. The simple question, "What are you sowing here?" I intended as an attack upon their actual pursuits but it was a little nonplussed when I was told that it was caraway seeds. I then undergo some moments of mental agony to recall what I knew about caraway seeds, with the hope of being able to disguise my ignorance of agriculture in general, and especially of the plant mentioned. Though the name was as familiar as oats, I felt that I was entirely innocent of how they grew or ranked as an article of commerce. I thought I had better turn to the subject of the caraway seed, for I had no other picture of willingness to impart information. A house some little distance up the road attracted my notice, from its peculiar situation. It was built so that its end faced a pretty view of the river and its ivy-clad bridge, while the front looked on a rather dismal piece of dwarfed woodland. There appeared no justifiable excuse for such want of taste, and my remark that this effect was "sacred" was a questionable one. "It is sacred," said the Doctor, "and I will rest his soul!—and now the priest lived there; so me and the boys, as soon as the turf was cut, were going up there to twist it around." To show that this matter was fully settled, he, turned to his companion, saying: "Isn't that so, Jim?" and was answered, "It's threr for you, Mickey." As the house happened to be of good size and built of stone, the apartment was well lighted, and the boys went to twist around, and, as I think, among other things, to twist around was about time for breakfast; so I wished my two unsophisticated friends good-day, and was about to retrace my step when it was mildly suggested that if I went across the field it would be a short cut to the Doctor's. I accepted the advice, and was hardly in the field when Mickey, flat in hand came up and asked if my honor wouldn't pay his footing. I saw that the Doctor was not far off, and that the condition of the face of the recipient caused very grave doubts in my mind as to Mickey's being quite up to ideas of the unsophisticated Irishman.

"At breakfast I was tempted to find out to what extent caraway seeds were used as an article of commerce in Ireland. The astonishment of my friends was at last relieved by a shout of laughter when they discovered my reasons for asking. The description of the men I interviewed left little difficulty in recognizing who they were. The Doctor simply remarked that "Mickey Bawn was a prime boy, and would never die in his bed." I must say that any information from Mickey and his co-freres I received with a large pinch of salt somewhat flavored with caraway seed.

The day's sailing and sight-seeing was over, most agreeable day in every way, and one that made us decidedly feel that we were enjoying Irish hospitality. Arrangements were made for an early start up the river next morning, and we were ready at the appointed hour. The weather was rather breezy, but the moonlight was so good that we went prepared to fish for trout. When we reached the river it was decided that trout fishing was to be the order of the day. Fred and I were kindly allowed to take the lead; the Doctor and Jerry who was the crack fisherman of the place—followed, allowing us such a start that we were soon in the lead. I looked for the angler could wish it to be splendid pools, but I saw only miniature cascades, and not a tree to impede the full sweep of the line. I had fished for at least an hour, and had experienced to its utmost that delicious feeling of expectancy that each pool engendered. I might possibly have continued "some time longer," but I was not so sure of it. I had not a trout, and hope deferred made the heart grow sick. I had not a trout that could turn the scale at six grains, and only had one or two times that looked at all respectable. I thought it was about time to stop. I had for the present enough of the feverish deceiver. I would wait till Fred came up. When he did come he was not much better off than I was. He had not a trout, and I thought that betokened a want of confidence in his abilities to promote a nearer acquaintance with the bright denizens of the lochs. He had also evidently let his angry passions

for in reply to my "What luck?" I received the emphatic reply, "Damn the luck!" We decided to halt, and wait till the Doctor and Jerry came along. We filled our pipes, and as we lay there on the sweet heather of Ireland, dear old Ramezey and the Schoodles were not forgotten.

When our friends arrived we did feel rather crest-fallen, for their baskets contained some the trout, many of them fully two pounds weight. We could not understand how this could be, for our ties were about the same that they were used to. We flattered ourselves that we did know something about fishing; but alas! the experience we had gained from many visits to the streams and lakes of New England, where we found our day's fishing in the afternoon, was not all sufficient for the more serious fishing of the Irish. We had to submit with the best grace possible to a lesson from Jerry, and then found out that it was absolutely necessary to keep as far as possible from the bank, and throw the line with a lightness that only the leader would fall on the water. Our rather nonchalant manner of fishing might do very well in the wilds of Maine, but it evidently was not the ticket in this old-fashioned country. We had every reason to be satisfied with our tackle. It was extremely light and handy, and impressed one with the feeling that very careful action would be required in a struggle with a two-pounder.

The flask we passed round, and with renewed spirits and hopes for better luck we resumed our old positions. When we next came to a halt we had a very different story to tell. Fred and I held our own very fairly with our friends; indeed, before we reached the rendezvous for lunch I had to transfer my hand to my knee, and my knee to my hand, owing to the afternoon a breeze springing up, and we had renewed our strength to its utmost capacity, we were glad to find that the "rig" that carried the hamper also contained the salmon rods, so we decided to try our luck, as some celebrated pools were close by. During the hours that followed Fred secured a magnificent trout, and I gave a stirring account of a short struggle he had, but unfortunately the fish was so small and it was pity, for I have little doubt from the description he gave of the fish, it well deserved to be stuffed, and hold an honored place among the heavy weights of the *Salmundina* family. Jerry and I had to act as audience. We had nothing to relate, and could only show a few additional good trout. Fred's was the best, and I think the most beautiful anguily he considered a good day's sport, yet the extreme fineness of the tackle made each capture look a prize.

[illegible]

"Where people went in to spend half-a-crown,
To meet with a friend and for love knock him down
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green."

I felt that it was useless to pretend that I did not hear him, and I said as loudly as I could, "his gentle tapping at my window lattice would very soon be louder than before." So I jumped up to ask a respite, but Will's salutation, "It's a glorious morning, don't delay! Rattleaway is harnessed," put excess of excuses at an end, and I could only say, "All right," and hoped that my horse would be ready in time. I was not at all in mind the absurd idea that some friend's sprig of shillelagh had been playing along my head. Rattleaway did credit to his name that morning, and spun over the five miles in good time; and now, while breakfast is being prepared at the farm-house, I am writing this.

Master Will's "otter" as he is about to rig it here, to save time, is a slate-colored painted board two feet and a half long, eight inches wide and one inch thick, beveled at the ends in opposite directions, and with a leaded keel on its length, so that it will float on the water. Three inches from each end are two holes—through which run two endless cords—called the belly-bands—which are held in position by pegs; these b. b. when pulled tight extend about six inches from the board. To this pulley is fastened a light iron ring, which is fastened to the end of a foot long and working on swivels, so that when the line is held taut they hang straight and are not liable to foul.

Our breakfast of eggs and milk I enjoyed, and must say though the house was a very humble one indeed, I was struck with the natural courtesy and kindness of the people and the good looks of the charming little Nora Crena who attended the table.

After a pretty stiff walk up the mountain we reached the lake. The "otter" was placed in the water, head against the wind and immediately started out, when the line was held tight. As soon as the fly line was played out its end was attached to a line on a strong fishing rod, and Master Wily, walking along the shore, guided the "otter's" movements, though it was fully 40 yards out. In less than 30 minutes he worked it in and almost every fly was furnished with a trout. By the time he had made four hauls I was not surprised when he said he did not wish me to say anything to Mr. S. about our morning's fishing, as I have some idea that that gentleman was officially concerned in the welfare of the fish of the county.

Master Wind had just put his "otter" to keep when, down the far end of the glen, came the dogs in full-song; and what glorious notes those fifty harriers sent forth, echoed over and over again, the whole way up the hill. The wind was strong, but very hot, and it was only a hare that was seen. We had to tramp up hill and down for over two hours before the next "Mark away" was sounded; but the interest was kept up by the varied grandeur of the scenery that each opening in the hills displayed. We had almost given up hope of having another run, when one of our party interviewed a young herder who happened to come up, and was asked if he saw any foxes, or foxes' ears. "No," he answered, "but I saw a fox once, and it was very fine." "Where?" "Over there," he pointed to the westward. "It was very nice, but I don't know where it went." His vicinity was evidently not held in high repute, for I heard it distinctly remarked that he was a "notorious" liar, and that no very gentle terms was directed to "go over there and baste the eastern side of the brake." The fellow went, and to our astonishment out jumped a fox, who gave us a jolly good run, and fortunately in the direction of home. When we last day reached the "Barn" we were very much surprised to find ourselves better, or ever met a more kind and hospitable people, and when leaving Queenstown it was with an earnest hope that this would not be our last glimpse of Erin. T. D. E.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun. GAME COVERTS OF NEVADA.

GOLD HILL, Nevada, Dec. 19, 1878.

As your columns are but very rarely interrupted upon communications from the "Silver State," permit me, for the benefit of those who make their home among sage brush and sand, and who would fain avail themselves of an opportunity to secure a few weeks' excellent shooting did they but know where to go. Our State is blessed with but little shooting grounds, but we have some, and allow me to say when found they are excelled by none that I have had the fortune to enjoy. Elk County, in the eastern part of the State, affords a better field for the sportsman than any in the State. I do not deny there are parts which afford as great a quantity, but not variety. For instance, the sink of the Humboldt River, which is a shallow lake of considerable extent, is at the time of year covered with myriads of water-fowl of all kinds, including ducks of many varieties, honkers, brant, swans, pelican, etc., etc., but that is all. Away from the shore everything is parched and dry, and for miles the eye encounters naught but sandy hills, alkali plains and a few stunted sage brush, but as we go eastward, following the line of the O. P. R. R., the country gradually assumes a more cheering aspect, and upon arriving at Elko, a pretty little burg and an eating station, you may stop with the assurance that any of the citizens can direct you to good shooting grounds. From there, east to Death Station on the river can be found ducks, snipe, prairie chickens (or sharp-tailed grouse), sage hens, etc. At Death Station the river leaves the railroad, and away northward after leaving the railroad some thirty miles, until you reach the Grouse Creek Mountains, is a hunter's paradise. All is solitude; no habitation for miles now; no hunters have been here, the crack of the rifle, the whistle of the bullet and the bark between—and the result, abundance of game and very gentle. I was up in this part one season with six companions, and I shall never forget those most enjoyable weeks. It was our fortune to find a few antelope, three or four of which were secured by our party. The river toward the head is an insignificant stream, merely a little brook, but abounding in trout. While there the stream was nearly dry and at intervals pools, in which a fly was taken as fast as you threw it in, but that was of course tame sport, mere coasting you the exertion to put the pretty speckled beauties from the water. The boys were banging away all day long in hearing of camp. At times a covey of grouse would go thundering over camp, when our "Wild Dutchman," who was acting in the capacity of cook, would grasp his six-foot (?) muzzle-loader with a broken grip and blaze away, and get—kicked over about twenty feet, and the joy of again patching up a stock, was set would invariably go to pieces at every discharge. From the day we first pitched camp until we started home "Dutchy" had a highly ornamented nose from his pet's mulish demonstrations. When far away from camp you could hear the "boom! boom!" of that old "broken back," and some one would sing out: "There, Dutchy has peeled his smaller again." I remember one evening returning down stream I shot a skunk and brought it along and deposited it on a little lead near camp. The wind was blowing from camp and all was lovely for the present. During the night the wind veered and blow directly toward us. "Dutchy" was the first to wake, and with one wild leap he was erect and shouting: "Poys, poys, got up." The roar that followed brought him to his senses, and when he realized the cause of the odor which pervaded the air he grasped the old reliable "and went in search of the cause, keeping a sharp eye for a skunk, and a sharp eye for a skunk, and in broken English. I guess he found it, for he shortly returned with vows of vengeance of who ever "put dot d—n smellin' cat out dare." We were disappointed one morning when some vaqueros passed and told us the Plutes had gone on the war path near Cherry Creek. "Dutchy" at once made preparations for a forced march, and we saw him no more until our return home. We remained there some time, moving up stream every other day, and at the little finding game and everywhere. Perhaps the desire splendid shooting could do no better than to give this locality a trial. I would advise them to procure their teams at Elko and a full camping outfit and drive to Death Station, and from there go north following Mary's River. After you get up it some ten or fifteen miles you will be surprised to see so much game and of so many varieties. You cannot step up to a pool without ducks flying up. Hardly a hundred yards of a running stream, and you are flushed. But I am intruding upon your valuable space. I will, as a parting word, say to the sportsmen of Nevada, "Do not leave your own State when the season opens, but take a little trouble and you will find many such places as I speak of. I have found them, why not you? Once found they are always there to visit each year." I presume the western portion must afford some excellent quail shooting when the snow drives them down into the foot hills. As I have never tried my luck in that vicinity I cannot express any decided opinion. Let us hear from some one else in this part of the world to aid me in upholding our "deserts" and "alkali plains" in the sportsman at large. J. M. B.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

A BEAR DRIVE IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

ON the 11th of October—"the brown, the crisp, the best"—the Old Gang of Alken County, South Carolina, met once more at their time-honored tristing place, the Big Oak on Edisto River; not so much on account of the game, for it is very scarce, but for the sake of a reunion of the "old boys." But what we lacked in game we made up in gun, horse and dog talk, and a heap of fun. You may well imagine that after an absence of a year the reunion of a set of old rocks like ourselves, the first night, is a big one. The evenings were growing chilly, which made the light of the camp fire doubly attractive. The old spring of living water, a few steps down the hill, still rippled over the same white pebbles, and invitingly said: "Boys of the Old Gang, once more try me, I'm better far than gin or brandy." After Uncle Stephen, the cook, had given us supper, and the dogs had been fed, the camp fire was made big and bright under the spreading limbs of a huge old water oak, where this same Old Gang had regaled in their youth. Ben got seats on our own benches, to the rest spread themselves on pine straw, all in a huddle, to hear the arrangements for the morning hunt. Uncle Irvin, a man of sixty summers, was on hand, stepping around as lightly as a Guinea cock in May. A dozen pipes of all sorts and sizes were lighted, which, under

full headway, gave our sitting room the appearance of a young tar boiler. The hunt was soon arranged, old King William, as usual, being assigned to the stand known as "death's door." Then came the big talk and joke-cracking, all hands being called on for a contribution. About nine o'clock old Cronoma was resurrected and the Old King gave us some of those good old true tales, such as "No care how you shan't um," "Billy in the Low Ground," "Arkansas travel," and "Hell's Broke Loose in Georgia." The latter name I must confess is not very euphonious, but it is nevertheless the name of a rousing good old tune with us, and one well calculated to make a fellow git up and git it he has any music in his soul.

The back gate of a wagon was substituted for a dancing board, and most of the gang were called on for a jig. Some few were acquitted themselves with credit, but a majority were fairly put to their stumps you may believe. Uncle Stephen, the negro cook, was also called on, but respectfully declined, saying he had belonged to a Methodist and Baptist preacher, and had exhorted right smart himself; but some of the boys who were in for fun had got Uncle Stephen without much persuasion to put himself on the outside of a big snorter of big juice, and his "spere's" soon moved him. He took the board, and commenced singing, and went to beem down by a man who was at all inclined to the pulpit. When the fiddler got to the good places in "amarun," the old fellow fairly glimmered, and said, "Old Boss, play dat agin; dat's de best time dis nigger an herd sence freedom."

About that time Uncle Irvin, who had been rolled up in his blanket for an hour with a bundle of fodder under his head, sung out at the top of his voice, "Look or hear, boys, stop dat confounded foolishness and go to bed. You will all be heavy to-morrow, you can't shoot good, and we will have no venison for dinner." We took his suggestion and spread our blankets around that same old oak, said our prayers and went to rest like a happy family, with twenty fine dogs lying around the camp fire, Uncle Stephen, the cook, right in the midst of them fast asleep in a box, and no one to molest or make us afraid.

Next morning, just as old Sol began to show the first tints of his gray jacket in the east, Bill Cary sounded a long and loud reveille on his old horn; but not only made the dogs rear and caper, but many of the old boys who did not feel much like it had to fling their blankets. Uncle Stephen then gave us hot Java with toast and scrambled eggs, and we were ready for the first drive. Half of the pack was tied up for the second day—we usually ran about fifteen dogs—but in the last day we hadnap and turn loose everything, and I tell you, sir, they do make things pop and crack. It is just good enough to hear twenty-five ring tail roars baste an old buck for an hour in a big bay, and still better to see the old fellow come out riding the bushes with his flag up and horns laid back on his shoulders; and then if a fellow is not right good grit he won't get such meat every time he shoots. The first day we did not find one of Uncle Irvin's bucks, but soon raised a doe and yearling. This doe took the river, but the yearling stuck to *terra firma*, and after an exciting race for an hour and three shots, Uncle Irvin laid him on the cooling board with first barrel. For the next day (Saturday) we made big calculations on some old peafowl bucks, but how soon can one's brightest anticipations be blasted! We awoke in the morning to see the rain poring in torrents, which continued all day, and we had to return home after two day's hunt with but one little deer to report. But such is hunters' luck. Many things in this world that look bright only dazzle to lead us astray. ONE OF THE GANG.

Williston, S. C., Oct. 10, 1878.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

TEXAS BILL'S LAST BEAR HUNT.

AND now I will tell you about Texas Bill's last bear hunt. One evening last fall we were sitting out on the piazza about nine o'clock, when neighbor Ford rode up and wanted me to go over to Rook Creek, about three miles, and help kill a bear. He said his wife's mother and a boy about twelve years old had been down on the creek that day looking for some bees, and they saw a bear run into the rocks. So I saddled up, took my dogs, and with Charley and Ford started for the bear. When we got nearly to the creek we found another man by the name of Russian waiting for us. When we got to the creek we went down about half a mile and hitched our horses and began to climb up the bank among the rocks and trees, and after fifteen minutes' hard labor we got to where the woman and boy saw the bear go in. It was a wild looking place in a small ravine with rocks on both sides piled up one above the other, and big boulders scattered all about. The place where the bear went in was large enough for a man to get in easy, and about thirty feet back of where he went in was a large hole that went down, and not the one that went straight in. All the time while we were building a fire we could hear a noise in the hole like a hoarse sissing or grunting, and thought perhaps Mr. Bear did not like his company. After we got a fire we could not look into the hole but a little way, and F. went about a mile and got a lamp about as good as a lightning bug. Russian proposed to stay all night and have daylight to work in, but I did not want to stay till I found out what I was sticking for. While we were talking F. took the lamp and went to the upper hole and got down to look in.

"H—!" says he, "I can see him!"

"Well," said I, "what is it?"

"It is a bear as sure as the devil!" Oome and take the lamp

and see for yourself, and got down and peked in, and there he was. But I could not see very plain, so I crawled in a little further. Charley wanted me to come back for fear he would make a dive at me, but I ventured carefully in a little more and then could see his head and shoulders a little plainer, but I could not make out what the device it was. His head seemed to be white and snout black, and what I could see of his shoulders were black. Finally F. says:

"What do you make?"

"Well, I think it is a—hog, and if you will hand me a gun I will try to put his eye out." They got my gun, and I ventured in a little more to get a good chance to shoot, but I got a little too near and it moved and hissed and grunted fearfully; but when it moved I could see it plain and tell what it was, and what do you think I saw? A couple of young buzzards! They stood side by side, their necks and wings back, their tails, heads and bills black, and in the dim light and the position they were in, looked like the head of some large animal.

R. says, "Why don't you shoot?"

I said nothing but crawled out, and F. says, "What are you going to do now?"

"Well, I think the best thing we can do is to go home."

R. says, "Why the devil don't you tell us what it is down there in the rocks?"

I bothered them a few minutes and then told them it was buzzards, and I don't believe you ever heard such a shout from a few months as went up through the trees from around that bare hole. We blew out our lamp, got into saddles, and went home, certainly wifery if not as happy as when we went out; and that is the last hunt I have had after bears.

W. A. L.

Fish Culture.

A MODEL TROUT HATCHERY IN MICHIGAN.

THE trout hatchery of Mr. Charles H. Holt is located at Cascade Springs, on the Thornapple River, two miles from Ada station, in Kent County. The stream is naturally formed for a successful trout brook. Right here in this gulch, the scene of former boring for gold, a few steps from the river, is the first pond or bowl, a new one, the water in which is clear, about eight feet deep, and discharging through a narrow sluice-way, first through a fine seine and then over a narrow board slide-way eight feet high. The object of the seine is to keep back the fish, and the object of the board slide-way just below it is to preserve the proper height of water. "Here," says Mr. Holt, "is my finished dam. It is 35 feet broad, about 40 feet long, about 8 feet deep, and fed by a sluice from the brook. In here are about 300 yearlings—that is, trout hatched a year ago last March. I keep the different sizes and ages apart from each other. I have been obliged to build new dams or reservoirs as the stock increases—just as a farmer increases his cleared land for new crops." Stepping along the side up we come to a second pond, about double the size of the first. "This pond," said the enthusiastic trout-breeder, "is the oldest on the creek, and, as you see, the entire water of the creek runs through it. In this is part of my young stock or minnows, hatched in February, 1878, and there may be 20,000 of them healthy and growing finely."

We now mount to the third pond, which is 12x30, four feet deep, and covered. Unlocking the door, and turning it, we behold a sight that is rare in this country. The 800 two-year-old trout, the majority of them females that spawned about three weeks ago. We dip a finger in the water and apparently a hundred speckled beauties fly for it, some seizing it between their sharp teeth. Mr. Holt draws his finger across the water, and such a flutter! "That's catching them with a fly!" These will weigh from four to twelve ounces. Next we pass on to another covered pond, 12x30, 3 feet deep, and 3 feet deep, and here is another sight worth beholding—400 two-year-old male trout! Such beauties! They are calculated for market next summer. Now we rise to another covered reservoir, 12x16ft., two feet deep, and here are the queens of this race, or 60 female trout, 4 years old, none weighing less than a pound, and some weighing two pounds, and many of them before spawning weighing three pounds. Says Mr. Holt, "It is difficult to handle; it takes a strong broad hand to strip them of their eggs, and to get such ones, but these will do for breeders for many years." They weigh each average say, 3,500 eggs. Now, added he, "you think you have seen some trout, but I will proceed to introduce you to some king trout."

Then stepping to another covered pond 12x16ft., and unlocking the door, he says: "These are my pets!" Here were 50 four-year-old male trout, the largest we ever beheld, and such "whoppers" as are not easily beaten anywhere. These have been fed for market, and about 50 have been disposed of, some of them weighing 33 pounds. Next came an open pond, 12x50ft., containing about 200 male and female fish, two years old. Next was open, 12x30, containing 1,000 of this year's hatch, and the next was of the same size, probably containing 4,000 of this year's small fry.

The next pond, 12x30, contained 500 male and female yearlings; the next, about the same size, contained 300 two-year-olds, and the last one, 12x16, contained 200 yearlings of both sexes. We have passed 12 ponds, containing 30,000 trout. We now come to the hatching-house, and from this house to the spring, which is the head of the stream there are wild trout that have got away from the ponds to the number of at least several thousands. The fall of this brook is 90ft., and from the spring, or head, to the Thornapple River, distant one-fourth of a mile, there are at least, in our estimation, 50,000 trout in brooks and ponds. Now we ask the question, How and when do you feed these fish?

"About three times a week, on minnows that I catch in the Thornapple with hook. I formerly fed on bee's liver and thick milk, but I now feed the young ones principally on thick milk—or lobbered milk—which I throw in to the fish. I don't believe in feeding them with any other food. Young fish are nature's food, and they do best on it. I calculate to feed regularly. They are a voracious fish. When first hatched they are perfect cannibals. I have seen one inch in length swallow one one-half that size, and one that was 12 weeks from the egg swallow one that was six weeks from the egg, or one that had just got its sac off. Put these small fish in with those big ones, and the former would soon eat the latter. If you treat them kindly you can keep them tame from the start. They all take food, as you see, from my hand."

Now, unlocking the door, we enter the hatching-house, a rough hut, 12x16, on each side of which are two rows of hatching-boxes, in which are the eggs, laid in small, uniform-sized gravel, and over which runs a small, clear stream of water, coming from the brook, through a narrow sluice, into the rear end of the house, and observing that the great object is first to attain the utmost purity in the water, then passes through a bed of gravel in the sluice-way, then falls and passes through two strainers of coarse bannet, and then one of fine. The hatching troughs are 16 feet in length and 16 inches wide, through which runs steadily a half-inch stream of water over fine gravel about an inch in depth. In the centre of the house is a basin of water three feet wide, one and a half feet deep, and the length of the house. We have thus the troughs, the sand, the water, the basin, all ready for the spawners.

As the spawning season approaches the females are closely

chiefly been to illustrate this "Ruddy Chamber"—for so, after the example set by old Rumphius, it might well be called—a considerable number if not most of the specimens therein figured or described being his own possessions. Yet he willingly accorded room in its pages to worthy contributors, among whom may be mentioned Mr. Dresser, Dr. Finsch, Messrs. Salvin, Schaler, Seeborn and Sharpe, and Lord Tweeddale, and his printer, a translation of Tsvetayev's important work on the birds of Turkestan, published in Russian, with copies of the plates, was a real boon to those ignorant of that language. Besides this he often wandered into the byways of ornithology, which frequently possess a curious kind of interest, and he gave views of many places remarkable for the birds which frequent them. Never did the contents of a work better justify its title, for anything in our miscellaneous pages can be more welcome to the laborer in this respect, as he himself only a few months ago stated in his concluding remarks, brought it to an end far sooner than he had intended. Setting aside the scientific value of some of the papers, the beautiful plates by which nearly all are illustrated make its cessation a loss to ornithologists; and those who knew that Mr. Rowley had for a long time been gathering information bearing on the history of the extinct gare-fowl (*Alos impennis*) had hoped that some useful labor in this respect would one day make its appearance. But this was not to be. More than a year ago a violent hemorrhage of the lungs gave warning of serious danger, and the attack was only too quickly followed by others of a like nature, under which he sank, in his fifty-seventh year, dying, by a singular coincidence, on the very same day as his father, who had long been an invalid.

NOT PINNATED GROUSE.—A correspondent, "J. M. B.," who writes to us from Gold Hill, Nevada, persists in holding to the opinion that the "prairie chicken" is found in that State. He says that these birds are abundant in the eastern portion of the State, and are quite different from the sage hen. Our correspondent says:

The sage hens are found upon the table-lands and foot-hills, amidst sage brush and stunted willows, generally in the vicinity of a spring or little stream. They are larger than "chickens," with a darker plumage—in fact, upon the breast almost dark. They have a heavy, "loppy" flight; their flesh is darker and coarser, and if not drawn shortly after being killed, they taste of mutton and become very litter. On the other hand, the chickens are found lower down upon the river bottoms and in the grain fields in Star, Ruby, and Lamotte valleys, and on the Humboldt River, from Carlin to its source, very few being found west of Carlin; but I believe they are working west, and eventually we will have them here in the western part of the State and in California. Utah, Montana, Idaho and Oregon also have them in parts where it is possible for them to exist.

The second species of grouse to which our correspondent refers is not the true prairie chicken, but the sharp-tailed grouse (*Pedicularis phasianellus* var. *Columbianus*). As we have many times repeated, there is as yet no evidence to show that the prairie chicken (*Cupidinella cupido*) has ever been west of the Rocky Mountains. Our friend, Mr. W. H. Reed, told us once that he had shot a single specimen of this species near Como, Wyoming; but as the skin was not preserved, it is possible that there may have been an error in the identification of the bird. A disputed point of this kind cannot be decided in the affirmative on the testimony of non-scientific sportsmen. It requires the dictum of some one who is known as a naturalist to finally settle such a point. If any one of our friends should kill what they believe to be prairie chickens west of the mountains, they can have the question settled by sending us a skin of one of the birds.

Woodland, Farm and Garden.

GRAZING LANDS IN TEXAS.

[The following correspondence will answer inquiries to many persons who have applied to us personally and by letter for the same information.—Ed.]

AUSTIN, Texas, Dec. 18, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

I often receive letters of inquiry about Texas; so many that I cannot answer all, hence I inclose the within, and may reply that others who are seeking homes or information in regard to the stock-raising region of Texas may be benefited.

S. B. BUCKLEY.

Prof. S. B. Buckley, State Geologist, Texas:

Dear Sir—Three or four of us intend to go to Texas in January or February to look for a large tract of land for stock-raising and tillage, but principally the former. My purpose is to get a tract of 10,000 acres, more or less, and fence it in and stock it with improved cattle or sheep, or both; and we wish to go to a county that promises well for improvement, where we can find good soil, water, timber, stone, coal, etc., at low prices. You will greatly oblige me if you will name a few of the counties best adapted to our wants, a healthy location being the first in importance. Truly yours,

W. ROBINNS.

Chicago, Oct. 30, 1878.

AUSTIN, Texas, Dec. 18, 1878.

Mr. William Robbins:

Dear Sir—In reply to yours of October 30 I can only give brief answers to your queries; yet if you visit the region specified, or only part of it, you cannot fail to be suited, and then you had better do not trust the report of any one.

If you wish for a moderately temperate climate, where nearly all the fruits and vegetables of the North can be grown, and also some of the semi-tropical, then the counties directly north of this as far as the Red River, and also the counties west of said line to the frontier near Fort Concho, all these are comprised largely of fertile soils, abounding in hill and dale, mostly prairie, clothed with the various native grass suitable for stock. It is a well-watered country, abounding in never-failing streams, rivers and springs. There is also plenty of wood for fuel besides, the larger portion of that region is composed of the regular carboniferous formation, where already several beds of coal at and near the surface, of very good quality, have been opened and used extensively by the blacksmiths of that region. Limestones and sandstones suitable for building purposes also abound. Besides, it is decked with fine scenery, presenting charming landscapes, which comfortable and beautiful homes can be made.

have traveled much and far, and have never seen elsewhere so much beautiful and picturesque scenery as abounds in Calahan and its adjacent counties. Thus I wrote in 1876 to Judge Anderson, of Memphis, Tenn., who had written me a letter of inquiry. He and his brother went there and established two stock ranches, being the first settlers of the county; but in less than one year 100 more families were there, and now all the land of that county is owned by settlers or speculators.

But I lived in western New York until in the winter time I was nearly frozen to death; came to Texas with impaired health, and now I am in vigor a year again. I still dislike cold weather, and hence I prefer a home not north of this latitude, 30 deg. in the winter, therefore, I would not start a ranch much north of this, also the counties west and south-west of Austin have the best soil and grass.

The climate is best, cold, and hence stock need less shelter, care and food in the winter.

A large portion of this country, indicated above, is already settled with a good class of people, who are mostly engaged in the stock business, people from the Northern and Southern States, and from Europe, Germany and England being largely represented. I met an intelligent Englishman with a sheep ranch in Park County, who told me he had dwelt several years in Australia in the bush.

This entire region is remarkably healthy—no malaria. The air is so pure that it is especially beneficial for all lung diseases. Austin, San Antonio, and other places in Western Texas are largely resorted to in the winter by Northern people. A Northern gentleman, a few days ago, bought 1,200 acres, suitable for either tillage or pasture, for \$1,200, situated on Onion Creek, in Hays County, about seventeen miles west of Austin. His main business will be the keeping of sheep.

C. B. BUCKLEY.

MIGNONNETTE CULTURE IN WINTER.—"Although one of the easiest things to grow when properly managed," says "S. W. P." in the *London Country*, "I know of nothing in the plant way which gives amateurs so much trouble as winter mignonnette, and more particularly is this the case if the damage happens to be at all defective, as no plants are more impatient of excessive moisture. Even when growing out doors in the open borders I have seen them go off wholesale after heavy rains, or look so wretched for days as to give but little hope of recovery. This unsatisfactory state of things is most frequent during their earlier stages, which is always the most critical time for them in pots, and until these become well filled with roots the only safe way is to keep the soil in such a condition as to prevent the plants from flagging by losing their green color. Mignonnette so treated makes a short-jointed, stocky, vigorous growth, and produces such flower stems as to be an ornament in any greenhouse or window, and a source of delight from the delicious perfume the sweet blossoms exhale. When getting toward this advanced stage liquid manure is of great assistance, the most suitable being clear soot water.

"Next to judicious watering, sweet pure air and plenty of light, whenever the weather is favorable, is the chief requisite with winter mignonnette, and if it gets up with an abundance of light at the same time, there is no difficulty in having it in a great state of perfection. The best situation for it is on shelves close to the glass at the ends of a greenhouse, where slight currents of air are always passing through between the laps, and where it gets an increased quantity by day whenever the ventilators are opened. A position of this kind suits a house, rather than a weak grower. Mignonnette, when in an atmosphere much closer and damper than that of a house, in the latter of which the temperature is less fluctuating and consequently more favorable, independent of the extra amount of light the plants there derive. To enjoy mignonnette later on in the spring of the year, another sowing should be made at once, and this is best done in the pots it is intended to flower in, as then there is no further disturbance in shifting. The handsomest and most suitable sized pots are in shape like the hands, and in which five or six patches of seed should be sown at equal distances apart, and the plants thinned out singly as soon as they are large enough to handle, leaving the strongest and most promising when doing so. As before observed, drainage is a very important matter toward the successful culture of mignonnette, as it is highly essential that whenever water is given it should be able to percolate through the soil and not rise up to the roots, which would render it sodden and sour. One crock over the hole, therefore, and a few pieces broken smaller and placed around it is the right thing, and on these, if it can be got, a handful of pigeons' dung should be scattered, on which the roots will feed just when they most require such assistance—that is, at the time the plants are coming into flower. As to soil, nothing suits better than good fire loam made tolerably free and open by using a little lime mould with it, or a slight portion of mild decomposed horse manure, and a sprinkling of sand, and if these are incorporated together the mixture will be as perfect as need be desired. The finest mignonnette for pot culture is the *Pyramidalis grandiflora*, a large form of the old *Ressedia odorata*, and quite as sweet. In addition to the first named, there are several other so-called varieties, but none sufficiently distinct to make it worth growing them, as the difference in them is very slight indeed."

HOW TO PRESERVE FLOWERS.—*L'Italia Agricola* gives these directions for drying flowers. The great value of the process is that it preserves the brilliancy of the color:

An ordinary box of suitable size for the reception of the specimen or specimens it is desired to preserve having been obtained, its wooden bottom is removed, and a thin sheet of metal loosely attached substituted for it. A quantity of sand, nearly sufficient to fill the box, is then taken, carefully washed, dried, passed through a sieve, and heated over a fire with a handful of part of its weight of stearine (such as is used for the manufacture of stearine candles), the mixture being constantly stirred the while, so as to insure the perfectly uniform incorporation of its component parts. A layer of this, about 1-3d of an inch deep, is placed on the bottom of the box, the flower or flowers are then introduced, and more of the preparation is gradually and gently added till they are completely surrounded and covered. The box is then filled up with sand, covered over, and placed in a warm place for two or three days. When it is desired to extract the contents, the metal sheet which forms the bottom of the box is partially detached, and the latter gently raised; the sand gradually runs out by the opening at the bottom, and the flowers will be recovered dry and perfectly unaltered in color. Our contemporary adds that in Germany and France large bouquets and garlands are frequently preserved by this method for an almost indefinite length of time.

THE BAMBOO.—Common as it is, there is no more graceful or beautiful object in nature than the bamboo in its native luxuriance, and nowhere is it seen in greater perfection than by the rivers and creeks of Burmah. As you round the bend of a Burmese river cluster after cluster of bamboo waves a graceful salute with its spray-like foliage, and I could tell of country roads flanked by a bamboo avenue like nothing so much as having Gothic aisle; the smooth pillar-like stems, jointed together with perfect regularity, and rising on either side of the road almost perpendicularly, so graceful is the arc described, meeting close overhead at a lofty height, and forming beneath a stillness which completes the parallel to the cathedral aisle. And when you turn to consider the uses fulfilled by this fairy-like plant, the wonder is scarcely less. Whether in his house, or on land, or the boat, in which half the Burman's life is passed, the bamboo is present everywhere in an infinite variety of forms. The main supports of the house are commonly of timber, but it is from the bamboo that the beams and rafters of floor and roof are made, the partition walls, the matting on the floor, the very strong which lashes rafter and beam together, and in many cases the mat-thatch which completes the house; while within the house so built hardly a vessel but is made from, or at least indebted to, the same. On board the boat the bamboo is no less important; it floats the fishermen's net, it is his shelter from the weather, and affords the rough bedding on which he lies; it is the stake to which his boat is moored, the pole which thrusts it from the shore, and even the anchor which holds it in the stream. Under more elaborate process it forms the substances of multiform vessels of lacquer work, which in Burmah takes so largely the place of the earthenware in other countries. It is the scaffolding of the builder, the laborer's basket, the child's toys, and from its branches are woven the fantastic structures so dear to the Burman, where the moony or drama is held, and it forms the fanciful canopy which covers the coffin in the funeral procession.

"FUSING" WITH FERTILIZERS.—A correspondent wishes to know if we don't think that we were a little hasty in our reprobation of the habit which some farmers have of "fusing" with so-called chemical fertilizers, of which they know nothing, to the neglect of manure making by utilizing all the wastes of the stables and farm-yards. Our friend says very truly that on many farms, especially in the older States, where fertilizers are most needed, there is not stock enough kept to furnish what the lands require, and that it is only a choice between commercial fertilizers and starvation of the soil. Very well; but it still remains true that a great many farmers could make fifty loads more than they do of unexcelled fertilizers by wastes of manure, leaves or other composting material, and the liquids and other wastes of their barns. It is true, also, that commercial fertilizers are used too much at random, and therefore extravagantly and foolishly. Some farmers have an idea that everything which is sold under the name of "fertilizers" is good for their land, provided it has a bad smell and is labelled with a learned-looking "analysis" and a few testimonials on the patent medicine advertising plan. This we call "fussing" of the most foolish sort. A dozen rows of corn or a patch of grain in the corner of the field will give a farmer an "analysis" of any fertilizer that is worth a good deal more to him than any chemist's report. Nature should be the farmer's consulting chemist, and the bushel measure his maker of certificates. In other words, let him find out whether a particular compound is what his land requires by the simple expedient of trying it before he loses money and wastes time in applying it wholesale. Every intelligent man's farm should be an experimental laboratory. The quality, quantity to be used, and the methods of applying a new fertilizer should be ascertained only by successive and varied trials, continuously made and carefully observed. Don't "go it blind," therefore, on the grab-bag, pig-in-a-poke, happy-go-lucky style of farming.—*Golden Rule*.

The Bammel.

SPANIELS.

IT is satisfactory to note that there is a rapidly-growing interest in this country in the breeding of spaniels and their use in the field. Unfortunately, in England, from whence we must draw our supply for stock purposes, the various breeds have become much mixed of late years, and with regard to cockers in particular it can scarcely be said that they exist as a distinct breed. There is little in the earliest records of sporting in England to tell us what sort of spaniel was used for hawking and netting before fowling-pieces came into use. That he was the progenitor of the setter there can be no doubt, and we have in our possession an old engraving in which is depicted what is evidently a spaniel pointing, or "setting," birds, while two wild-looking poachers, with lanterns, are about springing a net over dog and the birds ahead of him.

As a companion, or dog of all work, the spaniel is excelled by no other breed, and considering the nature of a large portion of our country, with its thick swamps filled with briars and dense lower thickets, we wonder that he has not long before this been more generally adopted for woodcock and ruffed grouse shooting. In classifying spaniels "Stonehenge" divides them into the Modern cocker, the Sussex and the Clumber, including in the first named the Norfolk spaniel, which is now somewhat rare, the Welch and Devon cockers and in fact every kind of field spaniel except the Sussex and Clumber. Many of the spaniels which have been sent to this country and which are commonly called cockers have undoubtedly a great deal of the Norfolk blood in them, as indicated by their colors, which in the old breed is a liver and white, black and white and rarely lemon and white. Very many that we now have show a cross with the Irish water spaniel which can easily be detected by the tendency of the coat to curl, and sometimes even by a topknot, or tuft on top of the head. The old-fashioned Welsh and Devon cockers are now rarely met with, having been crossed so frequently with other breeds. Formerly they weighed not more than 20 to 25 pounds, but the crossing has brought them up to 30 pounds. In color they were originally liver colored. Some of the best strains of cockers of the present day are all black, and it will therefore be seen that every latitude is allowed in the way of color. The

pleasure in receiving this presentation as it has afforded us in making it."

Mr. Lort, in reply, said: "Mr. President and gentlemen, I would most earnestly and gratefully thank you for the very great honor you have done me to day, but words are too poor and expressions too tame to convey one-hundredth part of the pleasure I feel at this demonstration of your friendship. I was told that in public life I should make many acquaintances, but few friends. I can assure you it gladdens my heart to be able to claim, after years of this public life, so many good, true, genuine and open hearted friends—ought I not to say open handed? For is not the munificence of this day a touching proof of it? so touching that it makes me on the verge of breaking down I may endeavor to express to you only a very small part of what, as a man, I feel, and what I should not be a man if I did not feel. I will hasten to say that I have friends I love and value. I would say more, but I cannot go on. I can only repeat the words, I thank you—from the bottom of my heart I thank you."

We may mention that the testimonial was subscribed to also by gentlemen connected with horse shows.

DETROIT DOG SHOW.

DETROIT, Dec. 22, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM.

The prospects for our having a good show are very flattering. What the Committee are striving for us is a representative one of the best dogs in the country. The judges selected by the Committee are: E. F. Stoddard, Esq., of Dayton, Ohio, for setters and pointers, and Dr. J. S. Niven, of London, Ont., for spaniels, hounds and non-sporting classes. Both are gentlemen of high standing, and excellent judges. The entries close 31st Dec.

CHAS. LINCOLN, Supt.

"A prophesy is never without honor except in his own country." One would have supposed that at a Michigan dog show, Mr. John Davidson, who has for years past been recognized as the leading judge at all the principal shows in the country, would have been invited to judge. Whether he would have accepted or not is another question. In passing him over without even the barren honor of an invitation the managers of the Detroit Show have displayed a want of independence, to use a mild term, of which we would not have deemed them capable. They have shown that they fear the criticism of one or two men, who not being able to use John Davidson as a tool, seek to ruin him. But we believe that as sure as the sun rises justice will yet be done in this matter, and that the truth will come out. Mr. Lincoln, if he seeks to retain his position as Superintendent of Shows, should speak. He is familiar with the proceedings.

FROM MR. DAVIDSON.—*Editor Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.* In the Chicago Field of December 21 I notice a communication from R. B. Morgan, wherein he states that he thought I overstepped my position as judge at Minnesota Field Trials, and that such a person ought not to be encouraged. This is the person who quartered on the grounds reserved for the Minnesota Field Trials for a day or so previous to their commencement, and who was accused of shooting and shipping out game from the Field Trial grounds, and in whose defence the editor of the Chicago Field made his little address to the people on the morning before the running began, stating that he had been requested by Mr. Morgan to say that he had not done so. One good turn deserves another, and the straw show which way the wind blows. The books of the express company at Sauk Centre, also of a prominent hotel in St. Pauls, can show whether he did or did not. Had I made no objections to every man at Minnesota Field Trials running his dog and giving his score as he pleased, probably I might have been a qualified and just judge, but as I did make some objections, then I cannot be so.

Monroe, Dec. 31, 1878.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

WHOSE ARE THEY?—Some three weeks ago Dr. W. S. Webb, Secretary of the W. K. C., received by the Adams Express Company a box containing two lemon and white puppies about two and a half months old, a dog and a bitch. The charges were all paid, but there was no card or anything by which he could tell where they came from or who sent them. Any information on the subject would be acceptable to Dr. Webb, either through this office or at his own, 22 West Thirty-second street.

—We understand that Mr. Thos. A. Jerome—brother of Mr. Leonard W.—has been the recipient, through the great publishing house of Harper Brothers, of a grand picture of his prize winning pug bitch Puggy Dear. The picture was passed free at the Custom House by order of the Secretary of the U. S. Treasury, it being a present from a well-known American gentleman now passing the hunting season in England.

FOX HOUNDS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For our fox hunting, or fox shooting as some will have it, we need a slow running hound, of superior scenting powers, and for those of us who like to have our ears share the sport, a melodious voice. Will you please let us know whether the qualities are to be found united in any of the thoroughbred hounds of England or America, either fox hounds, harriers, beagles or what not, or in any strain of either?

R. E. R.

In England, where hunting is carried on for the most part over open country, hounds, of late years, have been bred as fast as race horses, and for that reason are hardly suited for our hunting. There are, however, in Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia still remaining many strains of old-fashioned slow going hounds, with voices like bells and keen of nose. The smaller varieties of hounds to which our correspondent alludes are used principally for hunting hares.—Ed.

—Mr. Wm. Vie, of St. Louis, has sold to Wm. Dangerfield, Esq., of Montreal, and O. Hull, Esq., of Houston, Texas, each one of his France-Zita puppies.

—Lieutenant Thomas Perry's (formerly McClellan's) setter bitch Fleet whelped, on Dec. 20, ten puppies, seven dogs and three bitches, sired by Margrave's (formerly Clason's) Royal Duke.

—Mr. L. F. Whitmore's blue belton English setter bitch Mell whelped on the 19th inst. nine puppies, six dogs and three bitches, sired by Mr. Burges' Druid.

—Mr. Max Wenzel, of Hoboken, N. J., claims the name of Yankee and Fox for two red Irish setter puppies by his Jack out of his Doe.

Pachting and Boating.

CLUB BOOKS.—This being the season of the year when a revision of books generally takes place, we would like to call the attention of committees or officials having the work in charge to certain omissions almost uniformly made in the compilation of the official books, and which we trust will no longer be permitted to interfere with the value of such very necessary works of reference. We have in mind more especially the neglect shown concerning the "pedigree" of yachts, their modelers, builders and sailmakers, date of launching and alterations, the various dimensions of yachts, including depth from underside of beams amidships to top of keel, draft with and without board, area of canvas, ballast, etc. These matters, together with a short historical sketch of the causes which led to the formation of the club and a review of its subsequent existence, full information, accompanied by small scale charts of courses for matches, and finally the location of club houses, secretary's address and those of other prominent officers, would, if incorporated in the club books, render them of considerably more service than they are for the general public as yet for the members of the club.

SEAWANAKA YACHT CLUB.—The series of lectures on yacht building which the club has arranged for will take place on the following dates: First lecture, on the Construction of Keels, by A. Carey Smith, Esq., Feb. 6; second lecture, on the Construction of Centre-boards, by A. Carey Smith, Esq., Feb. 21; third lecture, on Yachts' Iron Work, by Robt. Centre, Esq., March 8; fourth lecture, on Sails, making, trimming and taking care of same, by A. Carey Smith, Esq., March 27; fifth lecture, Centre-boards vs. Keels, by Henry Steers, Esq., April 8. The subscription to the lectures will be \$2, and are open to gentlemen introduced by a member of the club. The popularity of last year's lectures on yacht design, and which called forth over a hundred subscribers, will insure a very liberal support to the praiseworthy attempts of the Seawanhaka Club to inculcate in the sailing fraternity the science underlying their favorite sport.

HOW TO FIT OUT.—A correspondent writes: "The loss of my detailed log of former cruises is a serious blow, as I had made elaborate and numerous notes with a view to provisioning and fitting out in the future. I have never yet failed to take everything needed, but always have to devote several days to thinking on the subject to prevent omissions. To avoid this trouble I had made exhaustive notes as to just how long everything lasted in the way of provender, when it spoiled, whether satisfactory, etc., whereby I fondly imagined I could deduct a bill of fare just in proportion and have it engraved on steel and bricked into the wall with the face exposed and thus be in condition to start on a cruise by a glance at the 'writing on the wall.'"

YACHT BUILDING AT ISLIP.—Islip is situated on the South shore of Long Island, and readily reached by the South Side Railroad in about an hour and a half's time. The place is probably best known as a yachting port, and from the fact that many famous craft have been launched there from the building yard of Alonzo E. Smith. The *Comet*, *Sagitta*, *Onward*, *Windward* and *Niantic* and many others that left his slip have given a good account of themselves, and both for sound workmanship and neatness of finish can compare with the best. Mr. Smith has now a new craft on the stocks for New York City, a sloop of some 30 ft. long and 12 ft. beam and is now about ready for her planking. At his pier the sloop *Sagitta*, Col. Porter, 22d Reg., N. G. S. N. Y., has been berthed for the winter. This sloop, though about 58 ft. long, was built in the short space of ten weeks, her keel having been laid May 1, 1878, and by July 15 she was turned over to her owner. Her model is one of Smith's own, and is handsome and easy, especially forward, where the old-time flare has been entirely done away with, and an easy entrance secured. Her stern is elliptical and of a mold peculiar to her builder, and generally known as the "Smith stern." The *Christine* lies on the hard and with some other boats is offered for sale at low figures. As stated in his card among the yachting advertisements, Mr. Smith is prepared to build anything from the Corinthian up to a big schooner, and will furnish estimates, and information upon demand.

THE S. I. Y.—Not all the sailing is done aboard the yachts. So one would just could be reasonably glad to go upon the Society of Impetuous Yachtsmen of Brooklyn. For in its parlors, where the members muster strong, you may hear and learn more about yachts and yachting in an hour than you could elsewhere in a season. And, what is more, facts and figures are at hand to back up the arguments there brought forth, in quantity enough to make the landsman's head swim.

A CORINTHIAN CRUISE.—No. 1.

SAFETY NO. 6, A JOLLY LITTLE SLOOP, WITH ITS TWO GIN, OPENINGS AND A LICO ON—blankets, ad libitum, and provisions—and here comes in great ecstacy, if you have it. The question is submitted at the domestic hearth the day previous. Jim, the Chinaman-cook, is called in, and gets his directions as to a lot of biscuits, pies, doughnuts, corned beef pressed; a list is made out, and it is astonishing how long it is, and how many little articles go to comprise the necessities of even a limited cuisine; and unless you put a piece of paper and pencil at your elbow as you sit smoking in your den the evening previous, and set them down as they occur to you,

neck and another blank fool that is following in his footsteps? And the other one that is leaping the peaks of the Sierra Nevada Mountains? Have you not relieved my mind of the fear that that fisherman will break that scantling in his left-handed attempts to land that buck he is fast to? And that scared "Buffalo Bill," that rides the rocking horse, and shoots a pistol across his horse's neck and his own body at those buffaloes that were going head on, and bound to strike that fisherman when and where he least expects it. Giving relief to those two men in those shells, making one's back ache to see them forever in that position for "Go?" Let out the man with one square shoulder trying to shoot his dog? I say, have you not relieved the community and me of all those painful nightmares, and then ask me why "shake?" "Go to" for a dullard if you don't see the cause of all my rejoicing. Again I say, "Shake." If I was in the neighborhood I would invite you down stairs to the little saloon around the corner. If you only knew what a relief it is to an overworked soul to see the departure of your menagerie you would not wonder at my proposition to shake or drink. I do not so much object to those two gentlemen wasting their time idling on the rocks when they ought to be off. The two deer do not seem to be very apprehensive of the gun. They wear too good clothes to be bona fide sportsmen—never knew chaps with fancy shooting suits ever come home with the pockets full of game unless they struck a man shooting for the market and bought him out. The advertisement, or card, of Schuyler, Hartley & Graham, that takes the place of your former front—that remarkable sportive genius—may not be so characteristic of the contents of the paper, but it is more profitable, I imagine.

And now, having hammered you to my heart's content, I will let you up on your promise never to be again guilty, etc., etc.

I sat down to write you an "all sorts." My last was centreboard yachts, and going for the scalp of the cutter flend, and to the aid of "Corinthian;" but seeing that he has other assistance, and, besides, being pretty well able to fight his own battles, I will, by way of giving countenance and encouragement to Corinthians, give the log of a cruise I have just terminated, combining, as it did, both yachting and shooting. I want merely to show how much quiet enjoyment can be got out of this sort of thing in an inexpensive way.

As I promised in my former letter, I have been shipmate with all sorts and sizes of crafts, from 30-tonners down, and the bane and trouble of my yachting experience has always been the wretched apologies for a crew—composed of, generally, one man and a boy: the man, presumably, combining the duties of sailor and cook, performing neither, and the boy assisting him.

When all ready to start, after lurching to get everything aboard to save time, to go on board and find nothing "stowed," my crew astore and drunk, was the usual commencement; for be it known there never has been a time in all my yachting experience here when I could put my hand on a good, reliable man for a crew combining the necessary qualities, or if he did, the accomplishment was offset by a chronic disposition to get drunk before sailing and keeping so afterwards, if anything could be had; and I have yet to learn that any locker on a yacht ever defied the skill and energy of the average old, or more particularly young, salt with a morbid taste for Schnapps. While you are aboard it may be all right, but go ashore to shoot, and come back to find everything snugly locked as you left it, apparently, but your man drunk. On opening your locker, the fact being patent that your bottle was low and your man high—the one empty and the other full—a high, low Jack—suggesting a contradictory problem you do not always pause to work out, such discoveries being succeeded by a phase of indiscriminate profanity—so, for the salvation of my soul and pocket, this season I determined to do my own work, drink my own todd, and be generally independent, and proceeded to buy a condemned craft of 32 ft., with a view of patching her up for the winter's cruising in pursuit of the festive duck.

I put her on the stocks, and examined her. Her bottom was defective in the garboard strakes. Concluded to put on new ones. Then the balance of the plankings looked rough. Concluded to plank her all over. Then done her bilge-ways and deck looked badly. Put on new material. The centreboard case looked as if it would leak, so had a new one put in. When I examined spars found them too short—new ones and a new snit of spars. On summing up I find that, with the sole exception of the skeleton, I had built a new boat—and that is my experience generally in fixing up an old one—but, nevertheless, she stood me in much less money than I had contracted for in a new one; and for the benefit of Corinthians will explain how it was done—and here is the recipe:

Firstly, strike your boatbuilder when work is a little dull. Say that if it would not cost too much to fix her up you would buy the *Polly Ann*. Boatbuilder, in view of a job, says, "Oh, she don't require much fixing; won't cost much; I will do it reasonably." He offers to haul her out on his ways and examine her. All right. Examine, and fiddle garboard strakes to put in and oakum all over, etc. You make a bargain to have it done by the job—beware of doing it by the day. That is done. Say she looks rough above; if it did not cost so much would plank her, etc. Boatbuilder bites, offers to do it low down; and say you go on from item to item, and get your boat rebuilt for a very reasonable amount of money—half what the estimate would be if all were named at once.

Well, behold the *Miss Robin*, rechristened, everything neat and new, and the boatbuilder scratches his head, and wonders how you managed to get a brand-new boat out of him for \$500 when he would not touch such a job for less than \$1,000. You leave him working up the conundrum, and proceed to fit up. You give great attention to the matter of cooking stove, for you are going to do your own cooking for perhaps the first time in your life—going to make it a bona fide Corinthian cruise. You put aboard a "Safety No. 6," a jolly little sloop, with its two gin, openings and a lico on—blankets, ad libitum, and provisions—and here comes in great ecstacy, if you have it. The question is submitted at the domestic hearth the day previous. Jim, the Chinaman-cook, is called in, and gets his directions as to a lot of biscuits, pies, doughnuts, corned beef pressed; a list is made out, and it is astonishing how long it is, and how many little articles go to comprise the necessities of even a limited cuisine; and unless you put a piece of paper and pencil at your elbow as you sit smoking in your den the evening previous, and set them down as they occur to you,

you will forget one-half, and find yourself aloft without oil, candles, matches, or other equally essentials. At last all aboard but the milk, which has been omitted. No time then to get it. Someone suggests condensed milk—and right here let me pause, remove my smoking cap, assume a reverential attitude, and invoke a benediction on the head of Borden, the man whose cans bear the legend that he is the condensed milk man. Mr. Borden, in the name of all yachtsmen, huntsmen, sportsmen, duckmen, and travelers generally and otherwise, I thank thee. Thou art indeed a benefactor to thy fellow men—and women, too; for you have condensed all our lactical troubles into one handy little can. On your family coat of arms let there be a pyre of milk cans and pumps, and the proverbial milkman surmounting, and all burning; on the other side let there be a dozen kneeling women invoking their blessings, and the Goddess of Lactary emptying a large-sized cornucopia made of the biggest gunny sack of twenty-dollar gold pieces on your devoted head. Borden, long may you wave, and continue to condense cows into the brief space you now do, and never go back on the quality as you wax rich and greedy. The purity of the ballot-box is a secondary consideration—of none at all in comparison with your milk. For years have I worried with cows that clutter up and create noxious odors in my stables, and regularly dry up—just what I tell my old nig to do when he announces the catastrophe—a regular old-time plantation nig, by the way, rejoicing, as he informed me, when he came to run my cow department, in the distinguished name of Marshall O'Roberts. Through Borden, the present incumbent cow, will speedily lose her situation, and the old humbug of a nigger be turned out on an unfeeling world to dry up, in three weeks, some other man's brand-new sixty-five dollar cow. Pardon the lengthy babblings of a grateful soul, but I must do Borden justice if the heavens fall, which they probably have no intention of doing, even for Borden and his milky way.

And now let us see if we can get off, for the tide has turned flood these two hours. Firely let us run over the list, and see if everything is on board. Guns, cartridges, gun boots, old shooting coat, pipes, tobacco, liquids, tea, coffee, sugar, pepper, salt, bread, butter, biscuits, doughnuts, cold corned beef, sausages, head cheese, mutton chops, beefsteak, canned oysters, potatoes, ham, bacon, and lastly, Borden's compressed cow.

My companion du voyage—whom I will call Jones for two reasons: Firely, because it is customary to do so; secondly, because his name is Jones—is an amateur in yachting, his knowledge being more extensive in shells, pulling stroke out, etc. We have agreed on the division of duties—I am to sail the yacht and cook; Jones to wash dishes and keep the ship in order.

The wind, although light, is fair, and so is the tide. We get under way, and head up the bay bound up to the location of our floating shooting-box, our scow-house so cozy and comfortable, that has done good duty for the last five years. She lies up at Sherman Island in the "tubes," where the mallards and canvasbacks congregate to feed on the wild celery and young tube roots. The day is warm and sunny. A blue flannel shirt does duty, no coat being needed. A pleasant breeze fills our mainsail. We take slight cold bite, and lighting our pipes ask ourselves if there is anything specially the matter with this sort of thing. POGGERS.

CUTTER AND SLOOP.

NEW YORK, Nov. 8, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Before commencing our promised cruise, I feel called upon to state that the incidents described will, as far as possible, be founded upon actual fact. And my intention is simply to compare the relative merits of the different types of vessels—the American and English—in a spirit of fairness, that the young, enthusiastic yachtsman may not be led by fashion into fatal or aggravating blunders, and thereby become disgusted with a manly sport; and in so doing, I will draw upon my imagination as little as possible:

It is the 15th of May. Our ideal cruiser has been built, launched, sparred and rigged during the winter months. In the same yard my friend, who has a main for every thing, a *L'Anglaise*, has insisted, in spite of my friendly remonstrance and ridicule, upon building a cutter yacht. She was designed by one of our celebrated yacht designers, resembles, and has all the elements of the celebrated and successful English cutter *Lilly*, and has been pronounced by the whole scientific corps a decided success, and a perfect sea-going craft.

This cutter differs from our vessel as follows: Six feet longer on water line, 3ft. narrower, and 4ft. deeper with flash deck; and in bulk is practically the same as our vessel, excepting she has her greatest width at or about water line, and well-sided, as usual in that type of vessel; instead of 3ft. 9in. draught she draws 7ft.; instead of our cabin house she has on deck two low boxes, forming seats with skylights over, two companion ways—one forward, one aft—and a hole aft to go in and handle the tiller.

Her owner, my friend, appears on deck, and calls to me: "Ed., come aboard and take a look. You don't seem to take much interest in my ship since you commenced your own."

"Well, John, old boy, it's a fact. I have not shown so much interest in your ship as I ought, considering we have been so many cruises together in our old ships; but you know I do not take any stock in the cutter type of vessel. Besides, I have been employed on my own vessel, and you know there are so many things to be looked after. However, I must say you have a fine, well-built craft. I expected the result of my ballast down this afternoon, but see it has not come yet."

"I say, Ed., speaking of ballast; you've got iron, I believe; how much did it cost you?"

"Yes, iron is good enough for me. I got five tons for my boat. I put on such a large rig I thought I would get an extra ton for cruising, as you know it is a good thing to have below sometimes. I have the bill with me; cost \$175, I believe."

"Jupiter! Ed., do you know that's an item I did not take into consideration when I started my ship? See the lead on my keel, besides, I have her run full of it. Jenkins, my designer, said she must have it, that iron would not, and he knows."

"Yes, I see your lead keel; it's a good job."

"Good job, yes; Jenkins furnished drawings, showing how it was to be put on and secured; but that little item cost me just \$900."

"Nine hundred dollars! Cheap, and less than I expected."

"Well, come aboard, Ed., say how!"
(Hegoes aboard.)

"John, you're pretty narrow on deck. You must be very careful, when you fall, to do so fore and aft. I see your cockpit. Do you like the idea of getting into that hole to steer?"

"I must confess I do not like it as well as I expected. My deck looks cramped, especially after being aboard your ship. But the correct thing for a cruise, Ed.; safe. Let's go below.
(They go below.)

"Ed., this is my saloon, this my stateroom, and the W.C. there; my saloon is aft, and I get to it from the hole on deck, as you call my cockpit."

"You've considerable more length here, but not much width."

"Yes; I confess it does not look so roomy as your cabin, but that I suppose is on account of the bulkheads across her. Do you know, I expect to carry two men forward, and to get accommodation for them I had to put in folding beds—something like those used in prisons, you know—to get room to pass, she is so fine forward; and the saloon does not amount to much, either, for the same reason. I admit she's a failure as far as genuine comfort below goes, but the correct thing after all, you know. Bye the bye, Ed., I see in your ship no stateroom, although you had room for two larger than mine each on your centreboard, besides a good saloon aft, and no W.C., either."

"I put in no bulkheads for staterooms, because in a little boat, the purpose is just as well obtained by means of curtains. As to W.C., I prefer a temporary to a permanent nuisance, as all such things are if the pipes cannot be placed above water line. I see you have a two-legged folding table, but it occupies scarcely less room than my centreboard case."

"Fact, Ed., that was one of the delusions. My floor is only 2ft. wide, and as my table takes up tin. of that when folded up, even then it is hard to pass; but I have sacrificed comfort below for the sake of other good qualities. But, Ed., tell me, what will your craft stand you in when finished?"

"I calculate about \$1,500, with furniture and fixtures."

"You cautioned me regarding expense of the boat, but I thought it some of your usual talk. I have already paid out \$2,500, and have no rig nor sails yet."

"Yes, my boy, you will find your rig and sails will cost you a pretty penny yet."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, my rig cost me \$250; if you get off for \$100 you will be lucky, provided you make a full fledged cutter of her, which, I suppose, is your intention."

"Yes, I have gone so far I will go the whole hog; besides, every body tells me it is the perfect thing."

"Yes, John, put the full cutter rig on this craft, for if she goes at all, it will be under that rig."

"Ah, Ed., there you go again; always sneering at everything English, I think, just for the sake of so doing."

"No, John, I would advise nothing I did not honestly believe; and again say, put on the cutter rig, for she is not suitable for our sloop rig. In the first place you depend upon ballast almost entirely for stability, and your ballast, to be of service, must be centralized; consequently, should you place your mast far forward, as in the sloop, its weight on account of your fineness of lines, would have to be counterbalanced by weight in your run, and thus injure one of your good points. Besides, it is necessary that this type of vessel have a low rig, because she will not carry a high one. For the English yawlboat, however much I may differ from them in theory or opinion, I have the greatest respect. They, having this miserable form of vessel thrust upon them by their tonnage laws, have made the very best disposition of material possible."

"I see, Ed., you, as usual, have put a whacking rig on your boat. You hate to get outclassed. Besides, you have it high and short."

"My rig has caused me much thought. I made a draught of rig when I draughted my model, as you know, and hung it on my vessel to suit me. Then, in considering the matter, and how much easier it was to cut down spars and rigging than to enlarge same, I added a few clothes all round. After seeing the vessel in frame, added still more canvas. I know it is a whacker, thereby the extra ton of iron I ordered sent down. I made it short and high; it's handy and right for a craft like mine. Besides, speaking of quantity, Jenkins, the designer of your vessel, however handsomely he may converse and argue the beauty of an easy vessel and small canvas for speed, can go beyond any one I know of, and I do not doubt if your vessel is not fast it will not be on account of a want of that article."

"You're right there, Ed.; Jenkins, let him say what he likes, knows the value of the dimity."

"Yes, and he's not to blame for that. Do you recollect how often we used to wish, before you re-rigged your old vessel, that her rig was larger?"

"Yes; before we used to cruise together I never thought *Bella* was fast, and used to elude boats of my size—although not a racing man I disliked to get outclassed. Do you recollect your advising me against substituting a keel for centreboard, for fear of injuring speed? Since I have put plenty of sail on *Bella*, and found she went about as fast as her size can go, I am ashamed of no company, big or little—in fact, it is the spice of the sport."

"Yes, and if you had not caught the fashionable mania we would have built a vessel and continued to cruise together. I hope you are not disappointed in your center."

"Well, I am some six feet longer than your craft, and expect to outlast you anyway; besides, you must allow me two or three minutes by Seaway Club Rules."

"Yes, John, I know that Club; takes only two dimensions, length and breadth, in their rules—English and the perfect thing, you know—only much simplified in their case."

"You think it wrong, then?"

"I fail to see how bulk can be measured by superficial rule. Suppose you try to get the contents of your wood pile or coal heap by two dimensions? In my opinion they practically rule out any vessel except the cutter."

"You admit that I can outlast you, then?"

"No, I admit nothing of the kind—on the contrary."

"You have too much confidence—always had."

"I have taken every precaution to insure success; besides, I have a sanguine disposition. I got my model from Elsworth, who

modeled *Comet*; besides, I have seen quite a number of his vessels, and they are, without exception, fast. I draughted model and made calculations myself; so far, I know everything to be correct."

"Why did you not go to Jenkins, Ed.; you are an old friend of his?"

"While I respect Jenkins and his services, I did not employ him because I had ideas of my own, and would rather take the model of a practical man, with what little knowledge I learned from Marrett, for my chance of success, than to have quotations from Kemp pumped into me by the hour, when I could argue the cutter type of vessel, if so disposed, from the same source. Besides, did it ever strike you that none of our speedy vessels were designed by scientific men? Take George Steers, for instance, who designed the famous yachts *America*, *Julia*, *Una*, and many others; also the beautiful ship of war, *Niagara*. He made no failure as to speed. Robert Fish, who gave us *Vizen* and many other fast vessels; Herreshoff, *Orion* and others; Elsworth, who modeled *Comet*, *Walton* and others;—none of these are what may be called other than practical men, with great talent in their way. Now, I say, combine talent and practice with science, and you will approximate correctness."

"Ed., I know you always, whichever side you are on, argue in a plausible manner. But you cannot convince me that you have a sea going vessel; she is good enough to pling the Sound, I know. I expect to launch to-morrow."

"I'm for home; expect to see you soon. Good bye."

CORIN THOMAS.

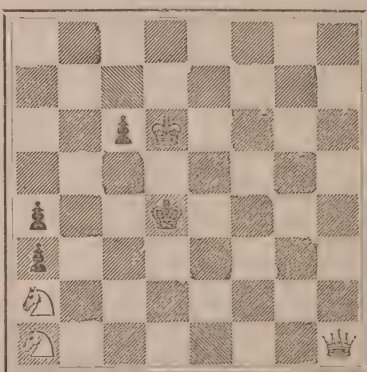
(To be continued.)

The Game of Chess.

NOTICE.—Chess exchanges, communications and solutions should be addressed "Chess Editor FOREST AND STREAM, P. O. box 54, Wolcottville, Conn."

Problem No. 38.

Motto: Just So.



White to play and give mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS—NO. 34.

1—R tks R K
2—Kt tks K
3—K-K4 mates

1—Kt ch
2—Auy

(Game No. 92—GINOCO PLANO.)

The following is an International Tourney game between Messrs. Monck, of Dublin, and Frech, of Washington, in which Mr. Frech announced a win in twenty-seven moves:

White. Monck.	Black. Frech.	White. Monck.	Black. Frech.
1—P-K4	1—P-K4	13—P-K Kt3	13—Q R sq (a)
2—K-K B3	2—K-K B3	14—K-R Kt3	14—P-K4
3—B-K3	3—B-K3	15—P-K R3	15—P-K R5
4—P-K4	4—K-K B3	16—K tks R K	16—P tks R
5—P-K4	5—P-K4	17—P-K R3	17—P-K R3 ch
6—P-K5	6—P-K5	18—P tks R ch	18—P tks R ch
7—P-K Kt5	7—K-K5	19—Q tks Q	19—R tks Q
8—P-K Kt ch	8—P-K Kt ch	20—K-K R3	20—K-K R3 sq ch
9—P tks P	9—P-K Kt3	21—K-K R3	21—P tks R K
10—Castles	10—K-K5	22—P-Q K4 (b)	22—R-K R6
11—K-K3	11—Castles	23—K-K R4	23—K-K R5
12—K-K B3	12—P-K4	24—R-K B sq (c)	

NOTES.

(a) An excellent move on Black's part.

(b) This move almost completely blocked Black's game.

(c) This move gave Black the game, as it permits him to Queen a Pawn in twenty-seven moves thereafter. But as a problem of twenty-seven moves is equal to an entire game of ordinary length, White's ability cannot be called into question by it.

Black announces a win by the Queening of a Pawn in twenty-seven moves. The solution:

23—K tks R	24—R tks R	33—K-Q R3	35—K-Q R1
24—K-K R4	25—K-K3	36—K-Q Kt2	37—K-Q K5
25—P-K4	26—P-K4	38—K-Q B3	39—K-Q B5
26—P tks P	27—P-K B4	40—K-Q B4	41—K-Q B4
27—K tks P	28—P-K B4	42—K-Q B4	43—K-Q B4
28—P-K B4	29—P-K B4	44—P-K B4	45—K-Q B4
29—K-K3	30—K-K4	46—P-K B4	47—K-Q B4
30—K-K3	31—K-K4	48—K-Q B4	49—K-Q B4
31—K-K3	32—K-K4	50—K-Q B4	51—K-Q B4
32—K-K3	33—K-K4	52—K-Q B4	53—K-Q B4
33—K-K3	34—K-K4	54—K-Q B4	55—K-Q B4
34—K-K3	35—K-K4	56—K-Q B4	57—K-Q B4
35—K-K3	36—K-K4	58—K-Q B4	59—K-Q B4
36—K-K3	37—P-K5 ch	59—K-Q B4	60—K-Q B4

The fact that from the 10th to the 49th move Black does not make a move in a backward direction is evidence of the persistency of his attack.—*Hartford Times*.

CURSOR'S JOTTINGS.

—One of the games in the series in the International Tourney between Mr. R. L. Stranger, of North Moulton, Eng., and T. R. Bell, of Detroit, Mich., has been declared a draw. Owing to business engagements Mr. Bell was compelled to abandon all of his games, which Mr. Stranger, of the Times, afterwards conducted with the consent of Mr. Stranger. The above mentioned game was conducted by Mr. Stranger from the 15th move to the declared draw on the 57th move. In our synoptical table of the won and lost games in this tourney, published last week, the won games between Messrs. Brenzinger and Chaito and Messrs. Berry and Hanken, should have been scored in favor of Great Britain's

representatives aforesaid. The *Ayr Argus* of Dec. 14 submits the following "brief" summary of this tourney:

Decided games (2 B. 1; A. 9; drawn), 23	
Probable British wins, 28	
"American" wins, 17	
Doubtful and even, 40	
Unreported, 7	

Total number of games, 112

If it is all that they claim we are inclined to recall our previously expressed opinion on its probable result. This presentation of British "cliques" us amply.

—Mr. Siskman, one of the foremost problemists of to-day, edits the Problem Department of the *Holyoke Transcript* Chess Budget. Messrs. Teed and Seymour manage the Game and Riddle departments.

National Pastimes.

From *Lake's National Monthly*.

THE DEATH OF THE HERON.

The brown grouse mutts with his drumming
The footsteps of the archer coming,
The day is mute though one transgresses
The frontiers of his wilderness.
The sedge feels their land invaded,
But leave their lonely guest unaided.
The rushes hide from all observing
The long bow's sudden backward curving.
The lagging wind is slow in bringing
The twisted sliver's angry ringing.
The waves and willows drown together
The whisper of the arrow-feather.
The sharp wings shake, the gray throat flutters,
And strangles with the cry it utters.
The purple feathers puff and part
Above the heron's cloven heart!

—WILL H. THOMPSON.

THE O'LEARY-CAMPANA MATCH.—The contest between Daniel O'Leary and Napoleon Campana, at Gilmore's Garden, came to a close at 10:40 o'clock Saturday evening. The result was what had been foreseen from the opening day—a defeat for Campana, or "Old Sport," as he chooses to be called. O'Leary walked throughout the match with his square heel-and-toe stride, moving with machine-like precision, and never altering his gait until the final lap, which he ran amid great applause. His record for the last miles was as follows: 3:35, 12:30; 3:30, 12:30; 3:37, 14:55; 3:38, 13:50; 3:39, 10:31; 4:00, 12:05. His condition upon leaving the track was very bad; his heels are blistered, and the exceedingly injurious dust and smoke of the Garden, with a heavy cold, have induced a spitting of blood. He was in very poor condition when entering upon his task, having gone through no preparatory training whatever. During the 133 hours of the contest he had two hours and forty-five minutes' sleep. His diet has been principally chicken and oysters; 41 quarts of champagne, 44 bottles of ale, and an unlimited sea of cider helped him to tide over the struggle. But poor "Old Sport" was a spectacle to excite pity in anything less indifferent than the average bipedal spectator. His leg, from the knee to the ankle, was very much like raw beef; his ankle was badly inflamed, and at the last he had a general air of being wholly used up. He reeled and staggered along the last few laps, occasionally propped up into the perpendicular by an attendant upon either side, and sustained by a free application of bay rum. Emulating the example of his rival, he attempted to run, but a sorry effort it was. When he had finished the second lap of his 358th mile he kissed his hands to the judges, threw up his hands with the exclamation, "I'm done," and was carried into his hut. He had only 3 days 22 hours and 13 minutes on the track, and had only spent 1 day and 23 hours in his quarters. His 353rd mile was made in 16:15; his 354th in 16:35; his 355th in 17:15; his 356th in 21:45, and his 357th in 10:20.

TWENTY-SEVEN HUNDRED QUARTER-MILES.—Last Monday evening at Mozart Garden, Brooklyn, Madame Anderson, an English lady pedestriane, completed, at 9h. 18m. 43s., her 1,350th quarter-mile in her 1,350th quarter hour. This was just one-half of the task the plucky woman is engaged in; her task being 2,700 quarter-miles in 2,700 quarter-hours. We shall have more to say about this remarkable pedestriane and her novel undertaking. If no accident happens to her there is every reason to expect a successful termination of her undertaking.

ATHLETIC MEETINGS.—The New York Athletic Club games to-morrow and Sunday evening will be contested by a very full list of competitors. The Knickerbocker Athletic Club hold their tournament next Monday and Tuesday evenings. The programme is a good one, and there will be good work done. Both meetings are to be held in Gilmore's Garden.

WESTCHESTER HARE AND HOUNDS.—The second meet of the Westchester Hares and Hounds came off on Christmas Day. The hares for the day were W. B. Vosburg and L. A. Berte, and L. B. Haviland was master of the hunt. James W. Lowe and W. H. B. Du Bois were the whippers-in. The hounds were D. Bates, W. I. K. Kendrick, George Hilwig, W. W. White, J. Lustrado, B. Van Riper, H. Smythe, E. Fielding, W. J. Duffy, J. Brady, E. Molson, George Dolde, N. C. Hamilton and W. O. Merrill. L. B. Rolston acted as starter. The run was of about fifteen miles, and the time for the hares was 7h. 50min., the hounds bringing in somewhat later because of the difficulty they found in keeping the scent. The wind, which was very strong, blew the paper in all kinds of puzzling directions.

IRON WOOD RUN BOWS.—I think that your friends, the archers, would give our iron wood, *Ostrya virginica* (Thompson), also called levee wood, hop hornbeam and hard hack, a trial they would find it the best of our native woods at the cost for making bows. Its use for that purpose by our Northern Indians is traditional, and their descendants—at least the Abenakis—make bows of it now for their boys and for sale. In all the centuries during which the bow was their chief weapon the Indians were likely to make trial of all the woods attainable, and their choice may be depended on as the selection of the fittest. The Indian bows of our boyhood never broke, but whether their rough usage was anything to compare with what the archery clubs' bows have to undergo I do not know. They were flat on belly and back,

H. E. K.

WORTH TELLING.—Mr. Wm. L. Holberton, who is gaining some local fame for his skill with the weapons of our ancestors, has been trying his hand on a powder keg. It was set up at thirty-six feet distance, and Mr. Holberton aimed at the small hole, an inch in diameter, at the end. The first arrow struck half an inch from the mark. The second went through and came partly out of the other head, going through the thick hard wood with the force of a bullet. The bow is an effective weapon in the hands of an expert, and Mr. Holberton is fast becoming an expert.

PRIZE BOWLING.—Mr. Anton Meyer, of 393 Bowery, is holding a grand bowling tournament, in which the prizes aggregate over \$400. There are 2,000 tickets in two series. The competition is lively and some fine exhibitions of bowling skill given. Bowling is a very popular sport among our German citizens. The devotees of the game have a little paper devoted to their interests.

HARVARD INDEX.—The Harvard Index for 1878-'79, is a most useful compendium of Harvard intelligence. It contains a list of the officers and members of the societies of the University, a full record of boating, base ball playing, catalogues of officers and students, and all the practical information in condensed form that any one would ever think of looking for. The Index will be sent post paid, on receipt of fifty cents. Address "Harvard Index," Cambridge, Mass.

Furs and Trapping.

HOW ENGLISH LADIES ARE ARRANGED.—In a late number of *Land and Water* Mr. Frank Buckland tells us something about the sources from which the ladies obtain their winter cloak linings. The most common skin used for the purpose is that of the white rabbit. These come from Liege, in Poland, and many thousands of them are imported annually. Besides rabbit skins, many cloaks are lined with what are called "squirrel bellies"; these are literally bellies of squirrels. These animals are skinned in a peculiar manner, so as to make the most of the fur. The squirrels used for this purpose are of various kinds and prices. The most expensive is the Silver Liner squirrel. The general color of this is blue—some light blue, some dark blue; the dark blue are the most valuable, particularly if it is void of the red stripe down the back. These squirrels are killed by thousands in Siberia; they are mostly shot with a small bullet. Those from Sweden and Norway are caught in traps, probably pitfalls baited with food; they are also intercepted when in the act of migrating. The Swedish squirrels are very large. Some of the squirrel skins are of a red color; these are the same squirrel as the summer dress. Squirrels are also imported in large numbers, especially from Kasaan, in Russia, but they are rather inferior to other sorts. There are various modes of dressing squirrel skins. The Russian skins are pickled in salt, and in consequence are apt to feel damp in wet weather. They do very well in Russia, as the weather there is always dry. In this country the skins are dressed with butter or lard, and it is a very remarkable thing that the Russian furs cannot use butter-dressed skins, because in Russia the skins thus prepared become quite hard in very cold weather.

For years past the trade of dressing squirrel skins has been their headquarters in Saxony, principally at the town of Weissenfels. Leipzig is celebrated for its fur market, especially at Easter, when the great fair takes place. From Leipzig furs are sent to China, Russia, Turkey, Greece, etc., in fact, all over the world. Large numbers of common wild rabbit skins and silver grays are exported from England for use in Russia. Cats are largely cultivated in Holland, especially for their skins. The fur of the Dutch cat is very long and soft as compared to the English cat, the fur of which is hard and wiry. There is some secrecy as to how the cats in Holland are fed; it is possible that they are fed on fish. The best Dutch cats are black. A good skin of jet-black color is worth half a guinea. The best cat-killers have a most peculiar and clever way of killing their cats. It is a fallacy to suppose that cats are skinned alive. In the first place, to skin a cat when alive would be utterly impossible; and secondly, it does not make any difference in the quality of the skin. The origin of the fallacy is, probably, that a cat is easier skinned immediately after death than if allowed to become rigid. It is very remarkable how fashions set by English ladies influence and tame animals even in the most distant parts of the world. I am very glad the ladies have made cats fashionable, as at last some use is found for these animals, which, being untaxed, are so abundant that any night and in any weather cats—many of them half starved—swarm in the London streets, and the poorer the neighborhood the more abundant are the cats.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Communications.

WHERE TO GO FOR GAME.—Correspondents who send us specific questions as to where to find best localities for game and fish are referred to our game columns. All the news that comes to us is there given. By keeping themselves informed from this source our friends will save themselves and us much trouble. Read the paper.

J. P., Paris.—Nov. and Dec. Nos. not at hand. Kindly oblige.

F. T., Derby.—Will you kindly send us your column dated April 187

ADLER OBSERVER.—We have not received slips containing Problems No. 655, 549, 549 and 550.

H. G., Erie.—The class of yacht you inquire about will be shortly illustrated by a set of plans in our columns.

J. M. M., New Castle, Pa.—We would recommend a gun with 30 inch barrel, one barrel a modified choke and one cylinder bore.

BUCKSKIN.—You can find buckskin shooting slugs of Holberton & Co., 111 Fulton st., N. Y., who make a specialty of Indian tanned antelope, buck and doe skins.

SUBSCRIBER, Philadelphia.—What is meant by a thirty inch circle as a target for making a pattern; is it thirty inches in diameter, or in circumference? Ans. Diameter.

H.—The author's solution to "Barrytown." No. 37, is: 1—Kt (B3) the P. 1—Kt (B3) ch; 2—Q. the Kt ch, 2—Kt; 3—Q-Kt mate. The other variations (3) are similar on White's part. Mr. Briggs thinks Kt ch will also solve it—Will it, or will it not?

C. S. T., Lynn.—How much arrow pull is allowed in testing say a 30 pound 5 feet lancewood bow? Is it, a 40 pound 6 feet lancewood bow? Ans. A 30 pound 5 feet bow, 34 inches; a 40 pound 6 feet bow, 23 inches.

N. G. H., New York.—Will you please inform me where I can buy a young staghead and what they are worth? Ans. We do not know where you can buy a staghead; possibly from J. B. Miller, Newburgh N. Y.

W. C. J., Providence.—Can you, or any of your correspondents or readers, give me, through the columns of your paper, the address of the firm in Boston who manufacture dog baskets? Ans. Perhaps some of your readers can supply this information.

J. D. A., Collinsville, Ct.—During a prize shoot held on Christmas Day two scores of three consecutive shots each were made by two individual contestants as follows: 10, 10, 12; 8, 12, 12. Mass. target lists decided by Creedmore rules; distance 200 yards. Which of the two scores is the best? Ans. The first is the better one.

B. T., Quebec.—For description of Connection "Sharpie" see our issue of Dec. 24, 1874. In general they resemble a flat-bottomed boat, sharp forward and a slight round to the bottom, rising up clear of the water aft and no skag. They can be built cheaper than any other kind of boat, about \$50 per foot complete, according to finish.

GUY RIVERS.—Prof. D. S. Jordan drops us a line to say that the *Centropomus nigricans*, or American black bass of Curvier and Jardine, concerning which "Guy Rivers" inquires, is the salt water fish now called *Centropomus atrarius*, "blackfish," "black perch," or "black sea bass" of the fishermen. It is an excellent food-fish, but does not ascend the rivers.

J. A. H., Raleigh, N. C.—Please send me a list of works on fishes and fish culture. Would like to have "Gill & Jordan's" nomenclature of fishes. Ans. For list see bibliography in "Hale's Sportsman's Gazetteer." For "Gill's Nomenclature" address Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.; for "Jordan's Vertebrates" address Jansen McCleary & Co., Chicago.

N. G. D., Schenectady, N. Y.—My brown spaniel is infested with a peculiar species of lice, a little smaller than head lice and of a very pale, blue color. They do not seem to have much vitality, as they move but little. Kerosene seems to kill them, but when one is killed another dog appears. What will kill them? Ans. The lice you describe are natural to the dog and can be destroyed by rubbing his coat with whale oil.

PHILADELPHIA.—Your sketch of boat with double beard will be published in connection with some remarks thereon. We cannot approve of two boards. They are a complication of parts which no well-designed yacht needs. Only tubby boats of short, round body will find them such an arrangement necessary to make them stow easily and prevent them spinning around their centre, or "yawing" widely, especially when off the wind.

A. B. C., Milwaukee.—In the matches at Boston and elsewhere when scores of 21 out of 25 are made at 500 yards are they made off-hand, with a 3-pound pull of trigger, or are hair triggers allowed? A score such as 15 for 25 was published in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of the 10th inst. being made at Walnut Hill Range on the 14th and impressed me as a very bad mark, made off-hand, with a 3-pound pull. Ans. Scores made with a 10 pound ride, 3-pound pull off-hand.

SUSSEX, North Hamden, N. Y.—A foetus is troubled with much blood with his urine. He is in good condition otherwise. Will you please prescribe for him. Ans. Give the dog three barley water to drink and avoid everything in the shape of purgatives and diuretics. Place hot fomentations over the loins, and give two tablespoonfuls of the following mixture two or three times a day: Supercatol of lead, 20 grains; tincture of matric, 1/2 oz; vinegar, 2 drs; water, 1/2 oz.

H. O. T., Leland, Md.—1. Is rice raised or grown in or under water? 2. Where can I procure the Nichols & Lever guns besides at the factory? 3. Are the Greener hammer guns of the \$150, or cheapest grade, good? Are they as good as a Scott or Parker of the same price? Ans. 1. Rice (cultivated) is flooded periodically and a portion of the time is growing in water. Wild rice is, as a rule, always in water. 2. We have no list of their agents, but can recommend the firm at Syracuse, N. C. cannot express opinions regarding guns. The makers you name are all first class.

CHAS. C. NEW YORK.—The flood in Hell Gate makes from the W. to the E. changes and comes in from the E. to the W., rising an additional foot. The flood makes nearly six hours difference in the tide. In the twelve slack water at Hell Gate ferry and Little Hell Gate. In no part of the East River is it high and slack water at the same time, for the flood continues to run on the surface, while the ebb runs underneath, so that though apparently still running flood the water actually falls a foot before the visible ebbs sets out. High water at the Tenth street buoy corresponds pretty nearly with high water at New London in regard to time.

WADING PANTS, Galveston.—Is there an article that will encase one from sole to waist and keep you dry? or are such garments worn in connection with a waterproof boot? I wish to obtain something that will cover my shoes. The heavy rubber boots are good enough to drown in, they get going through a marsh safely they are a mistake? Ans. We send you a copy of our paper of Dec. 19 illustrating a possible wading suit. There are no wading pants made in America, we believe. Cording, of London, sells the combination stocking and pants which come to the anempts, and the same can be bought in this city of Abbey & Imble, 43 Maiden Lane, and perhaps of most dealers in sportsman's goods. Price \$14. For full description of quality, utility and method of wearing, see our article of Dec. 13, above referred to.

TRAPPER.—1. What kind of traps do the Canadian trappers use, and where can they be procured? 2. Are there any laws against trapping in the uninhabited parts of Canada, especially toward the north? 3. Is trapping allowed around Hudson Bay, or are the grounds controlled by the Hudson Bay Fur Company? 4. How are the trappers armed in Canada? Ans. 1. When trappers use iron traps, which they usually do, they must always use No. 10 gauge traps which can be bought of the Onoda Company, Onoda, N. Y., which address. 2. Yes, there are; but only as respects close seasons. 3. The Northwest and Hudson Bay Companies are jealous of intrusion upon the lands over which they claim or exercise jurisdiction. You would probably be hustled off by rival trappers. 4. "Armed, my lord, from head to foot!"

J. W., Le Roy, N. Y.—No, Hoyle is not. Stanton's "Handbook and Praxis," Wormald's "Chess Openings," or Goslip's "Chess Manual," Mr. Goslip is about to issue a new work, "Theory of the Chess Openings," and we will forward your name as a subscriber if you wish us to do so. It will cost from \$3 to \$6. No good American author on chess, White can castle after "being in check"—that is, if he is not on check at the time of casting and the King does not pass over a square common to the opposing pieces. If he has been moved from his square at any time before, then the privilege is lost, and you must move any piece that you touch. When a Pawn has a free path to go before as the opponent's P's are consecrated to the 8th square it is passed Pawn, by a White P on K4 is a passed Pawn if there is no Black P's on K, Q, and B's 2d, 3d or 4th.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INDOLENT IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1879.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guaranty of good faith and be addressed to the FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous communications will be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for dereliction of the mail service if money remitted to us is lost.

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SENSIBLE HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Clubs can obtain subscriptions to FOREST AND STREAM and ROD AND GUN at \$3 per annum. Now, at the beginning of the year, is the time to start new clubs; subscriptions to begin Jan. 1. The circulation of FOREST AND STREAM is now distributed among 2,400 post offices in the United States and Canada, and over 100 in foreign countries. Twenty-nine foreign countries are represented.

FOREST AND STREAM TOURNAMENT.—This tournament for Gallery Rifle shooting, open to all rifle clubs in the United States, will be held at Conlin's Gallery at 1,223 Broadway about the first of February, 1879. Nine clubs were represented last year, and this year we hope to see double that number of entries.

THE TEAM OF 1878.—The letter we publish in our rifle columns, read by Captain Jackson before his team, should rouse the N. R. A. directors to do at a late period what should have been attended to a long time ago. The Palma has now been home from Paris for some months, and in place of being locked in the Tiffany vaults, it should be in the hands of Captain Jackson and his men. If the directors will but use half the energy of the Boston captain a match may be secured for the season of 1879, and the old interest in long-range sport be revived. Of course should a match come off it will be in a measure a Boston show, and this gives the more opportunity for the N. R. A. directors to show that it is a national body over which they preside, and not a mere adjunct to the First and Second Divisions N. G. S. N. Y.

THE TRUE AND THE FAUCIBLE.—It is said that the late Major Whyte-Melville confessed his inability to write anything interesting about the fox hunts which he had really attended, while we all know that he could give a most spirited account of a hunt that had never occurred. Indeed, we suspect that very few persons could write entertaining sporting sketches did they not light up the sober narrative with their own fancy. Plain narrations of shooting, fishing or fox hunting, when told without embellishment, may be models of truthful stories, but they may go begging for a reader. It is all very well for the capacious writers to say, stick to the facts. We want the facts, but we must have something more with them. Needless exaggeration, willful perversion of truth and misrepresentations are no more desirable in sketches of sporting travel and adventure than in any other branch of literature. But clothe the dry bones.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

WE not only wish our readers a "Happy New Year," but can almost promise it. The forecast is auspicious of a brighter future than many past years have enjoyed. With a very general adjustment of financial difficulties, the adaptation of men's requirements to changed circumstances, and the severe lesson of practical economy well learned, prosperity seems almost assured; and where prosperity is, there happiness and content dwell. May these twin blessings be the Penates of every household where FOREST AND STREAM enters with its annual greeting.

Happy New Year! The Forest is as wide as our beloved land, redolent with the odor and freshness of perennial spring; the Stream gushes pure and refreshing from its pellucid fountain, generous in its life-giving properties. "One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin." So does the magic influence which emanates from the forest and the stream pervade the wide circle of our devoted patrons, making us all homogeneous in our tastes and brotherly in our relations. Substantial evidences of the beneficence of this kinship have we enjoyed this holiday season; not, we protest, through the kind offices of a mythical Santa Claus (whom we delegate to the children), but through and out of the fullness of good will of the givers, on whom may the blessings of the grateful receivers forever rest.

To-day there are evergreens in every household. Hopes and promises and good gifts are wound like a wreath of brightest flowers around the chain of our life's servitude, concealing the links which so often rust and wear into the heart and flesh, and make existence irksome. It will be time enough to mourn when we come to the places where these looked for flowers lie withered upon the inevitable finality. The old year is dead, and the ashes of the Yule log, which erst cheered his exit with a ruddy blaze, are cold upon the hearth. It was a most happy conceit which designated the closing months as the "embers of the dying year." Let us be grateful that Christmas comes, like a last cheerful flash, to relieve the chill and gloom of their expiring. And now that the New Year has begun, let us take joy of its auspicious premonitions. Let us at least be happy in the anticipation, though the realization may never come to all of us.

Many tried and valued friends of this journal have departed this life the past year. We feel their loss in common with friends who claim the right of kinfolk to do chief honor to their memory; but we cannot withhold a tributary tear for some with whom we have followed the field together, and others whose sympathy of tastes and close correspondence had allied our hearts to theirs. Their footprints are seen in all the forest aisles and along the margins of many streams; the old dog mourns under the vacant chair, and Rods and Guns are hung up forever; but if, in the long hereafter, they find no actual realization of the ideal "Happy Hunting Grounds," let us hope that they may find grateful rest under the Tree of Life, and satisfying draughts from Living Fountains of whose waters all are invited to partake freely.

Of our labors during the past year we have but little to say here. The record of our endeavors has been presented to our readers weekly, and the increasing favor we receive justifies us in believing that they have been acceptable. We hope we have done some good. The mission which we undertook at the outset was to inculcate morality in field sports; to studiously endeavor to promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects. The support given to our enterprise at and since the beginning, encourages us to persevere. We believe that physical culture is absolutely essential to our manhood and well-being, both as individuals and as a nation; and we also believe that by fostering the natural inclination for exercise inherent in us, boys and men will not only become more scholarly but more Christian. Accordingly, we plant another mile-stone here at the beginning of a new year, not only as a tally of passing time, but as a stepping-stone of progress; and lifting up our eyes over the propitious outlook, gird our loins with alacrity for our next long-distance walk, hoping that the entrance-money of new subscribers will be large, and the reward of accomplishment munificently remunerative. As we are not rich enough at present to give each of our 10,000 subscribers a gold watch and a new suit of clothes, the best we can do is to thank them for their good will and valuable aid hitherto, and wish them many and abundant returns of the "HAPPY NEW YEAR."

THE O'LEARY-CAMPANA MATCH.

BARNUM, we believe, first formulated the proposition that Americans not only enjoyed being humbugged, but were willing to pay handsomely for the privilege. Barnum has made several snug fortunes out of his sapient discovery, but never did the hero of the woolly horse himself originate a more cunningly-devised and successful catch-penny scheme than that which snatched at Gilmore's Garden. The history of the whole thing is briefly this: A newspaper reporter heard of Campana's walk at Bridgeport, Conn. He saw in it the chance of a big speculation. The first and only necessary thing was to "write it up." He wrote it up. Others wrote it up. Every one read it. Then, as had been planned, the O'Leary-Campana match was announced, and the anxious public was invited to pay their shakels and see the show. They paid their shakels and saw the show. It was pretty generally understood in the early part of the week

that the whole proceeding was a hippodrome from the word "Go!" (uttered at one o'clock Monday morning); but despite this, the Garden was daily crowded with people eager to see the farce. The returns show a total attendance of 50,000 people, and the men who pulled the strings pocketed over \$20,000 net.

To one who was not too blinded and choked by the dust and smoke, nor too disgusted with the spectacle of Campana's suffering, there was much of humor—very low humor, to be sure—about the walk. There was more that was thoroughly disgusting. It is said that the only way to arouse the South African ox from the mire is to roundly swear at him in Dutch. "Old Sport" was for the time being an ox, or rather a whole yoke of oxen. They swore at him in High Dutch; they reviled him in Low Dutch, in English, French, Italian, Chinese, Choctaw; oaths cut a *la* Chatham street, and ribaldry served up in Fulton Market style. The slums sent up their most accomplished blackguards, and the blackguards did their work thoroughly, conscientiously and with untiring devotion. The weary "lepper" brightened up only when they showered upon him the choicest epithets in their extensive repertoire. He seemed to gain renewed vigor by heartily replying the unsavory compliments. His whole course was a triumphal procession amidst the choicest tributes of Billingsgate. Once, indeed, when he was hobbling and staggering along, and some one cried out, "Boy, Sport, you old bluefish, cheese 'em!" the old man brightened up immediately, pulled off his red shirt, and wanted to swallow the man as a bluefish would a squid. Why his attendants should have objected to a little mauling, we are at a loss to conceive. It would certainly have been a most fitting episode. As it was, the "Old Stag" cheered up wonderfully, went on his way rejoicing, rubbing his shining poll and swearing with increased strength.

To discuss the subject with the seriousness it merits, we may only say that the exhibition and its surroundings were thoroughly disreputable. The audience was for the most part a congregation of the coarsest classes. The bar did an enormous business. It was an inspiring sight to see the wrangling throngs leaving their blackguarding of Sport for a fierce clamor at the counter. It was still more inspiring to witness the police thrusting the thirsty crowd back that they might themselves have a turn at the cheering glass. The atmosphere was horribly foul and thick with tobacco smoke, dust and the exhalations of drunken men. Breathing it ten minutes made the average spectator choke and cough. That O'Leary and his companion were able to live in the garden six days, walking as they did, is simply a marvel of human endurance. A fish would die in water half as foul. It is no matter of wonder that O'Leary was splitting blood before the conclusion of the match. Walking in such a vitiated atmosphere could be no fair test of his real power as a pedestrian. The Hippodrome is probably as good a hall as could have been secured for the purpose, but at the best it was stifling, and for a man to submit to semi-suffocation was only a form of slow suicide. O'Leary's pluck and endurance were under these conditions, wonderful. His walk had elasticity to the end. But otherwise O'Leary has done much better walking before. We all knew he could accomplish the feat he has performed. It has won for him no new honor. We fail to see where it has benefited any one save in a pecuniary way.

It is for the interest of generous rivalry in sport and the elevation of the tone of public contests of skill that such exhibitions as that of last week and all like them should be discouraged. We would gladly see them done away with. They are in no way healthy in their influence; they serve no good end; they degrade pedestrian contests below the level of prize-fights, and have not one redeeming feature.

THE VALUE OF CAPT. BOYTON'S EXPERIENCE.

IN the restless strife for wealth, the ceaseless toil and struggle for a foothold in the world of business, our people are apt to overlook the merits of many a worthy invention which should redound to our own fame. But we seem not to have the time for other thoughts than those of the "almighty dollar," and with a fretful wave of the hand pass over to other nations the care of developing and applying to their full some of the best thoughts of America's sons. "Is there money in the thing?" Yes, but it will take time and capital to pursue it from a small beginning to full blown popularity. Then it is not for the American, for unless he can see a fortune in his enterprise within the short space of a few years he is apt to toss from him with a shrug as unworthy his attention any article, any idea, unless "there is money in the thing."

This is what has happened to the Merriman Life Saving Suit with which the gallant Boyton has been astonishing for some years past the rural and the urban population of Europe from the Thames in the dreary north to the Tiber and the Bay of Naples under the blue skies of sunny Italy. When the new life-saving suit was first brought out in America many exhibitions were given in our own waters, and crowds of the curious collected to see the sight, the same as they would rally to any other free show; but none had time to spare to give more than a passing thought to the many points of excellence which the invention possessed or to its conversion to humane purposes. A few cheap medals and a little public notoriety was all that the inventor and his agent reaped; so they turned their attention to foreign fields, with what success the rapid rise into popularity and general use of the Merriman suit abroad attests. Much is to be attributed to the

darling and indefatigable enterprise of Capt. Boyton, who has now, we believe, obtained as a fit reward a large interest in the invention which he has so fully tested. His experiences abroad read almost like pages clipped from the "Arabian Nights;" for, closely woven with his deeds of prowess and endurance, are the many receptions, public and private, which he received at the hands of admiring kings, queens, courtiers and such, while the common herd of mayors, generals, old sea dogs, alcaides, and the what-nots of Europe's ancient civilizations, turned out upon occasions too numerous to mention, to do honor to one of America's brave and self-made men. Whether floating down the sluggish tides of old Father Thames, or shooting rapids and tumbling down falls in the boiling, hissing currents of the Tagus; whether under sail or paddle, working his tedious passage across the Straits of Dover or the Straits of Gibraltar, the tireless energy, the success and modesty of Boyton met with a hearty response from prince and people alike, and while medals, speeches and dinners fell thick upon his shoulders, he has not failed to reap and gather in the solid profits of a thriving business. Thus fame and wealth have waited upon the man who chose to help himself.

The practical value of Boyton's experiences lie rather in the proof they afford of the reliability of the suit he wears and its adaptability to special services than in its life-saving qualities. It would be idle and a waste of money to fit out steamships with the suit, for not one in a hundred persons could be expected to acquire the cool head and proficiency its use entails. For ordinary avail on board vessels the rig has little or nothing to commend itself, but as a means of saving life along the coast, when in the hands of stalwart men brought up to efficiency through a systematic course of training and practice, the suit will form a most valuable adjunct to all life-saving stations. As a safe means of exploring the unknown rivers of the West, shooting canyons and rapids where no boat or canoe could live, as an equipment to men-of-war for special service in time of need and as an indispensable accessory to the torpedo service, the suit can have no superior. If it has not yet been appreciated as it should by those in authority with us, it is certain that we cannot afford much longer to remain in ignorance as to the merits of the new method of attack by a brigade of swimmers in the Boyton dress and armed with the means of sending an enemy to the bottom with all on board in a few seconds. Some years ago, when the rubber suit came out, we were the first to suggest and mature a plan of attack by torpedo and the Boyton suit, and though we are loth to glory in the loss of human life, it is flattering to one's pride to know that the first iron clad blown up in the Turco-Russian war was accomplished by precisely the methods original with us.

SKATES AND CROWNS.

THREE travelers from the Occident, bent upon seeing the wonders of the American world, arrived in this city last Saturday. Sunday afternoon they found their way to Central Park, and halting on the Balcony Bridge they witnessed a scene for whose equal they may seek the world over in vain. They will find neither in America nor in Europe a more impressive sight than that vast concourse of fifteen thousand people who were gathered upon the ice, and the thousands more who thronged the elevations all about the shores. Between eight o'clock in the morning of that day and half-past four o'clock in the afternoon, when the ball fell, Superintendent Dawson and other experts estimated the number of skaters to be not less than fifty thousand. There were one-half as many more who visited the Park and did not go upon the ice. Seventy-five thousand pleasure seekers and not a single arrest! Where in the broad world can that be surpassed? If the magnitude of the *fete* be wonderful, surely this universal good spirit is equally impressive. But the policemen—good fellows—had their hands full, very full. Wherever was there not a small boy bound to see how near the hole with the "Danger" signal he could glide without gliding in? And a "cop" in heavy uniform and clumsy brogans is no match for the fleet small boy. Yes, the policeman and the superintendents must have been rejoiced when the ball finally fell and the merry skaters reluctantly departed. New Yorkers may point with a very large degree of pride to the forethought which has provided their beautiful park with its drives, walks and boating courses in summer, and the grand skating grounds in winter. It is an institution that affords healthful, invigorating recreation to thousands of rich and poor, old and young, men, women, boys and girls, day after day and week after week. Too much praise cannot be given to the Commissioners and their assistants for the very happy way in which they provide this entertainment, and the uniform freedom from accident which makes it unnecessary for us to record any of the frightful fatalities which are not unknown elsewhere. Skating is a royal sport; the Central Park a royal skating ground, and the happy mortal who has a pair of steels under his feet may turn his back upon the cares and troubles of his life, and for a brief hour at least revel in all the joys of royalty without its sorrows. Sweeter the ring of the ice than the plaudits of subjects: better a pair of skates under the feet than the crown of a Czar upon the head. So, at least, reasons the gamin, and so, too, think many who are not gamins.

URANINE.—This is the most recently discovered, and perhaps the most remarkable, of all the coal tar or aniline group of coloring substances, now so extensively used for the adornment of the finest fabrics. Uranine is said, by chemists, to be the most highly fluorescent body known to science. Its

coloring power is astonishing; a single grain will impart a marked color to nearly five hundred gallons of water. A most interesting experiment, which anybody may try, consists in sprinkling a few atoms of Uranine upon the surface of water in a glass tumbler. Each atom immediately sends down through the water what appears to be a bright green rootlet; and the tumbler soon looks as if it were crowded full of beautiful plants. The rootlets now begin to enlarge, spread and combine, until we have a mass of soft green-colored liquid. Viewed by transmitted light, the color changes to a bright golden or amber hue; while a combination of green and gold will be realized, according to the position in which the glass is held. For day or evening experiment nothing can be prettier than these trials of Uranine, which are especially entertaining for the young folks.

In our issue of Dec. 13, we referred to most interesting scientific experiments which are being made in Europe to determine the sources of the Danube and other rivers by the use of fluoresceine. Uranine is only another name for this subtle agent, and derives its origin from *Uranus*, which means *Heaven*. By the use of fluoresceine we suggested how scientific research might be promoted in various ways. We are indebted for examples of Uranine to the editors of the *Scientific American*, who are sending out specimens, free of charge, to all their readers. The subscription to the paper is \$3.20 for a year, or \$1.60 half year; and a better investment for the money could hardly be named.

THE MONGREL GOOSE.—We sat down to dinner the other day to discuss the comestible qualities of a goose, whose origin is indefinite and untimely end certain. The lesson of the day is laid down in the following passage from a letter received on Christmas:

KRESSVILLE, N. Y., Dec. 25, 1878.
Mr. Charles Hallock—I send you to-day a goose for your dinner. "Only a goose!" say you? That's all; but said goose has a history. A few miles from here a gentleman has time since been, and marvellous to say, one Madame Goose from the belfame dock has been visited yearly for several years by a Mr. Wild Goose, and the result is one of four children, raised this year, and which I engaged last spring to be sent to you—and here you have it. I trust it will not only be acceptable in memoriam of yours truly, but also prove good eating. I regret to add that the Madame has just died, and whether we shall have any more of the same sort remains to be seen.

Yours truly,
J. R. ROMNEY, M. D.
"Ye that have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now." As a *bonne bouche* our goose was appreciated; as a *piece de resistance* it enabled the race which saved ancient Rome, notwithstanding its bar sinister; as a present from our time-honored and beneficent friend, the doctor (who may be referred to as the noblest Romyen of them all), we valued it. But while we partook we mourned the probable untimely extinction of a race which might be said to have scarcely begun. We deplored the short-sighted extravagance of her taking off. No basket-full of golden eggs unbatched could compensate for such a pitiable loss. Oh! countrymen and friends! that for such a momentary titillation of the palate such great sacrifice should have been made! We cannot recall the past. What is done is done; and what has been, is. Now that the "old goose is dead" to all posterity, all that remains to us of rites and duty is to "go and tell Aunt Susan" and enjoin upon her to preserve all the feathers for an old-fashioned bed.

The scientific world will deplore no less than ourselves the great loss which we feel constrained to lament. One can hardly realize what results might have been realized from the great expectations excited by the successful crossing of the two breeds of birds. But now all hope is dead, and the spirit of the old bird has flown.

KIMBALL'S VANITY FAIR TOBACCO.—When the editor of FOREST AND STREAM first began to smoke "Vanity Fair," in the year 1873, the tobacco had already taken the highest award for quality at the Vienna Exposition. The verdict of the Austrians was subsequently affirmed by the judges at the U. S. Centennial and again at Paris in the present year. After due trial and test, the editor is now prepared to approve, endorse and clinch the decision of the combined commission. He has had every facility afforded him to form his opinion. Each year, for five years past, the Messrs. Kimball, of Rochester, have presented him, about Christmas time, with a munificent gift of many packages—so many, indeed, that the gentlemen must have supposed either that the editor was an incessant and exhaustive smoker, or that he had legions of friends, or that his term of life was guaranteed beyond the age of Methuselah. The second is probably the correct statement. No doubt his friends would multiply as long as the tobacco remained to be distributed.

All of our employes smoke (except that office-boy, and he is just beginning to learn), and the "Vanity Fair" has made them happy as Indian bucks. They all bless their benefactors, and it would be difficult indeed to induce them to go back on the decision of the Vienna, Philadelphia and Paris Commissioners. All hold to "Vanity Fair;" their pipes hold the tobacco, and the tobacco holds its own. So there is peace all around, and we trust a fortune for the consolations, square-dealing firm who are content to give the public an honest weed which "won't bite the tongue."

SUNRISE ON THE PRAIRIES.—As a specimen of what may be called bathos, the following cannot justly be compared with anything written in English. It is seldom we find things so far above us brought down to the dead flat low level of this earthly plane. The metaphor leaves a dazed impression upon the mind, something like the effect of ether after a man has

had a tooth pulled. It is proper to state that this description of sunrise is from the New York *Star*, which deals only in reflected light:

The sunrise upon the prairie was one of unsurpassed loveliness. Crimson and gold, and amethyst and violet, pale lavender and delicate greens and blues glowed and blended, and mantled over all the east. No object interposed to break the complete circle of the horizon where the pure porcelain of the heavens, like an inverted bowl, shut down upon the brown and neutral tinted earth, as though a priceless cup of porcelain proportions and matchless workmanship, molded from the finest porcelain, should be placed upon a coarse and carelessly constructed platter of common clay.

HANDSOME GIFTS FROM HANDSOME MEN.—Dr. Robert Taylor, of this city, received a very substantial Christmas present of a fine Kentucky thoroughbred horse from Mr. Henry Reiche, proprietor of the New York Aquarium, on Wednesday last; also, a fine carriage from Dr. C. H. H. Sayre, son of the well-known Prof. Lewis A. Sayre. A handsome set of harness from another friend. May his friends live forever, is the doctor's wish.

THE BENNETT POLAR EXPEDITION.—The steamer *Jeannette* of the Bennett Polar Expedition, arrived at San Francisco, Dec. 27, and hauled alongside at the Mare Island Navy Yard. There she will receive the rest of her outfit before leaving for Behring's Strait. The success of the recent Swedish explorations along the northern coast of Asia, may be taken as a sign very favorable to the new route chosen by Mr. J. G. Bennett for his latest attempt to unveil the mysteries of the North Pole, hitherto so securely locked in their impenetrable casing of frozen seas.

FROM A CANDID ADVERTISER.—Mr. Will H. Cruttenberg, of Cazenovia, who manufactures the Card Rotating Glass Ball Trap, sends us the compliments of the season, with the following pleasant endorsement:

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM AND ROD AND GUN:

Enclosed find check to pay for another three months. While we are not among the first of your patrons we are "a regular," well knowing the advantage of advertising in your valuable paper, and we are going to stay with you as long as we can sell enough to pay the ad., and longer; so don't leave out adv., until we send you word to that effect. With our improved machinery and experience we are enabled to make our trap more perfect, and it is fast gaining ground with the sportsmen at large.
WILL H. CRUTTENBERG.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE TROPICAL WANDERINGS OF FRED BEVERLY.

A FAREWELL—THE MYSTERIOUS OCEAN CURRENT—DOMINICA AND COLUMBUS—ROSEAU AND ANTHONY TROLOPE—THE FIRST CAMP—THE MOUNTAINS.

AS I observed twenty-two months ago, in that letter which I never reached you, the Doctor and myself safely reached the Island of Martinique; also the vessel, captain, and all hands. We ran in as close as we dared, and then stood off and on for the harbor master and pilot. It was late when he arrived, and we were much incensed, especially the mate, who vented his anger in strange oaths and abuse of our negro boy. The harbor master was gentlemanly, but he possessed a limited knowledge of the English language, which fact, of course, reduced him to the level of a barbarian and increased the resentment of the mate.

"How much chain overhaul, sir," said he, addressing the captain.

"Sixty fathom," replied the pilot.

"Sixty fathom! Sixty devils!" roared the astonished officer. "Damn your old Frenchified town anyway; it ain't worth the chain we're sinkin' here."

It was a case of necessity, however, and ere we were securely moored, like the other vessels of a long line before the town, we were obliged to pay out that length of chain. Then, with the anchor ahead in the bay and two strong hawsers astern, our little craft lay quietly after her long buffeting with wind and wave, and we watched the lights appearing in the busy town and the sailors as they furled the sails and cleared the deck.

As Martinique was visited by me eighteen months later for a stay of six weeks, I will defer my description of its many beautiful scenes until I reach it in the course of events. But the Doctor and myself here enjoyed a few days on shore, previous to my departure for Dominica and his for more northern islands.

Now, the Doctor was a genius. He had a genius for making money, and a special tact for taking care of number one. Leaving New York with but sixty dollars and his stock in trade, he landed in the West Indies with his cash greatly augmented and with the captain, mate, cook, and, in fact, the whole crew, deeply in his debt. That I escaped with a whole tooth in my head I attribute to some special interposition of Providence, or to the fact that I had but little cash. The Doctor's period of sojourn on shipboard may be divided into two portions—that in which he was pulling or "fixin'" teeth, and that in which he was sea-sick. He was happy in the exercise of the former and unhappy in that of the latter. When the Doctor appeared on deck with a particularly happy expression on his countenance, and polishing somebody's darling molar on the lapel of his coat, beware of him! The whole crew would then shudder with apprehension.

The Doctor and I went on shore. We climbed the paved streets and descended again to the beautiful Jardin des Plantes. On our way the Doctor indulged in a free flow of that happy humor peculiar to the Western Yankee (for we

are all Yankees in those islands). We met boys and boys—boys by dozens and boys by scores, and some girls; but the very first group that drew our attention and provoked an outburst of the Doctor's ever ready wit, was of boys.

"I say, young man, pull down your vest!"

This was addressed to a ragged little darkey with beaming face and bright eyes, the centre of a bunch of the raggedest and nakedest gamins we had ever beheld. There was not a whole article of clothing furniture among them. If one had a shirt he hadn't any pantalones, and the fellow that boasted the latter had the least of the former. There was not even the apology for a single whole garment in the crowd, yet every member of it was as blissfully unconscious of the grotesque appearance he made as were the Doctor and myself aware of it. But the most glaringly conspicuous feature of the collection was a huge vest worn by the brightest and sauciest of the five—a very grandfather among vests, which, descending to the urchin's thighs, left but a scanty drapery of shirt for the rest of his belongings.

You, reader, will now appreciate the keenness of the Doctor's thrust at these airy costumes, and be able to enjoy, with him the exceedingly loud merriment in which the astonishment of the unsophisticated natives caused him to indulge. The successful termination of this sally of wit encouraged the Doctor to hope for more fun of the same nature, and to the next urchin we met he propounded that question which has vexed the brains of the talented of all ages, and for I don't know how many ages: "What time does the half-past six train leave?"

Now the Doctor had reckoned upon this boy being like ninety-nine out of every hundred we met, of French extraction and incapable of uttering one word in English. Imagine, then, his discomfiture when the perfectly correct answer, in equally correct English, was hurled immediately full in his face—a reply that silenced him for the rest of the day, and not all the wonders of the enchanted garden could bring him again into tone:

"At ten o'clock to-morrow morning, sir."

Upon our return to the shore we went on board and made preparations for departure. The Doctor had contracted with the genial captain of a Down-East schooner for a passage to St. Thomas (he subsequently left captain and crew in a toothless condition), and I entered into negotiation with the owner of a crazy sloop for passage to an adjacent island.

Along the entire group of the Caribbean Isles, sweeping their western shores, flows a strange, mysterious current. Not subject, apparently, to the laws that govern the winds and tides of this region, it for years puzzled and baffled the ablest navigators and oldest sailors. Among the northernmost of these islands large ships were often sunk, carried by the force of this unseen and unsuspected stream upon sunken reefs or barren rocks. Even so long ago as when Columbus was making his voyages, we have on record that he was detained by this very current among these same islands.

It was not known until a comparatively recent period that it was the overflow of a mighty river, no less than the great Orinoco, that caused all this disturbance of waters, and that, dependent upon its different stages, was the force of this river through the sea. Though my first experience with this current was in January, when the Orinoco was at its lowest and the consequent marine flow at its weakest stage, I yet had sufficient proof of its strength to understand how it was that vessels of all sizes were sometimes many days in making ports but few miles apart.

We left the port of St. Pierre, Martinique, for that of Roseau, Dominica, the distance being less than thirty-five miles and the channel separating the islands but twenty in width. Late in the afternoon we hoisted sail, taking a fair land breeze from the mountains and getting a fresh blow from the trade winds drawing through the channel, and at midnight were close under the southern point of Dominica, with a fair prospect when I went below of landing early in the morning.

The captain was a good fellow; he had given up to me, as the only white man on board the sloop, the only berth the cabin afforded. Into that I crawled, with a lurking fear of centipedes and scorpions, and fell asleep. Soon the wheezy pumps awoke me, and a stream of water trickling through the uncalked deck-planks gave sweet assurance that the water in the hold was being abstracted. As this process was repeated every half hour my sleep was not so sound that I did not visit the deck frequently, and at each succeeding visit note with alarm that the land grew dimmer and more dim. Daylight revealed that we were much further away from shore than at midnight, surely drifting to the northwest with sail flapping idly and rudder useless.

The sun is late in showing himself, for he has to climb well up the heavens ere he can look over the crest of the mountain ridge that shows in the distance cool and misty. But as day advances and the hour of noon arrives, the cool hours of morning are more than compensated for by the intensity of the heat radiated from the glassy sea, a heat that makes itself felt and a glare that causes every one on board to seek earnestly a shady spot.

And this is the "tropic sea," on which we are drifting; the sea so often sung by the poet, the sea we have often contemplated in our fanciful dreaming in more northern climes. Like many an object of the poet's adoration, it is far pleasanter to look upon through his eyes than through visual organs of your own. Though the sun and sea make it painful to look abroad, there is nothing offensively new and glaring about the little sloop that wears the eye with bright

colors. The prevailing color, in fact, is that of the wood of which it was built, the native wood of the island. The knees are of the natural twist and bend of the native trees; the deck planking and sheathing are likewise of the native wood; the mast, the boom and the bowsprit are of the native woods of the island; and captain and crew are, doubtless, also fresh from the woods—natives fresh from the native woods—of Dominica. There are more than twenty people of color lounging in various attitudes about the deck. They seem wholly indifferent to the fact that the vessel is drifting with them away from the island, and when I suggest to the captain that he utilize this material at the oars there is a general howl of indignation. The captain also gazes at me like one who has heard information of a character novel and startling, and informs me that what I propose is not only useless, but impossible.

Struggle against the current of the mighty Orinoco! Attempt to baffle the wiles of a power unseen, that always had acted in just such a manner and had carried him over the same course every voyage he had made! It would be preposterous. At night, the land breeze would come down from the mountains and he would calce inshore without any trouble whatever.

Late in the afternoon, however, we descried a speck dancing on the waves, which speck was, of course, a boat; and in that boat, when it reached us, I engaged passage for the shore, my unhappy companions drifting about until the next afternoon, sometimes in sight, sometimes lost to view for a long time. As we neared shore I had time to examine the character of the scenery of the western coast, as one object after another was unfolded, and the mass of green and blue resolved itself into wooded hills, narrow valleys and misty mountain tops that reached the clouds. A planter's house gleamed white in a valley; a pebbly beach stretched between high bluffs, with a grove of cocoa palms half hiding a village of rude cabins along its border.

I was approaching an island of historic interest and scenic beauty, of which the events of one and the elements of the other are little known to the world at large. It is the first island upon which Columbus landed on his second voyage. Having been first seen on Sunday, it was called by him Dominica, and this event dates from the 3d of November, 1493. Blessed Isle of the Sabbath Day! Many changes hast thou known since the great Navigator first saw thy blue mountains and landed upon thy fragrant strand.

Does it not read like a fairy tale, this second voyage of Columbus? With three ships and fourteen caravels, containing, 1,500 persons, he set sail from Cadiz, touched at the Canary Isles, and then shaped his course for the islands of the Caribs—of whose prowess and fierce nature he had heard many stories from the mild people of Hispaniola. "At the dawn of day, Nov. 3, a lofty island was descried to the west, to which he gave the name of Dominica, from having discovered it on Sunday. As the ships moved gently onward, other islands rose to sight, one after another, covered with forests and enlivened by flights of parrots and other tropical birds, while the whole air was sweetened by the fragrance of the breezes which passed over them. They were a part of that beautiful cluster of islands called the Lesser Antilles, which sweep almost in a semi-circle from the eastern end of Porto Rico to the coast of Para, on the Southern Continent, forming a kind of barrier between the main ocean and the Caribbean Sea."

Dominica is but thirty miles in length by eleven in breadth, yet presents a greater surface and more obstacles to travel to the square mile than any island of similar size in the West Indies. Well did Columbus illustrate its crumpled and uneven surface when, in answer to his Queen's inquiry to its appearance, he crushed a sheet of paper in his hand and threw it upon the table.

In no other way could he better convey an idea of the furrowed hills and mountains, deeply cut and rent into ravines and hollowed into valleys.

"To my mind," says Anthony Trollope, "Dominica, as seen from the sea, is by far the most picturesque of all these islands. Indeed, it would be hard to beat it either in color or grouping. It fills one with an ardent desire to be off and rambling among these mountains—as if one could ramble through such wild bush country, or ramble at all with the thermometer at 85 deg. But when one has only to think of such things, without any idea of doing them, neither the bushes nor the thermometer are considered." In this, as in all his sketches, Mr. Trollope is right so far as he goes; but he does not go far enough. "Filled with an ardent desire," he should have given those woods and mountains the months of camp life that I did; then would the world be richer in pictures of forest life and mountain scenery than my poor pen so feebly tries to portray.

And of Roseau, the principal town in which I land, the same author speaks disparagingly. "It is impossible to conceive a more distressing sight. Every house is in a state of decadence. There are no shops that can properly be called so; the people wander about chattering, idle and listless. The streets are covered with rank grass."

Alas! poor Anthony Trollope. Alas! poor Roseau. Didst thou not consider, oh, Anthony, the many times this poor town has been sacked and burned? that it has passed from French to English; from English to French; and just as it began to recover from the evil rule of war it was again prostrated by the flood of blacks let loose by the emancipation? Didst thou think to describe the features of a place in an hour's stay?

The island has, unfortunately, few white residents, and, to many, this lovely isle is fast approaching Hayti in the blackness of its population; but oh, Anthony, if you had but met some of those few white men!

In the language of your western cousin, Anthony, they are white. Had you but tarried among them but a little while you would have reversed your verdict upon the people. The people of a place, Anthony, are not represented truly by the scum that settles in the market-place and wanders about the streets. Had you strayed into one of those unprepossessing shops you would have found it crowded with the wares of England, "Old England," of which you are proud to be called a son, as am I to be known as one of its grandchildren.

Those white people, those people so few in number that it almost makes the heart bleed to think of it, they and their virtues shine forth from the cloud that envelops them like a light in a dark place. Did they not take you, as they did me, by the hand, and did they not say to you as they said to me, "Come to my house and make it your home?" If they did not, it was only because you didn't give them time to do so.

A WEST INDIA TOWN.

At five o'clock the gun in the fort sets off the bell in the cathedral spire. It is an hour before daylight, good, and even at six the mists of the valleys cover all, even to the mountain-tops. The sun climbs steadily, though it is eight o'clock before he has shown his face to Roseau, and darts over the mountain tops to windward his scorching rays. It is interesting to watch the changes that come over the mountain sides and valleys as the sun dissipates the morning mists. The Lake Mountain, 4,000 feet in height, towers black against the sky; five miles it is from town, yet seems so close as to overshadow it. Its head is veiled more than half the time in mist. Stretching away north and south is a long line of hills, an isolated peak jutting up at intervals. Their summits are blue and purple in the distance. Within this line is a cordon of hills, with valleys deep and dark behind, half encircling the town. These hills are broken and ragged, seamed and furrowed and scarred, yet are covered with a vegetation luxuriant, of every shade of green; purple of mango and cacao; golden of cane and lime, orange and citron. Palms crown their ridges, cultivated grounds infrequently gleam golden brown on their slopes, and dense clouds come pouring over their crests from the Atlantic. North and south this bulwark of hills ends in huge cliffs plunged into the sea. Roseau is seated at the mouth of a valley formed by a river. From the centre of this valley is shot up a hill—a mountain it is called here—Morne Bruce.

From its smoothly-turfed crown the view of town and sea is superb, especially at sunset, when the sun sinks beyond the Caribbean Sea, and the cool evening breeze plays through the trees, La Morne becomes an attractive spot. From it we look upon the town; many palm trees, few houses, a rushing, roaring river that meets the sea in a surf line like a northern snowdrift; a picturesque fort, the jail, the Government House, and the Catholic Cathedral—a building of stone, with arched windows and doorways, short, though shapely spire, with a palm tall and slender, a priceless gem, to lend grace and beauty; westward, beyond the shore line, the Caribbean Sea, its bosom, which glowed so fiercely in the sunlight, now cool and inviting in its stillness.

Looking eastward one can see far into the Roseau Valley, to the wall of mountains from which dashes out a great waterfall, divided to a mere silver thread in the distance. The Roseau River emerges into a plain beneath, a valley filled with cane, containing in its centre a planter's house and buildings, palm-surrounded, and the river—dashing over its rocky bed with a roar that reaches our ears even at this height of several hundred feet—runs at the foot of a high white cliff across another plantation into the sea, peaceful enough at the end. The streets of Roseau are straight, paved with rough stone, and they never echo to the sound of wheels. They cross at right angles and dwindle down to three bridge-paths leading out of the town, one north and one south, along the coast, and one, narrow and tortuous, over the mountains to the eastward. Most of the houses are one-storied boxes of wood, with bonnet roofs, 16 by 20 feet; many in a state of decay, with tattered sides, bald spaces without shingles, and dragging doors and shutters. Every street, however, is highly picturesque with this rough architecture, (and cocoa palms lining and terminating the vistas. The town is green with fruit trees, and over broken roofs and garden walls of roughest masonry hang many strange fruits. Conspicuous are the mango, orange, lime, pawpaw, plantain, banana and tamarind. Over all tower the cocoa palms, their long leaves quivering, their dense clusters of gold-green nuts drooping with their weight.

From the mountains, from the "Sweet River," comes the purest of water, led in pipes through all the streets, and gushing out in never-ceasing flow from the sea wall on the shore. The market, near the south-end of the town, a small square surrounded by stores, is the centre of attraction on Saturdays, when it is densely packed with country people, black and yellow, who come, some of them, from points a dozen miles distant, each with his bunch of plantains, ayam or tray of bread-fruit. All are chattering, so that there is a very babel of sounds. Little stalls, temporarily erected, contain most villainous salt fish for sale, ancient and vile smelling, and every few feet is a table, presided over by a contented wench, who has for sale cakes and sweets of her own manufacture.

Near the market is the fort, a low stone structure, pierced with loopholes, commanding from its high bluff the roadstead, in which, save the trading vessels and the weekly

eleanser, there are seldom few craft besides the sugar vessels. Near the fort is the English church, with a clock in its face, and four magnificent palanquies to guard its entrance. Adjoining is the Government house in a garden of flowers, and near, the Court House, of stone, yellow and low. Opposite, on a bluff overlooking the sea, is the public garden, neatly inclosed, tastefully ornamented ; a few large trees, many roses, humming-birds, butterflies, and a grand view of the sea, or mountain towering south, and a circle of shore stretching away down, terminating in the headland of Scot's Head—an interesting rock, with a beacon and the ruins of a fort. The road leads by a broad green *savanna*, near which is a ruinous cemetery, down between long rows of lowly cabins, its bed green and grassy, within a stone's throw of the surf on the pebbly beach.

This was Roscau, which I left one March morning for the mountains. Early came the women, who were sent by a kind friend to carry my luggage - heavy boxes and bales they had engaged to carry to the mountains for me on their heads. It was all the way ascending, but they faithfully performed their duties, nor once complained. Astride an island colt, the loan of another friend, and accompanied by still another friend, whom I knew not a few days before, I left behind me the town, and set my face to the mountains.

Down the street, past the jail, across the river over an excellent bridge, under the cliffs of St. Aromaat, into the banana and citron groves that lie at the mountain's base; then up higher and higher, the path growing rocky and slippery, past the lovely valley of Shawford, where the house of my friend Stedman, built upon a small plateau, surrounded by hills, embowered in limes and plantains, overlooks a tropical garden. A mile above, we enter a deep ravine, where I see the first perfect tree ferns on the trail; the gorge is filled with them, and the banks along the path covered with smaller ones, infinitely beautiful. Here I first heard the melody of the "solitaire." Long since the air of the town, hot and parching, has given place to cool and delicious breezes. We go out under the shade of trees, passing many a trickling stream, until nearly on an elevation of 2,000 feet is reached, when we hear voices, and suddenly come upon a party of mountaineers (half Carib, half negro), who present a very fierce appearance—naked to the waist, hatless and armed, each with his machette or "cutlass," over two feet in length. They salute us politely, however, and we pass on until near the "high woods," when we turn to the right and dive down a narrow trail under large trees, and reach, finally, a narrow gate of bars in a tall hedge of oleander.

Descending rapidly from the forest was an open slope of a hundred acres, perhaps, sloping westward, green and smooth as a lawn of Guinea-grass could make it. Over this were scattered volcanic rocks and clumps of trees. This slope terminated abruptly in a cliff so steep that the people living here could not descend except by a long detour. Over this cliff fell the waterfall we saw coming up. Deep ravines came at intervals, all tending toward the valley wall, and on all sides but this are nothing but forest and hills. From one of the mountaintains I secured a cabin, one of the seven comprising this little hamlet, and before nightfall had comfortably established myself. My companion then left me alone to what proved but the first of many camps in tropic forests.

GAME PROTECTION

DINNERS AND THE GAME LAWS.—A full stomach, makes a willing ear. It is wise, therefore, to argue with men who have been well feasted. The merchant makes his bargain over the table-cloth; the Alderman secures his Aldermanic feasts only after having feasted his constituents; the young lords with much eloquence, it is true, but the ice cream counts more than all his fine language. Annual dinners are time-honored and necessary adjuncts of all social, political, literary, religious and benevolent societies. Game protective associations follow the custom, and a yearly feast of good things excites a very commendable degree of transient enthusiasm in the cause. We have heard of game associations (their headquarters are nearer than at the North Pole), whose whole energy was given to these annual festivities with such gusto that there was really very little left for any of the other minor interests of the cause—such as securing the enactment of proper protective legislation, the introduction and protection of new game birds and fish, and the conviction of offenders against the game laws. There can be no possible objection to a social gathering of sportsmen, but to invest such an occasion with the assumed importance and dignity of what is, in fact, a cause worthy of earnest and determined effort, strikes the disinterested observer as something of a farce. Sportsmen's associations, whose active labor does not go beyond their annual dinners and speeches, accomplish very little in any other way. Eating is not protecting.

NEW YORK STATE ASSOCIATION.—The New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will hold its twenty-first annual convention in Rochester, May, 1879, under the auspices of the Monroe County Sportsmen's Club. The prize list is now open for contributions from sportsmen and dealers in sportsmen's goods. The prize committee has been appointed, and may be addressed through Mr. Edmund Redmond, Rochester, N. Y.

MESSINA QUAIL IN PENNSYLVANIA.—Mr. A. F. Clapp, of the *Sinburg American*, announces the receipt of a migratory quail which was shot at Trevorton, Pa., in the first part of December. The bird was evidently a straggler from the broods

set at liberty by the Pottsville Game Club last spring, and was, when shot, with a covey of our common quail.

VERMONT GAME LAWS.—By an act of our last Legislature the close season for woodcock is extended to Sept. 1, which is a very good thing for the woodcock, as hardly any are to be found here, except perhaps in the southern part of the State, after the middle of August. The top notch of absurd legislation was reached by prohibiting the use of dogs in hunting ruffed grouse! It seems a little strange that our State Association for the Protection of Game and Fish did not prevent the passage of such a silly law. It is a little more common for commercial men who could if they would strain the legislation on such matters. Now, I understand, "it will express its disapproval" of some of the fish and game laws just passed!

J. E. R.

WILD FOWL IN BARNEAT.—*Editor Forest and Stream:*—I have read the article in last week's issue in regard to what keeps the wild fowl away from our waters. With all due respect for Oscar B. Smith, and approving of some of his suggestions as to the scarcity of fowl, yet I must beg to differ with him as to the cause of the non-appearance of brant here this season. After considering very some of our oldest gunners, I find that at least eighteen years ago there was just such a scarcity of brant, only three known to have been killed. They (the gunners) have been letting drive at large bunches of brant at 100 yards from time immemorial, and killing them at that; yet for the past ten years, I cannot see any perceptible decrease of that species. Some years they are scarce, and some years they are very numerous. I am inclined to date twenty brant have been killed, and not more than one dozen bunches made their appearance. Yet we attribute to some other cause than shooting at them at 100 yards. We cannot see how it will frighten them any more at that distance, and knocking a few, than it would at close quarters and demolishing two-thirds of the flock. As for the cause of the scarcity of fowl, I am right, but from one of our sportsmen, I learn that immense numbers of brant have been seen from five to ten miles at sea on their southern tour.

J. W. KINSEY.

The Rifle.

MILITARY PRACTICE IN 1878.

General G. W. Wingate makes a very complete report for 1878 of the doings of the Department of Rifle Practice in the State of New York, and it is interesting as well to Guardsmen in this State as to members of the Militia in other States and throughout the ranks of riflemen. New York is not only the pioneer State in the matter of military rifle practice, but in the completeness of its appointments, and in the extent of its facilities for ball practice before the butts it is far in advance of any other State. There was a time when in long-range practice with small-bores New York was also in the lead, but that period appears to have gone by, and the superiority now exists in the department of military practice only. For 1878 General Wingate finds "that the progress that has been attained in this branch of instruction during that period has been more satisfactory than anything that has been accomplished in any previous year." And this improvement is not alone in an actual increase of marksmen, but in the general careful and systematic manner in which the schedule of practice has been carried out. It has been found a good policy to encourage the establishment of many small ranges, easily accessible to the men, rather than the opening of a few large and elaborately appointed places of shooting.

By this means men are encouraged to take a few hours now and then, and put in a few shots when they would not find it possible to leave business for a whole day. From 1873 to 1875 Creedmore was the only range in the State, now there are thirty official ranges used by the National Guard as follows: Creedmore, Elmville, Kingston, Albion, Erie, Malone, Whitehall, Port Henry, Glens Falls, Syracuse, Oswego, Utica, Watertown, Auburn, Moravia, Oneonta, Binghamton, Rochester, Elmira, Buffalo, Westfield, Warsaw, Ellicottville, Batavia, Lockport and Jamestown, and several new ones are now in process of clearing up and preparing for use. Many of these ranges are of limited pretensions, while a few are able to accommodate a large force of shooters and are put in use for Division and other large matches. The State is thus a vast free range, and the State militia stand-point, and does nothing to aid long-range practice. Each of the State ranges are described in detail from notes taken by Gen. Wingate and his assistants during their tours of inspection.

The change in the manner of recording and reporting the work of the troop is commended as a great improvement over the old and complex way of working out the regimental figure of merit. Each organization is now divided into four classes. Each man starts in the fourth-class at the opening of each season. As soon as he shoots a deer he may make a third-class man, and if he scores he may make, he having necessarily learned more about loading and firing his rifle than men who have never visited a range for practice. The other classes are the same as last year, the third-class shooting at 100 and 150 yards (standing), the second-class at 300 yards (kneeling) and at 400 yards (lying), and the first at 300 yards (standing), and at 400 yards (lying). Each class must have a minimum of 25 points to qualify, and must make at least 25 points in the possible 50, in November of each year, and the "figure of merit" reached by allowing

For each man who has become a marksman.....	100
“ “ “ remaining in the 1st class.....	80
“ “ “ “ “ 2d “.....	80
“ “ “ “ “ 3d “.....	10
“ “ “ “ “ 4th “.....	0

These figures are aggregated and divided by the number on the muster rolls at the last annual inspection, and the result is the "figure of merit." During the past year reports were received from organizations numbering 17,628 men as against 17,628 on the rolls. The number of men who were given the number of marksman now entitled to wear the badge is 3,059 as against 2,126 in 1877, 918 in 1876 and 533 in 1875. It is noteworthy that the fourth-class men, those who never visit the ranges, number 8,049, or nearly half of the men enrolled. As light has participated with darkness, it is hardly surprising that the men who can readily call out their whole strength go to the top of the list and the full highest figures.

of merit are made by as many such companies as the Ninth Separate Company, practicing on the Whitehall Range, leading the list with 81.30 points per cent. 'The Forty-ninth' Regiment is the head of the regular regimental organizations, followed by the Twenty-third Regiment of Brooklyn and the Seventh of New York. The Fifth Separate Company foots the bill at 74.30 per cent. The companies are ranked on the company roll. It has been found that the bronze badge is highly valued by the National Guard, and the desire to possess it has induced many to learn to shoot who would not otherwise have done so. It is rare that a man who has once won the badge will not keep it, and many of the men go on to qualify on the first occasion almost invariably practice at their own expense until they can win it.

Gen. Wingate hits a vital point, and one which cannot be taken too closely to heart by militia officers anxious to show a good record, when he says: "The fundamental principle of our system of rifle practice is that accurate shooting is a matter of drill, which should be carried on in the armories during the drill season, the ranges being used to test the lessons previously taught." The report is very full on the subject of armory instruction and volley firing. This latter, as that which the National Guardsmen would probably use in case of civil disturbance, is valuable as tending to make the men steady and accustom them when in ranks to obey commands given by an officer in their rear, as they would have to do in service.

Camps of instruction are urged, and the question of how to best economize the time taken from business for rifle practice. During the year over 700,000 rounds of ball cartridge have been expended, and an annual allowance of sixty rounds per man and officer is recommended, or about 1,200,000 rounds for the total State Guard. The report closes with the full scores of the important military matches of the year, including the 100-yards, 200-yards, 300-yards, 400-yards, 500-yards, 600-yards, 700-yards, 800-yards, 900-yards, 1,000-yards, 1,200-yards, 1,400-yards, 1,600-yards, 1,800-yards, 2,000-yards, 2,200-yards, 2,400-yards, 2,600-yards, 2,800-yards, 3,000-yards, 3,200-yards, 3,400-yards, 3,600-yards, 3,800-yards, 4,000-yards, 4,200-yards, 4,400-yards, 4,600-yards, 4,800-yards, 5,000-yards, 5,200-yards, 5,400-yards, 5,600-yards, 5,800-yards, 6,000-yards, 6,200-yards, 6,400-yards, 6,600-yards, 6,800-yards, 7,000-yards, 7,200-yards, 7,400-yards, 7,600-yards, 7,800-yards, 8,000-yards, 8,200-yards, 8,400-yards, 8,600-yards, 8,800-yards, 9,000-yards, 9,200-yards, 9,400-yards, 9,600-yards, 9,800-yards, 10,000-yards, 10,200-yards, 10,400-yards, 10,600-yards, 10,800-yards, 11,000-yards, 11,200-yards, 11,400-yards, 11,600-yards, 11,800-yards, 12,000-yards, 12,200-yards, 12,400-yards, 12,600-yards, 12,800-yards, 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BIG SCORES.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

The fairness of your remarks in your issue of Nov. 25, on Mr. Partello's "big score," and on the desirability of keeping the degrading influence of betting as far aloof as possible from all rifle contests, will commend them, I am sure, to all your readers.

You are perfectly correct, also, in your statement that a match score ought to have precedence over a practice score of the same, or even a greater, number of points. But I cannot help thinking that you give a little more importance than it really deserves to Mr. Sumner's record on the first day of the so-called walk-over at Creedmoor, in classing it as a match score, thereby giving it the precedence over that of Mr. Partello.

In the first place, there was no match, in the sense that previous international contests have been matches—namely, as much as no competing team was actually present. It seems to me, therefore, that the conditions for making a great score were more than usually favorable on that occasion.

First, there was none of the excitement and trepidation incident to the great international matches hitherto shot on the same range.

Third, every member of each squad, especially the one in which Mr. Sumner shot, had the benefit of the experience, on matters pertaining to wind and elevation, of every other member, and of the coach besides. The members of this squad knew also from long practice together at "Walnut Hill," that each could rely implicitly on the honest judgment and watchful helpfulness of the other.

In short, it would be difficult to conceive of a practice score which could by any possibility be made under more favorable circumstances than the walk-over scores referred to.

I have no desire to underrate Mr. Sumner's score, by any means. It was a great score, and one that will not be equalled soon again. My object is to estimate it fairly, and at its true value. And in doing so, it seems to me unfair to class it among match scores in the same sense that Mr. Bruce and Mr. Blydenburg's scores would be classed in the great actual contest with the British team.

Indeed, in whatever light you view it, it seems evident that Mr. Sumner had more and better help from his surroundings in making 231 in the "walk-over" than Mr. Partello had in making his score of 234, with no one but a friend to coach him. Therefore, can we do otherwise than accord Mr. Partello's score, *de facto* and *de jure*, a higher rank than that of Mr. Sumner's. For the sameness I would consider Mr. Jackson's score of 230, made in an individual match, at Walnut Hill, Nov. 27, entitled to fully as much credit as Mr. Sumner's 231.

While speaking of Mr. Partello whom, by the way, I never saw), what remarkable scores he has made since assuming his new position and practicing a more approved method of loading!

Beginning with 224, his ten consecutive scores have been (as I learn from most reliable authority), as follows: 224, 214, 207, 214, 207, 217, 213, 218, 217, 213, making a total of 2,146, and an average of 214.6; or, taking the average of the best five, it is 218.

This is certainly a remarkable record for an amateur who had had very little previous practice, and it will bear comparison with that of any expert in the world.

There has been no parallel to such sudden and phenomenal excellence, except in the case of Mr. H. Jewell, of the American team, who, on assuming a more favorable position, astonished the ride world with some of the largest scores ever before known.

Dec. 17, 1878.

THE TEAM OF 1878.

COMMUNICATION READ TO THE AMERICAN TEAM AT THEIR MEETING, DEC. 17, 1878.

BOSTON, DEC. 12, 1878.

GENTLEMEN OF THE AMERICAN TEAM:
 We answered a call of the National Rifle Association to compete for places upon the American team, and shoot a walk-over for the Palma. We devoted our time and skill to sustain the dignity of that association, and are recognized as the American team of 1878. It has been the custom for the President of the N. R. A. to present the trophy to the captain of the team, and he (the captain) becomes the custodian of the trophy. It is with regret that I have to repeat to you that your captain does not know where the trophy is, as the customary presentation has been omitted.

I find that in the original conditions of the international long-range

ness of its fibres and their closeness one to another. Calcutta hollow bamboo, out of which all the best makers manufacture their rods, increases the density of its fibres and their closeness to each other from the centre to the circumference of the cane. Probably no wood does this in so great a degree, for, in less than one-third of an inch, what is almost pith becomes an enamel that often turns the edge of the best tool. Another peculiar feature of Calcutta bamboo is that one often finds several canes, equally strong and elastic and equally good for making rods, which vary much in density of structure. When I say much, I mean much in the eyes of a fine workman. The one thing useful in this matter is that these discrepancies must not happen in any two sections of the same rod. All the pieces used in any one rod must have a natural relation to each other in regard to comparative weight and elasticity. There must be a natural calibergency of all the sections. From this it follows that rods of the same calibre may be equally good in every respect and yet vary as much as seven per centum in weight. Possibly on the whole there is a slight percentage in favor of the quality of the heavier rods, or rather rods that weigh less than you expect them to ought to be scrutinized very carefully. A perfectly balanced rod will always seem lighter than rods of the same weight, that is not a natural calibergency but one who is used to handling fly-rods soon detects a lightness that is not due to delicate adjustment of proportions.

I said that section bamboo rods which weigh less than one expects them to weigh should be regarded with suspicion. Some manufacturers make the butts of their section bamboo either wholly or partly of cedar. This, of course, reduces the weight very materially, but I think it does so at the expense of perfect action. This is, in my opinion, no wood that works exactly right with bamboo. Another way of reducing the weight of section bamboo rods is by making them hollow, and still another by cutting off the hard part which is, of course, the part which should be most carefully preserved. To sum up in a few words, be extremely careful how you buy a very light section bamboo, and be still more careful whom you buy it from.

As regards to the weight of full s-lid metal reel-plates. The thickness of the metal is the main element, but of course the length and circumference have something to do with comparative weight. As a rule the circumference of the butt of a section bamboo rod is greater than that of a solid wood rod of the same calibre. Many think that this increased swell is made mainly for ornament; but besides adapting the rod to the hand, it helps to give that magnificent single action which every body in this country admires so much. The weight of the reel-plate, especially in single-handed rods, is by no means a disadvantage; in fact, it makes the rod seem lighter, because it balances the rod. I speak, of course, of those rods which have the reel below the casting hand. The close confirmation of the fact may be obtained by any one who will use an old-fashioned fly-rod, with the reel above the hand, for an hour, and then take up one made with the reel below. He will immediately perceive that the additional ounces really seem to deduct themselves from, instead of increasing, the weight of the rod.

The following is a tabulated statement of weights given me by Mr. Imbrie. They are, for the reasons which I hope I have made plain, only approximate:

Length of Rod.	Weight of Reel Plate.	Total Weight.
11 feet.....	1½ ounces.	9 ounces.
11½ feet.....	2.....	10.....
12 feet.....	2½.....	11.....
12½ feet.....	3.....	12.....
13 feet.....	3½.....	13.....
14 feet.....	4.....	14.....
15 feet.....	4½.....	15.....
16 feet.....	5.....	16.....
17 feet.....	5½.....	17.....
18 feet.....	6.....	18.....
19 feet.....	6½.....	19.....
20 feet.....	7.....	20.....

Pardon me for taking up so much of your space, but I must urge as my excuse that I believe that what so much interested me may prove equally interesting to some of your subscribers.

Yours most truly,
S.
[We feel greatly indebted to our correspondent for opening up this important subject in a logical and intelligent manner. The facts he gives, and his table of relative weights are not often found in the literature of angling and anglers' implements. We note with pleasure a progressive development in the art of rod-making, as in gun-making. A rod is no longer "a stick and string, with a fish at one end and a foot at the other."—ED. F. AND S.]

THE FISH MORTALITY IN THE GULF.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Dec. 26, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

In reply to your communication soliciting information regarding the mortality among the fish on the coast and ocean near the Keys, I can only say that from personal observation I have none to communicate. Through the public press I have noticed that fish have been dying in immense quantities for some time.

By some the mortality is attributed to the freshness of the water, as a consequence of the heavy rains of the past summer and autumn. In my opinion this explanation will not suffice, as the main outlets of Oceanoeber empty into the ocean north of Pavilion Key, and that sheephead, tarpon, channel bass and mullet visit and live in brookish and even fresh water. By some it has been attributed to volcanic action, and by others to the breaking forth of a subterranean stream, the waters of which are poisonous. One fact is positively known, and that is that fish in enormous quantities are dying over a large extent of the Gulf from the effects of something contained in the water—be that something deleterious gases, mineral substances held in solution, or fungi.

The fishing interest of Key West is an important one, for it supplies thousands with the means of subsistence, and the fish mortality should continue it will bring privation and suffering to many a family.

It appears to me that the existing mortality among the fish is a matter of scientific importance, and should be thoroughly investigated. I would suggest the advisability of the Revenue Department or the Smithsonian Institution sending a commissioner to investigate the cause of the mortality. The Government has a dispatch boat at Key West which could be spared for the purpose, and the expense would be trifling. As a matter of scientific interest, independent of its commercial importance, this subject demands investigation.

I remain yours truly,
C. I. KENWORTHY.
We warmly second Dr. Kenworthy's suggestion, and hope the Government will permit the use of facilities for investigation which it appears to have in readiness at Key West. We have already hinted that the use of fluorescein in those waters of Florida which empty into the Gulf might serve to indicate the origin of the boiling spring, whose discovery somewhere

off the Gulf Coast was announced two months ago. If such a volcanic spring exists, the poisoning of the water can easily be accounted for; though the remedy to prevent continued mortality of the fish is not so readily found. The locality of this boiling spring was given by the Key West Key of the Gulf, of November 6th, or thereabouts, as "along our bay coast from two to ten fathoms out." This is not very definite, but it is the most positive designation that we have seen. No authentic information seems to have been derived from any other source. The fishermen whose occupation has been cut short so suddenly should devote their leisure time to efforts to determine the locality of the obnoxious cause, wherever or whatever it is, and report at once to the revenue station at Key West, thereby seconding the efforts of the Government to remedy the evil. It will be a direct way of putting bread in the mouths of their now starving families. The polluting substance, whatever it may be, is evidently most subtle, for its influence is seen for a distance of 200 miles, dead fish covering the surface of the ocean wherever the eyes rest. One proof of its volcanic origin is that the water so polluted is of a "red brick color," at a distance of less than a mile from shore, while the interval of water along the land is natural in color and taste. Of its subaqueous origin there can be no doubt, but whether it has connection with waters in the interior of Florida by subterranean passages, or has a deeper and independent source and seat, is what we wish to know. The phenomenon in itself is not wonderful or incomprehensible, being only a reproduction of boiling springs in all parts of the globe, both in land and ocean. Off Matanzas there is an immense spring, not hot, but of clear, cold, pure water.

—See Bogardus' advertisement.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME IN SEASON FOR DECEMBER

Moose, *Alces malchis*.
Elk, *Cervus canadensis*.
Hares, brown and gray.
Wild turkey, *Meleagris gallopavo*.
Woodcock, *Fulica americana*.
Muffed grouse or pheasant, *Bonasa umbellus*.

Red or Va. deer, *C. virginianus*.
Squirrels, red, black and gray.
Quail or partridge, *Orizix virginiana*.
Capped grouse or prairie chicken.
An Eastern species of
Caribou, *Tarandus americanus*.

"Bay birds" generally, including various species of plover, sand piper, snipe, curlew, oyster-catcher, surf birds, phalaropes, avocets, etc., coming under the group *Limacina* or *Silene* birds.

20 In New York State December is a close month for deer. Deer shooting is permitted only during the months of September, October and November. Sale of venison is permitted until January 1, and not after.

NEW SPORTSMAN'S HOUSE IN FLORIDA.—Capt. Wingate, of the Cincinnati Rifle Team, has opened a house in the Gulf Hammock, seven miles from the Beaver Creek station on the Ferdinand and Cedar Keys R. R. The house is 40x60, two stories high, with accommodations for thirty guests.

CANADA.—Montreal, Dec. 20.—Since the shooting began I have hunted over a large portion of the Province of Quebec that lies south of the river St. Lawrence, and have bagged but little game. Small game has been very scarce in this vicinity. In many places where last year I killed full bags of ruffed grouse, this season my dogs some days would not flush but one or two birds, and they were almost invariably old flocks. The great majority of the woods were swamps and as I had kept the streams at flood-tide, which spoiled the gun in a great measure with snipe and ducks. There was, however, early in the season an invasion by bears and wolves on some of our border settlements, near Thurst, a small village on the Ottawa. Twenty-two bears have been killed, and five of this number were brought to grief within the village limits, and one of them was, in fact, laid low in the doorway of the only hotel of the place. The writer, while crossing the river there one night, nearly ran afoul of one; but Mr. Bruin made his escape in the darkness. As yet there are but few deer here in our markets, though one party claims to have shot twenty near one camp on Bear Brook, Ont. The ground is now covered with a few inches of snow—enough for still hunting—and we may expect to see some caribou brought in by some of our sportsmen soon. I have information that a yard of caribou are within a short ride by rail from this city.

NEW JERSEY.—Madison, Dec. 23.—The gunning this season has been better than at any time for ten years. Under the West Jersey Game Protective Society, all the five counties comprising West Jersey (New Jersey South and West), have been stocked with North Carolina quails, and last winter was a favorable one to the young birds. Judge Miller, Secretary of the Game Protective Society, spent two days here this month and bagged 107 quails, which we think is good shooting. The Judge is one of our brightest lawyers and a good shot. He tells me that he killed 65 quails last winter in one day at Cape May Court House, Cape May Co. The beach near Cape May abounds in rabbits. The best ground for ducks is near Leeds Point (mentioned in your paper of Dec. 5), where Jorty Looy will meet parties at Albemarle and show them some rare sport at geese and ducks.

Yours,
MATLACK.
PENNSYLVANIA.—Williamsport, Lycoming Co., Dec. 19.—The hunting season just closed has been a very uninteresting one in this locality. Ruffed grouse, our principal game bird, contrary to all expectations, were extremely scarce. Having had very little tracking snow, and running deer with hounds being unlawful and generally discontinued, comparatively few deer have been killed in the country. Our hunters generally are dissatisfied with the present law, as the season, ending Dec. 15 practically prevents tracking in this latitude. The law will doubtless be broken more or less, and the question arises, "Will the man who hunts two weeks after season by that time not become reckless and demoralized enough to hunt even later?" The most of us think it would be wise to restore the gunning time to Jan. 1, and rather take off two, or even four, weeks from the beginning of the season.

BOROLINE.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Charleston, Dec. 28.—Our sportsmen turned out en masse on Christmas Day, and several fine bags of woodcock, partridge and ducks were brought in. A large number of deer and turkey were also killed by different hunting parties from the city. Our party hunted about twenty miles from here, and on Christmas morning started ten deer in less than two hours' time, and although several shots were had, we succeeded in getting only a fine buck. Deer are more plentiful in some sections of this county this season than at any previous time since the war. During a recent freshet in the Santee Swamps, about forty miles from the city, a hunting party killed sixteen in one day's hunt. It is to be hoped that this wholesale slaughter will not be permitted again, or we shall soon be compelled to hunt rabbits for lack of larger game. During the recent critical illness of Gov. Hampton, an incident occurred which shows his intense fondness for hunting. It had been raining hard and continuously on the Friday preceding the day fixed for the amputation of his leg, and notwithstanding the depressing influence of the weather and the intense pain that he was suffering, he remarked to one of his friends present, "Well, as it has been raining so heavily all day, the deer will be driven out of the swamps, and it would be a famous day for hunting." We are happy to report the Governor's daily improvement, and trust that it will not be very long before he will again be able to indulge in that glorious sport of which he is so fond.

YESSOTS.

STRAINING AT GNATS.—It is rather remarkable that in such a sporting State as Tennessee there should be found persons narrow-minded enough to take the action below, yet such appears to be the case. In July last a number of gentlemen of Nashville, known as the Nashville Team, and comprised of members of the A. B. Fowler and Fowler and Fowler Clubs, accepted a challenge from a gun club in Murfreesboro to shoot them a match at glass balls. The match was shot, the Nashville team being defeated. Now the Sheriff of Rutherford County has served upon the gentlemen of Nashville notices of indictment before the criminal court at its next April session to answer to the charge of gaming. Our correspondent who gives these particulars says that he has made inquiries into the matter and finds that the sums did not gamble in the true sense of gambling; they shot for a sweepstakes, the proceeds of which were to defray expenses. If such interference on the part of the law continues it will naturally affect that class of sport out here. Glass ball shooting is quite an expensive amusement, and if sweepstakes are not allowed, so that a shooter might win a little from time to time, many of them would have to give up shooting.

J. D. H.

TENNESSEE.—Nashville, Dec. 26.—During Christmas week great quantities of game and fish were offered for sale by the different dealers in this city. In the market-house two bears were offered for sale besides a number of deer.

J. D. H.

GEORGIA.—Americus, Dec. 19.—Every year we take one big hunt—that is, turn out for a day to see how many birds we can kill. We do this only once a season, and then arrangements are made previously to prevent wasting birds. We took the hunt for this season on the 14th inst. and shot five dogs all on ground entirely new. To say we did poor shooting tells only the truth; poor as to quality, but for quantity rich in profusion. Sportsmen are said to be both punctual and truthful, and I must not go back on the profession. There was only one first-class shot among us, and he did worse than any. He was shooting Dittmar powder, and continued to do so, hopes and expectations were forced to attribute this as the cause. The first shot was a quail, the first trial of the powder. Perhaps his was not the right shot, or his shells were improperly loaded. We hope it was some such fault as this, and trust to succeed with it yet if we can get it to be quicker. It is too slow entirely. In watching my friend shoot I could absolutely see the shot strike the bird. Our greatest trouble has always been the smoke, the abundance of smoke spreading in a cloud before us just in time to obscure the birds both living and dead. In shooting ducks this evening, the atmosphere was light, and I was able to get in a second barrel a single time on account of the smoke. We bagged only 159 all told, every one quail, and every one honestly killed, for what lover of a good dog and fine gun would have a bird obtained otherwise? One thing that perhaps is peculiar to us is that we never shoot a hare. Experience has taught us that for true and handsome work by a dog in a country abundant in hares, the hare is the latter should never be shot, and consequently they soon will be pointed. Nothing is more provoking than to dismount to point and have scamper away from your approach "Molly cotton tail." It is a handsome shot, I admit, but my word for it, it spoils your dog.

SNOT.

MISSISSIPPI.—Corinth, Dec. 27.—Weather fearfully cold; two inches of snow on the ground. Have had part of one day in the field since my return from Nashville; made quite a fair bag of quail over my brace of pointers Kate and Maida. Have not been after ducks this winter; some reported in at this writing. Received a letter from Dr. Caldwell, of Texas, an immense pair of ears of a jackass rabbit run down with his pack of greyhounds. While showing the ears to some gentlemen in the street, a negro fellow saw them. "Great golly!" said he, "See dem yers—gwine rabbit hunting right off!"

GUYTON.

MONTANA.—Virginia City, Dec. 7.—Our hunting season is drawing to a close. It has been a prolific one, and many fine bags have been made. Geese and duck have mostly gone to their more southern winter quarters, but still there are a few to be found in the open marshes and streams. Chickens are very plentiful, but very wild and hard to approach; will not lie for food. I have just returned from a two days' shoot, bagging a fair bag of chickens and ducks topped off with three fine geese, very fat and weighing from twelve to fourteen pounds. I had fine sport at jack snipe for an hour or so one day this fall, killing 51 in the time. Something unusual in this country.

A. B. K.

SHELLS OF TWENTY GAUGE.—Editor Forest and Stream: I see in your issue of December 26, you say, "No shells of twenty gauge are made in this country." In this shell of twenty gauge are made in this country." In this shell of twenty gauge are made in this country." In this shell of twenty gauge are made in this country." In this shell of twenty gauge are made in this country.

Yours respectfully, HOOPER.
New York, Dec. 26. Winchester R. A. C.
RUST PREVENTER.—Schenectady, N. Y., Dec. 28.—In answer to the many inquiries which you have in reference to a rust preventer, allow me to state that in my opinion the most perfect one in existence is cosmoline. It can be obtained at any

JOHN A. NICHOLS,

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Total cash assets, as per Insurance Commissioner's report.....\$14,466,920 83
Total surplus as per Insurance Commissioner's report.....1,621,078 83
Benjamin F. Stevens, President.

J. M. Gibbens, Secretary

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This barrel can be placed in a gun ready for use in a second of time with the same ease as a cartridge, and can be removed just as expeditiously. There is no wear on the rifle barrel, nor on the shot-gun, and it cannot get out of order. With this Auxiliary Barrel, which weighs about one pound, almost instantly a breech-loading shot-gun can be converted into a most accurate rifle. The AUXILIARY BARREL will fit any standard make of gun of 10 or 12-calibre—calibre of rifle 32, 38, or 44, as desired. Length of barrel, twenty inches. The shells used with the best advantage are the Winchester Repeating Arms Co's cartridges, No. 32 and 38, extra long, and No. 44, model 1875. Send for a Circular and Price List.

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Their specialties this year are their BEAUTIFUL TREBLE WEDGE GUNS, Nos. 1 and 2, of which the above cut will give a tolerably fair idea. Every gun has fine Damascus or Laminated Steel Barrels, Rebounding Bar Locks, Pistol Grip, Extension Rib, Lever Forepart, and Treble Bolt. It is a new thing to be able to buy a fine breech-loader, with every possible appliance which can contribute to its beauty, convenience, or excellence in shooting, at the price of ordinary guns.

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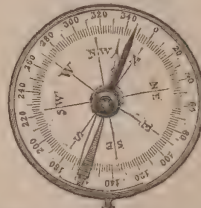
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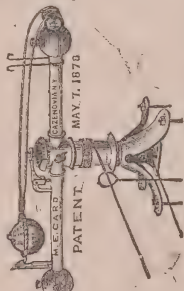
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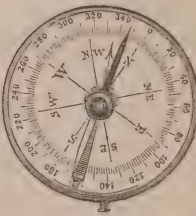


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FOREST AND STREAM ROD AND GUN

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THE GEORGES' BANKS CODFISHERY.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION,
Washington, D. C., Jan. 2, 1878.)

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

The Georges' banks are extensive shoals situated to the east of Cape Cod, of which they appear to be an extension, which for forty years have been a favorite locality for the codfishermen of Cape Ann. About 130 vessels from Gloucester habitually frequent this region, and the trips are not discontinued even in the winter time. Many vessels venture there in January and February for the purpose of meeting the large schools of winter fish which, at that time, come up on the shoals to spawn. The Georges' fishery is the most hazardous branch of codfishing, and other ports which are not, like Gloucester, forearmed against loss of property and life by a complete system of mutual insurance, are unable to take part in it. One of the chief dangers is that of collision between the schooners. The fish are very apt to congregate in certain localities and the fishing vessels then find it necessary to anchor together. In case of a storm some of them are almost sure to drag their anchors and to collide with their neighbors. When two vessels come in contact destruction to both is almost certain. Under ordinary circumstances it would be very easy for the other vessels to get out of the way of those which are drifting toward them, but this is impossible when, as is usually the case, the decks are covered with ice and the ropes and sails are frozen stiff. The following poem, by Captain Joseph W. Collins, for forty years skipper of a Gloucester schooner, portrays in a vivid manner the incidents and the dangers of a winter trip to Georges'. Captain Collins has been very successful in preserving the peculiar dialect of the Cape Ann fishermen, and the verses have the salty flavor of a Northeastern gale:

WINTER FISHING.

When winter's cold and cheerless storms
Have covered earth with snow,
Forth from our harbor's shelter
Our little vessels go.
Their snow-white sails and trim-built hulls
Soon dot the distant main;
Like seagulls now, but some, alas!
May not return again.

For Georges' bank these venturesome men
Their little vessels steer;
Their courage falls not when the lead
Warns them the shoals are near.
But sailing on, they anchor now,
Their fortune for to try;
The fleet are anchored all around,
And some are very nigh.

Like dancing stars the twinkling lights
Do now appear to sight.
The watch is set; the rest turn in;
It is a pleasant night.

"Give me an early call, my boys,"
The skipper he doth say;
"The morning watch will note the time,
And my commands obey."

The morning dawned; the watch calls out:
"You'd best on deck repair;
The day has broke; 't is fish are here,
For I have caught a pair."
On deck they hurry now,
No time is to be lost,
For moderate days are very rare
Upon our wintry coast.

With varying fortune each man tries
His best to make a trip.
They bait their hooks, heave out their lines,
And pull with steady grip.
Thus pass long days upon the sea,
The trip is nearly done,
When o'er the ocean and the sky
An ominous change has come.

The murky clouds and bright halo,
Now circling round the sun,
And screaming sea birds, soaring high,
Foretell a coming storm.
With practiced eye they note the signs,
But still the risk they run;
For fish they must have, while they bite,
Whatever else may come.

'Tis night again; the scene has changed;
The wind's a howling blast.
The snow falls thick and blinding now,
And ice is making fast.
All hands on deck now shivering stand,
A good look out is kept,
While breaking waves, with giant force,
Come sweeping o'er the deck.

Each man for safety grasps a rope,
Or to the rigging clings,
While high above the tempest's roar
The skipper's voice loud rings:
"A light ahead! There's one adrift!
She's right astwart our bow.
Keep cool, my boys. The cable cut,
Run up the foresail now."

One vigorous blow; the cable parts,
But cold has done its work.
The sail, with ice and snow congealed,
Is firm as any rock.
Nearer the other vessel comes;
No power on earth can save
If once they strike, then all is o'er—
The sea will be their grave.

With firm set lips, and bated breath,
They watch her through the gloom.
They've done their best; the sail won't start,
And each expects his doom.
But, see! The other heaves a sail,
And now she shoots ahead.
"Thank God! We've saved," they all exclaim;
For even hope had fled.

That danger past, 'twas not alone,
There are others yet to meet;
For right to leeward, not far off,
Lay several of the fleet.
To the foresail, now, they all do spring,
And work with eager haste,
To clear the sail; for moments now
Too precious are to waste.

With heavy clubs they pound the ice;
The blows fall thick and fast.
The sail is clear; they hoist it up;
She's under way at last.
They keep her off to clear the fleet,
And run awhile southeast.
While day, now breaking through the gloom,
Lights up the dreary waste.

With joyful exclamation
They hail the coming light,
And well they may, for unto them
It's been a fearful night.
But others worse than they have fared,
For some lie in the deep—
Leaving widows, mothers, sisters—all
In sorrow for to weep.

Meanwhile the wind, which was northeast,
Has hailed to north or west;
They heave her to; all but the watch
Turn in to get some rest.
Toward night the wind does moderate;
The snow has ceased to fall;
The sea goes down, while, fore and aft,
Is heard the skipper's call—

"All hands, ahoy! Our reefs shake out.
Our course once more we'll shape
For old Cape Ann, where anxious friends
Our coming now await."
Once more in safety they arrive;
Kind friends their hands do seize.
"Right welcome home!" they all exclaim.
"How fared you in the breeze?"

I leave them now, while round the fire
Each one relates the tale
To listening friends; now wild it was
O'er Georges in the gale.
The fortunes thus of one I've traced,
Endeavoring for to show
The hardships great those do endure
Who winter fishing go.

And this, though sad, is not the worst,
For these are safe on shore,
While many a noble vessel
Has sunk to rise no more.
In vain they strove; in vain they tried;
O'erwhelmed by many a wave,
They sink at last; all are lost—
The ocean is their grave.

That this is true, let those attest
That now have come to mourn
For husbands, sons and brothers dear,
That nevermore return.
May God in boundless mercy
Bind up each bleeding heart
That from their dearest loved ones
Have thus been forced to part.

At Sea, on board Schooner *Marion*, Aug. 22, 1878.

J. W. COLLINS.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

Moose and Cariboo Hunting in New Brunswick.

A FAVORITE pastime with English officers stationed in Canada is cariboo hunting, and in winter they endure many hardships on the march and in camp in pursuit of this noble game, frequently accompanied by their wives, who brave the discomforts of winter in the woods with a fortitude that may well be emulated by the ladies of the United States should they seek to rival "chaste Diana" and gain renown with gun or rod. In March 186-, N. and I arrived at the St. Louis Hotel (Quebec) where we fared sumptuously, and experienced much kindness from the Russells. After consulting "Bob" and laying in such supplies as were needed, we decided to go to Madawaska in New Brunswick to hunt for cariboo and moose. Traveling in Canada in winter is uncertain business. At St. Jean Chrysostom, a scattered French town on the Rivière du Loup R. R., we were snowed up, returning to Quebec the same night, having lost both time and patience. The following day, however, being still, the snow did not drift so badly, and we reached R. du Loup at evening, thence a night ride of 80 miles in a box sleigh brought us to Little Falls, Madawaska, where we found good accommodations at "Babin's." Little Falls is on the St. John's River, and boasts a hotel, store, and the remains of a block fort. On inquiring at Emerson's store for a suitable guide, we were advised to send for Albert, a French Canadian hunter and trapper, living nine miles up the Green River, a tributary of the St. Johns. The next day Albert presented himself and we arranged with him to act as guide, furnish sleds for our traps, etc., also to have his son Placide, a good hunter, accompany us, each at 80 cents per day. After a night in Albert's log cabin, which consisted of one room and a loft, the said room containing at night four boys, three girls, the old man and his wife, N. and myself, bed, loom, a cook stove, two dogs, and fleas *ad infinitum*, we were up and preparing for a tramp at an early hour. Our couch had been the floor of the cabin, stretched with our feet to the huge square stove. Our party left the clearing, taking the course of the Green River, and traveling on the ice, thus avoiding the deep snows of the forest. Albert and Placide each drew a light sled, while N. and myself burdened ourselves with snow-shoes, sticks and hunting pistols. At noon we had made nine miles with comparative ease, keeping on the river, except where open water, caused by the rapids, obliged us to take to the woods and cross short carries. Albert made frequent stops to inspect or gather up his steel traps set for beaver, otter, mink and sable. After a hasty lunch of white sausage, made of suet and flour, brought from home and a tin cup of hot tea, we renewed our march. Cariboo tracks were abundant, showing that the game had taken the river for the same reason as ourselves, viz., to avoid the deep snows in traveling, and signs were plenty, where they had approached the banks to browse on the moss pendant from the trees. Although we did not intend to hunt while on the march, the temptation to follow a fresh track was irresistible, and two of the party struck into the woods with the dog, a small black and white cur, whose appearance denoted anything but the hunter; however, Diamond proved himself a valuable assistant. The chase led N. and Placide about two miles from the river to the mountain whence they returned and joined us, without getting a shot or seeing the game. The old man who had gone further up the river soon returned and reported that having left the sled, with his gun strapped on it, he was coming down to us, when two cariboo appeared suddenly near him, and crossing the river disappeared in the forest. Later in the afternoon, as we were again on the march, being somewhat fatigued with the first tramp on snow-shoes, I was taking it easy, expecting to reach the camp before dark, when I heard a shot far away up river, and soon, to my great astonishment, a buck cariboo with splendid antlers, appeared coming round a point, and directly toward me, followed closely by the dog. With an awkward pacing gait he kept on until within about 200 yards, when seeing me he stopped, and tossing his head, stood staring at what was probably a new apparition to him. However, nothing daunted, he advanced slowly toward me, evidently intending to run the gauntlet in preference to taking to the deep snow of the woods. Unfortunately, my only weapon at hand was a large-sized cartridge pistol, with which I gave him two shots as he passed down the river, which only seemed to quicken his pace before he disappeared in the woods. Albert and Placide soon appeared coming down and seemed to take it as a good joke, that the buck had surprised them, and ran by so safely. Placide had hurriedly seized his gun from the sled, and fired at long range without effect. N., more lucky, had struck the game with a ball from his long hunting pistol. While

had peppered away without doing serious injury, traces of blood showed that he was hit by N.'s first shot, especially when he had stood for a moment gazing at me, and hesitating whether he should attempt to pass. It being nearly dark, and camp to be made, we followed the stream several miles until we reached a deserted lumber camp on the bank where a few minutes shovelling with our snow-shoes cleared a space inside for beds, and a rousing fire made all comfortable for the night. While regretting being taken off our guard by the buck, we decided to rest here, waiting for the following day. The morning broke bright, clear and cold, a splendid hunting day, the crisp snow glistening in the sun, while the smoke of the camp fire ascended in a straight column to the tops of the stately spruce and pine trees. Camp duties were soon done, and snow-shoes strapped on. I found my feet somewhat chafed by yesterday's march, and leg muscles stiff and lame. Snow-shooting for pleasure in clubs is very different from a day's march or hunt, waiting for a wide day in deep snow; then the things will chafe and the ankles get so that a few severe wrenches while pushing through thickets of spruce and undergrowth, climbing over fallen trees or sliding down steep banks. The usual protection for the feet is the Indian moccasin, over two pairs of thick woolen socks; but whatever is worn must be pliable. I have used the moose shanks stripped from the hind leg with the hair on, but found them too lacy, as they were, for the most comfortable thing I found to be moccasins, extemporized by cutting down a pair of ordinary rubber boots and removing the heels, these are sufficiently pliable, keep the feet dry, and are a perfect protection against the constant wear of the snow-shoe treads.

The following morning we left camp, and taking only our guns and a day's rations we followed the river on the ice down to the scene of yesterday's adventure with the buck and moose.

Placide, Albert and N. took the track of the wounded animal and followed into the forest, while I stationed myself on the bank for a chance shot in case the game sought to escape by taking to the ice. But although the track gave evidence that the buck was badly wounded he still had sufficient vitality to distance his pursuers although the snow was fully six feet deep. The caribou gets over deep snow which would impede a moose or a deer, and he goes with great ease. Owing to the great spread of his hoofs and to the placing the hind shanks horizontally on the snow he makes astonishing progress, sinking only a few inches where other animals wallow painfully. By this means the buck was able to escape and the hunters gave up the chase after a long and wearisome tramp, and returned to the river and then to camp. The hide of the caribou is covered with thick, short and wavy hair, except around the eyes, where the hair is long and coarse; in color it is patchy on the flanks, white and brown, changing to grayish white under the neck and belly.

The antlers are fine and beautifully curved. It is very rare to find both brow antlers perfectly developed. By comparison the antlers are finer than those of the European reindeer, an animal which it very much resembles, and the flesh sweet and juicy, with more flavor than venison and without the sticky toughness of a moose. The moose is a source of delicate stews, juicy steaks and toothsome marrow bones, in place of our luscious meagre fare of salt pork and hard bread, were doomed to be postponed for the present.

The caribou of Northern Maine, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia seems to be identical with the reindeer of Lapland, where it is almost invaluable to the natives, not only in traveling, but in furnishing the means of subsistence. It yet remains for some enterprising hunter to send the first horses of America by appearing in the Central Park with a four-in-hand harness, a sledge decorated with wolf, moose and caribou robes.

For four days, during which we lived in a deserted lumber camp, the rain fell persistently. Hunting in such weather is out of the question; snow-shoes sink deep in the yielding snow and lose their elasticity, and, becoming clogged with snow, make traveling in the woods laborious and fatiguing. Nevertheless, N. and Placide made short rambles into the woods in search of signs of a moose yard ravages, in the Canadian French, showing where the game had browsed during the winter on spruce or moose-wood branches, breaking the limbs and stripping off the buds for food. Meanwhile Albert and I supplied the camp with firewood, caught trout through the ice in the Green River with a few rods of camp, or shot partridges and white rabbits, such were abundant. As the weather became cold, the sky cleared, and the snow, by freezing, became so stiff as to bear the weight of a man without snow-shoes. Taking only our guns, snow-shoes and a day's rations, with a sled and ax, we left the camp one bright morning, and in single file started into the woods, leaving the river and ascending to the high ground. Whether we knew of the existence of a moose yard or not, before noon the dog Diamond showed by his uneasiness and occasional sniffing in certain directions that we were near the game. Advancing with great caution, we followed the lead of our sagacious dog, peering right and left through the dense spruce thickets for a glimpse of a moose. At first the only signs were those made months before by the moose in browsing on the low shrubs, then a faint depression in the snow showed where he had stood, or indicated the form of a bed was visible beneath some large spruce tree; the tracks became more distinct as we neared the yard. Many have an idea that a moose-yard is beaten down like a pen, but none that I have seen have that appearance. There are deep holes in the snow where the heavy animals sink, in traveling, to the belly, and furrows plowed through by wallowing. Soon the barking of the dog was heard, and darting forward saw two large black objects fast disappearing through the thick spruce. The snow was trampled and discolored by the moose, as usual when fresh started. Now comes the chase! plunging, tripping, catching snow-shoes in twigs, falling and wrenching of ankles, up and on again. The hunting party is scattered here and there, as each takes his own course. A momentary glimpse is all that one may have before the great moose speeds away through the forest to be seen no more; but a quick hand with the rifle can send a bullet into the plunging brute, if no envious twig or treacherous bole stops the hunter in his haste and brings him headlong in the snow, where he buries his rifle arm deep and twists his snow-shoe things till he cries out with agony.

It is generally supposed that to catch a moose in the snow is an easy matter. This may be so in some cases, but usually the moose gives the hunters a long chase, in which all one's muscles persevere until the animal is nearly exhausted, before the game is run down and receives his death shot. Unless there is a depth of from six to eight feet of snow, a moose is rarely caught by running. With less snow still hunting must be resorted to, which to me is the most sportsmanlike and ex-

citing method of hunting any game, and requires the greatest skill, caution and patience if one would shoot a moose by still hunting within a few rods of the thicket where I knew them to be standing, they have started and crashed away through the spruces without a chance of my seeing them, and at such a pace as made pursuit useless. But besides the patience required in still hunting, the exposure of night damps in the snow, wet clothing and the fatiguing tramps through the forests, make it the most difficult and hazardous of sporting, but one that well repays the hunter who is willing to endure so much for the shot of the largest and most wary of American game animals—the moose.

The term moose-yard, however it originated, has given an erroneous impression to those who have never hunted this animal in winter. A yard conveys the idea of something fenced in, and in quite recent accounts the preposterous story is still repeated that moose are accustomed to trample down the snow over a large area quite smooth and level, within the walls of which they can move and feed unmolested. Having invaded a score of so-called moose-yards in deep snow, I have yet to see more than a single track made by one moose, but used, perhaps, by several, as they move here and there from tree to tree, breaking down or ravaging, as the Canadian hunters term it, the limbs and twigs on which they browse. The flavor of the spruce on which they feed impregnates the flesh, and the smooth coat has a mass of green pulverized spruce which gives it a greenish color.

But to return to the chase. I soon found myself gaining on the huge animal and expecting every moment to get a shot; but still, in spite of the deep snow, he made good progress, though often floundering badly.

As this is a straight-away chase, a side shot is impossible, so, trusting to luck, I pitched up my rifle and aimed at the exposed flank. Still on he goes, but blood in the snow shows that the bullet has gone home; still on, now concealed by the low spruce or thickets of spruce, the huge animal is straining every nerve, but in vain. He is evidently losing strength, and must soon yield.

It is no easy matter to overtake a wounded moose. Snow-shoes are invariably treacherous, and doubly so when following moose tracks, into which they have a most aggravating habit of sliding, accompanied with severe wrenching of ankles, and occasional plunges into holes, still on, now concealed by the low spruce or thickets of spruce, the huge animal is straining every nerve, but in vain. He is evidently losing strength, and must soon yield.

Meanwhile N. had taken the track of another moose, which, after a long chase, he overtook and killed with his twelve-inch hunting pistol. This was a young bull, and still carried horns, one short one and the stump of another which had been broken off.

Having now secured the moose meat, hides and heads, the day was nearly spent and the question of making a camp was considered.

Old Albert announced that we were too far from the river camp to think of reaching it before dark; besides, we should require all the following day to haul our game out to the river; so, selecting a site well protected by spruce and pine timber, we soon cleared a space in the snow—using our snow-shoes as shovels—large enough to allow four persons lying side by side. The bottom and sides of the camp were then lined with spruce twigs, and a fire built at the end, toward which we turned our feet; then, after a hearty meal of moose meat broiled on sticks and fried moose liver, with a pull at a flask of Dominion whisky, we were glad to seek rest after a fatiguing day.

To say that one is comfortable lying in a snow hole on branches, with wet feet, eyes inflamed with smoke, a chilled spine, feet chafed by snow-shoeing, and aching bones, would be far from the truth; but we slept and wakened at intervals, and although the fire had died out under the snow, we rose refreshed and ready for the hardest day's work yet to come.

Any hunter who has helped to haul a moose out of the woods will admit that the work is beyond question the most laborious ever undertaken by hunters. A quarter of moose meat, weighing about 250 pounds, is placed on the hide and dragged over the snow, with many obstructions, accidents and delays, at a rate of perhaps one-half mile an hour, so that hauling one of the game is the hardest and most disagreeable duty, and explains the fact that so many hunters leave the greater part of the carcass in the woods to spoil, and take only the hide and the meat they want for present use.

It is to be hoped that the protection of this noble game will be thorough, and that the wardens will allow no violation of the provisions of the new laws in Moose and the Provinces. The laws have been wisely designed to allow the moose several years of comparative rest and an opportunity to rear their young in peace, and thereby preserve this noblest of American game for future generations of sportsmen. If this is not done their total extermination in the Eastern States and Canada is only a question of a few years, and our descendants will form their idea of live moose from the caricatures preserved in our museums of natural history.

With considerable trouble we saved all our game, and had the satisfaction of sharing with friends at home the trophies of our moose hunt in New Brunswick.

JOHN AYERT, Sec. Blooming Grove Park Ass'n.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun. DUCK SHOOTING ON THE CHOPTANK RIVER, MARYLAND.

ABOUT the first of March last I visited the Choptank River, expecting a grand time shooting ducks. I did not take my decoys with me on so long a trip, and found it impossible to obtain any in that section, and consequently found it rather tame sport. Although that was a failure, I had a good time generally, and was well entertained and cared for at a fine old mansion, beautifully located by this fine water. The weather was as warm as any May day up North. Having in contemplation a ducking excursion down the Potomac from Washington with a gentleman of that city, who would furnish all the decoys, etc., necessary for success if we should find any game in that section, I took the small, comfortable steamer at Cambridge, Md., for Baltimore at three o'clock p. m., landing there early the following morning.

About five miles away from on the Choptank River, I began to see ducks, and until dark they kept rising in immense flocks in front and on both sides of the steamer, only to soon settle down again near some point, close by, and then rise again of other ducks. It was a fine sight, and I did not hear a gun-shot on the trip. The points for decoy shooting that I passed were grand, and I could have had excellent sport if I had had my decoys and a house to put up at, as I could have left the steamer at any of the stopping places, which were frequent. The water is very shallow on the broad flats on both sides of the river, which is very wide here. Cambridge is the mouth of the Choptank Creek. We had to go up this narrow stream about seven miles to Easton, Md., after dark. Easton, I believe, is the terminus of the steamer's route from Baltimore. The country on either side of the Choptank River from Fredhaven Creek to Cambridge is thinly settled, and I learned that there was very little shooting done in this section. Gunners from Philadelphia and Baltimore go mostly to the Chesapeake for ducks and geese. I doubt if there is a brace-hander used by any of the residents in this vicinity, and I was surprised to find ducks so plentiful here, when most of the favorite resorts—Currituck and the St. Lawrence River and bays in Canada—were so poorly represented by the usual flights last fall and winter. I found the captain of this steamer very sociable, and capable of giving the best of information to any one intending visiting this locality as to where to go and also the best time for a good day or week's sport with ducks and geese. I was informed by a resident that the latter game were rather plenty just then in the small bays letting out from the river. The prices are very moderate in Easton and on the steamers, and fare good enough. The train leaving New York at twelve o'clock at night arrives at Easton, Md., at about three p. m. next day; and at Easton I saw, at very low prices, can be had to transport any party to any point on the Choptank River; a distance overland to Cambridge about twenty miles, and roads excellent in March, and I should judge at all seasons of the year. It would not be a difficult job to get all the information, as to where to stop and when to be on hand for the best of duck shooting in that section from the proprietor of the only hotel in Easton. I found him a perfect gentleman and willing to aid any stranger. A small duck boat could be secured and man also at Easton, and the trip of a season could be made with a few days' sport with ducks and geese on the route, and by that you would have your sport for I think there are few of them, and poor at that, in the vicinity of the best shooting.

There are any amount of good points here, and at no rental, I was informed; but you must go prepared to rough it and take plain fare, which will cost you only a trifle.

Duck shooting is uncertain sport at best. Any one that has been out with success of rods and breadbills at times has been fortunate and knew his customers well, for to-day the main flocks may be feeding several miles from where you saw them yesterday. Any change of direction of wind may send them to other localities to feed, but generally within a few miles you will find them congregated, when a good day's sport may be had with certainty.

I was in Canada in October last duck shooting, and, although I saw thousands of rods and breadbills at times every day on the wing or feeding, I could not get near them, do my best. The wind was from southeast, finally it shifted to northeast and blew a gale. The immense flocks were feeding just in front of the house I was stopping at and close to shore, and they had it all their own way, as not a gun was fired on that day, Sunday. I was restless, and finally took my setter to a short stretch of hard land close by and screened myself behind a few stones, where I kept my dog retrieving a ball which I threw along the shore. I did this about twenty minutes, and had an immense flock, covering more than an acre of water, close up to me, so that I could have slain them with a club as they stretched their long necks and looked so wild, almost at my feet. It was a trying time, I assure you. I quietly stole away and patiently waited till next morning. The wind had died away during the night, and after an hour's work nearly weary, when I kept my dog I only got one shot, and secured nine fine railheads. They took another favorable place to feed that day, and I had to hunt them up again. To learn their ways it requires considerable time and patience, also their favorite feeding places in every bay or river that one may visit.

LEATHER STOCKING.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun. LAKE INNISCANNING.

NOT enjoying my usual good health, owing to too close office confinement, I was obliged to take a holiday to recruit. An old school chum of mine, who is engaged in the lumber business on the upper Ottawa, invited me to accompany him up to Lake Inniscanning, the source of the Ottawa River, where he was taking out a square timber raft. I accepted the invitation, and left home on the 23d of September, and we reached our destination after six days' traveling. The first three were done by steam and the last three in our own boats, loaded with the men's kits and rowed, towed and portaged by the gay and light-hearted French Canadian shanty-men, who seem not to have a care in the world to shadow their jolly faces except a passing thought of wives or sweethearts left at home and whom they will not see for seven or eight months to come. The first few days after my arrival were employed in fitting up a thirty-foot river boat for the navigation of the lake, while my chum busied himself in planting the shanties for the winter's work. The lake is seventy-five miles long, with an average breadth of five miles, and, having plenty of time to do the trip, we started, short-handed, for the head of the lake, trusting to wind for locomotion. We did not reach the head until the third day, owing to contrary winds, but were fully recompensed for our long up trip by the abundance of geese and ducks we found there. At the head of the lake there is nine or ten miles of low marsh and rice beds, affording good feeding grounds for water-fowl, and this seems to be their favorite resting-place on their journey from the far northern waters to their southern winter quarters. The two or three hours from daylight each morning were spent at the wild geese, which would about that time mass themselves in V-shaped companies and start on their journey south, leaving behind them many companions of their previous day's flight to swell the number of our slain. Nine A. M. generally found us with ten or twelve brace each, and our stomachs

howling for breakfast, which we always had ready, having left a man in camp for that purpose.

After breakfast we smoked our pipes and loafed around camp for two or three hours; then, taking a bite, would for the remainder of the day harass the ducks which were not in such a hurry south as their larger brethren. For about a week each year this seems to be their favorite haunt, affording them rest and food on their journey southward. When not disturbed they stay a day or two, but as they are coming and going by independent flocks there are lots always, and, although driven away in the morning, others will come at night, and on quiet nights their incessant squawking are almost deafening. We spent four days after this fashion, and on the fourth morning, when the sun shined as brightly as ducks, when, a good north breeze rising, we packed up and started south, doing the seventy-five miles in eight hours. We gave our French Canadian some good feeds of game, dished up "a la Slaughter," which was a welcome relief to the monotony of salt pork.

After lounging around the shanty for a day or two I expressed a wish to have a shot at a moose, which I understood was plentiful in that vicinity. So the shanty boss engaged to pilot me to a small lake about seven miles inland and covering about twenty acres, where, he said, there were moose. So I shouldered my Ballard and followed the heels of my guide. We tramped around the lake for some time, but without success, although the shore was tracked like a cattle-yard. The lake at one point becomes quite narrow, and from the well-beaten path leading from the water we concluded it was a favorable place for them. So, at a short distance from here, we so started a ride camp and returned to the shanty. The next day I packed up my blankets and some provisions and started alone for my hunting-ground. I tramped around until dark with no success, when I rolled myself up in my blankets and went to sleep to dream of moose.

At the first peep of dawn I was on my feet and took up the most favorable position on the runway, thinking that if any were moving they would come my way, as it was a well-trodden runway and the running season had commenced.

After keeping quiet for about half an hour, I began to think that moose hunting wasn't what it is cracked up to be, when my ears were saluted with the sound of a tremendous splashing in the lake and at the narrows; so I made for that point as fast as I could quietly, and there, swimming straight for me, were three moose—an old cow leading, a young cow calf next, and an old bull bringing up the rear. I was about twenty paces from the leading cow, when I sent a ball through her head, leaving her splashing in the water with her death kicks. I had reloaded before the astonished calf thought of retreating, and it became an easy victim to my second shot. By the time I had again reloaded, the bull had reached the opposite side, about sixty paces off, and as he showed a good length of back in ascending the bank, I took a good aim and pulled, but seemingly without effect. I, however, had two moose that I was sure of, but I was wanting a pair of horns as trophies of my sport; so I went around the lake to see if the bull would grant me a second interview, and upon examining the tracks leading out of the water, I saw by the blood that my last shot had taken effect, and upon following the track for about half a mile I found him lying dead. The bull had entered midway down the bank, and passing through with a forward inclination, had touched a vital part. The horns were very large, being 6 ft. 8 in. at the widest and 4 ft. 10 in. at the tip.

My chum received news from home that imposed his immediate departure, and I was unable to have any more sport of this kind, of which I am sure there is abundance. We started down in a small bark canoe that was barely large enough to hold us and our valises, and which led me to think that the Yankee's description of a bark canoe was very appropriate, when he says: "They are made of a little bit of bark and a few pieces stuck together with gum, and when you get in you must have your hands and feet very close to the middle and be careful in passing your quilt from one cheek to the other."

I, however, arrived safely home, after spending the most enjoyable month of my existence.

OSHAWA.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

NOTES OF AN OLD-TIME TRAMP.

I AM not prepared to state off-hand what my grandmother's grandfather knew about fishing, but in looking over what he entitled "Journal of My Proceedings in My Excursion in the Country," I find here and there remarks which show that he was as fond of fishing as of fish, and I will quote one or two extracts from the worthy old gentleman's diary. He begins thus:

"July 20, 1763.—In the morning took my departure from Philadelphia. Breakfasted at Copeland's, in Chester, where I could not help remarking the luxury of the country—six or eight lubberly country laborers sitting down to tea and bread and butter."

What would the farm hands of to-day say about such luxury? Not a word said as to the toothsome pig or the stiff though warm-hearted fried potato. Mr. Benjamin Milfin seems to have been an early riser or he would hardly have thought of riding horseback from Philadelphia to Chester before breakfast. I do not intend to follow him on his journey, except to pick out an occasional sentence that may interest you. He no doubt knew how to ride, for he "bated at Grubb's and dined at Wilmington," "bated and refreshed at Newport," and from thence reached Oglestow, where he writes: "I thought to have pushed on to the head of Elk, but the sun being down, myself and horse fatigued, and being a stranger to the road, and Ogle telling me he still entertained travelers, concluded to lodge there, but could get neither punch nor wine, but good oats and hay for my horse, which made amends, as I took on it the most material affair in traveling to take good care of one's horse." There is traveling for you—neither punch nor wine! Think of that! Good oats and hay, though; take good care of your horse; "bate and refresh!" That refresh sounds comfortable. Fancy our worthy traveler spinning along in the limit of express. Wilmington—ten minutes for refreshment! So, we wish, glass of beer, and here is to smoking car. Where are we now? Back to the town! Our manuscript says Baltimore had one grist mill and another a-building, and contained about 150 houses, with thirty or forty going up. "It seems to increase very fast."

Let us get back to our journey. The journal says:

"27th.—Set off early, and breakfasted at Hollingsworth's, the head of Elk, could so because the tide comes no higher; a pleasant, cool, agreeable situation, the house but mean, but good entertainment. Here I fell in with Mr. Keyes, Clerk of the Court, who was cheerful and agreeable, and we walked me thither. Refreshed on our way at Curry's, the head of N. E., where we had a prospect of Charlestown; distance, about four miles. Here I understood that one Hank Rudolph put up about 400 lbs. of herrings last season, which he sold at twenty shillings a barrel, and expects to put up 500 lbs. next season. They say they are little inferior to mackerel, and fetch in the West Indies almost as much."

What our friends Pomeroy and Seneca know about the herring fishery at Charlestown. Our traveler, who reached this town—of which I will say a word, by the way, he seems to have formed a poor opinion—(at 11 A. M., says: "I set off from thence about 5 o'clock P. M., and arrived at Susquehanna a little before sunset; but seeing a fine dish of the largest old wives, and best that I ever eat, did not choose to pass by such a delicious repast, but made a hearty meal on them, with Indian Johnny cake. The people here call them sun perch, and catch what quantities they please in a very short time. But we were badly off for drink, the house affording nothing but rum, of which I ordered a bowl of toddy, but could not drink but very little." Crossing the Susquehanna after dark, he went two miles on, reaching the "Three Turns" about 8 P. M. "The house afforded wine, of which I had a lullaby, and went to bed." This constant reference to wine, or the want of it—for the ingenious narrator seems to have thought the water sufficiently taxed to support the "delicious" sun perch, without man's taking any of it—sounds odd nowadays; but that was much more of a wine drinking age than this. The rum hints at the West India trade. You would be amused at the descriptions of Baltimore town and Annapolis, but they have nothing to do with either the forest or the stream.

While at Annapolis, however, on his way home, Aug. 2, he went "with Jones Keane to view his printing office," and "took a walk in the garden, where, among other things, observed a tree, which he calls a catclaw tree, planted about ten years ago, and is now about nine inches thick, about twenty-five feet high, the leaves as large as the water beech, and grows in regular, beautiful order, much like the English elm." I wonder where Green's tree is now. It sounds to me more like an alantus tree. The method of leaving Annapolis may interest some of your boating readers.

Aug. 3.—Got up very early; had my horse bated and taken down to the dock, where the boatman was obliged to stay till one side of her was graved, and about 9 o'clock A. M. set off, the wind blowing hard at N. W. About two miles down the river the fore sheet tore away the bolt rope from the sail, which obliged us to come back, unbend and take it to a sailmaker's—perhaps for the best, as the wind was very high and a great sea would have run in crossing the bay, which might have endangered our lives in an open boat. About 3 P. M. set again on our way, and crossed the bar at Hutchinson, on Kent Island, but the wind being right down the bay, and our boat turning badly to windward, was till dusk before we could reach a ferry, three miles below, kept by one Capt. Thomas Kimmner, an old skipper of mine, where I took up my lodging. From Annapolis across the bay is computed about fourteen miles, four of which is the river to the entrance of the bay. The price of ferrage for man and horse is 12 s. There are several ferries, and the sheep boats on both sides, so that a traveler need not wait long at any time for a passage. We must remember this. Twelve and six will take a man and horse by boat from Annapolis to Kent Island. On the 4th, passing through "Queenstown, the county town of Queen Anne's, about half-past ten," our traveler says "there are about five or six dwelling houses in it, besides the prison and court-house, built, as appears by the date in the table end, in 1768. The only good dwelling-house is the tavern, which I did not go to, and a new and large building, brick." What sort of a place is Queen Anne's Court House now? Is the building of 1763 in existence yet? Only five or six dwellings besides the prison! Nice place that last, no doubt. Still, he prefers the tavern.

He got to Flowers', "said to be the best house on the road, at 4 P. M., and, seeing they had no hay, turned my horse out in the pasture, and had hardly got in the house before an impatient planter, who I saw I was not to go to, and a large building, brick." What sort of a place is Queen Anne's Court House now? Is the building of 1763 in existence yet? Only five or six dwellings besides the prison! Nice place that last, no doubt. Still, he prefers the tavern.

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7th.—A sudden fit having taken V. L. to go to Philadelphia, after breakfast borrowed T. Parkes' chair, and went with my tea to Little Creek Landing, and put it on board Lock's shallop. Here I came across a hawk's-bill turtle which I bought and likewise put on board of Lock. Having enjoyed his fish while traveling, it would not do to come home empty-handed to talk of these delightful messes, but tea and turtle must go by shallop to the city house. No express in these days. "To those who are fond of horseback travel the last day's record of the home journey will be interesting; and, by the way, let me here ask something: Why do not some of the many people who are always seeking new ways of amusing themselves, take to the old-fashioned horseback riding? I mean to take horse, saddle bags and gun, if the latter is wanted, and take a good long journey, enjoying the thing much in the same way as once a pedestrian excursion. I travel hundreds of miles each year, and am as much as ever very pleasant. Let us see how our little friend traveled and took care of his horse."

"14th.—Intending to rise very early" [he was at Jacquet's, formerly Witherspoon's, twenty-eight miles from Dover] "this morning, the moon shining bright mistook it for daylight. Arose and dressed, but after rousing the family and getting a light found was not two o'clock. Bated and set off three. Bated and refreshed seven miles from Jacquet's and breakfasted at the Red Lion, eight miles further; arrived at Christen about 10 A. M.; bated and refreshed, it being eleven miles from the Red Lion." This was doing very well for a quiet middle-aged traveler—twenty-six miles horseback by 10 A. M. "Set off at twelve, bated and refreshed at Grubb's and got to Chester about three; dined at Copeland's, and at five

set off. Bated and refreshed at Darby, and about nine o'clock" [did what I wish all readers of FOREST AND STREAM who fish, sail or ride may do] "arrived at my wished-for port, where, through mercy, I found my family well, myself enjoying a better state of health than when I set off." Let us hope we did not mar this by too much turtle. C. C. Philadelphia, Nov. 25, 1878.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.
THE OJAI VALLEY, CAL.

SOME six or more weeks ago my wanderings carried me into one of the prettiest little nooks in all California. The Ojai Valley—or valleys rather, for there are two of them—commences about a dozen miles directly east of San Buena Ventura, on the Pacific coast. It is of the lower valley that I wish to speak. It is about six miles long and two wide. Through it run two streams that never fall even in the driest season, while during the rains they are increased to two or three times the number. A portion of the valley, almost one mile wide by two in length, is almost as level as a floor, and is filled with grand old live and white oak trees, giving the appearance of some old and well-cared-for park. The whole valley is a Colorado park on a very small scale. On all sides rise the mountains like the sides of a Roman amphitheatre. With every hour's motion of the sun, with every passing cloud, these mountains have a different color, tone and shade. Sometimes they are covered with heavy, threatening storm clouds, and sometimes they are bathed in the most tender and delicate shades of green. But it is at sunset that they are most strikingly beautiful. While the whole west is filled with light, liquid, golden light, the mountains at the western end are in dark shade, but those at the eastern end are covered with a brilliant amethyst. Often have I watched the sunsets, and thought them unequalled by any I had seen elsewhere.

A true sportsman should be a lover of nature; but in this happy valley he is not confined to nature in her unadorned forms. Game abounds in plenty at the proper season. In the Ventura River some fine trout are caught. Unfortunately my visit was made just before the close of the season. When the water grows low, as it does by August, the fish retreat far up the streams to the shades of the narrow canyons to enjoy the cooler waters nearer their source. Owing to this fact I took but few fish. But the quails—the pretty, lively, active little quails—how they did abound! In the morning or evening they might be found in immense numbers almost anywhere along the base of the foothills, or at mid-day by the streams, to which they go with the utmost regularity. The middle of the day was usually so hot for walking, and so my friend D. (one of the best companions on a hunt or anywhere else that I have ever had the good fortune to meet) and myself used to go out about half-past three in the afternoon and return about half-past five with well-filled bags. One day we each had twenty; another day I had twenty-two and D. not quite so many. We had quail to our heart's content. Just as I was going away English spurge began to make their appearance on the lagunas. Rabbits were abundant enough.

I am not a good shot with a rifle, but had I followed myself a week more in the valley I would have tried my hand on deer. Just as I was packing up word came to me that the deer were beginning to come into the valley in considerable numbers. One young man killed two in one morning within two miles of where I stayed. As I drove away, "Nick," an Italian, a good hunter, called to me as I passed him on the road, "Oh, you make mistake; you got too soon; deer come plenty now." There is a hotel and a boarding-house in the little village of Nordhoff, about the middle of the valley, at either of which one will be comfortably entertained.

It was with a real reluctance that I packed my trunk, put up my gun and turned my face from the Ojai. Pleasant hunts with my good friend; pleasant social evenings and discussions with the hotel and other guests at McKie's boarding house, and a new measure of vigor to combine to give the valley a place among my happy remembrances. Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 23, 1878. C. B.

Fish Culture.

FISH BREEDING IN CANADA.—In his report on Fish Breeding in the Dominion of Canada, 1877, Mr. Samuel Wilmot, Esq., has prepared a very elaborate document which may well serve as a model of such reports. The particular character of the Canadian reports is found in the extended and circumstantial statistics gathered from every part of the broad field and so systematically arranged as to afford a clear and comprehensive exhibit of the condition of affairs. If the several reports of our own States do not show the work of the commissioners with the same exactness of figures, they are nevertheless scientifically valuable because of their discussion of the various fish cultural methods in use, the natural history of the subject and its scientific bearings.

The report now before us shows the work of the previous year to have been quite in advance of that of former years, both in plants and distributions. The total numbers of fry distributed in the spring of 1877, from the seven establishments of Bedford, Miramichi, Restigouche, Gaspe, Tadoussac, Sandwich and Newcastle, were: salmon, 5,451,000; speckled trout, 99,000; California salmon, 7,000; whitefish, 7,050,000; or a total of over 13,500,000. The eggs laid down in the fall of the same year were: Salmon, 6,004,000; salmon trout, 1,000,000; speckled trout, 150,000; California salmon, 40,000 whitefish, 23,500,000, or a total of 30,604,000.

The educational value of the report is much enhanced by a series of pictorial illustrations, comprising eleven drawings, representing different views of the Newcastle Government fish breeding institution and of the apparatus there in use, the whole delineating as minutely as possible the entire process of the work. There are also accurate drawings of the salmon from the first development of the head in the ovum to fully-grown fish as it appears at the spawning season. The Miramichi

ch establishment is also represented in a large illustration, accompanying which is a special report. The document contains many facts of interest, and we shall from time to time avail ourselves of the fund of information it contains and lay the same before our readers.

Abstract of the Biennial Report of the Fish Commissioners of the State of Vermont, for 1877-8.

IN their last report, now before us, the Vermont Commissioners join the Massachusetts Commissioners in strongly condemning the selfish and unjust attitude assumed by Connecticut in relation to the shad and salmon introduced into the Connecticut River. To this complaint of a lack of interstate courtesy we have already referred. The Connecticut Legislature allows the greedy fishermen of that State to so interrupt the annual run of shad and salmon that their passage through to Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont waters is almost wholly cut off. It is not to be expected that these latter States are to expend money year after year for the benefit of the fishermen at the mouth of the river. Even the Connecticut Commissioners themselves appear to have been unable to effect any remedy of the abuse. They confess that they are powerless to remove the causes of complaints.

Of the re-stocking of the Merrimack the report speaks more encouragingly. Since the fishery at Lawrence, Mass., has been renovated the returning fish have had free passage, and everything promises here a great success. The detailed observations of the passage of fish has already been recorded in the *FOREST AND STREAM*.

Some attention has been given to the introduction of migratory fish into some of the waters emptying into Lake Champlain. Further effort here is held in abeyance until the necessary co-operation of Canada and New York can be secured.

In previous years some twenty ponds have been stocked with black bass. In spite of early deprivations upon the parent fish by unscrupulous spearman and netters the fish have increased and multiplied, and now the ponds are well stocked. Although it is still too early to predict with certainty the result of the plantings of land-locked salmon in 1876, there is every reason to believe that the experiment will be attended with complete success. Their introduction is still, however, an experiment.

Smelts have been introduced into the tributaries of Lake Champlain. They have so far done very well, and further effort in this direction will be made if the results appear to justify it.

The present laws relating to the capture of fish are found to be inefficient, because they are not properly enforced. The Commission suggests that in the public waters of the State there should be the greatest possible freedom given to angling compatible with the efficient reproduction of fish. Fishing with nets and seines should be more stringently regulated, and confined to October and November. Several statutory regulations, whose importance have long been recognized in other States, are also very sensibly advocated. The report concludes with an advocacy of the present law relating to trespass, in which the reasons for such a statute are very clearly set forth.

—Commissioner McDonald, of Virginia, writes: "The salmon reported to have been taken in the Shenandoah must have been one of the 'land-locked' placed by the Virginia Commission in the headwaters of the Shenandoah two years ago. It is hardly probable that any of the Californians are now in the river."

Natural History.

THE PARTRIDGE FLY.

NEWARK, N. J., Dec. 23, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

[This insect is about a third larger than a common house fly, is black, a little slimmer in proportion to size, longer winged and smaller; the proboscis or beak is broad at the base, about one-sixteenth of an inch long, and tapers to a point; this beak at the base is flat transversely to the long axis of the body, consequently is V-shaped. This fly is found attending our pheasant or partridge wherever it exists, and at all seasons, whether hot or cold, wet or dry. When the bird starts to take wing the fly starts also, and, like the pilot-fish to the shark, keeps close to the bird's head and neck until it alights or is shot down, when the fly stops on the bird and conceals itself under the feathers. It may also take shelter under the feathers of the bird in cold or storm. It is said to subsist on the excrements of the bird, and some are of the opinion that it breeds there also. The breeding of these insects is what mostly interests us. The last year in Pennsylvania, southwestern New York and western New Jersey a large number of the young of the ruffed grouse have been destroyed by what is called a tick, which is lodged on, and eats into the neck, throat and head of young pheasants, and I strongly suspect that this tick is a product of this fly for the following reasons: The tick is very tough, and unless greatly gorged with blood is hard to mash, and so is the fly; indeed the fly will bear a pressure with the thumb-nail on a hard substance of ten or fifteen pounds; the beak is formed for burrowing and so must be that of the tick, and, though they are occasionally found every season, their great number appears to be attended with a larger number of ticks, and a greater destruction of the young birds, as noted the past season. The reproduction of this fly, probably, is by the insect depositing the blow (ovum) on the neck of the young bird before its feathers, where it hatches and forms the tick-maggot (larva), as it may be properly called, and where it subsists by eating into the neck of the bird until it develops into this peculiar fly. There are rarely more than three or four ticks with one bird, often there is but one, and they appear mutual friends at this season of the year.

On bringing in a number of birds and removing them from your game bag, near a warm stove, perhaps the first thing that will claim your attention will be one of these flies, resolved to alight on your neck. This he will persist in doing,

even though you may slap at him a dozen times. If you are not acquainted with the fly, the visitor will pass for a bothersome house-fly, and you may never be wiser unless you get a crack at him on some hard substance, upon, on giving him a good hard slap, you will be surprised to find that he does not mind it more than a piece of India-rubber. Until within a few weeks I have been accustomed to regard the ticks on the partridge as the wood-tick, such as we see on dogs, foxes, minks, rabbits, etc., and it never occurred to me otherwise until the fly suggested it; and now, from my memory of the partridge tick and wood-tick, I am persuaded they differ.

STRAIGHT-BORE.

We are under obligations to our friend "Straight-Bore" for the information which his interesting communication conveys, and while we do not think he quite succeeds in establishing the connection between the so-called tick and the fly, we think that it is by no means unlikely that such a connection may exist. The probabilities are more in favor of this view of the case, if, as we think, the fly belongs to the family *Hippoboscidae*, a group of flies which are parasitic on the deer, sheep and some birds. The young of the species of this group are not produced from eggs in the usual way, but are brought forth alive, and in the pupa state somewhat resemble a wood-tick, but have only six legs. They live upon the blood of the animal to which they are attached. Dr. Packard has described one from a great horned owl under the name *Hippobosca bubonis*. We hope before long to receive specimens of this fly, which we shall submit to a competent entomologist, from whom we may expect to receive very full information on this subject. We shall be pleased to receive from Mr. Hope, whose note we print below, the specimens to which he refers. They can be sent to us by mail in a small bottle of alcohol. We feel confident from the interest taken in this subject by sportsmen in general that we shall before long be able to accumulate some interesting facts with regard to this parasite.

There can be little doubt that the flies referred to by Straight Bore belong to the family *Hippoboscidae*, and this is the more probable from the fact that this family is viviparous, and that the young assume a shape not unlike that of a wood tick, but having, of course, only six legs, and are parasitic on many birds and mammals. Dr. A. S. Packard has described a species (*H. bubonis*) which was taken from a great horned owl, and we would refer our readers to his "Guide to the Study of Insects" for a figure of the young. We hope shortly to be able to clear this matter up satisfactorily.

SOMERSET, O., Dec. 23, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM: I notice in your issue of Dec. 19 an article on parasites on the ruffed grouse and their supposed effect in destroying the young birds. I have noticed these parasites on the adult birds for many years, and wondered that no sporting writer or naturalist (at least those with whom I am familiar) should have mentioned them. I have never seen the grub, or young, of the insect, as I never had a young grouse, or any grouse, in my hands in the summer season; but I have noticed five or six on one bird in the fall, and have in two or three instances noticed them on quail. They are about the size of a house-fly, with larger wings and a leathery, bat-like appearance.

You say you have never seen a specimen. I have two, preserved in alcohol, which I will send you if you wish it. Say how you want them sent. I have no doubt but that in wet seasons, when the young birds cannot readily find dust in which to wallow, that these parasites would prove very destructive. Yours, C. H. HOPE.

THE WHIPPOORWILL.

NEW YORK, Dec. 21, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM AND ROD AND GUN:

Now that the real question is settled, please give us information regarding the whippoorwill. Webster defines it as a species of the night-hawk. It is doubted, and by many believed to be a distinct species.

T. E. P.

[The whippoorwill is perfectly distinct from the night-hawk.—Ed.]

INTERESTING PAPERS.—We have recently received from the authors two papers issued by the Engineer Department at Washington, which are of great interest to naturalists. The first of these is a "Report upon the Reptiles and Batrachians Collected during the Years of 1875, 1876 and 1877 in California, Arizona and Nevada," by Dr. H. C. Yarrow and H. W. Henshaw, both of whom have been long and favorably known both to naturalists and the general public for the excellent work which they have done in connection with Lt. G. M. Wheeler's Geographical Survey West of the 100th Meridian. The superb volume on the zoology of this survey, which was issued some time since, was in a very considerable part, the work of these two writers, and would speak emphatically enough in their behalf even if they had never done any other scientific work. Besides this, their pamphlets and shorter publications in various periodicals have been numerous and valuable.

In the paper now under consideration thirty-nine species are mentioned, of which one—*Bufo copel*—is new to science. Very full synonymy of all the species noticed is given, and the notes on the habits and relationships of the various forms are extremely interesting.

"A List of Marine Fishes Collected on the Coast of California, near Santa Barbara, in 1875, with Notes," is by the same authors. Twenty species are noticed, one of the most interesting of which is the viviparous perch (*Cymatogaster aggregatus*, Gibbons), an account of which was published in *FOREST AND STREAM* some years since.

CAPE PIGEONS AND HOW TO CAPTURE THEM.—Of all modes of capturing birds that described by our correspondent

in the subjoined letter is one of the most novel. About the vexed question of the pigeon's edibility, we confess, we are unable to decide. We have visited half a dozen ships, and found ever so many men who have "been around the Cape," and, while one spoke high in praise of the flavor of the bird, another never knew of their being eaten, and a third never heard of them. We did not confound the Cape pigeon and the albatross. Sailors differ as much as other people in their superstitions, and while some tars may relish the flesh of a sea bird, others may refrain from it with superstitious dread:

In your issue of the 28th ult. there is some confusion as to the birds alluded to under the caption, "Albatross and Cape Pigeon," the latter being clearly confounded with the stormy petrel or Mother Carey's chicken. So far as the sailors being superstitious as to the capture of the Cape pigeon, which is of a black and white color and about the size of a tame pigeon, their catching is looked upon as an amusing recreation for the younger passengers on board and occasionally for the sailors themselves. I have caught many molly mawks, a bird of the same description, but of smaller size, but never heard of their being edible before, and their rank smell is enough to convince most people who have handled them that it would require a very good cook indeed to fix them up into an eatable dish. The only use I have ever seen them put to has been the preservation of their plian bones for pipe-stems. I have never seen one shot, the method of capture being the dropping overboard of a pork-baited hook at the end of a log-line, the bait being kept stationary (to the limit of the line) by board floats. The albatross is very suspicious, and will touch nothing in motion; so as soon as the line has run out it must be reeled up and the process begun anew. Hauling a good-sized albatross up a quarter of a mile with wings and flat feet set against the water is good work for two or four men. Most are labeled and colored and let go again.

In Southern latitudes the Cape pigeons follow a ship in thousands. They are caught as follows: A common bottle cork is tied to the end of a long piece of thread and trailed behind the stern so that the cork touches the water. This gives the required tension or tautness to the thread. As the birds fly in clouds from side to side, some of them constantly touch the thread, and, as the cork is being pulled in, enough to turn them over it, when the thread is wrapped round the wing and the bird is hauled on board. It is no exaggeration to say that hundreds are thus caught in a day. I remember when sailing to India on board the ship *St. Lawrence*, with troops, in 1861, and a ship full of passengers, that on the 1st of September (the opening day of sport in England) we first struck pigeons, and sweepstakes as to numbers soon took the place of the race. The first bird was secured on board. As well as I can recollect, we caught over 600 to half a dozen corks. Against such numbers of pigeons I saw but one stormy petrel caught on that or any other voyage. The ship's doctor, a young surgeon named Garner, caught one on his thread. He took it to his cabin, where, being an enthusiastic naturalist, he proposed to kill and skin it. It was his first voyage, and he was much elated at securing the specimen. Half an hour afterward a deputation from the crew, headed by a boatswain's mate named Hawes, arrived to beg him to let the bird go, or some dire calamity would happen. He agreed to do what they wished, but killed and preserved the bird as soon as their backs were turned, a fact which came to their knowledge later on, when they grumbled exceedingly at the risk he had put the whole ship to. I forgot whether it was on the following Christmas or New Year's Day, but on one of the days while the *St. Lawrence* was at anchor in the Hooghly, off Calcutta, the Doctor dropped dead off his chair after dinner from heart disease, and, on a visit which I shortly afterward paid the vessel to liquor up those who had brought me through a four months' voyage, the sailors, one and all, gravely attributed his death to his slaughter of the Mother Carey's chicken; and I am convinced that meddling with another on any future voyage would have provoked that ship's company almost to mutiny.

UNIQUE.

DESTRUCTIVENESS OF AN OTTER.—An instance proving that fish cutters are able to catch even the largest of the inland water fish has been communicated to the *German Fishing Gazette* as having happened in Norway. The fresh remains of an otter meal have been discovered a few days ago upon the banks of the Lardalselvi in Norway, consisting of the head and tail-end of salmon. The weight of the head was six pounds, and that of the tail-end up to the lowest point of the dorsal fin, twenty English pounds. The marks of the forepaws of the otter on the tail-end of the salmon indicate clearly that the otter must have caught hold of the fish at the tail, and that he had let himself be dragged along by the salmon until the latter's strength had been entirely exhausted, when it fell an easy prey to its enemy. To judge from the proportions of the discovered remains, the total weight of the salmon could not be estimated at less than fifty pounds; the otter having, therefore, in one single meal, devoured some twenty-five pounds of fish-flesh.—BZ.

We have had some queer experiences of this kind ourselves in the course of many years wanderings. Once on the Nepigon River we ran a rope through the gills of two twelve-pound lake trout which we had caught by trolling, and left them in the water by the riverside with the rope made fast to the stem of a sapling, hoping to boil them for next day's meal. In the morning they were missing, with the rope cut. After a brief search along the shore we found the head of one of them protruding from the bank, and taking hold of it, found the body eaten off to the shoulders. A mink had tried to drag it into its hole tail foremost, but being too large, it stuck, and the mink made the best he could of his reprisal. The fish weighed three times as much as the mink.

Seals are vastly more destructive to fish than minks or otters. During a long cruise on the Labrador coast we observed their ravages every day. Pound nets are set all along shore for salmon, many of which are taken and smoked or salted. But twice as many would be caught but for the seals. At almost any time, by silently watching, we could detect the round bulb heads of one or more seals in the water inside or outside of the pounds, and on inspecting the net abundant evidence of their destructive work could be found. They seldom, if ever, devour an entire fish, but contented themselves with a bite at this and at that one, mutilating a large number, and almost impoverishing the poor fishermen. Once a member of our

partly paid a silver dollar for a fine salmon which he laid on a rock near shore, while he stepped away momentarily on an errand. He came back just in time to see the seal in the water with the salmon in his mouth.

Woodland, Farm and Garden.

TEXAS CLIMATOLOGY—CUPID AND IONA.

Vapors, and clouds, and storms. Be these my themes:
These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly singing.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

If such weather as we have been having for some time should continue much longer, I guess you will have to write me down either as a "poet" or a lunatic. I will state this winter of ours, as far as I am concerned, is a winter of pure cussedness, against any winter in any corner on the globe. It was ushered in by a succession of rains, usually accompanied with a cutting north wind, filling all the land with sloop and confining every fellow remorselessly within doors. No plowing, no planting of trees, no riding, no shooting in such weather as this. Nothing to do but to chafe around one's fireside like a hyena or Texas peccary in a cage. And I can't see where the "heavenly musings" and exaltation of the soul, which Thompson speaks of in the above extract as being due to winter's ugliness, came in at. I am convinced that he never wrote that poem in the winter and did not know what he was talking about. It is a poetic falsehood—and all poets are extraordinary liars—on a par with that declaration of Horace, that if he were placed among the icebergs of the North Pole, among polar bears, or in the deserts of Gaetulia, among lions, he would still sing of Lalage all the same under his own vines and olives. As for myself, I feel more like cussing than singing, and I assure you I have of late done an immoderate share of that former. In fact, I seriously doubted if I could ever go to heaven if the weather were always ugly.

On Friday morning before Christmas there was a prospect that all of this was going to break. The sun peeped out from behind the clouds, and the gentle north breeze fell. The moon, that one who had not uttered a word for a whole month, flew to the tops of the trees and poured forth his soul in a melody of delight. Poor soul, he thought his greatness was a ripening! And so did I think that mine was. I ordered my traps for a trip I had been putting off from day to day and week to week for more than a month, and felt happy that I would be off on the morrow. But at 4 o'clock that evening great blue clouds began to puff up from the north, and quicker than one can say Jack Rascal a terrific Arctic wave rushed down upon us. In a few moments the blue clouds had covered the whole heavens, not even leaving a crack where you could pick a pin. The mercury fell from 75 to 31, and my spirits fell from 150 to zero. I ordered my traps to be laid aside, and there they lie yet without much prospect of their soon being called for. Soon the blue clouds began to precipitate a misty rain, mingled with hailstones about as big as mustard seeds, and the devil was to play generally. This inordinate and most monstrous state of affairs continued unremittently till the next Thursday evening, when the sun went down in a cloudless sky. And now here was a spectacle rarely witnessed in this region. The rain as it fell had all turned to ice on the trees, the grass, the roofs of the houses, the fences, and even upon the backs of the hogs, cows and chickens; and when the setting sun threw its red rays upon all of these, it looked as if the whole world had been bent into flaming maps. My three-years-old boy went into raptures and danced until I thought he was likely to turn "poic" like his father. Just as the sun disappeared the northern ceased, and a night of wonderful beauty came on. All the heavens were throbbing with stars, which seemed ten times more brilliant than ever. It was a glory to look upon the flashing Sirius and the gaudy Canopus chasing the hue of his light every second. And there hung the young moon close to the great white Jupiter. It was nice, but the night was cold. I looked at the thermometer and it showed 39. "Now," said I, "our oranges are gone. The mercury will fall ten degrees during the night, and that will shay 'em!" I went to bed with a mind perfectly resigned, for what is the use of feeling bad over that which cannot be helped?

It has been my habit for many years to sleep for the most part in the open air. My bed-room has five windows—two opening on the north, one on the south and one on the east. I always keep the sash out, closing only the blinds when the weather is inclement. But that particular night got away with me, though I had three heavy blankets and a quilt piled upon me, and after midnight I crept down stairs into more comfortable quarters. I haven't been up into that room since.

When morning broke I hurried to my thermometer, and to my surprise found it at 28, the mercury having fallen only one degree during the night. I examined my orange trees, and some of them looked like the angel of death had been in their front limbs, but nowhere else. I have watched them ever since and am now satisfied that they have received no injury whatever; so the truth is now ascertained, that the orange will stand four degrees of frost without injury. I have but one lemon—which is considered much more tender than the orange—and that also escaped unscathed. I would like to know exactly how many degrees of frost the orange will stand without injury. Who can tell? Will not some of your Florida readers give us their experience on this point?

I have been talking with the oldest citizens about this cold snap, and they say that it is the coldest since 1869, when the mercury fell, as some say, to 21 for a few hours. They may be right, but I was here then and cannot recollect such excessive cold. These old citizens also say that years ago our winters were quite severe, and that the orange was accordingly becoming more moderate. I believe this is true, because it is only within the last three years that we in Houston have had bearing oranges. Why is this thus? Is it cultivation and the thickening population doing the work? May be the *Vii Superii* tempering the wind to the storm lamb; and I think some of the lams I eat it badly enough.

And right here comes a little thought which I know Dr. Draper, whose "Conflict Between Science and Religion" we read with a great deal of interest, will laugh at me for if he ever sees it. I do think there is some Power which occasionally interrupts the regular operation of His laws to prevent harm to His creatures: in other words, that He tempests the wind to the storm lamb. Is not that little fact that I have just given you an instance of it? I have noticed for years that almost every night in this climate the mercury falls from ten to twenty degrees. For instance: Last evening

at sunset it was 44 and this morning at sunrise it was 34. Now, why was it not 18 the other morning instead of only 38, when it was 39 the evening before? I have noticed this twice within the last few days. May not this be an interpolation to arrest a regular operation? Suppose the mercury had fallen ten degrees or more as usual that night. I shudder to contemplate the ruin that would have been wrought. Let the hard scientists say what they choose, but I do believe with all my heart and all my soul that there is a power who often intervenes to do us good and save us from harm, whether we deserve it or not. That is the exercise of a God-like heart as well as a Godlike power.

But to return to our matter: The weather has moderated. The thermometer now says 51, but the clouds are again ominous and the tail end of the gentle north wind is still upon us. Ah, me! his tail is far better than his head. There is no telling where this thing is going to end. I was very anxious to send you a weather report from all portions of Texas on our coldest day—the 20th—but unfortunately the telegraph wires were everywhere obstructed, and there was no getting through that day. But yesterday's weather report in to-day's *Galveston News* is curious. At Galveston yesterday, at 8:30 p. m., the thermometer marked 39, wind north. At Denison, about 400 miles north, thermometer 32, wind northwest; at Griffin, 500 or 600 miles northwest, thermometer 43, wind southeast; at Davis, 700 or 800 miles northwest, and further south, thermometer 49, wind southwest; Eagle Pass, on the Rio Grande, thermometer 44, wind southeast; at Brownsville, at the mouth of the Rio Grande, thermometer, 50, wind northeast; at Indiana, on the Gulf, about midway between Brownsville and Galveston, thermometer 39, wind east. This shows that this singular wind is blowing in a great circuit all around the State of Texas, with streams shooting out here and there and running every which way. For instance, a stream seems to leave the great current somewhere about Eagle Pass and flow straight north, hitting Stockton from the south, while another breaks out between Davis and Griffin, flowing east to the south and hitting Mason from the north. When it is considered that Mason and Stockton are not very far from the same line of latitude, and only about 200 miles apart, this looks singular. The great timbered region of Eastern Texas seems to interfere with the circuit of the wind, pushing it somewhat to the west, for if the circuit was a perfect one the wind should hit Galveston from the northeast instead of the north. But this is now not true north. It is a beggarly, blabrous nondescript, and, in my opinion, portends very unsettled weather. The true north always hits every place from a few points west of north.

CUPID AND IONA.

I said I had to turn "poic" in self-defense against the inclemency, and now I make you another translation—not this time from Horace, but from an old Portuguese sonneteer. My five-year old girl pronounced it "bootiful," but my three-year old boy most positively declares "It is not." In my version of it I agree with the boy, but in the old Portuguese's version I agree with the kind little girl. I dedicate it to any pretty girl who may be named Iona:

Of late the little God Cupid
Strayed away from his father's eyes,
And he went in a manner so stupid
That he died all the while with his cries.
He wandered o'er plain and through wood,
And of all whom he chanced to see,
He implored that they'd be so sweet good
As to tell where dear mamma might be.
His quiver, so lately his pride,
Dropt his darts unobserved the plain;
And his bow seemed to say, at his side,
"I will never shoot arrow again."
And while in this piteous plight—
With the tears streaming down his sweet face—
He saw, with unbounded delight,
Iona, a maid of much grace.
When she heard the complaint that he made,
She told him in words rare and sweet,
While the smiles on her dimpled cheeks played,
That soon his dear aim he should meet.
But the little god raised up his head;
Her lips with words scarce he could plies,
And—
"For Venus I care not," he said,
"As long as I love Iona in these eyes."

That reminds me of the frozen adder which the old farmer put into his bosom to thaw, and while being thawed, sung the good farmer. Love is a dangerous thing, Mr. Editor, even for old fellows like you and me.
N. A. T.
Houston, Texas, Dec. 23, 1878.

The Kennel.

THE NATIONAL AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.

FROM the letters of Mr. Munson, which we print below, it will be seen that there has been a reorganization of the National American Kennel Club, with such an abrogation of the rules regarding the admission of candidates as should result in a very large membership. In the election of Mr. Sterling, of the St. Louis Kennel Club, a gentleman of large means and an enthusiastic lover of the dog, as president, the club has done wisely and well. The immediate publication of the "Kennel Stud Book" is a duty which is owed to the general public, who have furnished, in the pedigrees of their dog, the material for it; and we may be allowed to remark here that the book would have been published two years ago if our own Register had not been handed over to the club. We have been accused, by members of the N. A. K. C., of being antagonistic to their association, and it may not be out of place for us here to state our position in the premises. In the first place we will say that as far as the members of the club are concerned, or, for that matter, the club itself, we have no antagonistic feelings whatever; and, moreover, when we are assured that the club is about to do anything that will promote the well being of all matters pertaining to the dog, or that it is able to do so, it will receive our heartiest

support. What we are opposed to is anything that has for its ends or aims the furthering of the interests of professional dog breakers, or those who make their living solely by dog breeding or breaking, as against the interests of sportsmen, or those who breed and keep dogs for amusement only. If one of the first acts of the National American Kennel Club, provided it possesses the power, shall be to so reform field trials that gentlemen sportsmen may have equal chances in running their dogs with the professional breakers, they will already have earned the gratitude of all who take, or would take, an interest in these events. We might remark *en passant*, that it was perhaps unfortunate that at the important meeting of the club noted below the professional breaker of the St. Louis Kennel Club—worthy man though he may be—should have been appointed one of a committee of two to form a code of rules for Field Trials.

Our reasons for not having hitherto given the N. A. K. C. a warmer support are as follows: The National Kennel Club has been likened to abbreviate its title—to the National Trotting Association; and its members and supporters are fond of making the similitude. Now, the Trotting Association is composed of all, or nearly all, the local trotting associations in the country, each of which sends delegates to the annual conventions with power to frame rules for the guidance of all. If the N. A. K. C. was organized in the same manner, and its members were delegates from the different clubs and societies under whose auspices Dog Shows and Field Trials are held, then there would be some similarity. But the N. A. K. C. is composed of private individuals who not only frame rules which they would have adopted by working associations, but they even arrogate to themselves the right to appoint a "Board of Appeals" which is to review disputed cases occurring at dog shows held by regularly organized corporations. It is extremely improbable that any of the large kennel clubs would pay much attention to any action taken by this "Board of Appeal" if it offered to interfere with their decisions. In fact, we know that a joint committee will be appointed by two of the principal clubs to act as a board of appeals on cases occurring at either of their shows. Unfortunately, "National Associations" have not been successful in this country, nor do we anticipate that they ever will be until they are properly organized in a parliamentary manner. The National Sportsmen's Association may be cited as a case in point. We have now explained our position and sentiments regarding the N. A. K. C. If it can show to us and the public its ability as well as its inclination to effect reforms it will have the heartiest support of both. Its legitimate purpose appears to us to be the publication of the Kennel Stud Book, and little beyond that. If it attempts to interfere with the work of regularly-incorporated and legitimately constructed clubs it will have its hands full. The letters of Mr. Munson, the Secretary, are as follows:

NATIONAL AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB,
St. Louis, Dec. 23, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

At the annual meeting of the National American Kennel Club, held at Nashville, Tenn., on Dec. 2 and 6 of this month, the following business was transacted: The first edition of 750 copies of the stud book was ordered printed at once, and the secretary was instructed to receive entries for Vol. II, also to take advertisements for Vol. I, at \$25 per page. The secretary has charge of the disposal of the stud book when printed. Section 7 of the constitution making the initiation fee \$15 a necessary part of membership was suspended for that meeting, and until the next annual meeting. The following new members were proposed and elected: D. C. Sanborn, R. B. Morgan, M. C. Campbell, J. E. Nicholson, M. L. Brown, M. D. Collier, Geo. B. Clason, Gen. W. H. Jackson, J. T. Trezevant, I. B. Nesbitt, W. B. Shattuck, J. H. Dew, Capt. Patrick Henry, John Fotherly, Jr., Jno. W. Munson, J. Y. Ross, Gen. T. J. Churchill, T. L. Martin, John Nesbitt, Dr. Steele, H. C. Pritchett, E. C. Nichols, Anthony Higgins, C. G. Maffei, V. L. Kirkman, Dr. Rawlings Young, J. V. Cowling, J. M. Taylor, Henry Bishop, A. M. Waddell, Samuel B. Duffy.

The following officers were elected for 1879: President, E. C. Sterling, St. Louis; 1st Vice-Pres., Theo. Morford, Newbury, N. H.; 2nd Vice-Pres., P. H. Bryson, Memphis; Sec. J. W. Munson, St. Louis; Treas., L. H. Smith, Stratford, Canada. Executive Committee—Luther Adams, Boston, Chairman; M. C. Campbell, Spring Hill Tenn; E. F. Stoddard, Dayton, O.; Jno. E. Long, Detroit, Mich.; J. V. Foster, Leesburg, Va. E. C. Sterling, J. H. Dew, Luther Adams, Capt. Patrick Henry and L. H. Smith were appointed a Committee on Bench Show Rules.

Annual meetings of the club are to be held hereafter on the evening of the first day of the field trials. A Board of Appeals was created, and a section to that effect added to the constitution. The board for 1879 is as follows: J. H. Dew, Chairman; J. A. Nichols, E. F. Stoddard, E. C. Nichols, A. Higgins.

The Committee on Field Trial Rules, appointed in May, 1878, reported, but not being able to agree on anything satisfactory, a new committee of two, with the president an ex-officio member, was appointed to frame a code of rules, which, when reported, are to be accepted and considered the rules of the club for 1879; Capt. Patrick Henry and C. B. Whitford appointed on the committee.

The bench show rules, as amended, will be sent to the papers the first week of January in pamphlet form. The club decided to give field trials on equal some time in the fall of 1879, and time to be decided on hereafter.

Mr. C. B. Whitford acted as secretary *pro tem*, during both sessions of the club.

Yours truly,

J. W. MUNSON, Sec.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

The constitution and by-laws, and the bench show rules of the N. A. K. C. are to be published in pamphlet form, and ready for delivery the first week of January. Copies can be had on application to your paper or to me. The field trial rules will be ready by April 1, and will be published promptly. New members, for the present, are not balloted for. To become a member of the National American Kennel Club now

it is only necessary to pay \$5, which is the entire expense of membership for the year 1879.

Respectfully,

JOHN W. MUNSON, Sec.

THE MINNESOTA FIELD TRIALS.

St. Louis, Dec. 30, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

In replying to the statements of Mr. Mulliken in your issue of the 26th inst., wherein he attempts to whip me over Mr. Rowe's back, I would promise by saying that you undoubtedly recognize this personal fight between the judges and the public, and would add that I am convinced you will in the interest of future shows and field trials admit to your columns such evidence as is necessary to show the true position of each.

I do not propose to simply declare some "facts" are false, but will prove them so by testimony of a character not to be impeached, and to show the position of the Hon. gentleman on the 27th day of Nov., after the following extract from his letter to me of that date: "I believe all the judges acted on all decisions honestly and according to their best judgment, and outsiders have nothing to do with the matter," and added: "I have the kindest feelings toward you and Mr. Davidson, whatever may be said by any one hostile to either." All of which is in strange contrast with his allusions to me in his statements concerning Mr. Rowe. From the way he speaks of that gentleman walking arm in arm with one of the judges, one would think he considered such an act a crime; if that the case we would like his objections, and as I plead guilty of being the judge this is aimed at, I not only acknowledge the charge, but will say with pleasure, that on more than one occasion I was so close to the editor of FOREST AND STREAM that Mr. Mulliken could not tell upon oath whether or not we also were "arm in arm," and as many will bear me witness, there were times during the trial that the Hon. gentleman could not have told whether we were two or a myriad. It is an actual fact, Mr. Editor, that I sat on the ground with Mr. Hallock while he made a plan of the battle over Nellie, and it is with a high appreciation of that gentleman's worth that I take pleasure in recording the fact that he favored my position and complimented me for having convinced a Scotchman.

The version of the controversy in regard to Nellie's point, as given by Mr. Mulliken, must appear to those of your readers that have ever witnessed a field trial, either a poor attempt to cover a fraud, or an error of judgment that a school-boy should blush to commit. It is easy to see how there may be a difference of opinion between a point and a flush, or a false point and nothing; but between a point and a false point there is no room for discussion, as it is positively one or the other beyond a doubt. The one is a point where no bird is found, and the other a *bona fide* point on game, which is proven by the presence of a bird within reasonable distance of where the point is made. Now, the facts in relation to the disputed point made by Nellie are strictly as follows: She faded a bird into a slough and for a long distance down wind, finally making a firm stand, which Mr. Mulliken was first to accept, saying to me: "There, I call that a point," to which I agreed. As Mr. Sanborn walked in to put up the bird his dog ranged off to the right, having passed the bird lying about twenty feet to the left of her point; Mr. Mulliken, taking it for granted that there was no bird there, proceeded to mark the dog a demerit for a false point, to which Mr. Sanborn objected. I then said to give the dog a chance to find the bird, and told Mr. Sanborn that unless she did find a bird we should be obliged to score her a false point. From that time I had no further to say. Mr. Davidson, who had been some distance to the rear and right of the stand up between Mr. Mulliken and myself and flushed the bird within twenty feet of where the dog had established her point. This of course was the necessary proof that the point was not false, and I at once gave her credit for it. Mr. Davidson, who evidently had not seen the whole work, appeared very much surprised that I should give a dog a point for a bird he had flushed while the dog was in the act of being so engaged, and at the idea that it was some time before I could get him to understand that the dog had once established a point on the bird and we were looking for it as he came up and flushed it. Mr. Mulliken, it would seem, had already scored the false point that he expected she would get, and had not changed it when the bird was found; so just as Mr. Davidson began to see through the matter he looked over Mr. Mulliken's score, found Nellie charged with a false point and asked the same on my part. I can hardly tell you Mr. Mulliken how he had erred, and about all he had to say was that he had ordered the dog to road up the bird. He was willing to acknowledge that the dog had established a point, and a bird was found that "might have been" the one she pointed, but he seemed to have an idea that this particular dog should have walked straight to the bird and put it up. Mr. D. again put in his ear and gave me to understand that it was two against one, and in reply I think he understood me to say I saw clearly through his little game and did not propose to see the dog fraudulently deal with; and I am sorry to say it was only after much emphatic language on my part that he consented to see the matter as it really stood, and changed his score to agree with mine. Mr. Mulliken's statement, that the point was granted by two judges against one to heal the disturbance, would come with a poor grace from him even if it was true; for two judges to grant a point to a dog, and then to allow competitors as to grant what they were positive a dog was not entitled to must surely have a poor opinion of themselves, to say the least of it. And now, to draw as mild a close as possible on Mr. Mulliken, I can truly say I fully agreed with Mr. Davidson in the early part of the trial, that it would not do to depend on his judgment, Mr. D. considering him wholly unfit for the position. This fact became more apparent as the trials progressed, which Mr. Davidson thought it to turn to account by changing his tactics to bidding for his vote, hoping thereby, according to the plan of eight to seven, to sit down on my score and place his favorites with the consent of his colleague. For the damage done I hold Mr. Davidson personally responsible, and pity Mr. Mulliken for his weakness.

On the small target Mr. Davidson set up in a recent issue of your paper and said there he let me make "bulldog" with shells of his own loading. He says, and declares he can prove it, that his score in the Nursery stakes was copied from mine, but in his manipulations to establish another point his right hand so far loses its cunning that he sends for publication in the Chicago Field an entirely different score that he swears is mine. Now, according to his statement as recorded in the FOREST AND STREAM over his own signature, and his other statement as recorded in Chicago Field under "Shamrock," it becomes apparent that he has

lost his little hatchet when we look at the official score; for he clearly says his score is from mine, and our scores must, according to his showing, be official; and since this score, which he paraded at Detroit for the purpose of proving his best capacity to keep his own show and record sent to "Shamrock" for publication, is not like the official score, no doubt will take back one or the other of his statements rather than stand convicted of a falsehood by his own testimony. I have still another stick of his own rearing, and will use it precisely as I found it, additional weight not being necessary to break it to atoms. This is word for word what he wrote to a competitor: "Mr. M. and I think you were unjustly kept out of a point which you were entitled to, by Mr. Whitford, on his responsibility alone, without speaking anything to the other judges about the matter."

He strengthens his statement by assuring the gentleman that both himself and Mr. Mulliken saw the whole matter.

Does Mr. Davidson wish us to believe he was writing what he knew to be false, or would he have it stand as above quoted? Tell me, ye lovers of justice, your opinion of a brace of judges that will stand silently by and permit men whom their honor should bind them to protect to be unjustly robbed of a point honestly earned! What would our field trials come to if this sort of proceeding was permitted to go unnoticed? They would die an ignoble death, from which they could not be resuscitated. And it were better that it should be so than to have trials run as Mr. Davidson attempted to run the Minnesota event.

In conclusion, I beg to assure Mr. Davidson and Mr. Mulliken that, though they join forces and attempt to kick against their fate, that I have still more nuts for them to crack, which I will promptly present if they will give me the opportunity.

O. B. WHITFORD.

FROM MR. DAVIDSON.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

In regard to assertions made in a Chicago paper about the score in the Nursery stakes being changed at the Minnesota Field Trials so as to place "Tempest" before Jennie, and that which could be taken from the facts in this case are as follows: When Mr. Lincoln came into the tent in which we were figuring up the scores of the puppies which had run in the Nursery stakes and asked for the score, Mr. Whitford stated to him that his score was too much crossed up to give him, but that if he would give him another blank he would make out the score for him. Mr. Lincoln then procured for him another blank, on which he made out the score and gave it to Mr. Lincoln. I was in the tent while this was being done. My score was never out of my possession (in the Nursery stakes), neither was it changed after being made, and I defy any one to prove that it was. I supposed, then, as I do now, that the duty of a judge was to give each dog the respective figures of merit or demerit that he considered him entitled to, whether or not it suited an imaginative reporter. To contradict the impression that those insinuations might lead some to entertain that I had changed my score or that my score was the one given to Mr. Lincoln in the Nursery stakes, is my reason for again briefly trespassing on your generous columns.

Like many others, I can testify to the gentlemanly, unofficious and courteous behavior of the representative of the FOREST AND STREAM at the Minnesota Field Trials.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

The managers of the Pittsburgh, Pa., Dog Show, which is held in connection with the Eighth Annual Exhibition of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, have invited Mr. John Davidson, of Monroe, Mich., to act as judge. This show, which is rapidly growing into importance as a regular annual occurrence, commences on the 13th inst., the entries having closed on the 3d.

DEATH OF PHIL, JR.—It is with great pain that we announce the death of the fine black pointer dog Phil, Jr., the property of G. G. Barker, Esq. Phil was bred by Mr. A. C. Waddell during the time he resided at Newton, N. J., and was by Col's Old Phil out of Fanny, a very fine bitch, once owned by Mr. Jacob Glahn, of West Meriden, Conn. He was a splendid field dog, and for several successive years had been taken by his owner to Florida, where he died a few weeks since of the congestive disease peculiar to that climate. As a mate for Phil, Mr. Barker and the writer purchased in the spring of '77 from Mr. Chas. Lincoln the fine young black pointer bitch Princess, by Dilley's Ranger out of Columbus Kennel Club's Fan; and as there are two litters—the result of the union—Phil, Jr.'s blood will be perpetuated. It is the intention of the owners of Princess and her puppies to send them to England to be entered in the dog shows there, as black pointers are extremely rare on that side of the water.

SETON FOR DISTEMPER.—A correspondent writes: "A month ago the writer was the happy owner of two fine Irish setter pups. They were taken with distemper or *plura pneumonia*, symptoms as described in Hallock's Gazetteer. Thought I would try the Seton remedy, did so, and both puppies fell untimely graves. They had good care and proper food. Am a little off on Setons."

L. O. RAMSON.

The seton remedy was suggested by a correspondent, who was corroborated by several others as to its efficacy. We have never recommended it from personal experience, nor should we ever even suggest it for puppies.

THE NOM DE PLUME "MOHICAN."—Editor Forest and Stream: In regard to the above nom de plume, all the articles over this name in the Country, as well as the recent articles in the FOREST AND STREAM on "Breeding for Sex," issue of Oct. 24, 1878; "A Hint for Breeders," issue of Nov. 28, 1878; "Canine Skin Diseases—Eczema," issue of Dec. 12, 1878; and "Canine Ovarianotomy," issue of Dec. 26, 1878, were mine. With this explanation that they may not be supposed to be from your correspondent Mr. Joseph E. Fisher, of Brooklyn, and that he may not on my account have to father anything which does not belong to him, I resign any future claim to the name of "Mohican," and allow him its full use, either to write ads. for a nameless Chicago paper, or to cover his individuality when trying to defend a powerful corporation, or in any way which may seem to him to bring to it the most credit.

Yours truly,

The blanks above represent the name of a professional gentleman well known to us, who prefers, for reasons of his own, for the present to remain incog. Although he resigns the pen name over which he has been writing, we trust that we shall nevertheless still have the pleasure of providing our readers with more of the admirable articles with which, as "Mohican," he has enriched our columns.—Ed.

LECTOR.—Editor Forest and Stream: Through your columns I would respectfully ask A. Pope, Jr., Esq., to change the name Hector, which, in your last week's issue, he claimed for his red and white setter, whelped Jan. 7, 1878, and recorded in the National Kennel Register. I am sorry to say that on yesterday I lost by death my liver and white pointer bitch Lady Francis, caused by blood poisoning.

Yours faithfully, R. G. HAMILTON.

The Rectory, Hart's Falls, N. Y., Dec. 27, 1878.

OWNER OF JESSIE.—Mr. W. H. Bryant, of 1,237 N. Broad street, Philadelphia, writes, in answer to the inquiry of "W. O. B.," of Boston, in our issue of Dec. 12, that he has owned for the last four years the imported Irish setter bitch Jessie. He has her pedigree. Is not a member of the Philadelphia Kennel Club.

TO KEEP FLEAS FROM DOGS.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have seen at different times inquiries in your paper how to keep dogs free from fleas. I have kept a dog all my life, but no fleas. Take common tobacco stems, such as you can get at any cigar factory, and put it in the dog's bed, and you will have no fleas. In the winter I make beds of equal quantities of hay and tobacco stems. In the summer all stems.

Yours truly, H. W. BRADLEY.

Romeo, Mich., Dec. 27, 1878.

DOG BASKETS.—A correspondent recently wrote for information regarding the manufacturers of the wicker baskets for transporting dogs. They are made by the Wakefield Rattan Co., 98 Canal street, Boston, or 814 Broadway, this city.

DETROIT NOTES.—Our Detroit correspondent writes that J. N. Dodge, of that city, has sold to F. W. Savage the pointer dog Don. Don is the first dog to win a first prize at a bench show in this country, winning first prize at the first Detroit bench show. Jos. Hatch lost by death, Dec. 26, the pointer bitch Flora. Had she lived until Jan. 1 she would have been eleven years of age. She was one of the best stock dogs in this section.

—Dr. Luke Corcoran's pointer bitch, Bess (Springfield, Mass.), has been bred to S. B. Dilley's Champion Ranger. This is the third time she has made the trip to Lake City, Minn., and will remain and be bred in the Lake City Kennel. Dr. Corcoran writes that the progeny is the finest and handsomest he has ever seen. Bess is the dam of Psyche, winner of first best bitch and special for brood bitch at the late New York Show.

S. B. D.

—Mr. J. W. Muns n, of St. Louis, writes that his large lemon and white pointer bitch Queen whelped on Christmas Day thirteen to Bow. Three dogs and three bitches are lemon and white, and four dogs and three bitches are lemon and white. The whelps are large, strong and healthy looking. "Queen is in splendid condition, and with what help I can get for her I want to save the whole litter, as Bow's pups are scarce." Mr. Munson also writes: "I lost my black and white setter bitch Graceful, 10 months old, out of Rose (Rock-Pickles) by Stafford (Rake-Dart) by distemper. She was at Kay's Boarding Kennel near this city."

—Mr. W. H. Holabird, of Valparaiso, Ind., writes that his Blue Daisy (Baton-Dimple), litter sister to Sanborn's Nellie, was bred to champion Joe, Jr., on the 24th of December. This cross will combine the finest field qualities on the continent, as Dimple, the dam of my bitch, is sister to champion Drake.

—Mr. P. Dunham's (of Leeds, Mass.) red setter bitch, Belle II., whelped, Dec. 20, twelve puppies—seven dogs and five bitches; sired by Mack (Carrie-Plunkett).

—Mr. James Hanley's red Irish bitch Jung (formerly Adcock's) whelped, Dec. 21, eight all red pups—six bitches and two dogs; sired by Dr. Jarvis' Champion Elcho.

—Mr. T. F. Taylor's, of Richmond, Va., champion Gordon setter bitch Fan, bred to Champion Rupert, has whelped eleven puppies—eight dogs and three bitches.

SAGACITY OF SHEPHERD DOGS.

MR. EDITOR.—Major Campbell Brown, of Maury County, a noted sheep breeder in Tennessee, was telling me some evidences of sagacity, as shown by his shepherd dogs, which are worthy of notice. On one occasion two of his dogs noticed three straggle cattle in among his herd of Jerseys. Without an order from any one, these dogs started for the intruders and attempted to drive them out. Finding it impossible to get the three together, they drove them one at a time to the gate, and then attracted attention by baying until some one came to open the gate and let them out. He also stated that he had been amused at noticing the manner in which one of his dogs would attack a strange animal. He would steal up behind him, bite him on the pastern joint, and drop on his belly, thus avoiding the certain kick.

H.

RANGER II.

BIRMINGHAM, UTAH, Dec. 21, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Mr. William Muller's orange and white English setter bitch Belle (she by Tomlinson's Dandy out of Muller's Maude) gave birth to a litter of six beautiful orange and white puppies, sired by Ranger II. (she by Macdonald's Ranger out of his Wonder). Ranger II. is owned by Mr. O. W. Donner, and at present is being kept at the Astor Kennel in this city. Knowing full well that you are a good dog in the field as well as on the bench, and the fact that I can say so, Ranger II. has proven this season one of the most staunch setters I ever saw. He is very fast, and since the second week out he has not made a false

point, and very few flushes. Barring his non-retrieving, he is a dog that cannot every day be beaten. The handling of this dog this season has been to us as a source of pleasure than labor. He is now having some fine native bitches, all well fed, broken, and being of his color, we are consequently expecting some fine puppies to exhibit at the coming New York Bench Show. S. S. FRASE.

CANINE OVARIOTOMY.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 4, 1919.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Permit me to suggest that you would place some of your readers under obligations if you would give them a carefully prepared article from competent authority on "Canine Ovariectomy." The article should describe the place and length of the incision; what tissues would be cut through when the ovaries are to be found; character of manipulations required to reach and remove them; the precautions necessary to avoid injuring the intestines or other organs; how the external wound should be dressed; what subsequent treatment, if any, is required; how long before danger from the operation is past, and the best time as to age and season of the year for the operation. I have the impression that no more dexterity and skill would be required to perform this operation successfully than to apply a clip. If this be true, by a little practice, sons to familiarize the operator with the use of instruments, the location of the ovaries and adjacent organs, almost any one could perform this operation successfully, and thereby have many valuable animals, and introduce a new element of strength to the kennel. H. G. CAREY.

CROTON BREWERY.—W. A. Miles & Co.'s pale and sparkling ales are rapidly taking precedence of all others, and very justly, too, as we are able to testify from samples. There can be no better ale for the dinner-table, not excepted the celebrated Bass. Office, 55 Chrystie street, New York.

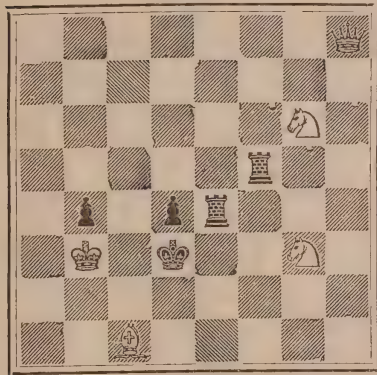
—The most complete bowling alley in this city or New York is that of Col. Anton Meyer, located at 392 Bowery. The building was arranged especially for the business, and has every convenience for clubs, with meeting rooms and banqueting halls. The alleys are two in number and are on the ground floor. The room is large, well lighted, and has a cheerful appearance. The Colonel is a jolly, good-natured man, and withal a capital bowler as well as a fine shot. In connection with the bowling alley there is also a Creedmoor shooting gallery with the most improved rifles, and Colonel Meyer takes pride in teaching his patrons how to shoot. He is also an importer and dealer in California, Rhine and Hungarian wines, and makes a specialty of American champagne. See his advertisement.

The Game of Chess.

NOTICE.—Chess exchanges, communications and solutions should be addressed "Chess Editor FOREST AND STREAM, P. O. box 64, Wolcottville, Conn."

Problem No. 39.

Motto: A Long Look Ahead.



White to play and give mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS—NO. 39.
1—Kt-K5
2—R-Kt1
3—Q mates; other variations.

Game No. 93.—GINOCO PLANO.

Game played in the International Tourney between Mr. F. E. Brenzinger, of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., and Rev. J. T. Chatto, of Trinity College, Cambridge, Eng., one of the Cambridge team in the International annual chess match:

White F. E. B.	Black J. T. C.	White F. E. B.	Black J. T. C.
1—P-K4	1—P-K4	14—R-K2	14—B-K15
2—K-K3	2—K-K3	15—P-K12	15—P-K12 (f)
3—B-B4	3—B-B4	16—P-K12	16—P-K12
4—P-Q3 (a)	4—Kt-K3 (b)	17—Kt-K4	17—Kt-K4
5—P-Q4	5—P-K4	18—Q-K3	18—Q-K3
6—P-Q4 (c)	6—B-K3	19—K-K5	19—K-K4
7—P-K5	7—P-Q4	20—P-K5	20—K-K2
8—K-BK5	8—K-K5	21—P-K15 (g)	21—Q-Q7
9—P-K5	9—B-C2	22—Q-K14	22—K-K1
10—B-K5 (d)	10—B-K3	23—Q-Q7 (f)	23—B-K4 (k)
11—P-Q4	11—P-Q3	24—P-K6	24—K-K1 (l)
12—Castles	12—Castles	25—B-K15	25—K-K1 (l)
13—R-K3 (e)	13—B-Q2 (e)		

NOTES.

(a) This move is that variation of this form of opening known as the *Gioco Piano*, which was, not many years ago, considered the best line of defence at White's command; but modern analysis has caused it to be regarded as a laborious and unprofitable *debut*. That modern analysis is searching and exhaustive, we are all aware; nevertheless we think that this opening is entitled to its ancient proud position, and believe that it will again "come to the front."

(b) This the modern analyst, we believe, pronounces the best defensive move at this juncture, and thereon erects his castle.

(c) P-K5 leads to a good attack, but Black's best reply equalizes the game. It strikes us that P-K5 at this point or on the succeeding move

is the proper line of attack, and should, we think, result in White obtaining a superior game.

(d) Perhaps this is the best line of play, but we should delay it until the last moment. This B could have been of use further on, we think.

(e) The game is at least equal. We, however, prefer White's position.

(f) A very good move, and one of importance in view of White's last play.

(g) A weak move. Black's position is superior, which is, we think, attributable to White's 16th move.

(h) A good move.

(i) A very fine move.

(j) Not his best move, as the following moves show. The position is complicated, and it is not an easy matter to decide on White's best move.

(k) Again good. Black's play, for the last few moves, is of the highest order of chess.

(l) Decisive, and it is to be regretted that Mr. D overlooked this obvious reply.

The *Derbyshire Advertiser* appends the following: "Mr. Chatto here states, 'It would have been as well to have tried the effect of 25-B3 before resigning.' He also directs attention to the mate which is threatened by the vanquished American—Q-K5 Pch, Black's best and winning reply to B-B3 is Q-K5 B. That of Kt-K5 Q, probably leading to a draw. We recommended our readers to examine this move—Kt-K5 Q. The after-play on both sides is full of interest, through P-K5 B and threatening to Q-K5."

The December number of the *American Chess Journal* is readable and interesting. Its table of contents is varied, the games good specimens of chess genius, and the problem department unusually attractive. Eighteen problems entered in its tourney comprise the problems. We suggest that the publisher add one or two small prizes to the amateurs who compete for honors in the general tourney, as an inducement to them to enter future competitions of this kind. Our amateur talent needs considerable encouragement, which our professionals should be willing and anxious to extend to them.

—Mr. Bull, of the *Free Press*, calls upon the chess players of Michigan to join hands in the effort now being made to hold a State tournament for players during the winter. This is a capital scheme, and we do not well see why it cannot be made enthusiastically and practically a success. Tournaments of this kind awaken an interest in the game, and should receive the encouragement of every chess player.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Communications.

WHERE TO GO FOR GAME.—Correspondents who send us specific questions as to where to find best localities for game and fish are referred to our game columns. All the news that comes to us is there given. By keeping themselves informed from this source our friends will save themselves and us much trouble. Read the paper.

N. Baltimore.—We know nothing of the firm you inquire about.

B. T., Quebec.—Sharps cost about \$3 per foot, not \$30 as misstated.

P. E. G., Charleston, S. C.—For white-bodied bantams write to Knapp & Van Nostrand, Fulton Market, New York.

S. Baltimore.—The trouble with your bitch will probably pass away as she grows older. It may be caused by the approach of her first season of heat.

C. H., Blevins, New York.—The statements made in the cutting which you send us are largely imaginative. We know of no observations which confirm them.

H. S., Shicks, Pa.—All you can do for your puppy is to give him plenty of strengthening food. He will probably come out all right unless the joints become enlarged.

W. B. B.—Is there any game in the southwestern part of Kansas near the Arkansas River, and if so what kind? Ans. Deer, quail and pinated grouse chiefly, and in abundance.

W. W., Paris, Ill.—We cannot interfere in dog transactions, and the party you mention had no authority to give us reference. Had you written to us you could have ascertained this.

B. C. D., Waterville, Mass.—What book will give me an accurate description of "Frank Forester's" life? Ans. Best biography we know of was published in *Turf, Field and Farm* last year.

C. B. P., Boston.—1 Is besawax a good lubricant for rifle and revolver bullets; if not, what is? 2 Is Smith & Wesson's new patent revolver considered a good and safe arm? 3 Would Ballard's Kentucky rifle, cal. 46, be large enough for deer? Ans. 1, 2, 3, Yes.

H. E. S., Sparta, Mich.—What is the best work on the rearing and breeding of dogs and the best book giving instruction for shooting on the wing, and price? Ans. "Stonehenge's" "Dogs of the British Islands," to be had only in England, and Logan's "Field, Cover and Trap Shooting," price \$2.

J. H. D., Poughkeepsie.—Please inform me what a mountain lion is? Californians often speak of them, but I can find no description of them in any work I have. Ans. The mountain lion of the Rocky Mountains and California is the puma, panther, or cougar (*Felis concolor*), the largest feline found in Northern America.

G. O. P., Harrison, N. Y.—1. What is the best gun to use for sand-hill crane shooting, and what size shot would you recommend? 2. What varieties of game would I be likely to find in the northwestern portion of Wisconsin? Ans. 1. Ten gauge; No. 1 or 2 shot. 2. In Wisconsin, deer and bear chiefly; also ruffed grouse, squirrels and hares.

M. H. B., Greenville, Pa.—I have six puppies three months old. They are covered with dry scales which make them appear rough. They are kept in a dry kennel, fed on venison and have plenty of exercise. What is the cause and what remedy shall I use? Ans. Anoint them carefully and sparingly, occasionally, with crude petroleum.

J. L. M., Atlas Centre.—Can you tell me where I can get some boots that will turn water, that are not rubber? Please to tell me the boots' name. Ans. Canadian sheepskins, called booter sheepskins, are perhaps the best. Any shoemaker in the Province of Quebec sells them; price \$3. These were fully described in our paper three or four weeks ago.

C. A. K., Buffalo.—A bird rises from the trap, is shot at and drops within the boundary; a dog rushes toward the bird before the shooter has had a chance to gather him, and the bird gets up and dies beyond the boundary and is killed by an outsider. Was the shooter entitled to another bird, or should it have been decided "dead, or lost bird"? Ans. The shooter should have had another bird.

G. M. S., Boston, Mass.—In your revised list of close sea-otters, published Dec. 19, you do not mention any law in New Hampshire against salmon catching. Is there none? Ans. There is no special law on

sea salmon; for fresh water or land-locked salmon the open season is from April to September. There being no sea salmon, except plaice, in the waters of the State, we presume the lawmakers thought a law on salmon would be superfluous.

J. A. W., Newcastle, Pa.—The symptoms you describe are those of chorea, a sequel of distemper, for which there is rarely a cure. It is possible also, from his voracious appetite, that your dog may have worms, and we should advise first a dose of areca nut followed by one of castor oil. If the twitching continues give him two grains of sulphate of zinc three times a day, with plenty of nourishing food.

ALLEGHONIS, Phila.—Vision has not a regular cuter's rib and is not quite as handy. She simply has her rib cut up into stylized and flat, both running on standing stays; whereas a cutter's rib is set up upon its own lid and is run in, unbent and stowed away when not wanted. A cutter's mat steps further aft, diminishing the weight in the bows and reducing the length of boom. The yawl would certainly be an improvement upon her for cruising and for racing in reeling weather.

F. H. W., Elmira, N. Y.—I have a puppy, sired a pointer and dam a setter; do you think he will make as good a dog as pure setter or pointer; age about three months? Should I begin to train him yet? Why are dogs half setter and half pointer called "droppers"? Ans. He may make as good a field dog, but not so good to breed from. Do not begin to break him before he is six months old. We presume the name "dropper" originated from these dogs dropping when on a point.

W. C., Bowling Green, Ky.—I have a pointer pup which is just getting well of the distemper and he is now very weak in the joints and hind legs; jerk all the time as though he had the St. Vitus' dance. What shall I do with him in order to get him cured? He is about 5 months old. Ans. Your puppy has chorea. Your only chance is to give him plenty of fresh air and a tonic, say quinine and iron in one grain pill twice a day, with plenty of strengthening food. If he does not improve give him nitrate of silver in doses of one-sixth of a grain.

J. S., Salem, N. Y.—In your answer to "Nimrod" in Dec. 26 you say, "To make your gun scatter use more powder or less shot." In Parker & Brother's circular it is said "The distribution can be increased either by decreasing the quantity of powder used or increasing the quantity of shot. And to produce better penetration increase the quantity of powder used, or decrease the amount of shot." Who is right? Ans. Messrs. Parker Bros. mode of boring may be such that an increase of powder gives improved pattern, but it is a well-known fact that increase in powder or decreased shot gives greater spread to the charge.

T. M. S., New Bedford.—Permit me to inquire, through you, of Mr. Whitcomb, Commissioner of Canadian Fisheries, whether any "discrimination against Americans" is made in the fishing licenses of the Negigon River (front)? Are Americans required to pay for such licenses? Are Canadians required to pay for such licenses? If such discrimination exists, by what authority does it exist? Ans. The agent of the Hudson's Bay Company at Red Rock Landing, Negigon River, is also Dominion fishery overseer for the river. He issues special angling permits to foreigners, to catch trout for pleasure, at a uniform charge of \$1, we believe. British subjects require similar permits, but are not charged.

H. H. R., Rockford, Ill.—We send by mail a copy of Athorpe's map of Florida, price \$1.50, and also Whitney's Pathfinder (25 cents), which will give you all needed information. The fares from Jacksonville, up river, vary so much and so often that we cannot tell you. From Gainesville to Orange Lake is about fifteen miles. Can fit out at Gainesville, if you like. Hunting on Orange Lake and creek is good; on the Ochlocknee River some sport was in turkey, jacks, buzzards, egrets and the like, useless for food, and no fish. On the upper waters of the St. John both hunting and fishing are good. The O-good canvas boat is large enough and perfectly reliable.

CANYAS BACK, Cleveland.—You will find the sharpe a handy, safe and comfortable boat, and above all a very cheap one. When decked with cabin the boat will make a fair substitute for a yacht, and to be preferred to an open boat or cat boat for all purposes. A light-draft boat cannot be made as weathery in rough water as a deep-keel craft, but the sharpe is safe in a seaway owing to her extreme buoyancy, and the small area of canvas required to drive her makes her stiff and able under sail, though of comparatively narrow beam. For hunting, shooting and fishing, as well as for sailing with ladies aboard, we recommend this style of boat to all who need a small, cheap and safe boat for general purposes. Full particulars of this type will shortly be published in our columns. A general description is to be found in our issue of Dec. 24, 1914.

J. M. Jr., Philadelphia.—1. I have a setter dog that has either a cork or something that makes me think he is deaf or partially so. Can I do for him? 2. Are we to have a bench show in this city soon, and what would be the cost of entering a dog? 3. Does the fact of a dog receiving a first prize prevent or hurt his chances in any subsequent show that he might be placed in? 4. How sound a dog be fed at this season of the year with little exercise, and what is the best food? Ans. 1. If your dog had cancer you would know it by his shaking his head and his ears being sore. A blister behind the ear might relieve the deafness. 2. The bench show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club will probably shortly be announced. 3. It puts him in the champion class, where he competes with other dogs of like breed who have won first prizes. 4. Twice a day on scraps from the table.

G. F., Pittsburgh, Pa.—I am anxious to procure information relative to the "carp" pond fish and its adaptation to a small lake (actually of about three acres, the water of which is always free from inundations and of uniform purity. Can you give me data as to its growth and size at certain ages, or can you put me in communication with any intelligent German who can give information of this kind? Any information relative to this fish as to its habits of breeding, the kind of pond, the proclivities, etc., will be thankfully received either by letter or through the columns of your valuable paper. My correspondence with Prof. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution, thus far has not resulted in much valuable data. As of FOREST AND STREAM are well filled with explicit information and instruction respecting the culture of carp. We can send you the requisite copies containing the articles, if you desire. Carp are extensively cultivated in California, where they were introduced four or five years ago.

F. J. H., Winesapago.—The builder of the Shawano canoe is one of those neglected heathens who does not know enough to go to the end of the rain, and therefore does not advertise his business; nor will he allow the lines of a Sawdow to be published. This canoe is 14 ft. 2 in. long, 11 in. deep, 28 in. wide at gunwale amidships, and 32 in. at widest part, which is 5 in. from the top. To build one, set up the midship section of the form given in *Harper's Monthly*, April, 1878; bend battens around to conform to deck p an shown in same article, and other lower down on the midship section; round off forefoot and stern to a semi-circle, and you will have a very close outline of her form. Then proceed as in boat building—keel, keelsons from end to end, stern and post same or of hanknatch; deck, Spanish cedar; battens and carlings of yellow pine; white cedar for planking; paddle of spruce 7 ft. long, 60 sq. ft. of canvas, cut as shown in the article mentioned. See articles on boat building in F. & S., and "Canoeing in Kanooka," Harper & Bros., New York; price 75c.



DEVOTED TO FISH AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INSTRUCTION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A LIFELONG INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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*Any publisher inserting our prospectus as above one time, with brief editorial notice calling attention thereto, and sending marked copy to us, will receive the FOREST AND STREAM for one year.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1879.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real names of the writer as a guaranty of good faith and be addressed to the FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous communications will be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts. Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for dereliction of the mail service if money is not paid to us as lost.

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THE NATIONAL KENNEL CLUB.—The views expressed by our Kennel Editor in his special department are endorsed by the management of this paper. Experience has taught us that permanent success holds to no enterprise which is not legitimately constituted. As soon as the self-styled "National" Kennel Club thinks it wise to reorganize in a parliamentary way, we will recognize it and give it our unequalled support; but not until then; and so, undoubtedly will the State Kennel Clubs. If it had originally been organized by a duly called convention, then its jurisdiction would be undoubted, and for that reason undisputed and accepted. We shall take and maintain issue on this point until the principle for which we contend triumphs. It must prevail, or the so-called National Kennel Club will first make a spurt, then linger for awhile, and finally peter out.

THE SHORT-RANGE TOURNAMENT.—The announcement of the second annual contest between the off-hand clubs of this city and vicinity for the short-range championship is made in our rifle columns. The great success of the meeting of the teams at the close of the winter season of 1877-8 was encouraging to all connected with the affair. Excellent scores were made on all sides, and the nine teams participating, at the close of the contest, were satisfied that the first medal had gone to the then champions. A few minor changes will be observed in the manner of carrying out the match, the object being to leave the match, as far as possible in the hands of the several captains. There will be no lack of prizes, as a number of friends of shoulder-shooting have requested opportunity of offering trophies in this tournament. Those teams entering on or before Feb. 23 will have a voice in the final arrangements, while those entering after that date, if the captains shall provide for such entries, will have to accept such provisions as may be determined upon. The FOREST AND STREAM AND ROD AND GUN will keep its readers informed as to the progress of the match, and will be glad to give any information respecting it. The date of shooting will doubtless be early in March, and at least twenty teams should come to the firing point in so interesting a contest.

GREAT CHARACTERS OF HISTORY.—Dr. John Lord, who has long been known as a lecturer of great power, will give a course of historical lectures, which are intended to present a continuous view of the progress of society from the time of the Roman Empire to our own day. Dr. Lord's lectures are characterized by breadth of thought and a philosophical treatment of the themes. The tickets may be obtained of Randolph or Brentano.

FEED THE SUFFERING GAME.

AN APPEAL FOR FOOD AND SHELTER.

THE New York Sun is not trespassing upon our prerogatives when it spreads such facts as the following before the public. We are gratified to have such an influential co-worker in the interest of game protection. We wish the great daily journals would often lend us valuable assistance of this sort.

We do not know that farmers, pot-hunters, and shippers, can be blamed for taking advantage of the mortality which stress of weather has brought upon the feathered game of the great West, to reap pecuniary profit therefrom. Indeed, we are rather inclined to congratulate ourselves that so much food has been preserved and distributed at low prices among poor people, to whom such delicacies as game of any kind is a rarity, instead of been suffered to waste upon the prairies. We cannot blame the collectors and shippers of game because the elements have been pitiless, and killing cold has had a wider range just now than climatic lines generally permit. The thermometer at 5° to 18° above zero is a rare phenomenon in the meteorology of the extreme Southern States, and ten inches of snow in Texas brings an experience to the birds and animals there to which even the occasional bitter "northerners" have not accustomed them. We can only deplore a dispensation which has destroyed so much of what makes uninhabited and wilderness places attractive to gentlemen sportsmen, and gives intrinsic value to districts which would be waste and unvisited but for the game which is found within their limits. The commercial value, too, of the game of our country can only be appreciated when we examine the manifestations of the express companies, and see the tons which are annually transported. The destruction of so much game, even in years not exceptional, like the present, is a severe drain upon the country, which nothing but the most earnest, untiring and judicious efforts can replace. It does not so much become us conservators of game to sit idly and deplore destruction, be it wanton or providential; or to prosecute pot-hunters and common carriers; or to arrest chance sportsmen who may have inadvertently dropped a bird beyond the limit of the close season; or to clamor for severe restrictions, because the elements have been unpropitious; as it does to put our wits together at once to restore, and by the prompt employment of scientific or common-sense means, remedy the disastrous depletion. To the starving and shivering remnant of our valued game the chief of these means is food and shelter. There are four millions of farmers to join in the philanthropic work. In wooded localities, let them send their hardy sons out with their axes to cut a few armful of brush to scatter here and there in heaps wherever the birds and animals are suspected or known to frequent, or where stress of weather would be likely to drive them in. The labor is slight, not half what is required to set a snare for partridges or rabbits. The time can be easily spared. On the open prairies, where no trees grow, nature will second the efforts of the farmers. Let them build up their little brush shanties in the vicinity of straw stacks and farm yards. Exigencies will drive the suffering creatures to the haunts of men whom their instinct has taught them to fear. By the simple processes we suggest myriads of quail, ruffed and pinnated grouse, rabbits, and other small game can be wintered through. Nature, if not interrupted, easily recuperates; it is wonderfully prolific. It can endure not only decimation, but it can survive and replenish upon ten per cent. of itself.

There are some considerations to be looked at in the purchase and consumption of game so killed. Creatures which have perished by freezing are certainly not as wholesome or as palatable as those which have been killed by strangling or bleeding; no more than frozen fruit, or even malt or spirituous liquors, retain their best properties and qualities after having been frozen and thawed out. It is a natural law of chemistry which we cannot gainsay. Still, we do not think that any positive injury to health can result from eating drowned, suffocated, or frozen game. Better a pot-pie of such viands than hunger and starvation. So, while we lament the devastation of the woods and fields, we rejoice that so much has been added to the sustenance of a multitude of impoverished people at a season when bitter cold makes increased supply so necessary. It is the lives of brutes for lives of human beings. On the score of health, the chief objection to eating this questionable game lies in the fact that unwonted sustenance of any kind is utilized, in place of the wholesome varieties of food which are covered and scaled up by snow and ice. In wooded districts, these are chiefly the berries of the sumac and leaves of the laurel, which not only impart a bitter taste to the flesh, but absolutely make it unfit and dangerous to eat. On the open prairies there seems no escape from death unless the friendly shelter of a farm yard or hay stack is within the distance of easy flight.

We hope our wealthy friends who read this article will not quietly turn their toes to their warm blazing fires, but devote some little energy and a very little money to sheltering and feeding the game. It will be the best pecuniary investment they can make. A few bushels of grain and a few brush heaps will save a great deal of game, as well as the cost of rust preventives to useless guns hung up in the idle future.

"Trappers and hunters are gathering in a marvellous quantity of game in the country west of the Mississippi River just now, and wholesale dealers in centres like Chicago and St. Louis are kept busy receiving and forwarding it. At wholesale prices, the game arriving at each of these points is estimated to be worth something like \$50,000 a week. This

large sum of money represents vast heaps of flesh, feathers and fur, at the low prices for which these products of the Far West are now selling. Quails out there go by wholesale at fifty-five cents a dozen, while rabbits retail in immense quantities at the astonishing price of five cents apiece, squirrels at seven and a half cents, brant and wild geese at fifty cents apiece, ducks at forty and fifty cents a pair, and other game at similar figures. Venison, which is retailed at fancy prices, is sold, with the hide on, to butchers and packers at five cents a pound. The venison which comes from Minnesota is considered the best, but much also comes from Indian Territory, where the Cherokee nation have an interest in the preserve of fifty square miles in which deer and jack-rabbits abound. Out on the plains rabbits are hardly looked upon as game worth the notice of professional Nimrods who have lived long enough to call themselves grown men; when snow is on the ground they are slaughtered in droves and sold at the railroad stations by the cord.

As Eastern markets are well supplied with game; Western shippers, seeking some other outlet for their surplus, have been experimenting upon London. Quails principally are sent, partly because of the unprecedented numbers of these birds which have come to an untimely end this winter, and partly because the expected profits on them are larger than on any other kind of game. When the quails reach St. Louis and Chicago they are frozen; they are then packed in barrels, tightly wedged in by hydraulic pressure, and placed on fast freight trains to New York, where they are transferred to the decks of fast ocean steamers for Liverpool. The steamship companies agree that the barrels shall remain on deck during the voyage, and if the weather keeps cold the quails arrive in London as fresh as when they started. Quails cost the Western shipper fifty-five cents a dozen, the freight to London is from \$1.50 to \$2 a dozen, and the price in London is hoped to realize a handsome profit on the quails exported to London.

In spite of the low price at which the birds are selling, however, some of our Western fellow citizens are grumbling at their quail on toast. A sportsman on the Missouri River declares that the great quantity of game brought in to market since the severe cold and heavy snows set in is pretty conclusive proof of our old play practiced upon the game, but upon the consumers thereof. Instead of falling in an easy prey to the trapper and sportsman when the ground is covered with hard snow, as at present, the quails are never more shy and unapproachable than at such seasons, since there is then no covering under which they can hide. This winter they are said to be wilder than they were ever known to be before. This sportsman is therefore positive that of the quails now on the market a very small percentage have died of gunshot wounds. Most of them are, he affirms, found dead in the snow, or the snow, either frozen, starved or poisoned by the berries and other unwonted varieties of food to which they are compelled to resort. The belief in such poisoning, he thinks, is strongly supported by the dark color of the flesh and other indications of disease presented by many of the birds sold. Wild turkeys are as frequently found standing stark dead in the snow, and there seems to be little doubt that in a severe season like this, the prowess of huntsmen on the plains is largely supplemented by the weather in bringing down the game."

A POWERFUL GAME ASSOCIATION TO THE FRONT.

ON June 1st, 1871, nearly eight years ago, the editor of this paper presented in the following words, through the columns of the Brooklyn *Ensign*, the claims of the Blooming Grove Park Association, then recently incorporated, to the consideration of the public:

"England and the older countries of Europe long ago found it necessary to adopt means to preserve their wild game and fish from total extinction. The rapid increase of population and the spread of settlements not only depopulated the forests and the sea, but denuded the land of its timber, so that eventually plans for restocking and reforestation became objects of most serious consideration and earnest practical application on the part of scientific and thoughtful men. Judicious legislation, combined with the active cooperation of landed proprietors and sportsmen, have secured results exceeding the anticipations of the most sanguine, results remarkable for the ease with which they were accomplished, and remunerative in every instance. At present nearly every Kingdom, State and Province has its own laws. Zoological gardens, acclimating societies, public and private parks, fish works, and all manner of associations for breeding and preserving game and fish are found all over the Continent.

In England alone are no less than 800 parks, chases, and forests. Timber is extensively cultivated, with more certain returns and larger assured profits than any other agricultural product. Fish culture has become a most lucrative branch of business, especially in Germany. The surplus stock sold from breeding parks invariably pays the running expenses of the preserves. Indeed, the whole subject considered in its length and breadth, involves the prosperity of communities to a degree that is not dreamed of now, but will be recognized and appreciated in years to come. It stands in the same relation to mankind as the early attempts to domesticate and breed cattle and sheep; and just as, at the present day, no branch of industry is deemed more praiseworthy than the improving the breed of our domestic animals and aiding their increase, so eventually will be the preserving and propagating game animals, birds and fish. If we would live, we must produce the food that nourishes and sustains life.

Our own country, though comparatively new, and originally teeming with game animals, has already suffered so much from reckless and indiscriminate slaughter, that measures equally stringent with those of Europe, have become necessary to prevent their total extinction here. Excepting in those wilderness districts not yet penetrated by railroads, game is now actually scarcer than it is beyond the Atlantic."

Impressed by facts so patent as these, the Blooming Grove Park Association procured its 12,000 acres of broken country in Pennsylvania, built a commodious club house, enclosed with a fence a breeding paddock one mile square in the heart of the forest, stocked it with game, provided gamekeepers, and invited membership and co-operation. To divest it of the hard features of dry detail and drudgery which simple devotion to the development of a principle involves, they made it attractive by adding club

features and combining all those inducements which render our select summer resorts so popular and agreeable. Everything which could contribute to the amusement and comfort of families, as well as mere sportsmen, was included in the plan. If not then actually carried out at the beginning, it was because the endeavor was not warmly supported. Candor compels us to state what the public already knows, that the enterprise did not meet with that immediate success which its too sanguine promoters anticipated. Lack of confidence, a misunderstanding as to its objects, jealous interference and misrepresentation, the ensuing panic and five years business depression, a failure to realize those convictions of the necessity for propagating and preserving our game which others more prescient and provident proclaimed, all combined to defeat the prompt fulfillment of an enthusiastic sportsman's dream of full bags and full preserves. Where the association hoped to discover Arcadia they found only a mirage. A very considerable outlay for outfit and appointments was utterly wasted and wiped out; dues were not paid; shares were incontinently forfeited; in vain the board of management proffered most liberal terms; memberships could scarcely be sold at any price; therefore, the allotted annual income for maintenance not being forthcoming, the Association languished, and was only saved by the devotion of an undismayed handful of steadfast members.

This was the true condition of affairs up to the spring of 1878, when a new hope dawned. After seven years of tough experience the clouds rolled off, and we have now merely to exhibit the list of members appended below, (and all obtained within a few short months,) to convince the most incredulous that the Association is now in a position to go on with the work which it long ago assigned to itself. It is a guaranty, readily accepted, of its financial integrity and high social standing. Such an array of prominent business names was never before attached to any non-political organization in this country. All have paid their fees and dues, and the balance in the treasurer's hands is far in excess of immediate requirements. We have before us the reports of several standing committees and sub-committees made at the December monthly meeting of the Association, of which we had purposed to publish a full abstract, but our space will hardly justify it. Certainly no necessities of the Association require it. Special pleas in its behalf are no longer needed. Its objects and merits alone, backed by its cohorts, and led by success, are all the recommendations it requires. Suffice it to say, that the Association has now a reorganized and efficient Board of Management, a superintendent, and gamekeepers at remunerative salaries, and all club appointments at present required for the entertainment of visitors to its grounds. A competent committee has carefully examined the Park territory to ascertain what measures are necessary to replenish the depleted game; and such ascertained measures have already been taken to erect suitable paddocks for deer and coverts for birds, and to purchase whatever live game is necessary to abundantly stock the preserves. If circumstances demand, several thousand grown quail and several hundred grouse can be turned loose into the grounds at short notice. A large number of wild turkeys are also available. As soon as the ice breaks up in the early spring, the whole tract will be astir with animated life. Of course all necessary police protection against poachers will be afforded. The new Superintendent is John M. Stellenwert, late of the Lake House, at Islip, Long Island.

The following is a list of members of the Blooming Grove Park Association, elected during the year 1878:

Hon. De W. C. Wheeler, Prof. R. H. Day, S. H. Wolfe, W. L. Jencks, Jr., N. Y. City; R. A. Packard, Penn.; Ronald Thomas, Charles Abbott, L. N. Johnson, N. Y. City; Isaac S. Garner, Utica, N. Y.; J. De Rivera, Col. E. S. Bowen, J. H. Beard, C. Alfred Grymes, A. A. Drake, John Sikes, N. Y. City; J. E. Mescham, N. Y. City; A. Patterson, Geo. H. B. Hill, Dr. Morris J. Aech, Major S. B. Eaton, Jno. McGinnis, Jr., Geo. W. Towle, D. B. Babcock, H. Durand, F. L. James, Wayland Trask, W. P. Jones, S. J. Harriott, N. Y. City; Horace White, Chicago, Ill.; Dr. T. A. McBride, Dr. S. M. Nash, N. Y. City; Wm. Lamson, Le Roy, N. Y.; Conat D. B. De Moulzilly, T. E. H. Curtis, N. Y. City; John H. Swayer, Wilkesbarre, Penn.; J. F. Brady, Geneva, Switzerland; Alfred Bonar, E. A. Johnson, R. N. Hazard, W. S. Andrews, Geo. H. McLean, J. Kearney Warren, N. Y. City; G. D. Clark Jr., Baltimore, Md.; E. Sanford, N. Y. City; L. J. Sissone, Syracuse, N. Y.; Thos. A. Vasey, N. Y. City; Dr. E. Dodd, Brooklyn, L. I.; E. A. Corey, A. Dilling, James Benard, Chas. F. Peating, John W. Balfour, Herman H. Le Roy, Genl. Daniel Butterfield, Roland Redmond, E. E. Chase, John Benjamin, Christopher H. Robert, Arnold Marks, N. Y. City; Wm. J. Binns, Boston, Mass.; G. G. Coleman, W. B. Williams, Montford, Leices. Walter B. Lawrence, Leon C. Greer, Major Kinney, Wm. R. Barr, Genl. Jno. J. Anderson, Dr. P. J. Baumsted, T. C. Carey, Genl. Z. C. Deas, R. S. Elliott, W. H. Peating, O. W. Joslyn, O. McIlvren, Frank Reynolds, Dr. A. Russell Strachan, Phoenix Remens, B. W. Dyer, Louis Snyder, H. O. De Rivera, H. B. Holmes, Geo. W. Hall, N. Y. City; Prof. Chas. T. Jenkins, Salem, Mass.; Joseph Jefferson, Hoboken, N. J.

Previous members number about ninety.

It is hardly necessary to state that the stock of the Association has very materially appreciated since the publication of its committees' reports. The price of membership has also advanced. Recent memberships have been secured chiefly by the purchase of forfeited shares at a nominal price of \$50. When all such shares are disposed of, the membership will be large enough to support the Association by its annual dues, which are fixed at \$35, subsequent to April 1, 1879; at which time the price will return to \$450, as per charter. Life memberships, exempt from taxation and dues, can be purchased for \$1,000.

The congratulations of all persons who foresee the extinc-

tion of game in our eastern country by the steady advance of settlement, are due to those who have at last succeeded in placing this Protective Association on a firm and permanent footing. It has within itself the elements of great strength. It is the pioneer organization of its kind in America. The good it can accomplish by its influence and direct aid in preserving game and sport for our sportsmen will manifest itself in time; while the fact of its having rescued from the clang of shops and the tramp of multitudes one choice spot which it will keep secluded and sacred hereafter to Nimrod and Diana, will at least be recognized. Accordingly, we feel it to be the duty of this journal, as the representative of sporting interests in America, and independent of what might be charged as the personal considerations of its editor, who was one of the incorporators of the Blooming Grove Park Association, to give this enterprise its unequalled support, and to wish all connected with it the most eminent success in their efforts to preserve the game of the country.

TRUE SPORTSMEN AND SPORTING LITERATURE.

PISCATOR.—You are well overtaken, gentlemen; a good morning to you both. I have stretched my legs up Tottenham Hill to overtake you, hoping your business may occasion you toward Ware, whither I am going this fine fresh May morning.

VENATOR.—Sir, I for my part shall almost answer your hopes, for my purpose is to drink my morning's draught at the Thatched House in Fiddenden.

PISCATOR.—Most gladly, sir; and we'll drink a civil cup to all the other hunters that are to meet you to-morrow.

VENATOR.—I will require a part of your courtesies with a bottle of sack, milk, oranges and sugar, which, all put together, make a drink like nectar; indeed, too good for anybody but us anglers.

ISAAC WALTON.

A true sportsman, says a well known authority, must possess a combination of virtues which will fill him so full that no room can be left for sin to squeeze in. He must be an early riser—to be which is the beginning of all virtue—ambitious, temperate, prudent, patient of toil, fatigue and disappointment; courageous, watchful, intent upon his business—always ready. Confident, cool, kind to his dog, civil to the girls and courteous to his brother sportsmen.

While possessing the above traits the sportsman should be a most faithful devotee of the attractions of the universe—birds, flowers, woods and streams. He should have sufficient control over the various appetites and passions of the mind and body as will endow him with the capability of dealing moderately in all things. From time immemorial conviviality has been a prominent feature—yea, the wind up of very many jaunts of the angler and fowler, none of which out of every ten are epicures who would as soon think of eating a raw salt mackerel as sit down to canvasback and terrapin without an accompanying quail of their favorite wine.

Isaac Walton frequently terminated a day's fishing with a generous libation at the "Thatched House," and 'e'en said grace for the refreshing cup of barley malt.

A man may drink wine, even carry a little with him on a fishing or shooting expedition, and be both a gentleman and a sportsman, provided he has force of character sufficient to stop when he has partaken moderately. But he, who to every shot at a leatherhead, has three glasses from the whisky flask, or he who deems it necessary to provide himself with a cask of beer and a hundred weight of ice for a day's fishing or shooting, and who, before the sun is fairly in the meridian, is noisily drunk, and then, and then, parades before the public in the columns of a first-class sporting journal, over the appellation of a Sportsman deserves chastisement, which delicacy forbids mentioning in this paper. "My Shooting Box," "The Quondam Hounds," "The Warwick Woodlands" and "The Deer Stalkers" are a series of sporting sketches meant more as a literary amusement than an example or lesson to be taught or copied. It was against Herbert's will that they have been published in book form, and in no other of his works can the reader say dwells the slightest degree of redolency from the whisky flask or brandy bottle.

Had Herbert failed to note in his peculiar but descriptive way those *petit soupers*, or the jest at Harry Archers then would he have written narrative void of true delineation. Macaulay might as well have omitted the revolution and the reign of James II. That the whisky flask should be rigidly excluded from rifle practice where victory is the hard-earned result of clearheadedness and steady nerves is an indisputable fact worthy the co-operation of all organizations competing whether with rifle or shot-gun. The great trouble nowadays is the want of judicious discrimination between a sporting man and a sportsman. The former must as a consequence be over just to himself with the bottle, must deal at the pool room and consequently visit the gaming table. The latter must be either painter or poet, a thorough naturalist (Darwin's views excepted), must keep the ten commandments, the revised statutes and the thirty-nine articles of the Episcopal Church.

—Reports of the various railroad companies carrying passengers to Coney Island have been filed in Albany, from which it appears that the total number of persons taken to the popular resort last season, exclusive of those who went by boat, was 2,750,000. Enough went in other ways to swell the number to three millions and a half. The average number carried by the roads a day was 20,000.

—Wilbur & Hastings, Fulton street, New York, publish some very neat and handsome calendars for 1879.

—Sleet in Florida and ten inches of snow in Texas are among the rare phenomena of the present winter. Norfolk Harbor, in Virginia, is frozen clear across, and the James River is blockaded by ice throughout its entire length. In California the growing oranges have been incased in ice, and great quantities of ripening fruit destroyed in great variety.

—Our well known correspondent, Oscar B. Smith, Esq., the author of many pleasant sketches in *FOREST AND STREAM* during past years, has gone into business with Messrs. Pomeroy and Cox, under the firm name of Pomeroy, Cox & Smith, bankers and brokers, 37 Broad street, this city. If our friend is as earnest in the pursuit of fortune as he is in the prosecution of the game laws, and the hunting of quail, he will have to hire a stout boy to carry his bag of shekels as well as his bag of game.

GOOD NEWS FROM GOOD GROUND.—Our friend Wm. Lane, of Good Ground, Long Island, well known to all sportsmen who visit that region, writes us the cheerful news that Shinnecock Bay is once more provided with an inlet. It was opened on the 17th of December, not on the spot of the last futile effort, but further to the westward in the precise location of the old inlet, which remained open for eighteen years. The surplus water, and which crossed some of the best feeding grounds, was all run off before the bay became frozen over. The last day of the shooting Lane killed 181 broad-bills and red-heads. The prospects for good shooting in the spring were never better. Lane says that he never in his life saw so many geese as passed south this fall, and as a very large proportion of them were young ones the chances for the spring shooting are so much improved. With an open inlet there should also be excellent fishing in Shinnecock, as the bluefish appear to be particularly fond of the bay. We hope to join friend Lane in some "bumming" next summer.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE TROPICAL WANDERINGS OF FRED BEVERLY.

THE CARIBBEAN SEA—MY NEIGHBORS, THE MOUNTAINERS.—THE IGUANA—A WORK OF ART—MRS. GRUNDY.

Mr. Editor:

The pictures from my cabin door are all beautiful, but all suggest alike the sea. Detached peaks rise to the eastward and southward, connected by a continuous chain of hills to the sea. Their line is irregular, and very sharply are those mountain peaks, clothed with verdure to their summits. The broken slope in front of my cabin slants rapidly to the precipice that borders the valley that contains the river which hastens to the sea. Outlined against its silvery surface are dark green mountains; a loosely-branched tree stands out against it as against the sky; palms, with gracefully spreading foliage, show dark against it. It spreads so far and wide, and seems to climb so high to meet the sky, that it is hardly possible to tell where sea leaves off and sky begins. Every day I am puzzled to ascertain the horizon line. Every day it blends into sky so softly that all seems sky, or all may be sea. Is the sky blue, so is the sea; is it smoky pearl, the sea is dim, and hides its face beneath a hazy cloud. A cloudy day, with the sun shining on the water from behind the clouds, turning the sea to burnished and glistening silver, is as puzzling as a day with sky of clearest ether; for the sun, reflected from the silver surface of the sea, dissipates the line of demarcation in the glare of the reflection.

There are times when the sea does not rise up to meet the sky, but spreads out miles and miles, until I almost fancy I can see to Avea Island—that solitary island far west in the Caribbean Sea, where a colony of birds breed on the sands alone. The best view is obtained at sunset; then, whether the bright orb disappears behind the mountains without a cloud, or whether he leaves a threatening array, clad in armor of gold and silver, the horizon line is well defined. At moonlight also, when mountains and valleys are but gradations in depth of shadow, the sea reposes peacefully beneath moon and stars, content to rest itself as a sea, and claiming no affinity with the vault above.

It seems to me that it changes every time I look upon it—pearl blue, silver shot with gold, bazy depths, from which no light is shown, and again a sea of deepest ether. It has never been otherwise than calm and placid, though the fierce winds that sometimes sweep down from these mountains and dive into the valleys are enough to rattle the tranquillity of any sea. Indeed, it is a well-known fact that vessels are often becalmed under the lee of these Caribbean islands for days together, and there is not even a white break the monotony of existence on board. I can see white sails, sails of sloops, of schooners, of ships, drifting lazily over the placid sea. Sometimes the morning will reveal the sail of the evening before—the sail that I watched listlessly as I swung in my hammock. It is one of the pleasures of existence here that I can at any time raise my eyes and look out upon the still, dreamy, beautiful sea of the Antilles. It is not always that it is so peaceful. In the "hurricane season," when the tempests devastate these islands, it rises in its wrath—not like the miserable Atlantic, though, always in commotion; it is only disturbed by a hurricane—nothing less.

A century ago or thereabouts, when came to this mountain retreat (then unbroken wilderness as now it is save this little clearing)—when first came that sanguine Frenchman!

Jean Baptiste Landat, from his native isle of Martinique or Guadeloupe, he looked him about him for a wife. It is more probable, though, that he brought her with him as a slave, and that she was black; and that there afterward got admixed a *soupeon* of Carib blood is manifest in the color of these, his descendants. They are not yellow, nor bright olive like the Carib, but of a rich brown, with long hair, black and wavy. That the air of these mountains is conducive to health, their size, plumpness and activity prove.

There are but five families, ruled over by the present Jean Baptiste, who inherits his power from his deceased grandfather, as eldest son of his son. With him lives his mother, a yellow-skinned old lady of eighty, who hobbles about with a cane and is a frequent visitor at the door of my hut. Now, this old lady and her Jean can speak what they flatter themselves passes for English, but their native tongue is the perverted French of their white ancestor. To a Parisian their perversion of the French verb *faire* would be sufficient to drive him crazy.

For instance, the old lady strives to make intelligible the number of her grandchildren and their respective parents: "My son, Jean, he make ze enfans seex; Madile, he make huit, and *tout les enfans* make seexty." She passed my door one afternoon as I was busy preparing my collections for preservation, and told me confidently that she was going to "make petit walk," but a wall from the house of her eldest son caused her to hurry her old limbs to soothe the child "zat make ze cry." "Me make my sleep," is a common expression to make yam, cane, ground provisions, etc. "Moi cafait souper, dejeuner," I go to make supper, breakfast.

J. B. is full of wise sayings, and gives vent to some very strange expressions in his confidences to me. One day I returned from a long hunt in a heavy rain, and my worthy friend was greatly exercised that I did not immediately change my clothing: "Who drink ze watah," said he. "It is yourselfs feet," meaning that the moisture had been absorbed into my system. "White man next to God (ze Mon Dieu)," "White man not like colored, he no eat ze bones of ze poule." "I tank ze Mon Dieu if I speaks ze Engleesah." He exercised a sort of paternal sovereignty over me, as the first white man who had honored his little hamlet with his presence, and many a day has he staid from his labor in the mountains to procure something for my table or some new bird.

The walls of this little cabin, which is a new one, and occupied by me solely, are covered with writing, from which I learn that this is his journal. Among other things he chronicles his first visit to the confessional, when he received absolution from father O'Reilly.

One day J. B. brought to my door an iguana, nearly five feet in length and very ugly. He had seen it basking on a limb beneath the cliff, and had pinned it with a long bamboo while his brother secured it with a noose made from a liane. I expressed a desire to obtain its skin, and hastened to do so, but a woman was already scorching the scales, which she afterward scraped off in water. It looked quite repulsive, but a piece they later sent me late, finding it sweet, tender, white, not unlike chicken. This is the season (March and April) when the iguana leaves the rocks and precipices and takes to the trees. He lives on grass and leaves, principally, if not solely, and only frequents the trees, they say, during the dry season; then he is hunted. During the wet season he lives in his hole, or if he comes out he is hard to find. The dogs of Landat are trained to hunt this lizard.

I always held that for daring, pure and simple, our good old grandmothers of the good old times held rank *par excellence*. This was conclusively proven one day, when, having made a long rent in the leg of an old pair of trousers, I took them to Mrs. Jean Baptiste to be repaired. As I turned to go I was arrested by an exclamation, and looking back found her attentively examining them. Now, they were very old; how they got mixed up with the rest of my wardrobe I do not know; but as they were there I made use of them in the woods, intending to leave them there, peradventure they survived. Lest any one think they were my only ones, I will mention that I had another pair. Years before they had been patched by my grandmother—may heaven rest her soul—for that maternal relative had a passion for darnings perfectly unaccountable. Like Alexander, she would shed tears when there were no more conquests to make in her world of darnings, and a new pair of pantaloons or a coat without a rent was to her a source of grief. How eagerly she would seize upon a garment that showed signs of dissolution! The fact that the early spunkings of my boyhood made but little impression was owing to the double thickness with which a portion of my pantaloons were lined.

Like the Dutch girls of early New York, so graphically described by Irving, I was impregnable. Jabbering a few hurried words in patois to a *garcon* who quickly departed, she sat down with the garment in her hands to await the arrival, as I soon found, of the adult female population of Landat. When they had all arrived she arose and displayed to their united view the broadest part of my inoffensive rather habiliments. At first they were speechless with admiration, but soon broke forth into a chorus of *Mon Dieu!* each one reaching forward for a closer inspection.

The simple explanation of this is they recognized the work of a master hand. Had some connoisseur of paintings found in a garret—as some one is constantly finding in a garret—a painting that, the dust being removed, disclosed a Murillo or a Van Dyke, he could not have been more delighted and surprised. I say delighted, but sober reflection convinced them that such a thing should not be shown their lords and

masters, and they grew troubled lest they should see this masterpiece, and, becoming dissatisfied with their spouses' needlework, eventually sue for divorce on grounds of incompetency or some kindred cause. Then they desired I should teach them; but I protested that I never had taken lessons in that science, and that unless they could puzzle it out for themselves the art, as an art, must be a lost one to them. Mine host heard of it, however, and to him I gave the garment. And it is said that he has caused to be preserved (by framing or some other way) that design in darning, and, having lopped off the legs for his youngest son, regards the remainder as an art treasure of the highest value. If his wife gets refractory he has but to point with warning gesture at that specimen of needlework, and she at once subsides.

Even in this wild island, in the depths of the deepest forest, there exists that fear of Mrs. Grundy that smolders in the human breast in town and city. Though the young people of the mountains go about for days and weeks with nothing on but a single gown or ragged shirt, when the time comes for going to town they must carry with them all they possess in the way of a wardrobe; and they will carry on their heads a large Indian pannier, or basket, with nothing in it but their best clothes. When they reach the banks of the last stream nearest town they don their finery and cram their unwilling feet into unaccustomed shoes, and then limp painfully into the metropolis, conscious they are objects of envy and admiration. They are really prettier in the more becoming costume of the mountains—a simple dress gathered about the hips, reaching to the knees; and men and boys handsomer in merely cotton pants with broad breast and muscular arms exposed. I have seen the policemen, when in secluded country districts, walking with their shoes held carefully under their arm. Though imprudent of time these people are very careful of their clothing.

GAME PROTECTION.

NEW HAMPSHIRE LAWS.—We are indebted to Mr. Samuel Webber, of Manchester, for a copy of the revised Fish and Game Laws of New Hampshire. These laws provide, in brief, that the Governor shall appoint a board of three commissioners on fish and game, whose duty it shall be to restock the waters with fish and enforce the fish and game protective statutes. Every town or city council shall appoint fish and game wardens for its territory, who shall be sworn to enforce the laws and prosecute offenders. The State Commissioners are also empowered to appoint private detectives for their assistance. Provision is made for proper posting of streams, and fines and penalties affixed for violation. Section 9 provides that any town or city may, at a duly notified meeting, by the major vote of the citizens, or if the city government prohibit all fishing in the waters of the town for a period of three years for the purpose of restocking the same.

Chapter II., pertaining to game, protects the usual insectivorous birds and fixes the close seasons as follows: Plover, yellow-legs, sandpipers, woodcock, ducks and rails, Feb. 1 to Aug. 1; ruffed grouse, partridge and quail, Feb. 1 to Sept. 1. Penalty, \$10 or 60 days' imprisonment for each offence, and possession counts. Snaring grouse, partridge and quail is penalized with the same fine. Provision is made for posting corporation or private property. Moose, deer and caribou are protected for a term of three years, from Sept. 1, 1878, with heavy penalties for convictions. It is lawful, however, to kill deer within Coos County between Aug. 1 and Dec. 1, and moose and caribou Sept. 1 to Dec. 1, of each year. Minn., beaver, sable, otter, fisher, protected from April 1 to Oct. 15; raccoons and coons, Jan. 1 to Sept. 1; hares, rabbits and muskrats, April 1 to Oct. 1. Railroads and express companies having for transportation or other purposes any of these animals or birds during the close season shall be punished by a fine not exceeding \$100, unless it can be shown that such animals or birds are being transported from without the State. Chapter IV. provides for the protection of game waters. Generally prepared for breeding purposes; for the legal capture of salmon, trout, land-locked salmon, grayling, bass, striped bass, pike, pickerel, white perch, pickerel, muskallunge and smelts by angling with a single hook and line only; for the forfeiture of all implements illegally employed; for the protection of land-locked salmon, lake trout and brook trout between the month of Sept. and the month of April following (lake trout may be taken during January, February and March); black bass, pike perch and white perch protected during May and June; muskallunge, pickerel, pike and grayling cannot be taken in April and May. For a period of five years from the 14th of June, 1875, salmon, parr, smolts, grilse, shad, alewives and lamprey eels are prohibited in the Merrimack and Connecticut Rivers and all tributary waters. All fish introduced by fish culturists are protected for five years from the time of introduction. Owners of dams and weirs are subject to fine or action for neglect to provide suitable fishways; nor is fishing allowed within four hundred yards of such fishway. Possession of any fish in the close season subjects the possessor to all penalties provided for the other offences, such possession being deemed *prima-facie* evidence. Section 23 prohibits the capture or having in possession any brook trout, caught from any waters of the State, of a less length than four inches, or of any striped bass of a less length than ten inches. Section 24 provides that owners of private waters may take fish from the same at any time for purposes of propagation, dissemination or science, but not for food during the close seasons prescribed.

The present Commissioners are: Mr. Samuel Webber, Manchester; Mr. Luther Hays, South Milton, and Mr. Albina H. Powers, Plymouth. Free copies of the laws may be obtained from any of these gentlemen.

THAT MIGRATORY QUAIL.—In a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM we noticed the capture in Centre Brook, Conn., of a specimen of this little quail by a correspondent. "G. H. C.," and being anxious to have a more detailed account of the circumstances, we wrote to our correspondent, asking him for fuller particulars. In a reply recently received he says: "The bird I sent to you I found alone. My dog was per-

haps two minutes feeding and pointing after striking scent, following about 150 feet, footing it out and coming to a dead point, pointing toward myself. I advanced, say 100 feet, and sprang the bird. It lay close and sprang quick, and flew about the same speed of our ordinary quail. I was shooting in the town of Westbrook and found this bird 1½ miles from Long Island Sound. I think there was a possibility there were more birds where I shot this, it being a large tract of level land and light soil. But I only went across one corner.

The Rifle.

THE FOREST AND STREAM AND ROD AND GUN TOURNAMENT

For the Short-Range Championship of 1879

And three team medals, which will be awarded to the teams making the first, second and third best scores. Other prizes will be offered also, to take place at Conlin's shooting gallery. Open to teams from any organized rifle club.

Conditions.—Teams.—Each team shall consist of ten men. The teams participating must be composed of members of the various clubs which they represent. Rifles.—Limited to 10 pounds in weight; minimum pull of trigger, three pounds; 22-00 cal. Teams may furnish their own rifles and ammunition, or use those at the gallery, as they may desire. Number of Shots.—Ten by each competitor. Sighting Shots.—Two shots will be allowed each competitor. Position.—Ordinary. Targets.—200-yards targets, according to the regulations of the N. R. A. reduced in proportion to the range at the gallery. Practice.—No practice allowed on the day of the match. Entrance Fee.—Ten dollars to be paid at the office of the FOREST AND STREAM AND ROD AND GUN, No. 111 Fulton street, N. Y. The match to be governed by the rules of the N. R. A. relating to teams. The captains of the several teams entered before 9 o'clock on the evening of February 22, will meet at Conlin's gallery at that hour, and fix upon the arrangements for carrying out the match, choose referees, and decide in what order the respective teams shall shoot. The assistant captains shall decide upon the date of opening the matches, and the date at which the entries shall close. The referees shall elect an umpire, whose decision in all cases shall be final.

THE RIFLE CAMPAIGN OF 1879.

The American Team of 1878 seems determined to secure some sort of an international match during the current year and are not disposed to sit down under the somnolent influences which seem to have overcome the N. R. A. and its officers. They are acting a prudent part in affording every opportunity for the national organization to unite with them, and take the lead before coming to a determination to start off on an independent course. The FOREST AND STREAM advocated the walk-over match to gain a record and take the control of the Palma out of the hands of the wrangling half-dozen then in possession; but to keep up a succession of walk-overs would only provoke a succession of broad grins. A live match must be brought about by all means, and Capt. Jackson and his associates seem possessed of sufficient energy, pluck and skill to bring about such a contest. The following letter to the National Rifle Association and the resolutions explain the position of the team of 1878:

TO THE PRESIDENT AND DIRECTORS OF THE N. R. A.:

Gentlemen.—At a meeting of the American rifle team, held in this city on the 17th inst., the following resolution was passed, and also the accompanying communication. It was voted to respectfully present them to you, hoping that there may be unanimity of action for the best interests of rifle practice in America:

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, The original conditions governing competitions for the "Palma" had been authoritatively declared unalterable, and had not been altered at the time the American Team of 1878 was organized and acquired its standing by shooting the match or "walk-over," at the request and under the direction of the National Rifle Association; and, whereas, said conditions invest the American Team for the time being with the custody of the Palma, and with the power to name the time and place for the next succeeding competition; and, whereas, by the said conditions, the team are to receive certain recognition in the form of badges; and, whereas, the months have elapsed since the "walk-over," and not only have none of the conditions which affect the team being fulfilled, but a proposition is before the National Rifle Association, apparently intended by *ex post facto* legislation, to deprive the team of rights to which they are clearly entitled,—

Resolved, That the American Team of 1878 respectfully request from the National Rifle Association the recognition to which they are entitled, and enter their protest against any action based upon the proposed alteration of the conditions governing the "Palma" contest, which will curtail their just and proper privileges.

Resolved, That with respect to the time and place for the competition of 1879, the team believe they can be relied upon to take such action as will inure to the best advantage of long-range rifle shooting in the country at large, whatever may be their local interests; and they will be glad to have a reasonable conference with the officers of the National Rifle Association, with a view of reaching a concurrence of judgment.

LETTER.

TO THE PRESIDENT AND DIRECTORS OF THE N. R. A.:

Gentlemen.—The American Team of 1878, standing at the present time, however worthily, in a position which may give some weight to their opinions respecting long-range rifle shooting in the United States, take the liberty of expressing to you their views upon the measures which seem to them necessary to maintain the interest in that which, whether regarded simply as a genteel recreation, or as an auxiliary to an important element of military instruction, has claims upon our attention.

There is in the country at large an apparently lethargic feeling in regard to the matter. It seems to us to result, in a great measure, from the lapse in the series of international competitions. In our judgment these competitions have been the main cause of our late progress; it is these which form the general basis of comparisons; and it is these which hold out the greatest incentive for emulative practice, local competitions, and a general diffusion of interest.

This party—a stranger—came here without giving me

could for him; but he was too hard to satisfy, and now rushes me into print in what I think an ungentlemanly manner.

We trust that this may relieve our friend of any unfair criticism he may have had at the hands of our readers, as we are assured such is undeserved.

MASSACHUSETTS—Salen, Jan. 6.—Quail season is over; a good lot left to breed; woods now full of snow; harbor now frozen up; men culling on the ice. Pickering's fishing has been good about the county. Morgan, of Salen, has done well. Mr. Snow and friends also got some fine fish. Some mink caught about Buxford; Thomas Peabody got a fox just before the last snow; Messrs. Bailey and Stevens shot sixty-one muskrats in four hours on the Artichoke, at West Newbury, recently. Mr. Bailey and one other gunner got ten white-baited in Maine State recently; chances now are good for foxing in most any part of the county. Our new Massachusetts game laws leave just loopholes enough for unprincipled gunners to crawl out and evade detection; but then, I suppose, what the wise heads say and do must be right. R. L. N.

CONNECTICUT—New Haven, Dec. 30.—Duck shooting at Thimble Island can hardly be called fair, what there is being in the bays east and west of the Thimbles. The coot have most all gone. Old squabs in fair numbers. The look-out for broad bill shooting for the next two months is good; two gunners are now getting eight to a dozen birds a day. Black ducks have been scarce but are now on the increase. JAKS.

New Haven, Jan. 4.—Two gunners, on Jan. 1, at Thimble Island, bagged 34 broad-bill. This can't be done every day. T. J. B.

KENTUCKY—Hickman, Dec. 28.—The lake is frozen over, and the ducks, geese and swan flock in vast numbers to the air holes. Sportsmen find it difficult to get to them and sport is consequently slow. No shipments for this week, 500 lbs. for last week. Few turkeys in market for Christmas dinners; sold for fifty cents each. I believe there is nothing doing at the lake; all visitors have gone home for holidays. Following prices for game—Turkeys, 50 cents each; geese, 35 to 40 cents each; ducks, mallards, \$1.50 per doz.; mixed do., \$1 per doz.; quail, 60 to 75 cents per doz.; venison, scarce, 15 cents per lb.; swans, \$1 each; rabbits, 8 to 10 cents each. VAL.

TENNESSEE—Nashville, Jan. 1.—Last week we had quite a fall of snow, and very cold weather, just the kind to make quail hunting. Many availed themselves of the opportunity, and many were killed. I heard of two men who killed 190 in two days. Quail still continue abundant. Two large owls are on exhibition at a fish and game dealer's in the street. Ducks in large numbers are being hawked about the streets. J. D. H.

TEXAS—San Antonio, Jan. 1.—Game was never as plenty before as now, according to accounts of our old hunters. I find quail inside city limits. Bexar County affords good cover. Brownweed and Mesquite are just alive with quail and rabbit. Deer are brought in by the wagon load, and turkey can be counted by the thousand in the live oak country. ALMO.

ONTARIO—Oxford, Jan. 2.—Game has been plenty here, but hard to get. The choke-bore gun is not just the thing for quail in corn and the close cover in which they are sure to be found. Some of us have resolved that before another season we will have an extra pair of cylinder barrels added to our guns. The snow has been on for two weeks, and the quail are said to be starving. I have succeeded in bagging 112 quail and 45 rabbits since Nov. 1, and have now oiled my gun and laid it away. J. S.

MICHIGAN—Detroit, Dec. 28.—Dec. 23 and 24, Wm. Smith and a friend were out hunting and bagged 16 quail and 2 partridge. Alex. Whitmer was out in the country for five days after rabbits and bagged 98. Wm. O. Lumsden returned to-day from his annual week's hunting; he went well prepared for good sport, taking 600 loaded shells with him and had excellent sport, bagging during that time 3 partridge and 1 quail. James Skuse and Nelson Simpson, of Windsor, Ont., were out on the 24th and 25th and had very fine sport, bagging 72 quail and 5 partridge. DRUM.

WISCONSIN—Baraboo, Dec. 31.—Our deer hunting is over for this year, thus putting a stop to some excellent sport which our hunters enjoyed so much. Since Nov. 24th to date from 200 to 300 deer have been killed in our vicinity. Frank Houghton bagged five coons alive some time ago which he makes great pets of. He has them trained so they will come to him as their names are called. ED. HOLLAND.

A LARGE SCORE—Editor Forest and Stream: I send you the following account of the amount of shooting done by a party assembled at his Highness Duleep Singh's, at Elvidon, Norfolk. Among the invited guests were the Dukes Manchester and Athol, Lords Lonsborough, Duces, De Grey, Walsingham, and Sir R. Hervey, the average number of quail being eight. The shooting differed widely from that to which we are accustomed at home, for at times there were as many as six hundred pheasants on the wing at a time. Consequently they made a good bag, as the enclosed score shows. There has been little or no hunting for some time past, on account of frost and bad weather, besides several packs being mad. The bags made were: Dec. 3, 1,081 pheasants, 9 partridges, 138 hares, 80 rabbits, 6 woodcock, 2 quail; Dec. 4, 1,091 pheasants, 9 partridges, 175 hares, 610 rabbits, 7 woodcock; Dec. 5, 2,205 pheasants, 16 partridges, 213 hares, 1,662 rabbits, 7 woodcock, 40 ducks. The totals were 1,316, 1,792 and 2,646, or grand total, 5,755. The market value of game here is: Pheasants, 10 shillings per brace; partridges, 7 ditto; hares, 5 shillings each; rabbits, 1 ditto. WOODCOCK.

Hastings, Eng., Dec. 25, 1878.

MY FIRST DEER—Putnam, Conn., Dec. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Fifty years ago deer were abundant in Plymouth Woods. I was then a boy of sixteen. My uncle had given me a small flint-lock fowling piece. I cleaned out father's cartridge box of powder and ball, flattening out the ball and cutting it up for shot, and with our yellow dog was in the woods most of my time. Once I went over to a small woods called Cook's Swamp which came up near the door of Widow Cook's cottage, the old orchard being partly in the swamp, the dog and I treed a partridge, which I shot. The dog began to bark, and I saw a large crowd coming and barked away at it. I saw me, and in a flash came directly for me. I scrambled up an old apple tree and hallooed with all my might for help. I soon heard the widow coming. Taking up a stick, struck the fawn and, "Go home, Fanny, let the boy alone," then said to me,

"You needn't be afraid, boy, she won't hurt you, it's Jane's deer."

A DOG SHOOT A MAN.—*Charleston, Col. Co., Ill., Dec. 31.*—Near Stockton, a railway station five miles west of here, on Dec. 14th last, Edjies Williams was out on a hunting and training a young dog. He had killed a quail, and he was holding it up with his left hand, so the dog could scent it, and at the same time was holding his gun in his right hand cocked. The dog was rearing up after the quail and knocked the gun out of Williams' hand and shot him in the right arm, between the elbow and shoulder. It is a very bad shot, the doctor has taken out several pieces of bone. W. may miss amputation if he is careful. J. B. Dazey.

PAINE'S SHOOTING.—Mr. Ira A. Paine has been giving glass ball shooting exhibitions in Troy, N. Y., and Jersey City, N. J. Week after next he appears at the London Theatre, this city, and afterwards at Harrigan and Hart's.

THE LAWS OF TRESPASS.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

The question propounded by a correspondent in your issue of the 5th inst. has been answered by another in a manner not altogether satisfactory to the writer, and, as the subject is interesting and a proper decision of it important to sportsmen, a little further discussion may not be out of place.

Your correspondent, "C. G., Jr.," in your issue of December 12 very properly says, "Trespass was undoubtedly committed by sending the dog on the neighbor's property to retrieve the bird." But this gave the neighbor no right to shoot the dog. It was a mere personal trespass of the master, the only remedy for which is an action at law.

Now as to the right of property in the bird. Your correspondent says, "If a wild bird flies from my land to the land of another, and I shoot that bird after it has crossed my line, I have no right of property in the bird so shot." So under the common law the correspondent really did not own the bird at all.

This is not law, either common or statute. On the contrary, we hold that, "If the game passed into a neighbor's ground the property vanished and became the captor's, although obtained by trespass." (See *Oke's Game Laws*, p. 34.) In England it is established by many early decisions that a trespasser killing an animal *fera natura* and carrying it away is not guilty of larceny. (See *Hale's P. C.* 510; 7 Coke, 1. 156; 9 Russ. on Cr. 84; 4 Bl. Com. 266.) The reason being that, in order to constitute larceny, the property must have previously belonged to some individual. In the United States questions of this sort are governed by State laws, differing very widely in their scope and operation as to the mere fact of trespass, but the right to the possession of the game remains as above stated—in the captor. But in England the exact point raised by your first correspondent has been settled positively in his favor. There the whole subject is provided for in 1 & 2 Will. 4. c. 32. Sec. 30, which enacts, "That if any person whatsoever shall commit any trespass by entering or being in the daytime upon any land in search or pursuit of game, or woodcocks, snipes, quails, landrills or conies, such person shall, on conviction thereof before a justice of the peace, be liable to pay a sum of money, not exceeding two pounds, and to the justice shall seem meet, together with the costs of the conviction. Under this section the case of Kenyon vs. Hart arose, and it was there decided that "It is not a trespass within this section to enter on another's land to pick up game which rose on other land, when the shooter had a right to shoot, and which was shot while in the air, after the shooting took place while the bird was in the air over the other land." (See *Kenyon vs. Hart*, 34 L. J., 2 S. 31. C. 87. 11 L. T., N. S., 733.) The distinctions, however, under this law are exceedingly nice. In the case of Osborn vs. Meadows it was held "that a person who, on his own land, shoots a pheasant on the land of another, and goes on that land to pick up the bird, commits a trespass of entering land in pursuit of game within 1 & 2 Will. 4. c. 32. s. 30"—the shooting and picking up the bird being one transaction and not larceny, as it would have been had they been treated as separate offences, and in that case Mr. Justice Erie said, "I beg to reserve for another time whether the entering the land for the purpose of picking up dead game constitutes a trespass within the statute."

It is to be noted, however, that it is only in the fresh pursuit of game that the trespassing captor is entitled to his possession. If sufficient time has elapsed between the killing and the taking it away the law infers that the wrongful possession has been abandoned, and then (and not till then) it becomes the property of the landowner.

If this is not a correct view of the law, it will give the writer pleasure to be instructed in regard to the matter by your legal friends. But we think that though the act of your correspondent was a trespass under his State law, yet he was entitled to bag his bird, and as many more as he could.

Norfolk, Va., Dec. 20, 1878. T. S. G., Jr.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Bro. B.—I am a reader of your paper, and is sometimes given to the discussion of legal questions. He called my attention to the communication of "C. G., Jr." in your issue of the 12th, wherein "C. G., Jr." answers the question "What is Trespass?" It will not be considered presumption in a backwoods lawyer to call in question the opinion of a Philadelphia brother. The point is, however, one of interest to sportsmen, and I need make no apology for employing with Bro. B.'s request to criticize the position assumed by "C. G., Jr."

He says: "If a wild bird flies from my land to the land of another, and I shoot that bird, after it has crossed the line, I have no right or property in the bird so shot." He says that the common law sustains this position. Blackstone, whom we all consider authority, says: "If a man starts any game within his own grounds and follows it into another's, and kills it there, the property remains in himself," 2 Bl'k. Com. 419. In *Sutton vs. Moody*, 14 Raymond 250, it was held that a man has property in animals *fera natura* on his land, and there are decisions of the English courts much older. He may lose his property in such animals if they voluntarily quit his land, but it seems otherwise "If they are hunted out of the forest or warren." In your own State this question of ownership was involved in the case of *Pierson vs. Post*, 3 Caine's Rep's 175, decided in 1805. Again, in 1822, in *Bus-*

ter vs. Newkirk, reported in 20 Johnson, 75, the same question arose, and the doctrine laid down in *Pierson vs. Post* approved. In the case of *Buster vs. Newkirk* the court uses this language, after stating that property can be acquired in animals *fera natura*: "It is sufficient if the animal is deprived of his natural liberty, by wounding or otherwise, so that he is brought within the power and control of the pursuer." According to these authorities, then, if I flush a bird on my land, and bring it within my control by shooting it while it is flying over my neighbor's field, the bird is mine.

As to the question of trespass in retrieving the bird, that would depend upon my right to go upon my neighbor's land to recover my property. I could not be charged with trespass for taking away my own property, though I might be for going upon my neighbor's land without leave if I caused him any damage by going upon his land. Evidently *in rem sine damno* is not actionable, notwithstanding the ancient maxim that wherever there is a wrong there is a remedy. I should have no hesitation in going or sending my dog into my neighbor's field, under the circumstances, to retrieve my bird.

The English case of the rifle ball is a trifle thin. *Chynus est solus, etc.* He who possesses land possesses that which is above it—"is an ancient maxim that must command respect; but," He who adheres to the letter of the law will stick in the bark" is another maxim demanding grave consideration.

The balloon case, as your correspondent puts it, is also airy. It was not for sailing through the air, but for descending upon and destroying the plaintiff's potato and radish patch that the defendant was mulcted in damages. *Guille vs. Swan*, 19 Johnson, 351.

Denver, Col., Dec. 23, 1878.

COOTING OFF SEA VIEW.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

BOSTON, DEC. 1878.

The wind which had been blowing for several days from the east, at last veered round to the north and west, and I hastened to drop L, a gun that we might have some use, ready for a few days of coot shooting. Friday, Nov. 1, dawned bright and clear with wind west, which I knew would soon beat down the heavy sea caused by the easterly blow. Accordingly I took the 3:30 p. m. train from the Old Colony Depot, Boston, and after an hour and a half found myself at the Sea View station and L. there to meet me. Everything gave promise of a fair day for the morrow, and we retired early. At 3:30 in the morning I was awakened by L., and, hurrying on my clothes, I found a hot breakfast waiting. This was soon disposed of, and L., seeing the necessity of a square box divided into compartments for powder, shot, wads, etc., an article still used by the old coast gunners, who fondly cling to the old muzzle-loaders, declared himself ready. My pockets were soon filled with shells charged with No. 4 chilled shot (10 my mind the best killing size for sea fowl, loons and geese excepted), and with my 10-gauge over my shoulder, I followed to the river. We pulled out into the glassy water. The morning was quite dark; overhead the stars bright, not a breath of wind stirred, and perfect stillness reigning, save the dull, regular boom of the surf far away on the beach over the sand hills. The air was clear and crisp, and a delicate film of frost work lay spread over everything. When we were a mile or more from the shore, the incoming tide became too swift to row against with comfort, so we landed, and, trusting to the painter to the bow of the dory, and making fast the oar to a row-lock amidst the water, we proceeded to tow. While plodding along in silence near the mouth of South River, we were startled by quite a large bunch of geese rising from the water with loud honking. We caught a glimpse of them as they made out to sea, their bodies being darkly outlined against the eastern sky. Soon the mouth of the river was reached, and after a hard struggle against tide and rollers, we passed the bar and pulled out on a more or more, and soon had our dorys (or "wombs" as they are termed along shore) out and our dory anchored a gun-shot off. Arranging ourselves comfortably in the straw covering the bottom of the boat, we waited for daylight. Ere long the stars grew dim, pale stars appeared in the east, the shore before shrouded in darkness, was slowly revealed to us as the light increased. Smoke from the chimneys of the houses on shore lazily ascended the still air, and now and then the shrill crowing of crows could be heard above the roar of the surf. The world was again wide awake. Away to the north the Four Cliffs looked like islands in the distance. The morning light shone on the water. The rock could be discerned, also the great collection of cottages and fishermen's huts on the shore. Then the sun slowly sailed up from the sea, his golden rings lighting up the rich, autumnal foliage of the Marshfield hills, sloping nearly to the ocean. So taken up was I in watching the various changes, that I was startled by the report of L.'s gun as he tumbled a black scoter from a passing flock. Throwing overboard the buoy we bagged the bird, and had hardly reached our berth again when we discovered a bunch of three swinging in to our decoys. Two were tumbling at our first discharge, and the third returning was quickly sent upon his back. These proved to be young females black scoters and in excellent condition. A large shrike loon passing overhead received a salute, bringing him down, but he died immediately and was seen no more. Then another loon sailed over us, and was tumbled by L. in a splendid style, striking the water, as L. said, "like a log of bacon dropped from heaven." This bird was retrieved, after which we took occasion to stand erect and tap our arms in triumph, and thus restore the circulation to our benumbed hands. For one hour the birds were fairly in small bunches, and we bagged eight. Then the tide turned, compelling us to return in order to get up river. In the afternoon we went out again, but a smaller breeze than in the morning, and witnessing a glorious sunset. During the night the wind picked up to the north and blew hard nearly all the next day, sending in a heavy sea and rendering it impossible to go out. Before sunset the wind died entirely away, and, according to the hint back of L.'s house, I obtained a view repaying me for the whole trip. A fine hotel erected upon the hill was burned several years ago, and owing to the general depression has not been rebuilt. I consider the view from this point one of the finest on the south shore. Seating myself comfortably I passed nearly an hour in contemplating the view before me. Below, across the marsh land, bounded in the west by wooded hills in all their rich, autumnal glory, and protected from the sea by the long range of snow-white sand hills; beyond the sand hills, the ocean, now and then covered with white-caps, but calm and peaceful. Few sounds disturbed the quiet of the Sabbath afternoon, save the tinkling of the cow-bells upon the hillside, and the voice of the cow-boy driving the cattle home. Out to sea a large flock of gulls were fishing, now and then their snowy wings showing a delicate pink hue, the reflection of the setting sun; the sound of their discordant voices reaching me softened and mellowed by the breeze. Twilight soon came on, and I reluctantly descended to the house, where Monday evening was to Boston.

"So, then, beach, bluff and wave, farewell!"

I bring with me

No token, stone or glittering shell,

But long and oft shall memory tell

Of this brief, thoughtful hour

Musing by the sea."

MERLIN.

her widest part, and tapered gradually toward bow and stern. She was floored half-way up to the gunwale with wooden strips and had a hard-wood grating in each end. The boat had a plain, flat wooden thwarts fitted into the gunwale. Her oars were of white ash, and ranged from thirteen feet six inches long in the waist to twelve feet in the bow and stern. The captain's gig of a man-of-war will give a very good idea of her general fittings. She was painted red for some years, and then black, until she was sold in 1857. Down to 1856, when regular race-boats were introduced, the college boats were used partly for exercise, but principally for pleasure parties, and were seldom racing, except some races. "Catching a crab" was a serious matter in those days, both for the unlucky oar and the boat. The rower was sure to be knocked stiff in the bottom of the boat and the gunwale split or thole-pins broken.

The friends of Harvard in New York have given substantial aid to the Harvard crew.

The theatrical entertainments given at the Union League Theatre Jan. 2, 3 and 4, were eminently successful and the means of adding a goodly sum to the credit of the Harvard University crew. So far as finances can affect the issue, there is no longer any question but that Harvard can send a crew to England next summer. We hope our English cousins will not let national prejudices or petty crotchets interfere with the possibility of bringing about a race.

SOUTHWARK YACHT CLUB.—*Philadelphia, Jan. 1.*—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Although the Delaware is closed with ice from its source to within a short distance of the northern limits of this city, and from thence to the bay filled with large fields of floating ice, some of our yachtsmen are already making preparations for the coming season. Your correspondent paid a visit to the houses of the Southwark Yacht Club and found some of the members busy at work on their beautiful little crafts. These boats are the handsomest we have, and their owners take great pride in keeping them in good order. Some of them are so particular that it is said they will not allow a fly to alight upon their keel for fear he would leave marks of dirty feet upon the boat's white hulls. The metal work upon them is mostly nickel-plated, and flashes in the sunlight like burnished silver. The boats are divided into three classes: First class, double-enders (16ft. 3in. long, 4ft. 6in. beam); second class, double-enders (16ft. 3in. long, 4ft. 2in. beam), and tuckups same size as first-class double-enders, except that they have square sterns. The carry of the sails of the *Sparks* is 100 sq. ft. of canvas. Most of the crew of these tiny crafts is the *Thomas W. Sparks*, built and owned by the commodore of the fleet, John C. Saunders, who very kindly opened his house and allowed me to inspect his boat. She was built last summer, too late to enter into the annual regatta in May, but took part in the second regatta and was leading boat coming home, when she carried away her throat halliards and came in second. The second and third races in which she entered, the wind was very light and the time consumed was beyond the limits allowed by the club, and of course were both considered off, but she was leading boat each time. The next regatta in which she entered was between three boats of the Southwark Club and six boats of the Philadelphia Yacht Club, for a purse of seventy dollars, and she proved the victor, beating all the others. She has also been victorious in several scrub races. The following description of the *Sparks* will answer for the others as they are almost fac-similes of each other: Length, 15ft. 3in.; beam, 4ft. 6in.; depth, forward, 2ft. 2in.; depth, aft, 2ft.; centre-board, 4ft. wide, 3ft. 3in. deep; mast, 25ft. high; length of boom, 24ft.; gaff, 13ft. 6in.; spread of canvas, 50 yards. The commodore is having a new board made an inch in thickness, as the old board, which was but five-eighths, was not stiff enough, and caused her to fall off when working to windward. She is provided with eight life-lines (four on each side) by which the crew can hang out to leeward to keep her up, as she has no ballast and is kept upon her keel by the agility and nimbleness of her crew. She is sailed by Capt. Wm. Keach, a very expert yachtsman.

HUNT'S MAGAZINE.—The December number of "Hunt's" contains the regular annual summary of amounts won by the racing yachts of Great Britain, one of Capt. Coffin's semi-humorous, semi-moral yarns, and a continuation of several yachting cruises, besides some very pertinent remarks in favor of length over beam as shown by the 18-ton *Algonie* walking away from an 80-ton beamy schooner in a half gale off Dartmouth last August.

CHANGED HANDS.—The schooner *Mela* has become the property of Mr. Frank Dexter of the Eastern Yacht Club, and will hereafter hail from Boston; likewise the sloop *Addie V.*, bought by Mr. Marshall K. Abbott from a member of the Seawanhauk Y. C. They will not go round to Boston before the opening of the season.

A SHORT TALK ABOUT CANOEING.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 10, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Truly summer is over. A cold northeaster howls about the house, slamming shutters and shaking window-sashes, while sharp fusillades of rain-drops rattle on the roof. D-r-r-r! how it must be sweeping over the bay, chasing the white-caps seaward, humming through the tugging of the anchored schooners, driving the spray over the wharves and rocks. I wrap my dressing-gown closely about me, puff away at my stubby old pipe, and try to read, but in vain; my thoughts will wander, and at length I find myself blinking through the smoke at the red-bladed paddle in a corner of my den.

It is not nice and pretty any more, as it was last spring; its blades are dented, the point has been knocked from them in spots, and by the joint are two dark rings where my hands have worn the varnish away; but for a' that it could tell many pleasant tales—of cold, misty mornings, and long, warm summer days, and jolmy evenings when the moon hung low over the water; of hard struggles against wind and tide, with the spray breaking over the bows and pattering on the apron; of quiet skims before the wind over placid waters, and quick, sharp runs, under shortened sail, over long, foam-crested rollers, with the captain stretching out to windward, and the lee washboard all but under; of silny wharves, where the ships lay, and the black water gurgled among the pilos; of white, sunny beaches, thrashed and pounded by Atlantic breakers; and of others, nearer home, where the camp-fires blazed, and the boatman slept to the murmur of the waves; of bluffs and headlands, rocky and wooded; of terraced gardens, green salt mead-

ows, granite forts and grassy batteries, cheery bay-side taverns—of the thousand and one things more which join to delight the mind and eye of the solitary canoeist. Alas, that that stout piece of spruce is tongueless—"tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true"—else should I leave it to deal with skeptical land-lubbers and envious catboatmen, and rest my pen.

Many were the warnings, kindly and sarcastic, which greeted my first announcement of the purchase of a Nautilus. I was told that I should never get anywhere; I should certainly never go beyond the breaker; for if I went below the Narrows I'd be blown out to sea; she'd turn turtle in the first blow; I'd be run down, and swamped, and drowned, and get wet and tired and hungry, and have rheumatism and the chills, and want to sell her in a month; that canoes were not suited to tide-water; that I should grow heartily sick and tired of paddling about the bay; that—in fact, that I'd made a mistake.

Dear friends, kind, disinterested advisers, I began to think that perhaps you really had a little knowledge whereof you spoke. Pardon me; therein I did mistake.

"*Jedes Thierchen hat sein Plaisirchen*" they say across the water, and these be wise words—"Every little animal has its little pleasure." You have yours, and I have found mine. I have never been upset, nor blown out to sea; nor have I met with any of those other mishaps, barring an occasional touch of hunger and wet. I have spent many pleasant hours on the bay without growing in the least tired of it; and I have come to the conclusion that, to the man of little leisure and light pocket, canoeing affords, of all aquatic sports, the greatest pleasure with the least expense and trouble.

I do not, however, seek to rank myself with those enthusiastic giants of the pen and paddle, whose writings would lead a novice to suppose that the sailing canoe combined all the characteristic good qualities of the centreboard sloop, cruising cutter and racing shell; but will at once confess that she has faults, as well as virtues, eminently peculiar to herself, and as I never mix my quinine with my whisky, but always take it first, shall name them without delay.

In the first place, under paddle she is slow, and an ordinary light working boat, propelled by a pair of sculls, will slip away from her with ease; a fact which will at first chagrin her owner, and expose him to considerable chaff.

In the second place, as the boat must have more or less sheer in order to be decently dry, the bow will catch the wind, and the paddler must occasionally work hard to keep her head straight.

Under canvas, with the wind anywhere forward of the beam, unless provided with a false keel or troublesome leeboard, she will drive her owner to the verge of idiocy—in a light breeze by moving with the velocity of a catboat; in a good sailing wind by sliding off to leeward like a crab, which is natural enough, as she is designedly built with a draught not worth mentioning.

With a free wind and following sea, such as rolls up past Coney Island Point and through the Narrows when the breeze is from the south, she will steer hard, especially if a rudder is used; for a wave will now and then lift her stern clear out of water, and if care is not taken she will broach to.

In really rough water she is a wet boat, and nothing else should be expected in a craft of her size. Being short and light, she rides the seas easily, but their crests will go over her, and if placed broadside to the waves, she will fill.

So much for the canoe's faults; I can think of no others, and pass to a pleasanter theme—her virtues.

To begin: She's a pretty boat; her hull of varnished cedar, with its graceful sheer and cambered deck, combining with the slender spars and white sails to form a picture that would delight even a farmer. Then she certainly is safe. With water tight compartments forward and aft she cannot sink; a fact which I have demonstrated by filling the cockpit with water, and indulging in a refreshing bath while I paddled; and her alleged fondness for wantonly capsizeing I pronounce purely mythical. Of course, if a man chooses to treat her as though she were a wash-tub—to attempt to sit on her gunwale; to make her sheets fast; to give her the job of a catamaran and the main-sail of a North River sloop, and then carry full sail in a blow, she will probably relieve her outraged feelings by promptly spilling him overboard—and serve him right. I once knew a man who shoved his mainboom to windward, and tried to hold it there with his head—he only did it once. There are men who would upset a mud-scow. With a few weeks' experience, however, and reasonable care, there is little more danger of capsizeing in a canoe than in an oyster-boat.

When properly built she is also comfortable. The canoeist sits on the floor boards, looking forward, and the swinging backboard behind him adapts itself to whatever position he may choose to take. In the rain, or when the salt water is coming aboard, he may cover the cockpit with moveable hatches, or an India-rubber apron, and keep comparatively dry.

If he desires to sleep in his boat, he has only to haul her up on the beach, remove the after hatch and sliding bulkhead, stretch the painter between the masts and throw her blanket over it, and he will have a perfectly dry lodging.

The canoe's light draught, which prevents her sailing well on the wind, is in all other respects an advantage, as it makes her easier to paddle, enabling her owner to cruise along within a few yards of shore, and opens to him numbers of little coves and creeks, only accessible to most boats at high tide; moreover, it of course adds greatly to her speed when sailing free.

Her slowness under paddle, which I have mentioned as a fault, is due simply to the fact that whereas in sculling two blades fake the water simultaneously, in paddling but one blade can be used at a time; and after the canoeist has found by experience that a paddle of twenty-five miles will tire him no more than a pull of half the distance, he will not feel disposed to quarrel with his boat because he cannot hold her own in a race with a ten-inch shell.

With the wind over her quarter, and a moderate sea, the canoe will show her very best sailing qualities, skimming gracefully and swiftly over the waves, obedient to the slightest touch of the rudder, and filling her owner's breast with exultation and joy. He must be indeed an egotist who, after such an exhibition of her accomplishments, would refuse her the extra touch of varnish, or the new stylish cleat, for which she so manly but touchingly implores.

Last, though by no means least, she is light; when at home may be kept in a safe boat-house; when abroad can be easily drawn

up on a beach or wharf, or carried to some shed or stable, where she will be out of harm's way, advantages not possessed by any other sailing boat afloat.

Such, in brief, are the characteristics of the best types of sailing canoes; but, as Mr. Alden justly remarks, each boat has, in addition, her own moral character, and the man who intends running one must be prepared for as many surprises as he who marries a pretty girl of sixteen. In either case he will at first find his hands rather full.

And now as to canoeing on our bay.

Oh, friends, wisely agree—yes, I mean, those solemn warnings once disturbed my mind's quiet—do you really think that you know that splendid shed of water? that you are familiar with its shores? that in your shells and catboats you have seen all that is worth seeing, and done all that is worth doing? Ah, you do. Very well. But listen a moment to a short tale, which, in the words of the immortal Mr. Barlow, "as you have never heard, I will now proceed to relate," of a supposititious canoeist living—let us say in Brooklyn, and then retire to the sanctity of your boat-houses, or crawl into the dark, mysterious regions below your half-deck, and commune with your hearts.

Let us suppose him an early riser—I like to think well of my friends—and that, after a hasty bite and a drink of water, he runs down to the boat-house to improve his wind. His boating togs are quickly donned, the canoe launched, and he is off. If the water is smooth, well and good; if rough, so much the better, for while the shell owners idle about, and gloomily watch the water washing over the float, he is driving his boat at the waves, his spirit rising, and blood warming with every paddle-stroke. A mile or so down the shore he finds a quiet spot, lands, and treats himself to an invigorating swim, and then, fresh and glowing, and hungry as a hawk, paddles back to breakfast.

In the evening we find him again in his boat, but the day has been warm and his work hard—altogether he feels somewhat demoralized; so he pipes all hands to make sail, shapes his course to suit the wind, and as the boat slips smoothly along, leans back com- fortably, stretches his tired legs, and smokes his after-dinner cigar, at peace with all the world—even those feudish tugs.

Bye and bye the shadows fall, the light on Robbins' Reef winks faintly, then shines clear and bright across the bay, and the moon rises over the trees on shore. He is rested now, takes in his tiny sails, piles the paddle, and soon floats under the shadow of the bluffs. Then the bow is turned homeward, and lazy strokes carry boat and man past well-known rocks and trees and houses, looking new and strange in the white moonlight. Here he finds a party of boys bathing, and paddles around and among them amid yells of delight and much splashing of water; there he spies a spoony couple out for a moonlight row, and tantalizingly hovers about them, just within earshot; stops, perchance, at a waterside house of call for a glass of beer, and finally reaches home and sleeps the sleep of the just. Not so bad, eh?

On some Saturday afternoon our canoeist loads his boat for his first cruise of a night and day. And this will be her manifest: One rubber blanket, 1 air pillow, 1 fishing rod (jointed), 1 Rob Roy cuisine, 1 cup, 1 plate, 1 knife, 1 fork, 1 spoon, 1 water can, 1 coffee pot, 1 frying pan, 1 box pepper, 1 do. salt, 1 do. sugar, 1 do. butter, 1 do. matches, 1 do. tobacco, 1 do. coffee, 1 camp light, 1 bottle alcohol, 6 bottles beer, 3 cans soup, 5 lbs. potatoes, 1 can corned beef, 2 loaves bread; 1 fruit cake, 6 oranges, 1 lb. cheese, 1 roasted chicken, 1 overcoat, 1 extra pair trousers, do. shoes, do. socks, 1 rolled shirt with fringe, 1 hair brush, 1 comb, 1 tooth brush, 1 looking glass. What, *messieurs*, you smile. I have been there; *moi qui vous parle*. A week later he will again load her, and thus will her manifest read: One rubber blanket, 1 pea jacket, 1 tin box, containing 2 lbs. corned beef (pressed), $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter, matches and tobacco; 1 can water, 1 loaf bread, 1 flask brandy and 1 dirk knife. Experience is everything.

And on those Saturday afternoons and Sundays, on the infrequent holidays, and during the week's vacation which he manages to secure, his cockle-shell glides and dances and creeps, under sail or paddle, over the length and breadth of the upper harbor, past the forts at the Narrows, through Gravesend Bay; outside Coney Island Beach, with its mammoth hotel, and thousands of jolly bathers frolicking in the surf; and behind it and Barren Island, through tortuous, shallow, nameless creeks to Jamaica Bay; through Rockaway Inlet, and across the heaving water to Sandy Hook; up along through Sandy Hook Bay and the Horse-shoe, past the frowning Highlands, bearing aloft the brown twin light-houses; up and down the North and South Shrewsbury; past long stretches of sand, Port Monmouth and Keyport; over Raritan Bay, and past the mouth of the river. Or, down along the South Shore of Staten Island, past Elm Tree Basin and Great Kills and Prince's Bay, the wharves of Perth Amboy; and up through Staten Island Sound, so like a quiet English river in its low, grassy shores and smooth water and sleepy hamlets, to dirty Elizabethport; over the dreary surface of Newark Bay, and in the heart-breaking tides of the Kills.

When he is hungry or sleepy, and near an inn, if a wise man, he will seek it and eat a hot meal, or creep between cool sheets and rejoice; or if away from civilization, he will munch his cold food, and wash it down with water from the can and a sip from the flask; or beach his boat and lie down in her, and smoke his pipe and be thankful.

When the yacht or the wind fair, he will hoist sail and follow them, albeit some distance astern, mildly but firmly declining all proffered "tows;" and when the breeze clops around dead ahead, or a flat calm ensues, he will take to his paddle and politely return those kind offers of assistance, particularly if night is falling and a thunder-storm coming up.

He will occasionally get soaked with rain or spray, and have to sleep in a wet jacket, and the sun and wind will burn and tan him; but he will eat like a bear, and sleep like a top; his lungs will expand, his eyes grow bright, his muscles hard, his step light, his spirits buoyant. And in a season or two he will know every eddy and tide, every cove and creek and inlet, every rock and shoal, headland and light, wharf and beach, restaurant and tavern, between Brooklyn and Rockaway, the Battery and the Hook.

W. M. C.

THE AGENTS' HERALD.—The *Agents' Herald* is a paper devoted to the interests of active agents all over the country. Having had some experience with it we can highly commend it as an advertising medium.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JANUARY.

SOUTHERN WATERS.

Pompano, *Trachinotus carolinus*.
Drum (two species), Family *Sciaenidae*.
Kingfish, *Mentiscus nebulosus*.
Sea Bass, *Sciaenops ocellatus*.
Sheepshead, *Archosargus probatocephalus*.
Snapper, *Lutjanus blackfordii*.
Grouper, *Epinotus nigricans*.
Trot (black bass), *Centropomus viridis*.
Striped Bass, or Rockfish, *Roccus lineatus*.
Morone, *Pomatomus saltatrix*.
Black Bass, *Micropterus salmoides*.
M. paludicus.

SEINING CODFISH.—Through the efforts of Prof. Spencer F. Baird the Norwegian method of seining codfish has been successfully introduced among American seamen. Hitherto the hook and line alone has been employed.

THE FIRST SHAD came early this year. They have been abundant in the Savannah River for several days.

THE FISHING FLEET DURING 1878.—The number of arrivals reported at this port the past year was 3,180, averaging half a dozen a day from the more important fishing grounds, Georges, the Banks, the Bay St. Lawrence, Newfoundland and Grand Menan, etc. This does not include the boat and dory fishermen, the short trips off shore in the winter cod and haddock fishery, while only a part of the Shore mackerel arrivals in the month of January. The number of Bank trips reported was 503; Georges, 1,324; Grand Menan, Bay of Fundy and Eastport, (herring), 30; Newfoundland and Magdalen Islands, 18; Greenland halibut fishery, 2; Southern and Eastern mackerel trips, 280; Bay St. Lawrence, do., 113.

The estimated mackerel catch of this port for the year 1878 is 60,293 bbls., 34,197 bbls. off shore and 26,096 in the Bay St. Lawrence. Only a small proportion of the latter could have been taken within the Atlantic limit, and as Gloucester is the principal port sending vessels to the Bay, and this the chief privilege for which we were called on to pay, it will be seen that five and a half million dollars for a dozen years' right to the inshore fisheries was "paying dearly for the whistle." The Gloucester inspection last year was 49,044 bbls., showing a gain this year of over 11,000 bbls., but the quality of fish is much poorer and the prices obtained considerably less than last year, and the business has been less remunerative.—*Cape Ann Advertiser*, Jan. 3.

KENTUCKY.—*Hickman*, Dec. 28.—Fishing is froze up; that is, the lake and ponds are. The river is full of ice and fishing in it is inaccessible. No shipments this week; last week only 6,085 pounds shipped; was shown two very fine salmon, taken from the river a few days ago. **VAL.**

TENNESSEE.—*Nashville*, Jan. 1.—Shad, from Savannah, are quite plentiful and at moderate prices. Oysters are brought to this market from Mobile, as well as New York, Baltimore and Norfolk.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.
CONCERNING STRIPED BASS.

MR. EDITOR: There are in the waters of the United States three different fishes properly known as striped bass, inasmuch as all three are bass and all three are striped. These are: 1. *Roccus lineatus*, the rock, rockfish or striped bass of the Atlantic States, which ascends all suitable streams from New England to Florida, and which may perhaps be considered as properly a salt-water fish. 2. *Roccus chrysops*, the white bass, or lake bass, of the great lakes and Mississippi basin, called also sometimes striped bass, and in Wisconsin cisco bass. 3. *Morone interrupta*, the yellow bass of the lower Mississippi and the rivers of the Gulf States, sometimes called in books the short-striped or brassy bass. A near relative of these is the so-called white perch of the Atlantic States, *Morone americana*; but as that small fish is not striped, and is not usually called a bass, it may be omitted in the consideration of the kinds of striped bass.

The three species above enumerated belong to two groups, which are considered as distinct genera by most late writers, and probably correctly so; but it must be admitted that *Roccus* and *Morone* are very closely related, and one of them, *Roccus*, is still more nearly related to the European genus *Labrax*, to which genus our species both of *Morone* and *Roccus* were formerly referred. Those who do not admit *Morone*, *Roccus* and *Labrax* as separate genera should notice that of the three names *Morone* is the oldest and *Roccus* next, and that a Pacific coast genus of *Chiroide* had received the name *Labrax* before it was given to the bass.

The skull of *Roccus* is said by Professor Gill to differ considerably from that of *Morone*. I have not verified this difference. The principal evident differences between the two genera are the following: In *Roccus* the scales on the head are either cyloid or imperfectly ctenoid; the teeth on the tongue are developed in one or two patches at the base, besides the series along the edge; the two dorsal fins are not at all connected, and the second anal spine is not so large as the third. The spines in general are less developed than in *Morone*.

In *Morone* the scales about the head are very rough on their edges; there are no teeth on the tongue except a series along its margin; the dorsal fins are connected by a low membrane; the second anal spine is longer than in *Roccus*, and usually considerably larger than the third.

The first of the three species is the striped bass *par excellence*, or rockfish, of the Atlantic States. Its scientific name, *Roccus lineatus*, recalls the common names, for *lineatus* means striped and *Roccus* is rock, taken bodily into Latin, with more directness than correctness. This fish reaches a large size, and is highly valued as food and for its gameness. It is a salt-water or brackish water fish, ascending all streams, especially southward, but usually returning like the salmon and shad to the salt water. It has not been taken in the great lakes nor in the Mississippi Valley, nor is there any authentic account of its occurrence in the Gulf of Mexico so far as I know. It is especially delicious in the wide mouthed rivers and bays, with which our coast is so well supplied.

The second species, *Roccus chrysops*, is not so well known to most anglers, but it is a beautiful fish, and by no means rare. It much resembles the rockfish; so much so that you will find many anglers who will maintain that they are the same thing, and that they have the real eastern striped bass in Lake Michigan or in the Mississippi River. The following are some of the more evident differences between them:

1. The "white bass" is a chunkier fish than the striped bass; its body is shorter and deeper and more compressed—more like that of a sunfish. The greatest depth of the body is about one-third of the distance from the snout to the base of the caudal fin, instead of nearly one-fourth, as is the case in *Roccus lineatus*. The back is much more arched in the white bass.

The teeth on the base of the tongue are in a single patch.

In *Roccus lineatus* there are two patches.

3. The spines—especially of the anal fin—are longer and stronger in the white bass than in the striped bass.

4. The coloration in the white bass is usually whiter, and the black streaks are commonly narrower and more frequently interrupted than in the other.

5. The maximum length of the white bass is certainly not much over a foot. It is therefore a much smaller fish than the striped bass.

The white bass is very common in the Great Lake region, notably so in Lake Erie and Lake Michigan. It is also found in the Ohio and Mississippi and their principal tributaries clear down to the Gulf. It does not often ascend small streams, and even the young are seldom seen except in large rivers and lakes. It takes the hook readily, and is reckoned as a gamey fish. As a food fish it is excellent. It has never been found east of the Alleghenies, except, perhaps, in Lake Champlain, and so far as is known it never descends to the sea. This is the fish termed *Labrax multilatus*, *albatus*, *notatus*, etc., by different writers, but Radcliffe's name, *Chrysops* (Golden-eye), is the oldest.

The third species—the yellow bass, *Morone interrupta*—is one, the history of which is little known. It has somewhat the form of the white bass, but it is slenderer and less compressed, and its expression is different. It may be known by the following characters:

1. There are no teeth on the tongue, except the band along its edge.

2. The dorsal spines are very strong, and the two dorsal fins are connected by a low membrane.

3. The second spine of the anal is larger and stronger than the third.

4. The color is decidedly brassy or yellow, and the black stripes are broader and more conspicuous than in the other species. The lower stripes are usually broken near the middle of the body. Hence the name, *interrupta*.

The yellow bass is found in the Lower Mississippi and Ohio, at least as far up as St. Louis. I have never taken it, and I know little of its habits, except that on general principles we may suppose that it does not ascend small streams, and that it is "gamey" and excellent food. Whether it ever descends to the sea is not known. Anglers from the Gulf States will do well to tell us what they know about this fish. The largest specimens which I have seen were something less than a foot long.

I have written out this outline of the characters of these species in answer to numerous correspondents of the Editor of FOREST AND STREAM. Those who care to study further will find a general account of the group, with figures of the yellow bass and the white bass, in Prof. Gill's Report on the Ichthyology of Capt. Simpson's Explorations of the Great Basin of Utah. The relations of the species were first worked out by Prof. Gill in the Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences, at Philadelphia, for 1860 and 1861.

As throwing further light on the habits of the white bass, I subjoin the following extracts from letters received by Mr. Hallock, and placed by him at my disposal.

Irvington, Indiana, Dec. 30. DAVID S. JORDAN, M. D.

My efforts to settle the question as to the existence of striped bass in our waters have been rewarded by the following proof, from letters of two or three reliable persons, who are known to be the best fishermen about here, and men of intelligence. Captain Stockwell, Chief of the Fire Department of this city, says that he has frequently, during his many years devotion to the sport of angling, caught the striped bass, both in the Cumberland River and Piney Creek. He described the fish as being of a milky white color with several black stripes running longitudinally on the side, from tail to head, the latter being a little more tapering than the black band, and in weight about a pound to a pound and half. He says they apparently go in small schools. He makes the above assertion from the fact that each time he has ever met with the fish he has taken several in pretty quick succession. The fish is, and has always been, very scarce with us. Some four years ago he succeeded in taking five in the Cumberland River, using minnow bait.

From another gentleman, who professed his remarks by describing the fish I heard several striped bass being taken every year in Turnbull. They are found in clear, deep water. He also reports them as very scarce.

Another person told me that he had occasionally taken the striped bass in big Harpeth with hook and line, and also with seines, but that it was a rare fish.

Nashville, May 29, 1878. J. D. HILL.

You ask me if I know of the striped bass in the waters of Tennessee, and in reply will answer: Yes, lots of 'em; they are, however, deeper, and not true to this section. They live in the deep, still eddies of the mill pond and decay holes in the streams, always preferring still water, and next to our black bass is the most abundant and valuable fish of our waters. In general appearance they much resemble what is known in Virginia as the "chub," or "southern chub," preferring still to running waters they become larger in size than the black bass. I have caught them within twenty miles of Nashville, six or eight miles from the river, and have known them to be caught eight and a half pounds, with hook and line. They are not so game as the black bass, but will take every advantage of their prey. In ponds he usually lies near a log or brush pile and will gobble up any size minnow they can get into their mouths, hook and all.

Very truly, etc., Geo. F. AKERS.

Nashville, Tenn., May 6, 1878.

Striped bass can be found in the Swashin River, a small stream that empties into the Mississippi some twenty-five miles below St. Louis, in Jefferson County. They are not large in that stream, but the black and yellow bass are. If striped bass—genuine—are found in any other Western streams than those I have named, I have never seen them. They are *Sul genera* indeed.

St. CLAIR.

Lutonville, Georgia.

STRIPED BASS IN INLAND WATERS.—"B." writing from Greenville, this State, says "striped bass are being caught in the Shenango here in large numbers." "B." means black bass, as there is not a striped bass in the Shenango River.

Sharon, Pa., May 8, 1878. A.

A DIARY FROM THE BEAVERKILL.

NEW YORK, Dec. 30, 1878.

EDDIE FORD AND STEAM:

My Dear Sir:—The following extracts from this year's report upon our Beaverkill Club may interest you and your readers. Bulkley began to keep a record of the thermometer at Weaver's, June 7, 1878. On June 6 it "froze ice;" after that the temperature at noon was as follows:

	Highest.	On	Lowest.	On	Average.
June	90 deg.	30th	62 deg.	10th	70 deg.
July	92	28	71 1/2	8	82 1/2
August	88	16th	67	2nd	76
September	78	1st & 2nd	55	20th	68
October	70	2d to 10th	49	10th	60
Nov (to 14)	50	11th	43	8th	56

I make the following extract from Bulkley's diary: On Sept. 28, 1878, saw the first trout on the spawning bed in the Beaverkill.

Oct. 5. The first trout ran up the inlet of Balsam Lake.

Oct. 14. The trout in the Beaverkill are in the height of spawning.

Nov. 4. The trout have all left the inlet at Balsam Lake.

Nov. 10. The trout are all off their spawning beds in the Beaverkill.

The total number of trout caught on our preserve was 1,234, of which 369 were caught by other than members, leaving 865 trout taken by the club rods. Besides these, members of our club took in other waters than our preserve, in accordance with our privileges, 355 trout. Total taken by club members, 1,232. The total expense to the club was a little less than \$400.

So far as known to our warden, there were caught in Balsam Lake this season 1,379 trout. Doubtless many were taken of which we have no account.

On the club preserve the catch by members was in May, 10; June, 321; July, 535; April and August, none.

On Weaver's were caught 988 trout.

So far as recorded, 34 trout were taken in April and 40 trout in June, in Beecher's or Thomas' Lake.

In Balsam Brook, outlet of Balsam Lake, Barnhardt took 75 trout in April.

Notwithstanding our supposed privileges on Leal's, but one of our members, with a friend, availed himself of their fishing, and took but 23 fish.

In all our members of our club fished on our preserve during 1878; and only seventeen persons altogether, of whom four were friends of members, united under our rule; three were owners along the stream. The other three men were friends, the two owners of Balsam Lake and a friend of theirs. Four of our members did not visit the stream at all.

On Snyder's (above Mead's) there were caught, so far as known, 810 trout. Doubtless many more of them were taken.

On Mead's and Merwin's we know of 846 trout. Of course many were caught.

Our warden, Bulkley, is worthy of all praise. Owing to an early spring and late winter it was necessary to keep him employed from April 5 until Nov. 14.

The grand total of these figures shows more than 5,427 trout caught in the upper Beaverkill this past season.

Yours cordially, G. W. V. S.

FISHING A LA FLORIDA GULL.

(From a Paper read before the Ocala's Ford Farmers' Club.)

THE following interesting paper was read by Joseph Willcox at a meeting of the Chadd's Ford Farmers' Club, of Pennsylvania:

On the western coast of Florida, at least on that portion between Cedar Key and the Homosassa River, about thirty-two miles farther south, a level, submerged plain of coral rock extends its wide expanse several miles from the shore, covered with only a few inches of water at low tide. A soft, cohesive, slimy ooze, disintegrated by the action of the water from the rock beneath, covers the surface to the depth of several inches, too unsubstantial to support marine vegetation; but which on small patches of coral patch grows above the surface of the mud, and they are of frequent occurrence. These several species of sea weed attach their roots and flourish. Anon, the space is shared by the companionship of a friendly sponge, which fastens its strong tentacles to the rough surface of the porous rocks, affording shady retreats to multitudes of aquatic animals, such as crabs and fishes, and protection to them from the attacks of myriads of birds, which wade and swim and fly over this great expanse of shallow water, attracted by the abundance of animal food subsisting there. Quite a number of islands may be seen, covered with a dense growth of mangrove trees, ten or twelve feet high. These odd-looking, amphibious trees, living upon a soft, precarious soil, which is covered with water at high tide, adapt themselves with wonderful facility to their anomalous, insecure condition. A foot or two above the ground they send forth their branching roots in all directions, which intervene among each other, how far they penetrate, and preventing the soil from being washed away. Numerous coons resort to these islands to feed upon the oysters which are abundantly exposed to view at low tide, and which are not inappropriately called "coon oysters." A dozen of these animals may sometimes be seen at once foraging upon the bivalves, and they manifest much ingenuity in this occupation. They slyly peep around, and when an oyster is observed with its open shells, the coon, with great dexterity, inserts one of its long fingers beneath to prevent them from closing. While the oyster, surprised and doubtless somewhat discouraged, vainly endeavors to close its shells, coony, with much satisfaction, leisurely removes the delicious, molluskous morsel. Former experience, directed with youthful, impulsive thoughtless vigor, resulting inundry undesirable compressions of the toes, has taught the coons how far they may safely insert their nails between the shells of the oyster. A little inattention on such occasions usually results with serious consequences, as the oysters usually grow in clusters which are not easily removed from their bed. Several fatal cases are known where the paw of the coon has become fastened between the shells of an oyster. The tide begins to rise. Fear, added to the pain, redoubles the bewilderment of the entranced victim. Deserted by its commander, who has hastened away in alarm, the unfortunate animal suffers, for some time, the terrors of prospective death, until it is finally submerged by the surging waters.

Concurrent with the vernal sun, Another season has begun. Now leaves spring forth, the flowers dilute: The feathered songster courts its mate, and the birds expand: The time for nesting is at hand.

For reasons best known to themselves, countless multitude

of aquatic birds, such as pelicans, cormorants, cranes, ibises, frigate birds, etc., have selected for their nesting-place two of the secluded islands, in particular, about five miles from the main land and thickly covered with mangrove trees. In April every available place on the branches is occupied with a nest. During the night, particularly, such an amount of quarrering, and scolding, and cawing, and screeching, and cackling takes place, as would outrival ten thousand bedlams. I once passed a night in a boat anchored about half a mile from one of these island rookeries; but even at that distance the hideous noise was so loud and intolerable as to preclude the possibility of sleep until near morning, when tired nature's claim to rest received at last a scanty, intermittent response. But soon is ushered in the carnival of gorging and extermination. The spoils are scented from afar by buzzards, crows and eagles, which congregate in flocks to revel in the wanton feast of eggs and nestling birds. They make flesh quarrels and contribute new, uproarious noises to the general clamor and confusion. Many young birds, having fled from their enemies above, and other assailants equally merciless below, fly at high tide, when the islands are covered with water, sharks and other voracious fish assemble to the entertainment and luxuriate in the shade of the trees, surfeited with the feast of eggs and young birds, that, in the riotous tumult, are hustled out of the nests.

The following incident was related to me by Mr. Alfred Jones, who lives at Homassassa, only a few miles from this rookery. With the view of obtaining an assortment of eggs for a friend in the North, he once went in his boat to one of these islands, accompanied by two assistants. In a couple of hours they collected five or six bushels of eggs, which they carried home. They were obliged to use clubs to drive many of the birds from their nests, especially the pelicans. Before proceeding to blow the contents from the eggs, if any was discovered to contain a young bird, it was at once thrown into the Homassassa River. It was soon observed that when an egg was thrown into the water it was at once gobbled by a black bass, which fish grow to a large size in that river. Immediately advantage was taken of this discovery, and, procuring fishing lines, they threw them into the water baited with eggs, which were at once seized by the bass. In this novel manner they caught bass large and fast; but they soon relinquished the sport from a feeling of compassion for the fish.

When on this coast a stranger might inquire, what means that long and solemn line of forms, apparently almost inanimate, standing in close array, soldier-like, in single file? No sign of life is seen save an occasional spasmodic movement like an uplifted arm, to be as suddenly depressed, when all is still again, as if some solemn scene proceeds. 'Tis now high tide. The flats and oyster banks are covered. A long and narrow coral reef has raised its crest above the surface of the water, as rocks are prone to do, in that peculiar coral region. The pelicans, having completed their labor of foraging, sat with their heads, too lazy for further exertion, have selected this reef as the only available spot of dry land on which to repose and to digest their food at leisure. Their distended pouches, heavy with the freight of tiny spoils, hang down against their breasts, and their great bills assume a peculiar attitude. When a portion of the food is digested, a vacancy exists within the stomach the pelican elevates its head and pouch to such a degree that, upon opening its bill, a fish or two are detached and slip down into the stomach. The bill is then closed and depressed to its former position, the whole proceeding occupying only two or three seconds of time, and the operation is extremely ludicrous. Each pelican performs this action in precisely the same manner, and after a fish is swallowed the bird remains as tranquil as a statue, until the recurrence of another vacancy within calls forth the repetition of another similar performance without. Mr. Jones also stated to me that when he was once in Tampa Bay he observed, standing on a reef of rocks, a lot of pelicans, on the head of many of which was perched a gull, in peaceful companionship with the former and unmolested by them. This strange proceeding excited the curiosity of Mr. Jones, and he determined to make a closer investigation. Soon a pelican elevated its head and opened its bill, in order to swallow some fish from its pouch, when a gull, extending its neck from its position on the head of the pelican, thrust its head into the pouch of the latter, seized a fish from within and flew away, screaming with delight, well satisfied with having so successfully "gulled" the pelican.

THE FISH MORTALITY IN THE GULF.

JACKSONVILLE, Dec. 21, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Since my last was written I have interviewed Capt. James McKay, of Tampa, and he informs me that he has been engaged in the cattle trade between Punta Rassa and Havana during the autumn months, and that he noticed large quantities of sea fish, either dead or in a dying condition, from Key West to Punta Rassa. He attributes the mortality to the freshening of the water as a sequence of the heavy rains during the summer and autumn in southern Florida. In forming an opinion regarding the influence of an excessive rain fall, we must take into consideration the fact that the coast line of Florida, from Key West to Punta Rassa, presents a shallow coast. Adjoining the coast is a reef of coral, and from the reef to the shore is a shallow bay. The water along the coast is shallow, it scarcely seems probable that the rain fall of the past year could so freshen the water in the gulf as to destroy the fish.

Yours respectfully,

O. J. KENWORTHY.

Rational Pastimes.

A MEMORY OF INDIAN RIVER.

In the hot summer noon,

Watching the green lagoon,

I saw the cunning bowman of the swamp
Deep in the edges, crouched upon the damp,
Soft hammock, where the lily lilies encamp.

In the hot summer noon,

Watching the green lagoon,

I saw a plover coming down the lake,
Not caring for the water or the milk
Stop at the weedy water's edge to drink.

In the hot summer noon,

Watching the green lagoon,

I saw along the meadow margin pass
A solemn bird, sad and companionless,
And pitted the blue heron's loneliness.

In the hot summer noon,

Watching the green lagoon,

I saw a small crane droop his stately head,
Too indolent to drink or care to feed,
On a spaw of frog or root of water weed.

In the hot summer noon,

Watching the green lagoon,

I saw the cunning bowman once again,
Carrying into his camp, across the plain,
A plover, a blue heron and a crane!

BOWMAN.

NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB.—The second annual winter handicap games of the New York Athletic Club were held at Gilmore's Garden, this city, last Friday and Saturday evenings. The contests were participated in by a large number of well-known amateurs; the work done was of a very creditable standard, and the tournament was most happily conducted. The Garden has come to be regarded as the place for athletic winter meetings; every convenience and facility are afforded both contestants and spectators. The programme was as follows:

Seventy-five Yards Run.—First trial heat, four runners, won by George E. Parys, Short Hills, C, 6½ yards start, in 81.54; second heat, four runners, J. F. Jenkins, Jr., Gloucester, C, 2½ yards, 82.26; third heat, A. B. Wilson, Carman R. Ass, 6½ yards, won in 74.46; S. Stearn, Amateur A. C, 6½ yards, walked over for the fourth heat; A. Noel, Jr., Short Hills A. C, won the fifth heat in 83.58. The final heat, run the second evening, was won by Payne, 6½ yards start, in 84; Noel, 5 yards, second; Wilson, third.

Four hundred and forty yards.—First trial heat, three contestants, won by L. S. Myers, Knickerbocker A. C, 15 yards start, in 51.54; second heat, three contestants, W. R. Baker, C, 15 yards start, in 51.54; American A. C, 35 yards, won in 53.24. The third heat was won from five others by Ralph Voorhees, Greenpoint A. C, 18 yards, in 58.34. In the final heat, the following evening, Hewitt won in 56.24; Myers, second; Bissell, third; Rommell, third; Voorhees, fourth.

One mile walk.—Sixteen walkers appeared in the first heat, and William O'Keefe, Yorkville A. C, won in 8m 11½; J. H. Gifford, New York, second. In the second heat thirteen appeared; W. C. Howland, New York, won in 8m 21½; J. H. Gifford, second, in 8m 21½. In the final heat, contested the following evening, O'Keefe won in 8m 14.34; J. W. Adams, Newark, N. J., second, and J. Cameron, Y. M. C. A., third.

Two hundred and twenty yards hurdle.—Six started in the first heat; the winner was M. J. Gilligan, Clinton A. C, 15 yards start, in 2m 11½; Myers, Knickerbocker Y. C, 8 yards, won the second heat in 2m 27½.

The third went to William H. Douglass, New York, 6 yards, who covered the distance in 2m 27½. Gilligan won the final heat in 2m 26½; Myers, second; Douglass, third.

Amateur tug of war.—The four teams who appeared for the tug of war were the Knickerbocker-American, Empire City Gymnasium, New York Athletic and the Ninth Regiment, N. G. N. Y. The rope was held by E. J. Jones in diameter, and the side crews were twelve feet from the line. The Knickerbocker-Americans easily defeated the Ninth Regiment boys in 1m 11½. The tug between the Empires and the Athletics was one of the finest ever witnessed. The Athletics quickly pulled their opponents six feet over the line, where they were quickly halted. Then the Empires regained their ground, and the mark on the rope was once more over the central crease. When fifteen minutes had elapsed and time was called, the Empires had fifteen inches only to their credit, and the Athletics had the final count against the victors. Teams were pulled on the following evening, and was another fine display of effort and grit. The Empires pulled their opponents slowly, inch by inch, until they had five feet to their credit, and then they made a dash for it. The Athletics pulled their opponents there were ten men on each side. The names of the champion amateur team are: James McCarthy, captain; Augustus Schneider, George Barry, Clarence Halpin, William Payton, James Coughlin, John McGeehan, George Mullen, John Jennings, Thomas McLoughlin.

One mile run.—Among twenty-two runners, W. H. Robertson, Brooklyn, 58 yds, won in 4m 52½; C. Morton, Scottish-American A. C, 95 yds, was second, and P. Noel, Short Hills A. C, 60 yds, third.

Regimental tug of war.—The teams were of six men each. "C" Company first team vanquished the second team from the same company in 1m 43½. The "K" Company boys had a walk-over, their opponents from "I" not appearing. The "B" team defeated the "F" boys in 3m 39½ in the final tug, Saturday evening, the "B" team defeated the "K" team in 1m 46, and were in turn vanquished by the "O" team. "O" then defeated "K" in 2m 30, and bore off the trophy, a stand of arms. The "K" team were: Walter Smith, captain; C. H. Bruel, James Walden, John Gillies, James O'Gilley and J. E. McNiel.

Four Hundred and Forty-four Yards Hurdle.—Of four competitors, Joseph L. Jones, 34½ yards start, won the first heat, and won in 1m 18½. John Kuoxy, Knickerbocker-American Club, was second. There were 20 hurdles 2ft 6in high.

One mile race.—The first heat of the two-mile bicycle race was contested by William H. Pittman, who came in ahead in 10m 34, Van Ness New York, second, in 10m 34. In the second heat William M. Wright, New York, won in 10m 54; Joseph Lafon, second, in 11m 36; and W. Addison, Ravenswood, L. I., and S. J. Pomeroy, Manhattan A. C, behind. Wright was protested against on the ground that he was entered under a fictitious name, his real name being Butler, and that he was not an amateur, having competed for money with Stouton, the English champion, when he was in this country. In the final heat between Lafon, Pittman and Wright, Lafon held the lead for fifteen laps, when Wright drew up with him and finally won in 2m 54, Lafon second.

International Tug of War.—The American team of Greenpoint defeated the Irish team of Greenpoint in 53½. The Irish team of New York won the second heat, the American team of New York won the third heat, and the American team of New York won the fourth heat. The Greenpointers pulled their opponents within three inches of the line, and there the two opposing forces stuck until the expiration of the fifteen minutes.

Two Hundred and Twenty Yards Hurdle.—There were ten hurdles 2ft 6in high. Only two runners started, and Arthur W. Anderson, New York Athletic Club, with 8 yards start, won in 32.24.

Two Miles Walk.—There were eighteen entries, among whom William O'Keefe, with 40s start, won in 17m 43½.

Half-mile Run.—Twenty-one contestants engaged in this. M. Ellis, Jr., Scottish-American A. C, with 60 yards start, won in 2m 12½.

KNICKERBOCKER ATHLETIC CLUB.—The second annual winter games of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club were held at Gilmore's Garden last Monday and Tuesday evenings. There were a very large number of entries—too large to be well managed—and the consequence was some confusion in the ring. The events were as follows:

Seventy-five yards race.—First heat, W. S. Swords, Peerless Club, time 8½; second heat, J. S. Baker, Peerless Club, 8½; third heat, W. T. Livingston, Harlem Club, 8½; fourth heat, F. Nichols, American Club, 8½; fifth heat, J. F. Baker, Brooklyn Club, 8½; sixth heat, M. McFarland, Ravenswood Club, 8½; seventh heat, G. McDonald, Brooklyn Club, 8½; eighth heat, A. W. Wilson, Peerless Club, 8½; ninth heat, J. W. Murray, Plainfield Club, 8½; tenth heat, W. Kendrick, Hare and Honnds Club, 8½; eleventh heat, James King, New York City Club, 8½; twelfth heat, E. B. Kittle, New York City Club, 8½; thirteenth heat, J. H. Wiegand, Western Club, 8½.

The final heat was won by M. McFarland, of the Fanwood Athletic Club, in 7½; Joseph King was second.

One mile walk.—Won by F. L. Lackemacher in 8m 4½, E. W. Mol. second, E. F. Leinhardt, third.

One mile run.—Made in 4m 43½ by J. F. Dobbs; L. Wrangler second, H. C. Roman, third.

Running broad jump.—Won by W. T. Livingston, who cleared 5in; G. E. Payne, second, with 10ft 10in.

Two hundred and twenty yards hurdle.—Won by M. J. Gilligan, in 30½, with J. S. Voorhees a good second.

Half-mile run.—Won by H. O. Romel, Triton Boat Club, in 2m 25½; Walter Smith second, and A. E. Gordon third.

Three mile walk.—Won by J. H. Carter, in 30m 38.

Running high jump.—Won by J. H. Oakes, who cleared 6ft 3in, Elliott Marshall coming second with 6ft 2in.

Quarter-mile run.—Won by H. H. Morrill in 57½.

The five mile run brought out a large field, and after a hard struggle, was won by W. H. Robertson in 30m 56½; J. C. Christian second, and D. O. Rupert third.

Of the forty-seven entries for the championship twenty-five miles walk thirty-seven appeared for the start. Charles Corner, Scottish-Am. A. C., was ahead until the second mile, when T. H. Armstrong, the former champion, went to the front and stayed there until the fourteenth mile, when he sprained his ankle, and was out of the race. Budd How, of Philadelphia, then had first place, and kept it until the finish, winning in 4h 12m. 40½, which is 3m. 37½ behind Armstrong's record last year. William O'Keefe was second in 4h. 22m. 9s. A. Varian, third.

MR. ANDERSON.—The indomitable lady walker of Brooklyn is now rapidly nearing the successful completion of her task of walking 2,700 quarter miles in 2,700 consecutive quarter hours. Shortly before midnight Tuesday she had finished her 3,128th quarter mile.

ROLLER-SKATING.—The Sixty-third Street Rink has recently been transferred to the Pleasant Place rink, in a roller skating salon for the fashionable recreation of "rinkers," as it is called by the English nobility. The large hall has been divided into two compartments, one for beginners and the other—the larger one—for experts. There is to be an opening invitation reception to the press next week, before the regular public opening of the new rink.

At the Brooklyn Rink the roller-skating is now limited to two nights a week, on Monday and Saturday nights. The former is for the fashionable season, and Saturday as the popular night, the rates being lower.

HOW LOGS ARE GOT OUT OF THE MOUNTAINS.—A chute is laid from the river's brink up the steep mountain to the railroad, and, while we are telling it, the monster logs are rushing, thundering, flying, leaping down the declivity. They come with the speed of the thunderbolt, and somewhat of its roar.

A track of fire and smoke follows them—fire struck by their friction with the chute logs. They descend the 1,700 feet of the chute in fourteen seconds. In doing so they drop 700 feet perpendicularly. They strike the deep water of the pond with a report that can be heard a mile distant. Logs fired from a cannon could scarcely have greater velocity than they have at the foot of the chute. Their average velocity is over 100 feet in a second throughout the entire distance, and at the instant they leap from the mouth their speed must be fully 200 feet per second. At the mouth of the chute is perhaps fifteen feet above the surface of water. A huge log hurled from the chute cleaves the air and alights on the floating log. You know how a bullet glances, but can you imagine a saw-log glancing? The end strikes with a heavy shock, but glides quickly past for a short distance, then a crash like the reverberation of artillery, the falling log springs 150 feet vertically into the air, and with a curve like a rocket, falls into the pond several yards from the log it struck.—*Truckee (Nev.) Republican.*

THE GIANT HUMMING-BIRD.—The giant humming-bird of Chili is the largest of its family, and besides its size differs from all the rest in some very noteworthy respects. Mr. Gould describes it as a bold and vigorous flyer, quick in all its actions, passing from flower to flower with the greatest rapidity. Unlike other species of its family, it may be frequently seen perched on some small tree or shrub. It has a very extensive distribution over nearly all the more southern portions of South America. M. Warszewicz collected specimens in Bolivia at a height of nearly 14,000 feet. The nest is a somewhat large, cup-shaped structure, composed of mosses, lichens and similar materials put together with coarbs and placed in the fork of a low branch of a tree, generally one that overhangs a turbulent stream. Charles Darwin, in his narrative journal of the voyage of the *Beagle*, refers to this species as a resident of central Chili during the breeding season, and his account of it differs, in some respects, from those of other writers, especially that relating to the absence of the rapid vibrations of the wings, generally supposed to be a peculiarity of all humming-birds, without exception. He states that the species, when on the wing, presents a very singular appearance. Like others of the family, it moves from place to place with a rapidity which may be compared to that of syrphus among flies, and the sphinx among moths; but while hovering over a flower it flaps its wings with a very slow and powerful movement, totally different from that vibratory motion common to most of the species and which produces the humming noise. Mr. Darwin had never seen any other bird the force of whose wings appeared (as in a butterfly) so powerful in proportion to the weight of its body. When hovering by a flower its tail was constantly being expanded and shut like a fan, the body being kept in a nearly vertical position. This action appeared to steady and support the bird between the slow movements of its wings. Although it flew from flower to flower in search of food, its stomach contained abundant remains of the insects which it fed upon. Darwin believed to be the most of the objects of its search than honey. Its note, like that of nearly the whole family, was extremely shrill.—*Dr. Brewer, in Scribner for December.*

A STONE IN A HORSE'S JAW.—For a long time a lump has been observable in the side of the jaw of a horse belonging to Superintendent Osbison, of the Gould and Curry and Best and Belcher mines. Yesterday a veterinary surgeon, from a London, and to his astonishment brought to light a hard and smooth stone, about two inches long and one inch in diameter. The stone was of a yellowish white color, and apparently as hard as marble. In order to make sure as to the nature of the stone, Mr. Osbison took it to a jewelry store and had it sawed in two halves. When it was incised, and to his surprise in its centre what had once undoubtedly been a grain of barley, half of which was visible in each piece of the stone, the grain looking as though petrified. Around this nucleus the stones had formed in regular layers or growths, the rings of which were distinctly to be traced. The material of which the stone was formed appeared to be the same as is found in the incrustations on the tubes of boilers. It is thought that the grain of barley pierced the skin of the horse's mouth and imbedded itself in the flesh; and that the saliva then deposited upon it limy matter. The stone is as hard as marble, and the annular markings are very distinct. —*Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.*

—What a wicked boy that was who slyly put a chestnut burr under the saddle of the parson's horse! Up to that moment the animal had never played him a single trick; but all at once he became a very spirited brute and pranced along with a kind of military enthusiasm. For a single moment the parson thought of selling him at a high price to a showy colonel of the army. After that his attention was so concentrated on the sense of holding on that he had only time to wish that he had sold him the day before, and to the highest bidder. The little boy stood on the roadside with his thumb in his mouth and tears of sympathy in his eyes. The parson thought the boy had a very tender heart, but when he took the saddle off and saw the burr he grasped his riding whip and looked around, but the boy was gone.

—“Great ceremonies are necessary,” says the *Railroad News*, “to get a train off in Germany. When all is ready a bell rings. Then another bell rings. Then the engine whistles, or rather tooth-tooths gently. Then the conductor tells the station-master that all is ready. Then the station-master looks placidly around and says ‘So?’ Then the conductor shouts ‘Partig!’ interrogatively. Then the station-master replies ‘Partig!’ positively. Then the conductor blows a horn; the engine whistles; the bell rings; the other bell rings; the station-master says ‘So?’—the passengers swear in various tongues—and the train starts. That is, unless there is a belated fat man—in which case they do it all over again.”

—Dean Remsey, tells this story. A man lost his wife and on the same day. His neighbors naturally thinking that the greater loss of the two was the loss of his wife sympathized with him very deeply, and intimated the possibility of a new partner who could be had for the asking. “Ouah,” he answered in contemptuous tones; “you’re at ‘ken enough to get me another wife, but no one’ll ye offers to give me another coo.”

—A Methodist paper beseeches its readers to abstain from playing croquet, because it “detracts from the glory of God and the salvation of souls.” It is a timely warning. It is wrong to play croquet after the frost sets in and snow begins to fall. That it is at all seasons of the year an immoral play unless you have a good eye and can hit the ball instead of your own foot we have strong personal evidence.

—Bashful Lover:—“Ah, miss, I—I wanted to see your father. I’ve some important business matters to propose to him.” Benevolent Young Lady:—“Well, I’m sorry father is not in; but can’t you make the proposal to me?” The wedding cards were soon ordered.

FEATHERS.—Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as will be the St. Louis woman who wears a feather cloak made of 33,880 feathers of the quail, prairie-chicken and wild duck. It will cost her husband \$500.

—If anybody wants to know what a jack-rabbit looks like let him go down to Coney Island next summer and take a glance at the donkeys on the beach. If he should paint the donkey red and do up his tail in cotton-bating the illusion would be complete.

—A young lady said to her lover: “Charley, how far is it around the world?” “About 24 inches,” my darling,” replied he, as his arm encircled her waist. “She was all the world to him.”

—A gentleman was threatening to beat a dog which barked intolerably. “Why,” exclaimed an Irishman, “Would you bate the poor dumb animal for spakin out?”

—“I like to make sponge cake,” she said, uncently; “it makes my hands so clean.”

—It was Mr. Grandley Berkeley who, under the skillful cross-examination of Mr. John Bright, then on a committee to inquire into the operation of the game laws, was made to show that the average farmer made \$175,000 a year by the crows on his farm. As thus: Crows kill wire-worms. Where there are no crows boys had to be employed to kill the worms at 13d. a hundred. The boys made about 9d. a day each. A single crow, Mr. Berkeley declared, was worth fifty boys at such work, or within a small fraction of £2 a day. On an average, Mr. Berkeley said, there were fifty crows on a farm, hence as each bird earned £700 a year the average farmer made \$175,000 a year out of his crows.

Admirers of Artistic Pottery and Glass are invited to inspect some choice examples selected by Messrs. TIFFANY & CO. during the Paris Exposition, including:

New Plaques by Minton, decorated by Mussil with novel marine designs.

Salvati's latest reproductions of the Venetian Glass of the Sixteenth century.

Fac-similes of the Trojan Iridescent bronze glass exhumed by Dr. Schliemann.

New Plaques by Copeland, decorated with strongly drawn heads by Hewitt.

Reproductions, by Doulton, of old F.lemish stone ware.

Reproductions of the Scinde Pottery made by the Bombay Art Society.

Recent examples of Giori's reproductions of old Italian majolica.

Specimens of Capo di Monti ware, Austrian Iridescent and enameled Glass and Limoges Faience of new colors.

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CHARLES L. RITZMANN,

Imports, Cartridges, Cases, Shooting Suits, Camping Outfits, Etc.

Falcon's Feather-lined, Bogardus' Rough, and the new Composition Balls always on hand.

Bogardus' Glass Ball Traps, \$5 and \$9.

II and T Pigeon Traps, \$1.50 per pair.

The “NEW RECOIL” gun, price \$21. Pronounced by the “Forest Stream,” Feb. 21, 1876, the best contrivance made for the purpose. Every sportsman should have one.

Also a cheaper quality rubber pad, stuffed with hair, \$1.

LOOK AT THIS!—A central-fire, English Double Gun, side snap-action, twist barrels, warranted, \$28.

SPRATTS DOG BISCUIT always on hand, and sold in any quantity.

SHELLS loaded to order with the greatest care, and repairing done in the most artistic manner.

GUNS taken in exchange, and Second-hand Guns a specialty.

CUTLERY.—Fine Sportsmen's Bowls and Hunting Knives; also, large assortment of finest Pocket Cutlery, Razors, Clasp Knives, Spring-back Knives, Etc., Etc.



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The Kennel.

SPRATT'S PATENT MEAT FIBRINE DOG CAKES.

Twenty-one Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals awarded, including Medal of English Kennel Club, and of Westminster Kennel Club, New York.



None are genuine unless so stamped

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For sale in cases of 112 pounds.

Fleas! Fleas! Worms! Worms!

STEADMAN'S FLEA POWDER for DOGS

A Bane to Fleas—A Boon to Dogs.

This Powder is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animals, or money returned. It is put up in patent tins with sliding pepper box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and efficacious.

Price 20 cents by mail, Postpaid

ARCEA NUT FOR WORMS IN DOGS

A CERTAIN REMEDY.

Put up in boxes containing a dozen powders, with full directions for use.

Price 30 cents per box by mail.

Both the above are recommended by HOD AND GUN

and FOREST AND STREAM.

W. HOLBERTON.

Oct 12

117 FULTON STREET.

Dr. Gordon Stables, R. N.,

TWYFORD, BERKS, ENGLAND,

AUTHOR OF THE

“Practical Kennel Guide,” &c.

begs to inform Ladies and Gentlemen in America that he purchases and sends out dogs of any desired breed, at the highest competition.

N. B.—A bad dog never left the Doctor's kennels

dec 19

BLUE BLOODS FOR SALE.—Two fine setter pups (dog and bitch) by Carlizwiz, out of True, own brother and sister to Royal Duke, four months old. Sold only because owner has time to handle them. Any one wishing the choicest stock can secure bargain by addressing C. A. D., Box 335, Sioux Falls, N. Y.

FOR SALE.—A pure Irish setter pup by Bann, out of Quail II. Address OWNER, 171 East 57th street, N. Y.

J. M. 11

The Kennel.

Imporial Kennel.

Setters and Pointers Bred, Broken, etc.

Young Dogs Sold with skill and judgment.

Address, I. C. LOVER, TOMS RIVER, N. J.

Splendid kennel accommodations; dogs have daily access to salt water.

Oct 11

COCKER SPANIEL

Breeding Kennel

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M. P. McGOON, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y.

I keep only cockers of the finest strains. Sell only young stock. I guarantee satisfaction and safe delivery to every customer. These beautiful and intelligent dogs can be had for ruffed grouse and woodcock shooting and retrieving. Correspondence enclosing stamp will get printed pedigree, circular, testimonials, etc.

Jan 17

Dogs For Sale.

One Gordon setter bitch and two red Irish Go-fenns, the latter about one year old, and just from the breaker. Also one pointer dog thoroughly broken, as is also the Gordon bitch, both having been worked in Florida. Prices very moderate. Address, or apply at stable, 133 West Thirty-eighth street, this city.

Jan 17

CHAMPION IRISH SETTER DOG YORK in the Coud. York is winner of prizes at the following shows: Cork Show, Ireland, 1872; Centennial, 1876; St. Louis, 1876; Baltimore, 1876; New York, 1877; Philadelphia, 1878; Baltimore, 1878, where he also took prize for the best stud dog. Is sire of both Pat and B. dog, who both took 1st prize at Baltimore, 1878. Terms for services reasonable.

For sale one red Irish setter dog, 30 months old, partly broken. Price \$40. One red Irish setter pup, 8 months old; sire, Champion York out of Beas; very handsome; price \$30. Red Irish setter puppies, 3 months old, sired by champion York and by prize bitches Flora, Maud and Nora; price reasonable. For particulars and pedigree inquire of D. MILLEY, Lancaster, Pa.

Nov 25

FOR SALE.—Native Eng-Irish setter pups, two dogs and two bitches, out of my Belle, by Daniel Webster, winner of 1st prize at the Mass. K. O. exhibition last March. Color of pups, red and white. A. S. GUILD, P. O. Box 235, Lowell, Mass.

Jan 17

FOR SALE.—Coe liver-and-white (very handsome) pointer dog pup, by champion imported Shanthol, out of Fanny II; full pedigree. Price \$25. LINCOLN & HELLVART, Wrentham, Mass.

Dec 17

FOR SALE.—Setter dog, broken, good retriever. Price \$25. JAS. ROY, Vienna, Virginia, Va.

Dec 17

CHAMPION FRANCES PUPS.—Puppies, two months (English setters), six weeks ticked, out of Zita, sire 1st prize winner at Syracuse, N. Y. Price \$25 each. W. VIE, St. Louis, 11 N. Market street, Mo.

Jan 24

BATTLE.—In the Stud.—Blue belton, Llewellyn U. setter, winner of three best prices, by champion Rob Roy, winner of the English deal trial, out of the pure Laverack bitch, 11 kles. Will serve bitches \$20. Litters warranted. Inquire of L. F. WHITMAN, Detroit, Mich.

Jan 17

FOR SALE.—A foxhound; keen scent; good voice; runs well in pack or alone. Rare chance for one wanting a first-class hound. W. H. BARTS-HORN, 11 Blackstone street, Boston, Mass.

Jan 17

Six Strip SPLIT BAMBOO RODS, three-joint, with extra tip, in case, \$15.

REELS in G. rman silver, rubber and brass, of in best material and of the latest improvements.

ARTIFICIAL MINNOWS, Insect, and Spoon Bait of every description.

Would call special attention to my large variety of fine TROUT, BASS and SALMON FLIES.

FLIES tied to order from any pattern at shortest notice.

LINES, waterproof and taped, oiled, Braided Silk, Braided Linen, Grass, Hair and Silk, Etc.

Walking Canes Rods.

The “NEW FLOAT SPOON,” One of the most successful spoons in use. Try one.

Patent Adjustable Floats and Sinkers.

BLACK FLY REPELLANTS, 50 cents per bottle, and everything required by fishermen and anglers.

OPTICAL GOODS.—Compasses, Field and Marine Glasses, Telescopes, Microscopes, etc., etc.

Also EVERYTHING pertaining to the Sporting Line.

LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE.

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EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

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The Route of the Sportsman and Angler to the Best Hunting and Fishing Grounds of Virginia and West Virginia.

Comprising those of Central and Piedmont Virginia Blue Ridge Mountains, Valley of Virginia, Alleghany Mountains, Greenbrier and New Rivers, and Kanawha Valley, and including in their varieties of game and deer, bear, wild turkeys, wild ducks, grouse, quail, snipe, woodcock, mountain trout, bass, pike, pickerel, etc., etc.

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ST. PAUL SHORT LINE.

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LONG ISLAND RAILROAD, MAY, 27, 1893.
Ferryboats leave New York from James Slip (daily except Sundays) 30 minutes, and from Thirty-fourth Street, East River (daily) 15 minutes previous to departure of trains from the depot. Trains leave Brooklyn and Long Island City (Hunters' Point) as follows: For Greenport, Sag Harbor, etc., 8:30 a. m., 4 p. m., and on Saturdays 10:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 4 p. m., 6 p. m., 8:30 a. m., 4:30 and 6 p. m. For Patchogue, etc., 9:30 a. m., 4:30 and 6 p. m. For Babylon, etc., at 9:30 a. m., 4:30 and 6 p. m. For Port Jefferson, etc., at 10 a. m., 3:30, 4:30 and 6:30 p. m. For Locust Valley, at 8:30 and 10:30 a. m., 3:30, 4:30, 5:30 and 6:30 p. m. For Garden City and Hempstead, 8:30 and 10 a. m., 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30 p. m., and 12:15 and 1:15 p. m. For Great Neck, at 8:30 a. m., 1:30 and 3:30 p. m. SUNDAYS—For Port Jefferson, Patchogue, etc., 9 a. m., Babylon, etc., 6 and 7 p. m. Northport and Locust Valley, 4 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. Garden City and Hempstead, 9 a. m., 3:30 and 6:30 p. m., and from Long Island City 7:30 a. m. and 8:30 p. m. Trains for Rockaway Beach, Flushing, College Point, Jamaica, etc., as per time tables. Ticket offices at New York at 34 Broadway, corner Warren Street, at the offices of "The Long Island Express," 3 Park Place, 735 and 942 Broadway and Grand Central Depot, in E. Brooklyn, N. Y. Washington Street and 74 Fourth Street. By purchasing tickets at any of the above offices, baggage can be checked from residence to destination.

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Trout Fishing, Wing Shooting, and Still Hunting.

RUCKERTON, BEACH HAVEN, CAPE MAY, SQUAN, and points on the NEW JERSEY COAST renowned for SALT WATER SPORT AFTER FIN AND PEACH.

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FOR THROUGH TICKETS TO FERNANDINA, JACKSONVILLE, ST. AUGUSTINE, SAN FORD, ENTERPRISE, and intermediate landings on ST. JOHN'S RIVER and interior points in FLORIDA, by steamship to SAVANNAH, and thence by railroad or steamboat to WM. L. JAMES, General Agent.

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Embraces under one management the Great Trunk Railway Lines of the West and Northwest, and with its numerous branches and connections, forms the shortest and quickest route to Wisconsin, Rochester, Owatonna, Mankato, St. Peter, New Ulm and all points in Southern and Central Minnesota. Its GREENBAY AND MANQUETTE LINE is the only line for Janesville, Watertown, Fond du Lac, Oshkosh, Appleton, Green Bay, Escanaba, Neauveau, Marquette, Houghton, Hancock and the Lake Superior country. Its PRESBURG AND DUBUQUE LINE is the only route for Bigon, Rockford, Freeport (and every third Sunday), Wisconsin, Racine, Kenosha to Milwaukee. PULLMAN HOTEL CARS are now running regularly between Chicago and Council Bluffs, Iowa, and the California Express Train the CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY. West-bound, they leave Chicago daily, except Sunday (and every third Sunday), for Council Bluffs, St. Paul, and arrive at Council Bluffs next morning.

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For the west of Chicago runs Pullman or any other form of Hotel cars.

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Nov 22

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Nos. 1 (fine) to 6 (coarse). Unsurpassed in point of strength and cleanliness. Packed in square cans of 1 lb. only.

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Nos. 1 (fine) to 6 (coarse). In 1 lb. cans, and 6x10 kegs. A fine grain, quick and clean, for upland prairie shooting. Well adapted to shotguns.

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25FG, FFG, and "Sea Shooting" FG, in kegs of 25, 12½ and 6½ lbs. and cans of 5 lbs. 6 FFG is also packed in 1 and ½ lb. cans. Burns strong and moist. The FFG and FFG are favorite brands for ordinary sporting, and the "Sea Shooting" FG is the standard rifle powder of the country.

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DUPONT'S

Rifle, Sporting and Blasting Powder.

THE MOST POPULAR POWDER IN USE

Dupont's Gunpowder Mills, established in 1801, have maintained their great reputation for 78 years.

Manufacture the following celebrated brands of Powder:

DUPONT'S DIAMOND GRAIN,

Nos. 1 (coarse) to 4 (fine), unequalled in strength, quickness and cleanliness; adapted for Glass Ball and Pigeon Shooting.

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Nos. 1 (coarse) to 3 (fine), burning slowly, strong and clean; great penetration; adapted for Glass Ball, Pigeon, Duck and other shooting.

DUPONT'S EAGLE RIFLE,

A quick, strong and clean Powder of very fine grain for Pistol shooting.

DUPONT'S RIFLE, FG., "SEA SHOOTING."

FG and FFG.—The FG for long-range rifle shooting, the FFG for general use, burning strong and moist.

SPORTING, MINING, SHIPPING AND BLASTING POWDERS of all sizes and descriptions, special grades for export. Cartridge, Musket, Cannon, Mortar and Mammoth Powder, U. S. Government Standard. Powder manufactured to order of any required grain or proof. Agencies in all cities and principal towns throughout the U. S. Represented by F. L. KNEELAND, 70 WALL ST. N. Y.

N. B.—Use none but DUPONT'S FG or FFG Powder for long-range rifle shooting.

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Orange Lightning Powder.

No. 1 & 2. The strongest and Cleanest made, in sealed 1 lb. cans. Higher numbers specially are recommended for h-b, cold-loading guns.

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For water-fowl, strong and clean. No. 1 to 5 in metal kegs, 6½ lbs. each, and cans of 1 and 5 lbs. each.

Orange Rifle Powder.

The best for rifles and all ordinary purposes. Sizes, FG, FFG and PFG, the FG being 1 lb. Packed in wood and metal kegs, 25 lbs., 12½ and 6½ lbs., and in cans of 1 lb., ½ and ¼ lb.

All of the above give high velocity and less sediment than any other brands made, and are recommended and used by Capt. A. H. B. GARDNER, "Champion Long Shot of the World."

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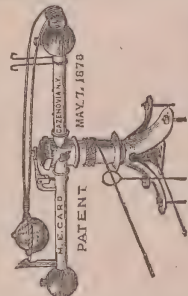
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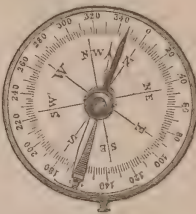


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FOREST AND STREAM

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

Texas, Four Dollars a Year.
Ten Cents a Copy.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1879

Volume 11—No. 24.
No. 111 Fulton St., N. Y.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun. THE FLORIDA COAST.

By ISAAC McLELLAN.

Wild the gale its majestic trumpet blows,
Wild the night with intenser darkness grows,
As the sailing ships fleet
Struggles on, staggeringly thro' the gloom,
With no light, save the lightning to illumine,
To warn them where the tumbling billows boom—
Where the eddying whirlpools beat!

But the perils of the sea, 'scap'd at last,
With the red'd and ragged canvas on the mast,
Behold the little vessels sailing fast

By the headlands of the shore.
Like a flock of white-wing'd fowl, see they come,
Like the sea-birds to their nests winging home,
When the tempests out at sea lash the foam,
And the ruidan surges pour.

When they anchor by those shores so serene,
What a fair, what a soft, delicious scene!
What rosy hues, what tints of living green,
Beam on the fisher's view!
Not a ripple, not a dimple crisps the deep;
So pellucid that the coral groves that sleep
Far below are disclos'd in all their sweep,
Gay with every lovely hue!

Far along the curving shores gleams the sand;
High aloft the branching evergreens expand,
And the orange and the lemon o'er the land,
Wave their globes of spangled gold.
Like emeralds shine the grasses and the leaves,
The grape, its fruit and foliage interweaves,
And the rustling corn, with its sheaves,
Is in ruddy bloom unroll'd.

White and pure shines the cotton o'er the plain,
As if snows, and the sleety, icy rain,
Their daky storm had shewer'd down amain
From winter's frosty train.
Soft, soft the odoriferous breeze seaward blows,
Delicious with magnolia and the rose,
And the spicy air is sweet as it flows,
Where flowers their incense burn!

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun. The Summer Argadia.

AS the Eastward bound traveler on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad steps out of the train at Kanawha Falls he finds himself, like the famous ass, hesitating between two prizes—for the tocsin sounds for dinner, the conductor calls the number of minutes allowed, and the odor of fragrant viands is wafted from the adjacent hotel; but the eye wanders from the cozy-looking inn to the beautiful landscape which surrounds it, and at one glance takes in a picture framed in blue sky and towering peaks—a clear blue lake at the confluence of New River and the Gauley, and a varied cascade tumbling over great boulders and then spreading out over a field of shingles in ten thousand little jets of frothy foam. To the eastward the sharp peak, that rises abruptly, is crowned by the old Indian Fort Defiance, along the face of the Southern Mountain winds the road made by General Washington, and just beyond the yard of the hotel is the log cabin occupied by Col. Rutherford B. Hayes, of the Twenty-third Ohio in 1861, when a saucy rebel gun, almost overhead, pointed by the ex-Secretary of War, General Floyd, often caused the prospective President to trespass with a violent expletive on that staid and pious bearing which at present makes such a contrast to the cigar of his predecessor. Above this charming glen the train toils up a deep narrow canyon, through which the New River comes plunging down over immense masses of rocks, piled as if to commemorate the battle of the fabled Titans, that with earthquake and thunder moved earth and heaven in their giant strides. On the left hand Jefferson's Pillar arises fifteen hundred feet, a gray, jagged tower of rock, jutting out from the thick masses of green and displaying from its scarred battlement, like tattered banners, the storm-torn cedars, which the unyielding spirit of the wild seems to hold there in defiance of nature and man. A few miles above here Big Sewall advances two immense cliffs like gray, grim sentinels rearing their crests to the very sky, while opposite the deep wooded mountain rises to an equal

height, and far below the solemn roll of the river gives the effect of awe and sublimity, the deep, reverberating monotone proclaiming the ever-rushing flow of time on and on to the sea of eternity.

The face of nature changes abruptly as the train leaves the New River and courses directly eastward up the valley of the Greenbrier. It is a panorama of sweet, homelike pictures—the white farm-houses set in green meadows and clumps of orchard trees, and the cow-bells faintly heard along the narrow valleys, making the refrain of that picturesque, quiet and happy bucolic life which is nearest to nature and to God. At Fort Spring Station we behold what in midsummer to the eye of the sentimental rambler is the synonym of all delights—a coach and four—representing the old-time pleasures of the road, as Cinderella's chariot typifies the enchantments of fairyland; yes, verily, it is the fairy vehicle to take us through the ideal golden time, for hath not the learned Dr. Johnson declared that perfect happiness sits on the box beside the coachman and travels at ten miles an hour behind four spanking bays? Therefore, hail to thee, Jehu of the old stage road! let thy whip be the enchanter's wand and thy four steeds like the flying coursers of Phæton, spurring the very clouds with their glowing hoofs and mounting the steep Olympus; and we will alight presently from the giddy throne of fancy and temper the icy draught from yonder crystal fountain with the stronger liquid which, in the dialect of Virginia, is yclept "Bumgardner."

This road from Fort Spring to Union is the ideal turnpike, running along the side of a spur range of the Allegheny, from which we view an enchanting landscape, as from the balcony of a grand natural theatre. The luxuriant meadows extend mile after mile, each farm set with parks of sugar-maple, buckeye and cucumber trees, and the rich green turf giving an effect of extreme luxuriance. The atmosphere is wonderfully exhilarating, even at noon, imparting the sparkle of champagne, and not less delightful to the sight than to the lungs, for it is a dreamy and magic lens, through which we behold a beautiful Arcadia—fanciful, yet real, giving body and form to Campbell's magnificent rhapsody and exalting the delicious incense of nature. He who enjoys this sight in the first blush of the morning, though his way-worn soul be racked with remorse and his future clouded with the dark shadow of a creditor, will say "Vade retro" to both, as the disenthralled spirit drinks the delight of nature's virgin beauty. Aurora, with rosy-tipped fingers, pulls back the curtain of mist, and unfolding yet finer, the night's dark uncertainty retaining the charm of its mystery, all the glorious view comes forth; and as the chorus of feathered songsters perform their beautiful pastorals, wrapped in a Sabbath-like purity, peak on peak the mountains rise and descend and rise again, until the blue on the horizon blends into heaven, and the rose-tinted clouds form into dome and spire, battlement and turret, the airy city of our fancy where hope leads us through dreamland.

Tumbling down from our lofty flight, we hear in the distance the early Vulcan of the village playing his ringing refrain on the anvil with a ponderous hammer.

THE VILLAGER BLACKSMITH.

Clank! clank! clank! ringing and musical it resounds on the morning air, and then you hear the double stroke of the small hammer in cadence, and then a single keen spire, tinted with gold, marks where the pretty town nestles in the valley, enshrouded in trees and gardens. The blacksmith looks like a grim ogre or a gnome in the glare of the forge, but when he comes out of the shop with a red-hot horseshoe in his tongs, he is a fair-haired giant, with laughing blue eyes and looking like the mythical Vulcan, a proper husband for Venus. He is one of the characters of the country, and upon occasion can draw a tooth as well as he can shoe your horse. The operation is performed by tying the subject to the anvil, the anvil to the forge, and a stout cord to the big sledge-hammer. He then swings the huge hammer thrice over his head, as Thor, the soldier-blacksmith, is supposed to have done, and launches it into the street, having first attached the other end of the cord to the subject's tooth. The result is certain; for, either the hammer has to stop, which it can no more do than the shot from Columbiad, or the tooth must come, unless the whole forge and shop give way, which is impossible. The blacksmith is so proud of this branch of his profession that he has marked in big charcoal letters over his shop door, "Futhe akre kured in hear." And never was a sign more indicative of success in any line of business, for the man in that country who has the malady is told by everybody else what to do, and if he declines the violent remedy he is pronounced a coward, and if he tries it he is not likely to confess to any more "futhe akre" for some time.

The handsomest man and most talented lawyer in West Virginia is Gion Patton, who has a beautiful mansion in this town of Union, and is the only man in the State who can have a preacher staying at his house and stay away from church, which he properly considers a moral institution conducive to virtue and, therefore, opposed to law in the professional sense of the term. And certain it is that the pure air and natural beauty of the country with the simpler and more devout sort of worship have set the imprimatur of primitive honesty on a people who are the worthy descendants of the bold pioneers of the last century. The vague legend of a single crime falls on the incredulous ear of the stranger, and in the midst of this serene and peaceful land of plenty

and content we are prepared to believe even that Gim Shanklin, the post-master, doesn't read the postal cards.

WALTONIAN.

Twenty miles south of Union on the main height of the Allegheny range is the Mountain Lake, a beautiful basin of blue limestone water, a mile or so in extent, a pretty cottage inn on the northern shore, and a jagged peak overhead, from which you may behold the territories of five States, the Black Mountain of North Carolina, cutting the southern horizon, and to the southeast the peaks of Otter, the two giant outposts of the Blue Ridge. In the ice cold depths of the lake no fish can live, but the tavern keeper can furnish you with a mule that can climb, and all you have to do is to make a trapeze journey "mule back," as the mountaineer calls it, to Booth's Fall, five miles down the mountain gorge, and the repose of these wild solitudes, a scholar of sixty years standing whose love and the world outlived, will show you the deep glen with the cascade descending like a sheet of molten silver from a window in the roof of green foliage that canopies the narrow valley. As we stand on a ledge of rock the glassy pool of water mirrors a single star at midday, and, looking aloft to see where the fallen gem came from, behold, there it is, set in a patch of emerald sky. A weird, uncertainly light dances along the walls of green and grey, and all the real world is gone. Stand on the dangerous ledge behind the sheet of water and the strange solitary spirit of the wild, more satyr than man, gives you a gorgeous colored fly and a line like the web of a spider. It dances down and down through the glistening light and rising spray into the frosty mass of foam, and then a sudden quiver on your rod and arm and a scintillating thing like a gleam of lightning leaps and capers at the end. It is only after the contest is over that the strange, wild excitement of the sport and the scene leaves you cooler enough to examine the prize, a speckled trout eighteen inches long. Let the wild man beside you bestow him in the creel and cast again with the same result; no waiting for a rise, the only thing is you may slip from your dangerous perch, from this unreal world into still another, for temptation in sport, as in vice, waits like a fisher of men. Some Waltonians say they are wearied at times by the monotony of success, but when you fish in this weird, fascinating elf-land it is the high tension on the mind and nerves, caused by the strange unreality, that leaves you longing to continue, but unable to stand up. The strange recluse of the valley follows you down and leads you along the ledges of rock, a tortuous path, and there leaves you standing on the mountain side alone in the glare of the sunlight with a creel full of trout in your hand to attest the reality of what seems a dream.

The old stage road takes the traveler from the mountain lake around a circuit of curious and interesting scenes. You may behold a giant oak, on which some faint scars represent the inscription cut by Daniel Boone: "Here Daniel Boone killed a bear."

The sweet springs in Monroe County, and a little further on Old Crow's tavern are notable stopping places. At the latter Daniel Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and many other great statesmen of their time have sat under the trees of summer's day, and marked the half hours by juleps brewed by Old Crow, the host of the typical innkeepers, and the biggest liar in all Virginia, politicians not excepted. His epitaph, cut in the white bark of a big sycamore which shadows the spring, runs thus:

"Old Crow is dead, that good old soul,
Who took his crog from a big stone bowl.
His face was red and his nose was blue,
But his hand was strong and his faith was true.
He drank all day and he drank all night,
And once on a time drank Bacchus tight,
And when the devil caught his ghost,
He played him a game of who'd drink most.
Though the liquor flamed with a fiery roar,
Crow drank and drank, and called for more,
'Till the devil saw he had caught a monk,
And staggered and drunk, and called for more,
While Crow skipped aloft like a shooting star,
And asked St. Peter to show him the bar."

The sentimental Waltonian may lounge away his holiday along here with delight, and six miles further on, at Dry Creek, is another pleasant tavern of the same sort, but more modern and very comfortable—honeysuckles at every window, and the cottage-house surrounded with pretty yard and flower-garden. A mile westward is the White Sulphur, from which you may hear the tapershorean revels of fashion, and a mile eastward is "Beauregard," the beautiful estate of Mr. Geo. Grant Peterkin, now occupied by Mr. McNeill. Both these accomplished gentlemen are Englishmen of means and high social rank, and their estate is one of the most beautiful in this State. The mansion is surrounded by an extensive park of magnolia-house surrounded with pretty yard and flower-garden. A mile westward is the White Sulphur, from which you may hear the tapershorean revels of fashion, and a mile eastward is "Beauregard," the beautiful estate of Mr. Geo. Grant Peterkin, now occupied by Mr. McNeill. 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For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

"J. M. S." SHOOTS QUAIL IN WEST JERSEY.

MORALIZES AND READS ROSSEAU—CHIMBO AND THE RABBITS.

I HAD spent a long day trying at the May's Landing Circuit the case of the Baroness Louisa Von Pochelstein against the German Evangelical Lutheran Reformed Zion Church. The Baroness boasted the blue blood of the House of Hapsburg, or some other "burgh," and was endowed with the qualifications which marks the excellent plaintiff—one who goes in to win.

The Baron Pochelstein, who wore "His wounds and honors in front," as the poet said, from the bird's-eye view I had of him, taken from the widow's lookout, must have been a jolly good fellow who could prove his doctrine orthodox

"By apostolic blows and knocks."

He looked as if he might be descended from the Burgomasters of the days of William the Silent and the Count Hoogstraalen, spoken of by Motley in his Dutch Republic, where he makes the Bitter Badavaro say of the Teuton of that period: "If by any chance he woke up and found himself sober he feared he was sick!" The Baroness claimed that her late husband was marvellously successful as a pounder and an expounder of the Gospel, and while ministering to the spiritual wants of "the German Evangelical Lutheran Reformed Zion Church of Egg Harbor City, N. J.," he had attended to the temporal wants of his "pod-nugation," and had the I. O. U. of the flock for \$1,666.67, which, as the declaration said, was yet due and owing to the plaintiff, and that the defendant, the G. E. L. Z. Church, had hitherto wholly neglected and refused to liquidate this small indebtedness.

If it is the perfection of art to appear natural, it is perfection itself to the mind of a *Liberal degenere* to see a plaintiff who can cry at the right time as the case progresses so, when I described "the wild charge they made" the heroic 79th from Egg Harbor City at Chantilly—and how the bloody Baron had to be lifted off his horse, and from thence (later) into the Egg Harbor pulpit, his interesting relic, the Widow Baroness Pochelstein and Gluckstein, wept copiously and the jury too, chiefly from along shore and ranging in the latitude of Somers's Point, most of the day of judgment to the glistering tenderness from either eye, and they quickly brought in a verdict for the handsome Baroness of \$1,666.67 with costs to be taxed. The Baroness dried her eyes on her lace *mouchoir* and bowed and smiled at the jury. The jury also "smiled," but I think it was at Veal's Hotel across the way from May's Landing's antique court house. The Baroness recovered her judgment *rectus in curia*, but I fear she will not get much more out of the Day of Judgment. This is only a brief prelude to a conversation with my Honor Burnett Vansyckle, one of the brightest minds of our Supreme Court, who can himself cast a fly *secundum artem*, or bring down the swift-winged woodcock in mid-air. Our excellent Judge Vansyckle, the youngest man save one on our Supreme Bench, was preceded by Judge Vandyk, the father of T. S. Vandyk, Esq., whose pleasant memory while among the Jerseys is recalled by the fact that he was a Fox-hunter and sportsman, which have so recently made his name a household word among all generous lovers of field sports. Many were the words of wit and wisdom treasured up from the judge's many-sided mind as we sat over our wine and walnuts at home, or discussed the red-head or canvas-back duck at the Hotel de Veal.

Judge Vansyckle was talking about quail-shooting in old country for quail shooting at all comparable to the Vineland County (Cumberland County, N. J.). This the judge seemed to doubt, and openly proclaimed himself a skeptic, when I told him that my friend, Wm. B. Rosenbaum, a glass manufacturer at Malaga, frequently killed a hundred quails in a day.

"Well!" I replied, "Judge, what has been done can be done again." I well knowing the Judge's conscientious Presbyterianism. I did not venture to bet with him as to the number of quails to be slaughtered in a day around Vineland, but I insisted that I would have made such a bet had I been in company outside of the Supreme Court. I promised to report inside of a week what could be done at Malaga.

The next day, having folded up "Ram on Facts" and "Sedgwick on the Measure of Damages," I left for home, via the Egg Harbor Pacific R. R., preceded over at the calls of Abbott, a man of note, which the wicked boys say runs only a tri-weekly train, so-called because it runs up one day and tries all the next day to get back. I addressed a letter to the Hon. Wm. B. Rosenbaum, ex-member of the House, saying that I would cheerfully accept his invitation, hitherto given, to visit his hospitable home at Malaga, and test the power of his breech-loader, on my promised day's shooting among the rabbits and the quail. W. B. R., prompt over at the calls of hospitality (for his ready toast at dinner was that of Lord Brougham, "Friendship and Liberty") telegraphed back: "Come Thursday, equipped for a week's sport." The West Jersey R. R. (which unites in one person a Superintendent and a Senator, whose motto seems to be *Eto Perpetua*—"Let me be a Senator perpetually") soon carried me to the village of Malaga, in Gloucester Co., one of the sporadic settlements peculiar to West Jersey, where patriarchal habits reign, and—widow glass in hand—"Sweet William," as I was wont to call my friend W. B. R. in the days when we went gyping, was at the depot with his gray mare, and we were soon seated by a blazing log fire in an old frame house, comfortable in all its appointments aglow with light and hospitality, like some of the old farm houses in which I used to spend Sunday at Tipton, Tennessee, in the anti-bellum days.

Rosenbaum began to talk of pro-Taphoret painting, but I ineffectually snubbed him by suggesting that being hungry, post-prandial conversation would better suit my ideas of "High Art" about that particular hour.

Hospitable as a prince, Rosenbaum called "Chimbo," as the much be-kicked and be-cuffed Scipio-Africanus was called, and ordered him to put on the dinner. There was an entire lack of ceremony, but no lack of all the substantial and delicacies which my friend had made. He himself never more complain of his "bad quarter of an hour."

Dinner over, we devoted ourselves to gun talk and congrat-

lated West Jersey on the surprising advantages accruing from the Game Protective Society under the fostering care of Major Walker (a regular), and of Judge R. T. Miller, who is as familiar with a breech-loader as he is well versed in the sinuities and angularities of Blackstone. I suggested to W. B. R. that one of our judges, to put it mildly, "damned with faint praise," my oft-recurring plaint on the "intransigent fact" that he and Richmond had more than once bagged 100 quail in a single day in and around the Vineland tract.

"Far be it from me," said the elegant William, "to make up a case against the Supreme Court, for they have had more or less to do with my affairs for some years, but I'll just bet my retriever's fine head against the Judge's annual salary (say \$10,000) that we will bag 100 birds before sunset to-morrow." I saw the Duke's blood of my good friend was up. "I was pleased and knew there was (Chimbo) music in the air." "Sweet William" sent Chimbo down the lane after George Richmond and said that he must run out at 5 o'clock in the morning and have the dogs ready, because he meant to let them slip and cry "havoc" among the partridge in and around every buckwheat field between Nat. Chew's house and North Vineland.

Richmond said everything was ready, and that we must breakfast with him. I insisted that early rising was never invented for sportsmen; that Sancho Panza was correct in saying "Blessed be sleep for it covers me all over like a cloak."

But I made a tremendous effort to be up with the lark, and Chimbo did not call us in vain. We rose the country never looked more beautiful as we left the village, with three dogs in our open wagon, all of us armed and equipped as the law directs, with Chimbo at the tail-end of the wagon, carrying a huge home-made sack, a cross between a haversack and a knapsack, and a smile reaching from ear to ear.

The country is as level as a barn door, and the piping of the quail could be heard in the gray of the dawn along the roadside, but it was no sporadic or nomadic partridge that sweet William was gunning for that November day. He made the driver strike for the nearest buckwheat field, for well we knew Bob White there most did congregate.

I was to be taught to slay "the partridge in the mountain," for in India, so Stevens says in his "Travels in the Holy Land," quail have their *habitat* in the mountain, hence the *soubriquet* formerly given to one of our local statesmen, the "Mountain Partridge."

I had not counted on the fact that I had struck with a Minnie rifle at 200 yards the bounding deer on the banks of the Mississippi, and had filled a boat (a big canoe) with wild geese on the Arkansas bottoms; but an expert on quail (except quail on toast) with that expert swordsman and soldier, M. E. F., at the League, I did not claim to be.

The dog stood still, a study for Whistler, or some other artist, and soon two birds got up from the high grass, and I sighted with inward satisfaction, as I blazed away with a single barrel, to see one drop twenty yards away. I was saved from absolute disgrace in the sight of my two gunners of the period, Richmond and W. B. R., who began to think I was not so green with a gun as I looked. Then the sun grew fast and furious. In a little patch of woods Richmond's dog routed a quail, ten in number, and it took half an hour to kill one of them; the other nine begged a cessation of holding on, and we left him to the tender mercies of the game utilities, and I would here timely suggest to that society, whose directors are my friends, that "Lehigh must do better" than some of their recalcitrant officers or agents have done recently; for one of these took a couple of dozen brook trout down to the Elmer Mill Pond to stock it, and by some accident or design or obfuscation of the moral or digestive faculties he let the trout, as the W. J. G. Protective Society cooked for breakfast. The agent of the W. J. G. P. Society stocked his stomach at the expense of the Mill Pond! Such conduct as this ought, surely, to be reported to Seth Green, Roosevelt, or some other high piscatorial mandarin!

Richman must have had a spic of a Cockerian or Far-down Celt in him, for his wit was fragrant of the shamrock, and he amused himself by humming "A Lady Lived in Leith," etc., while Sweet William was steadily (as a sleuth-hound trailing a deer) following through briar and brake each fugitive quail.

Woe betide the bird that escaped the Westley Richards of the glass manufacturer, and none escaped unless it rose in the dim woods or from out the crowded saplings, thick as gravel in a fountain of July. The bird escaping Sweet William's deadly aim was sure to fall before Richmond's breech-loader. He never missed.

In going from one field to another two birds ran across the road. I blazed away; both dropped.

"Why in thunder don't you let 'em get up?" said W. B. R., disgustedly.

"Get up!" said I, "I wanted 'em to get down!"

By this time my score had reached eight, and we paused a few moments to take a light lunch beneath the nearest persimmon tree, and a square reckoning counted thirty-eight birds. It was only high noon. Rosenbaum was a light, wiry fellow, all sinews, with not an ounce of spare meat on him, but he could travel all day, and like "Old Virginia Never Tire." His equal in forest or stream or with rod and gun I have never met, whether in the Adirondack woods or among the Jersey buckwheats.

My fighting weight is now 203 lbs. was then 200, and I filed a denumer to this perpetual tramp, and gently urged Richmond and W. B. R. to move on the enemy's works while I paused beneath the unbragging persimmon—for repose.

It was a heavenly day. There was that warm, sympathetic silence in the air which gives the Indian summer days almost a human tenderness of feeling. A delicate haze that seemed only the kindly air made visible. It was a philosopher's day, and as the bushes and gunners disappeared over the brow of half a hill—a gentle, clean, level and white to the sun showed. The dead birds were spread before me, and gentle Elias' lines sang themselves in my memory:

"I have had playmates, I have had companions;

In my days of childhood.

In my days of manhood.

All are gone, the old familiar faces.

Some, they have died, and some, they have left me.

And some are taken from me—

All are departed,

All are gone, the old familiar faces."

Rosenbaum rudely broke my reverie, he sitting on the top rail of a Free-olver's fence in the Vineland Settlement, and I rudely replying, "You're nodding, my feet, lazily tying the quails up with a string. He yelled:

"I say, old boy, get out of that! I thought you came here

to shoot birds, not to study out a speech for your next municipal case."

I stunned him with a rejoinder from Rutherford Institute, thus: "I say, Bill! do you think perfect slavery is an obligation to give all our labor for a supply of the bare necessities of life?"

"Have I not lunched by the side of your frugal knapsack? O, who would fardels bare or chafe the flying quail on such a day as this—a very bridal of the earth and sky! I seek repose, O, mighty Nimrod!"

"Bride be d—ashed d—ashed!" said Rosenbaum, "I thought you was a gunner, not a philosopher."

He laughingly shook his finger at me, whistled for his retriever, and was soon over the field and far away, striking a fresh quarry every ten minutes. For I never saw such a countess of the birds, and never heard of one so prolific. For the long-haired denizens of C. K. Landis' earthly Paradise (?) are more given to trimming the midnight lamp, ameliorating the woes of mankind, or teaching the young idea how to shoot, than to shooting themselves. They may be vegetarians; gunners they abominate.

I could not feel the stirring of my wings, and yet I soared. The clearing of my shooting jacket pocket my London edition of the "Confessions of J. J. Rousseau, citizen of Geneva," on the fly-leaf of which I had written when a college boy at old Hanover, on the banks of the beautiful river, the Ohio, the heroic words of the much-suffering, much-enduring, much-loving and prophetic citizen and scholar, lover and patriot: "This is what I have done and what I abide by."

I sat drinking in the air, satiated with the mere sense of existence in air as pure as the air in a January morning on the Ocklawaha, in Florida. I drank in also what Chimbo had brought me in a cup made of leaves—a draught from my little spring, and awaited the coming of my companions, who, heated with the chase, had gone far out of sight and hearing.

On every height there lies repose—

Here was rest, not warfare.

My gun was forgotten as I read from the "Confessions" words so in accord with my mood that Jean Jacques might have written them himself beneath the persimmon tree in Cumberland County. He says in the fourth book of the "Confessions":

"Although I have for several years past been frequently in the country, I seldom had enjoyed much of its pleasures, and these excursions, always made in company with people who considered themselves as persons of consequence and in-sipid by constraint, served to increase in me the natural desire I had for rustic pleasures. The want of these was the more sensible to me, as I had the image of them immediately before my eyes. I was so tired of *salons* *jets d'eau*, groves, parterres, and of the most fatiguing persons by whom they were surrounded, so exhausted with pamphlets, harpers, trios, unravellings of plots, stupid *bon mots*, insipid affectation, pitiful story tellers and great speakers, that when I gave a side glance at a poor, simple Hawthorne bush, a hedge, a barn or a meadow; when in passing through a hamlet I scented a good cheivil omelette and heard at a distance the burden of the rustic song of the *Harvesters*, I wished all rouge, furbelows and amusements to depart, and the dim of a good housewife and the wine of our own vineyard. I ardently wished to give a slap on the chops to Monsieur le Chef and Monsieur le Maître, who made me dine at the hour of supper and sup when I should have been asleep; but especially to Messieurs the lackeys, who devoured with their eyes the morsels I put into my mouth, and, upon pain of dying with thirst, sold me the adulterated wine of their masters, for time does not alter that of a better quality would have cost me at a public house."

The sun had begun to go down toward the baths of all the western stars, when Chimbo, forgotten by me, suddenly exclaimed:

"Boss! what dat? what dat?" Through the bushes I spied the white tail of a rabbit, and forgetting Erwin, Diderot, Rousseau and all his loves and woes, I ran, diving at the rabbit fifty yards away. Chimbo gathered him in, and gathered and our scattered munitions of war, we crossed the road into an apple orchard, and from thence into a stubble field which promised well. Here I did my best shooting, and by crossing and recrossing the field twice, for the birds were very tame, I increased my bird count to seventeen. This satisfied me, and Chimbo devoted the balance of the afternoon to rabbits in briars and hedges, and to the birds in the hands and on the sky we had abundance of sport, rarely missing, and soon counted seven rabbits, which made an elegant sufficiency.

We heard our companions bring nearly a mile up the road. Chimbo gathered up the game, his burished ivory visible at every step, hitched up the horses and we turned their heads homeward. Rosenbaum and Richmond, wearied at last, sat at the foot of a big oak tree by the roadside. It was a sight to see, for time does not alter that of a better quality would have cost me at a public house. How our skipping spirits danced would take an hour to tell, and time wanes. Rosenbaum said his affidavit would go before the court to detail our day's labor. Richmond declared it his best day.

Judge Vansyckle's circuit was changed to North Jersey, and I met him no more until the midsummer vacation, when I encountered his smiling face at the Grand Union Hotel, Saratoga. His first salutation was:

"J. M. S., you never reported the amount of Malaga quail you bagged in November."

"Well, Judge," I replied, "we beat the best score ever made in that county. We killed, three of us, in one day, from sunrise to sunset, one hundred and twenty-eight birds, and divided them, like 'all Gaul was divided,' into three parts."

The Judge looked amazed. He was too polite to say so, but his looks plainly said: "There seems to be a flavor of Eli Perkins about this thing!"

I saw the "doubting Thomas" stamped upon the judicial face, a reflex from the judicial mind, and I produced the following affidavit, which forever settled all cavil on that question, and has come to be regarded as good and sufficient evidence, and as Rabelais says, "Oats!" ("Hy Mackies; oats is evidence in the case.") It is as follows:

"CUMBERLAND COUNTY, ES."

"William B. Rosenbaum (glass manufacturer), of full age, on his oath saith, that on the fifteenth day of November last, the deponent, together with one James M. Scott and George Richmond, did kill, bag

and carry home from the immediate vicinity of North Vineland, Cumberland County, New Jersey, between the rising and setting of the sun on the day aforesaid, seven rabbits and one hundred and twenty-eight quail; and further his deponent says now.

(Signed) "WM. B. ROSENBAUM, before me, Inspector, Justice of the Peace, Clerk of the District Court, Commissioner for all the States and nearly all the Territories," "JAMES M. CASSADY."

The Judge acknowledged himself convinced, and I cheerfully admitted that I had only bagged seventeen myself, but insisted that I was like the Western Judge who said, "Gentlemen of the jury, I don't know much law, but when you come to evidence, I am a clairvoyant on evidence!" So I claimed that while I didn't know much about bagging quail in briar patches, when it came to rabbits, "I was a clairvoyant on rabbits!"

I tarried a while at Saratoga, but the Baden-Baden of America and its odor of graceful women, its moonlight and music, with all its elegance, did not please me like the breath of the woods and the repose I felt while gipping around Vineland with Chimbo at my side; and a magnificent dinner at the Grand Union, beginning with Julienne soup and broiled trout fresh from the Adirondacks, followed by a long line of French, Spanish and Chinese dishes, ending with a *meringue glacée*, did not fill the corner in my heart so fully filled by the blazing log fire at Malaga as we rested from our fruitful labors that November day and counted our names as the dogs lay lazily at our feet. Dull care, like Sheridan at Winchester, was a hundred miles away. But they are gone, all gone, the dear familiar faces. Somewhere in the prairies of the far West, Rosenbaum carried his household gods, and the weapons belonging to the mighty hunter go with him as Ruth went with Boaz. He was my beau-ideal of a gunner. He had a grace in handling a double-barreled shot-gun of which even Bourque approved (if I may trespass a poet). If these lines reach him in some happy hunting ground, let them say to him: "Sweet William, these made that interview with the quails a pleasant one." Yours, J. M. S.

Fish Culture.

AMERICAN FISH CULTURAL ASSOCIATION.—A meeting of the officers and members of the Executive Committee of the American Fish Cultural Association will be held in the office of the President, R. B. Roosevelt, 76 Chambers street, on Saturday, 18th inst., at one p. m.

CONVISED.—The United States Fish Commissioners, at their stations in Gloucester, Mass., turned out into the sea about a million young codfish week before last. The work is progressing satisfactorily.

DISTRIBUTION OF LAND-LOCKED SALMON.—We understand that the crop of eggs of land-locked salmon obtained at the Grand Lake Stream Hatching Establishment, in charge of Mr. Atkins, has not been so successful as usual, although there will be a supply for distribution by the U. S. Fish Commissioner. We would suggest the propriety of immediate application to Prof. Baird, at Washington, by those who wish to obtain eggs of this desirable species.

MARYLAND.—The Baltimore *American* gives the following report of the work of Mr. T. B. Ferguson, the State Fish Commissioner at the Druid Hill Park hatching-house, for the month just passed: "On the 17th instant, 12,000 California salmon were sent off to be placed in the Chester River, near Millington, and 1,000 were placed in the tributaries of the Little Gunpowder, Baltimore County. On the 19th inst. 10,000 were sent to stock the waters of Octarara Creek, near Liberty Grove. On the 21st instant 20,000 were placed in Deer Creek, about eight miles east of Parkton. Besides these there were 15,000 sent from the hatching-house that had been hatched for Professor Baird, United States Commissioner, for the rivers of Georgia; 7,500 of these were placed in the tributaries of the Ocmulgee River, between Conyers and Cunningham, and the other 7,600 were equally divided between the Oconee, at Milledgeville, and the Ocmulgee, near Macon, Ga. Yesterday two messengers started on the 4:35 A. M. train with 20,000 for the Savannah and other rivers of Georgia and Alabama. These fish are from eggs that were sent to the hatching-house by Professor Baird for some of the Southern States that have not yet established Commissioners. There are left at the hatching-house some 15,000 belonging to the United States Commission that will be sent to stock the rivers of South Carolina, and about 50,000 more for Maryland waters. The Park Commission are now gathering a supply of ice from the new carp ponds to fill a large house recently constructed. The carp ponds are not only a great ornament to the park, and useful for fish culture, but are now used for furnishing the ice supply for summer use.

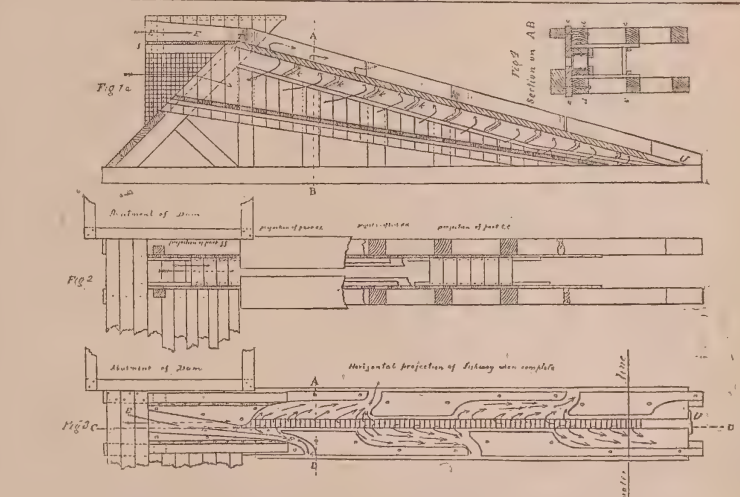
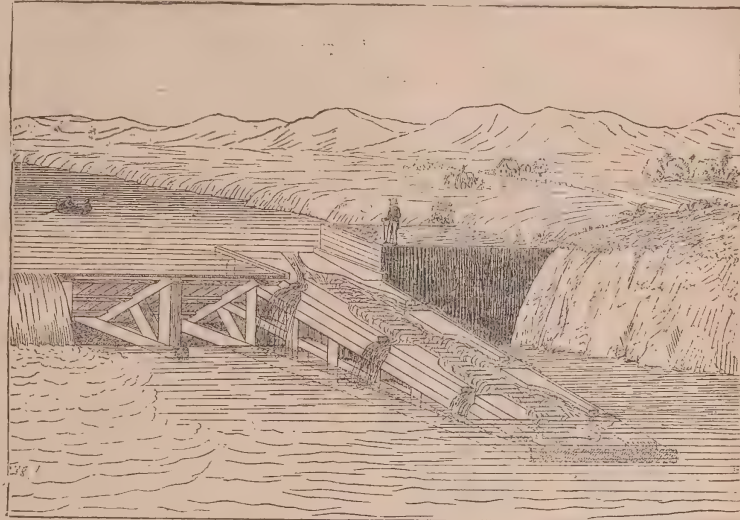
TENNESSEE.—In his message to the Tennessee Legislature, delivered at Nashville, January 8, Gov. James D. Porter, urges a liberal appropriation of public funds for the furtherance of the efforts of the State Fish Commissioners. The appeal of North Carolina for co-operation in restocking the Tennessee River is also recognized, and the necessary appropriation recommended.

Two much credit cannot be written to Col. G. F. Akers for the zeal he has manifested in the fish interest of this State. Although an officer without pay, and obstacles innumerable thrown in his way, he has toiled unremittingly, and it is to be hoped he will succeed in getting such protective laws passed as will insure us a fine supply of all varieties of game fish suited to our waters.

WILD RICE IN FISH PONDS.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Having noticed in my various hunting expeditions to Reel Foot Lake, Tenn., that there was no wild rice growing in it, and as there were doubts as to its growing so far south, I sent a friend, living at Hickman, Ky., some forty pounds of it, obtained from Brainerd, Minn., to plant in the lake. Though it was planted in the spring of 1897, it has grown so rankly that the question among the fishermen is whether to destroy the wild rice, or let it destroy their fishing? It seems it has taken such growth that they fear it will cover the entire lake. My impression is it will not take root or grow beyond six feet depth of water; also, that

it affords great protection to young fish. If so, our friends of the nets need be under no apprehension of impediments to their seining, even if they lose some of their water privileges; and as surely will the hunters be correspondingly benefited. Am I right? PERDUE.

It is not probable that the wild rice will spread to deep water. We have never seen it growing in water deeper than six feet. It has, however, been known to spread over large areas, leaving only narrow channel ways and lagoons. As a protection of young or old fish, nothing can be better. If the water is deep off-shore, we should have little apprehension.—Eo. F. and S.



THE McDONALD FISHWAY.

IN response to our request for information of his recently devised fishway, Prof. M. McDonald, of the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va., has kindly furnished us with the accompanying illustrations and description. The excellence of the design will appear at once upon a careful study of its principles. The advantages which this design appears to possess are the efficiency with which it will accomplish the work for which it is designed, and its adaptability to all streams, without regard to the steepness of the ascent or the volume of the current. A maximum velocity of less than five miles per hour is not necessary, even for shad, and with a slope of one in four would permit the bays (L M, fig. 3) to be eight feet long; on a slope of one in six, twelve feet long. If the maximum velocity permitted is fixed at eight miles per hour, then for a slope of one in four the bays would be about sixteen feet long, and their width and depth would be regulated by the water supply. Mr. McDonald writes that he has constructed a miniature way in the hatching-house at Lexington, the slope of which is about thirty degs., the total rise being nine inches. Up this the young salmon shoot with such rapidity that the eye can scarcely follow them, and they move with apparently the ease of a bird rising from cover. The inventor is sanguine that the time will come when the principles developed and applied in his fish-way will be successfully employed, not only to pass fish, but boats over the natural and artificial obstructions of our rivers. Indeed the dream of the mercenary American who would convert Niagara into a saw-mill may yet be realized in a different and vastly better way when Professor McDonald shall have placed in that mighty flood a gigantic fishway and thus open the inland lakes to our migratory fishes. The illustrations given are as follows:

depth of the current is about 12 inches. The surface is therefore about 6 inches below surface of water in dam, and the velocity of the current at T' where the ascending fish enter it will not exceed three miles per hour.

The water from the sluice-way escapes laterally at h, Fig. 3, and may either be caught and worked over again at lower levels, if the water supply is deficient, or may be led by suitable means and discharged at the foot of the way. The same disposition should be made of all the waste, as it will serve to lead fish to the mouth of the way.

From T, the level of the bottom of the sluice-way, a sloping platform T' U, with an inclination of one in four, leads to the level of the water below the dam. Up the centre of this platform is a slotted opening, the width of which is regulated by the water supply. This opening may be adjustable to different widths, if desirable, to provide for a varying water supply. The platform or incline forms the top of a box-like sluice of sufficient capacity, which communicates freely with the water in the dam. When the way is in operation the water flows upward through the central slotted opening, and is directed up the slope by plates set obliquely and raking up the slope. To equalize velocity of efflux at all points of the slope, and to feed the current at all levels by water from rest, the space below the incline is divided into equal compartments by transverse curved plates, k k and c.

The water enters these compartments from beneath. The areas of the openings below being so proportioned as to vary inversely as the square roots of the effective heads at the different levels; consequently the quantity of water entering each compartment in equal times will be the same, and the velocity of efflux all along the incline will be the same.

When water is turned on the way there will be a central upward roll of water from the bottom to the top of the incline; each particle of water will ascend a certain distance, regulated by the velocity of efflux; will then come to rest and roll outwardly to form on either side lateral descending currents, whereby when the velocity exceeds the established maximum are intercepted and led off the slope either to be used over again at a lower level or by suitable channels, delivered on either side of the mouth of the fishway. The direction of the current in the way are indicated by the arrow heads, Fig. 3.

All the devices indicated are of the simplest construction and most inexpensive character.

The conditions on the incline simulate very closely those presented by the rapids of a river. The ascent to be made is in an open current of moderate velocity, and almost a direct line. At the head of the incline the fish swims into the sluiceway leading through the dam, with the current directly ahead and opposing him with the moderate velocity of three miles per hour.

Natural History.

PARASITES IN THE SKINS OF ANIMALS.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

I have had under consideration for some time the larva or worms sent by one of your correspondents from Mahonington, Pa. I find on investigation that they are mature larva of the genus *Cuterebra* embraced in the Dipterus order of insects, to which belong the bot-fly, gad-fly, etc., of our domestic animals. The specimens sent were said to have been taken from the neck of a rabbit (*Lepus Americanus*), protruding from each side. These larva belong to the class of parasites known as *Epitoca* or external parasites, inhabiting the skin and nostrils of various wild and domestic animals in distinction from the *Entozoa*, which inhabit the internal organs of the same. The former pass only a part of their existence in this shape, and after a while become perfect insects; the latter pass their whole life in this form, and are known as annelid helminths or worms.

Species of this genus *Cuterebra* have been known for hundreds of years. The species *C. bovis* is common in cattle throughout Europe, and also in this country, and is known as the gad-fly. This fly attacks cattle, and by puncturing the skin along the back and neck, deposits its eggs there, which are hatched in a very short time, and the larva becomes encysted under the skin in the living animal and live upon the purulent matter which the irritation of their presence engenders. In this position they are called "warbles," and can frequently be squeezed from the lumps often seen on the backs of cattle during the summer by a simple pressure of the hand. Their color is at first white, becoming considerably darker as the time approaches for their leaving their cell. Having passed a period of five or six months in this position, they work their way out in the spring and fall to the ground, and enter in the ground or under a sheltering stone turn into chrysalids, and in a short time emerge into the perfect imago or insect, ready to start against their peculiar voyage of life.

The species *C. ovis* deposits its eggs in the nostrils of sheep, where they are hatched almost immediately and the larva make their way through the nostrils into the sinuses of the head, where they likewise become encysted, and, when ready to mature, drop out and find shelter in the earth. This species, or one closely allied to it, is found likewise in the sinuses of the head of goats and deer to a limited extent. Both of these insects, *C. bovis* and *ovis*, are objects of great terror to the animals attacked, causing stampedes, and even abject terror when they make their appearance among them. Cattle seek to avoid these living torments by entering the water, and sheep by keeping their noses close to the ground and running around.

The third of this genus is known as the bot-fly (*C. equi*), and is a source of a great deal of torment and suffering to our most useful animal—the horse. These eggs are attached contrary to the usual custom of the genus upon the hair of the horse's legs or shoulders within reach of the mouth, whence they are licked off and transported to the stomach. There the larva attach themselves by two hooks to its coating and remain until fully matured.

The species sent by your correspondent, from the rabbit, is a member of the same genus, but has not, as yet been specifically described, nor am I aware that the imago is known. It is quite common in rabbits throughout the country. It is found along the back and neck, sometimes protruding, or entirely encysted. The reason for this protrusion is apparent. The larva in the case of the sheep and cattle take two days or more in coming out, and where they are found in this condition they are just making their way out. All the species are of a light color at first, gradually changing to a dark brown or black when leaving their cells. This species of the rabbit is commonly known as the "wolf," "grub" or worm. These insects in wild animals are not usually discovered by those who term themselves sportsmen, for the simple reason that they do not look for them at the right time of the year. The majority of these larva have left their victims by the time they are killed, or, if they are there, they are in a very immature state, having just been hatched from the lately deposited eggs. These remain in the skin through the winter and into the spring, and after about four, five, or even six weeks in the pupa state become perfect insects. Those in the rabbit are most noticeably abundant in August and the early part of September. After they leave the wound heals up rapidly, and in a few days no trace of them will be noticed.

In this connection I would say a few words in regard to the species of this genus which caused quite a discussion in your paper last winter, and which showed that skepticism on this point had not been cleared away. I refer to *C. encausator* of the squirrels, which is most emphatically the cause of the want of testes in many of these animals where they are not contained in the cavity of the abdomen. I brought the question up before the Linnean Society of this city a short time ago, and it was corroborated by Messrs. Merriam, Bangs and others who had been studying the worms from squirrels. The trouble, as I have stated above, is that sportsmen have not the opportunities to verify these facts, owing to the necessary game laws which prevent the destruction of animals when these larva are most likely to be found, namely, in the spring and summer.

There are very few who have any idea of the effect of these insects upon the commercial value of the hides brought to this city during the spring. Hides taken in February in Texas and the Southwest are found perforated by these grubs, some

being found with as many as thirty-five or forty holes in one skin, and damaging them to the extent of two and a half per cent. of their value making a difference of nearly a million dollars a year in this city alone.

The skins are not taken from the poorest cattle, either, for these insects seek out as a general thing the sleekest and fattest animal, in whose skin they deposit their eggs. Deaths from the presence of these larva occur rarely, except in the case of the horse and the sheep. In the latter they frequently are the cause of severe abscesses and ulcers in the head, causing great pain and frequently death.

That they have any fatal effect upon any of our animals designated under the name of game, I am unable to state; but it leaves a field open for future investigation.

FRANKLIN BRINER.

PADDLE-FISH OR SHOVEL-NOSE STURGEON.

Vicksburg, Miss., Jan. 8, 1879.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Mr. Editor—In a recent number of the *Scientific American* was an elaborate and well-executed cut, representing what the author termed the paddle-fish of the Mississippi. Here the same fish is called a spoon-billcat. It is most abundant in the still waters in the old bed of the river where cut-offs have been made, and in the larger and deeper lakes subject to overflow, where any moment during the summer they may be seen coming up like an arrow out of the water to the height of three or four feet, and falling prone on their sides with a splash which can easily be heard from a quarter of a mile. The author of the article accompanying the cut says they have never been known to be taken with the hook. In this he is mistaken. My old friend and former partner, Mr. S. W. Boswell, of this city, has himself caught two, in a large lake near here, while fishing with minnows for bass. One of them weighed about twenty pounds, and before he was landed got first his bill or shovel entangled in the line and then his tail when he came out like a heavy, crooked stick in a strong current. I have heard of others being caught with a hook, but I know these two were so caught, each time taking a minnow quite sick and in a very active.

This curious fish is quite familiar to us. We have a few of their discolored "bills" in our private collection, which were taken from Lake Pepin on the Upper Mississippi. Scientifically it is known as the shovel-nose sturgeon, (*Scaphirhynchops platyrhynchus*), and belongs to the family Sturionidae, to which the common rock sturgeon of the Hudson River and the great lakos and all the larger Western waters, belongs. We quote the following description from Hallowell's "Sportsman's Gazetteer":

"This curious fish is found only in the Mississippi and its larger tributaries. It is certainly a strange-looking fish. Its striking characteristic is its long, horny, spade-like snout, which is from eight to eighteen inches in length, and from two to three inches wide, and its immense toothless mouth. In large specimens the mouth is sufficiently large to admit a man's head. The head and shoulders are very large, from which the body tapers gradually to the caudal fin, where it is not more than two inches in diameter. The tail is forked, wide and heterocercal, one of the very few fresh water species living possessing this paleontological characteristic. In lakes Pepin and St. Croix they swarm in countless numbers. How far toward the Gulf they extend has not been ascertained. They are eaten by Indians and half-breeds generally. The whites sometimes smoke and cure them. They weigh from ten to forty pounds.

The letter of our Vicksburg correspondent establishes the fact that the southward range and habitat of this fish extends at least to Vicksburg, and we feel gratified with the information he has so kindly sent us.

NUTTALL BULLETIN.—One of the most enjoyable presents which the New Year brings with it is the *Nuttall Bulletin*, which we found on our table on the second day of January. That this admirable journal continues to furnish to its readers the freshest and most trustworthy news on all ornithological matters goes without saying, for the names of its managers and the prestige of the Nuttall Club are enough to guarantee the character of its contents. Besides this, the *Bulletin* is constantly improving in its appearance, and the present issue is larger and in all respects more imposing than any that we have seen before. It comes to us at this time a large pamphlet of sixty-four pages, and is printed on heavy tinted paper, while its table of contents is quite as interesting as usual. Judging from these and other indications of financial prosperity, we are happy to be able to believe that this periodical is successful from a business as well as from a literary point of view, a statement which can rarely be made concerning any young journal in these days.

Mr. O. Hart Merriam in the present number continues his "Remarks on Some of the Birds of Lewis County, New York," and his account of some of the habits of the yellow-bellied woodpecker is most interesting and thoughtful, and contains several points which will be new to a majority of our readers. Being a continuation of his "List of Birds Observed at Coosada, Alabama," "The Terns of the New England Coast," by Mr. Wm. Brewster, is a perfect gem of bird literature, and will interest every one who reads it, whether he be an ornithologist or not. The writer's account of the persecution to which these charming birds are subjected during the breeding season is very pathetic, and we join with him in calling upon the Legislature of Massachusetts to extend protection to these charming creatures.

We heartily regret that the demands on our space are such that we cannot notice particularly each article in this *Bulletin*, for each one is in some point particularly interesting and deserving of more than a brief mention. As it is we can only give a list of the papers, and recommend all who take an interest in ornithology to send for the periodical itself. The remaining articles are: "On the Collection of Eggs," by S. D. Allen; "Nest and Eggs of the Corvacean Warbler," by J. Osborne; "Additional Cases of Albinism and Melanism in North American Birds," by Ruthven Deane; "List of Birds Observed in the Naval Hospital Grounds in Brooklyn City," by George Hughes Coues; "Notes on Some of the Less Hardy Winter Residents in the Hudson River Valley," by Edgar A. Mearns; "Breeding of the Winter Wren at Houlton, Me.," by Ruthven Deane; "Descriptions of the First

Plumage in Various Species of North American Birds," by William Brewster; and "Notes on the Habits and Distribution of the Rufous Crowned Sparrow (*Peucaea ruficeps*)," by William Brewster. The Department of Recent Literature contains notices of a number of valuable works on ornithology which have recently appeared, of which perhaps the most important is Dr. Coues' "Birds of the Colorado Valley," a work which the writer has not yet seen but which he hopes to receive shortly.

General Notes are, as usual, very full, and contains many notices of the capture of wandering birds far from their homes, among them the Frigate Pelican (*Zachyptes aquilus*) as far north as Nova Scotia.

APPROPOS OF WASPS.—Mr. Editor: I am no naturalist, but the habits of insects, winged or creeping, interest me greatly. About two years ago coming along a path in my garden I was attacked by a wasp, which I mistook for a large and fierce-looking spider, whose actions indicated terror from some other cause than my approach. Halting to understand the cause of his manifest alarm, I observed, cowering around him in quick, swift circles a beautiful black wasp, of a kind I do not remember to have seen before; bright black on body, more slender and more agile than the common variety, without a speck of yellow near the joint of the wings with the body. Whenever the wasp would come very near the spider would stand on the defensive, with every leg and spine stretched for combat, but at every interval when his enemy gave him the chance he would attempt to scurry to shelter, only to be halted again by the nearer oncoming of his foe. At last, the wasp hovering for an instant at a point where he seemed to be stationary in the air, launched himself like a flash on the spider. They rolled over together in their deadly embrace, and I gave up my little fight for lost, but to my amazement the wasp had alighted where he could strike his sting under the scales where the neck of the spider united with the trunk. I distinctly saw him thrust his dart into that spot, when, presto! Mr. Spider stretched out his legs, and with one convulsive shudder gave up the ghost. The plucky little wasp hovered for an instant over the body of his enemy to be sure that life was extinct and then flew rapidly away, making no word to remove the carcass which I remained. The spider was large, heavy and powerful in frame, weighing eight or ten times as much as his victorious adversary. JOE.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.—The meeting of December 14 was well attended, and several interesting papers were read. Mr. Fisher reported the following occurrences of several accidental visitors at Sing Sing: *Opornis agilis*, Connecticut warbler, taken September 19, 1878; *Colaptes auratus*, species unknown, June 10, 1877; *Stris flammea*, var. *americana*, barn owl, January, 1878; *Geothlypis trichas*, which caused such an excitement several years ago by its wholesale destruction of our shrike trees, and for whose eradication the English sparrows were introduced, has gradually disappeared, but not through the sparrow. The lack of food and a parasite of a species of *Ichneumon* (*Ichneumon platygaster*) having a distinctive effect upon them. This insect enters into the economy of nature as a powerful factor in keeping in check the ravages of obnoxious insects. The disappearance of our shrike-worm and potato-bug (*Doryphora decemlineata*) from our potato field, must be attributed to about the same cause. The influence of birds has little, if any, appreciable effect to this end. An interesting letter was read by Mr. Ingersoll, from Mr. T. L. Roberts, of Minneapolis, Minn., in which he gave a most minute description of the habits of the shore lark (*Erenophoria alpestris*). He states that he had taken a nest of four eggs in Minnesota in August, and another in Iowa as March 18, 1878, and several on March 23, with three and four eggs each. They raise two, and not infrequently three broods a year. The nests are slightly built and different of construction.

Woodland, Farm and Garden.

LIFE ON A SHEEP RANCH.—Sometimes a rambling family letter, such as an absent son writes to "the old folks at home," conveys a better idea of the vicissitudes and duties of ranch-life than a carefully prepared description for public perusal; and we are accordingly pleased to print the following extract from a letter of a young man in New Mexico which has been kindly handed to us for publication by a relative in New Jersey:—

"I started from the rancho the day before George and his pardner arrived at Troyburg, so just missed seeing them; but they followed on after me and overtook me about fifty miles down. I had moved camp that day and had gone to a spring up on the side of the mesa about fifty yards from camp for water, and when I returned I saw the two fellows in the distance. I was glad to see them. They stopped with me four or five days. We all went out after deer one afternoon. Jed got a shot at a doe and her fawn but did not succeed in getting either of them. I was sorry to have the boys go, but they wanted to get their winter's wood before the snow came, and I had to move on with my herds; so we had to part. George will come down again this winter; if not, I don't expect to see them again until June, for I am going to January herds down on the Rio Blanco and shall not come back to the rancho until shearing time, about the 15th of June. I let George have my pony, and now I feel lost, for whenever I wish to go away from camp I either have to walk or work my passage on a burro (jackass). I generally prefer the former as the easiest and quickest. But I am going down into the buffalo and Indian country, and can find plenty of good ponies which I can buy cheap in trade. I will strike some of the cowboys who want to ride, and shall not ride the old Perry off for a good horse. I am now about 65 or 70 miles down southeast from the rancho. I shall stay here until after bucking time, then move farther and look for a good lambing camp. I expect Leonard down on the 12th with his bucks and a good supply of grub and grain.

"We have just passed through the heaviest rain storm of the season (Nov. 10). For three days the rain has poured down steadily, but this morning it has cleared off bright and clear. We have a good tent, but everything got slightly

*This is recorded to be by the following named members of the Linnean Society of New York: Mr. C. H. Merriam reported taking it in Lewis Co., N. Y.; Mr. Edgar A. Mearns found it at the Highland Falls, N. Y.; Mr. A. K. Fisher took it at Albany, N. Y.; Mr. J. H. Allen, J. J. and your correspondent, Mr. G. E. Andrews, at Mahonington, Pa. Besides several other parties who deal in game.

The Kennel.

DETROIT DOG SHOW.

dump; so this morning I have everything out on the bushes drying—bedding, blankets, etc. I think they had snow at Troysburg, for I see this morning that old Sierra Grande is white. My herds are fat and doing well. I have lost only one out of 4,100 head since starting from the rancho on the 16th of October, and that was killed by a lion night before last. I poisoned the carcass and watched nearly all night last night, but he did not come back. I shall expect him to-night. They are a nuisance and hard to get, for they are as cunning as foxes."

In a letter dated subsequently Nov. 13th, we learn how the lion above referred to fared. We quote:

"I have at last succeeded in getting what I have so long promised you, a mountain lion (cougar) skin, and a fine specimen is, too. It is not as large as some I have seen, but is very average, in a heavy build, with yellow spots or blotches, except the bullet holes. I had quite a tough job before killing him. I had brought my herds into this canyon (the Garescos) about the 6th of this month, and knowing that there were lots of lions in this part of the country had been very watchful for fear they would jump the herds. They did not trouble me at all until the night of the 10th, when one came into the herd and killed one sheep. He had no time to kill more, or even to tug off one he had killed, for as soon as the herd ran I sprang from the fence, and with a single shot I shot a lamb's tail was at the place where he had jumped the herd; found the dead sheep, but it was dark and cloudy, in fact raining a little, and he (the lion) got off before I could get a glimpse of him. Well, the next night I stationed my men around the herd and took my position near where he had entered the night before. We watched all night long, but he did not come back. The next night I made the same arrangement, and secreted myself under an overhanging rock behind a bunch of brush, wrapped in a blanket, for it was as cold as "blazes" and the wind blew a gale. The night was clear except once in a while a wind cloud would obscure the moon, which was just past the full. Just after one of these clouds had passed I heard the loose stones rattle on the side of a bluff just in front of where I was sitting. I just drew myself more into the shadow of the rock, strained my eyes in the direction from which the sound came, and held my breath. And, behold, there on the side of the bluff in front of me about 80 yards off, was "the man I wanted to see." I wish you could have seen him as I did: I tell you it was a noble sight, although it made a fellow have a sort of a go-down-into-his-boots feeling. He stood with his front feet on a rock, broad side to me, looking toward the herd. I had a Springfield rifle in my hand (one of the men had the Perry). Now know they carry a fifty ball. Well, I assure you I had it to my back and I was holding it. I have been telling this, and had a head on his fifth rib about half-way up. When the ball struck him he jumped into the air and gave one of the most unearthly screams I ever heard, and came tumbling down the hill. By the time he arrived at the bottom I was there and stood over him with my six-shooter. He floundered and pawed around some, and thinking he might get his "hooks" onto me I gave him a shot from my pistol which struck him in the back and he fell. He had no time to get up. The victory was certainly not to the strong, for he was strong enough and big enough to have "chawed" me all to pieces. I believe about my first thoughts as I stood looking at him were: "I bet Mr. Robinson would give half his life to have killed that 'varmint.'" I skinned him this morning and now have his hide stretched out to dry. As near as I can tell by measuring with my hands the hide was 5ft. 3in. from tip of nose to tip of tail, and 10ft. from front paw to paw at the tip of the ear on the ground. His muscles have weighed 350 pounds at least, for two of us could only just raise him from the ground by clasping our hands under his body. A. B.

BUFFALO POULTRY SHOW—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The Buffalo International Poultry Association give their seventh annual exhibition here at the rink, on January 29th, 30th and 31st and February 1st, 3d, 4th and 5th. Your correspondent, "J. D. H." is mistaken in stating that Mr. Coleman's pair of buff Cochins were in the exhibition here last year, as the association held no meeting last year, holding off at the request of the Chicago association, this year the Chicago association held the courtship by sending no birds. The people of Buffalo always look forward to the "Hen Conventions" with pleasure, for the management of them has always been in the hands of men who have given them their whole attention. Probably more is due to the President, Mr. Chas. A. Sweet, than to any other one of the officers for the great success of this society's meetings. The association is to-day the only really successful one in America, having given six exhibitions and more premiums than any other association of the kind in America. One of the most interesting parts of the exhibitions is the show of fish, and one in which every one who visits it seems delighted. It was in the exhibition of 1875, I think, that Mr. Fred Matson showed some Michigan grayling, the first I had ever seen, and I believe, the first ever seen in Buffalo. We are promised something very fine in the way of fish this year. It was at one of these exhibitions that I saw for the first time a pair of pure white squirrels with black eyes. They were the property of Mr. C. G. Irish, of this town, who exhibited a large collection of squirrels. Is it not very unusual to find albinos with black eyes, especially where they are all white? I shot on the 24th of December last year (1877) a female red squirrel heavy with young. Was not that also very unusual? The weather that day was more like September than December, being very bright and warm, in contrast to the same day of 1878. I saw you with this prize issue rules of the Poultry Association, showing the number of classes, premiums, etc. The premiums aggregate about six thousand dollars. Will advise you of any point of interest to your readers when the show opens, if desired. KARE.

Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 2, 1879.

BETOLD! A GREAT CLAIM!—A California paper, the Salinas Democrat, mentions the finding of a huge fossil clam-shell on the farm of Mr. Finch, in Tulare County. It measures 5 feet 8 inches in length, 4 feet 8 inches wide, and 2 feet 5 inches deep. And to think that so great a clam should die! What a lost opportunity for the most marvelous evolution!

—All that we want now is a new Homer to write out the travels of the modern Ulysses.

FOREST AND STREAM will be sent for six months for \$2, or for three months for \$1. T. clubs of five or more, \$3 per year.

OUR over-crowded space will not permit us to print a detailed list of the entries for the dog show held at Detroit Mich., on the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th of the present month. The entries numbered exactly 200, of which a large number were owned in Detroit. Canada was also well represented. The most prominent exhibitors were L. H. Smith, of Stratburg, Canada; Arnold Burges, of Michigan, and the St. Louis Kennel Club. The English setter classes, including native, imported and puppies, comprised forty-two entries, the most noted being Mr. Smith's Leicester, Temple Bar, Clip, etc., and Mr. Burges' Druid, Rob Roy, Queen Mab, etc. Irish setters numbered twenty-nine all told, but as the list included Mr. Fottler's recent purchase, Berkley; the St. Louis Kennel Club's Sine II, Elcho II and Duck; Mr. Waller's Race; Dr. Jarvis' Rose, etc., quality was not wanting. Gordon setters numbered nineteen, including Rupert. The Toledo Kennel Club was well represented in this class, and Mr. J. Weighell, of Rochester, N. Y., was also a large exhibitor. Twenty-two pointers appear on the catalogue, the most noted being the St. Louis Kennel Club's Bow and Clytie. The spaniel classes were not well filled, as far as numbers were concerned, the entries averaging about four in each class. There were five entries of foxhounds and twelve of beagles. The fox-terriers (seven) all came from Canada. None of the non-sporting classes were well filled. We append a list of the winners and our correspondent's letter:

DETROIT, Jan. 11, 1879.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

The great International Dog Show has come and gone and the canines are taking a needed rest. The judge of dogs in the sporting classes, E. W. Stoddard, of Dayton, Ohio—gave perfect satisfaction to think of all the exhibitors in the sporting class. I have not heard a single complaint. Unfortunately, the judge of the non-sporting class did not give the same satisfaction, complaints coming from both exhibitors and visitors. Below I send you a few comments on the dogs, etc.:

The imported English setter class was the finest ever exhibited at any show ever held in this country, and were a grand lot, being represented in force by Arnold Burges' Rob Roy and L. H. Smith's Stratburg Leicester. Mr. Burges' Druid won 1st in dog class and his Queen Mab winning 1st in the imported bitch class, and winning the sweepstakes as being the best pair of imported setters in the show. Mr. Smith's old-time Leicester won 2d in the dog class. Mr. Smith's Temple Bar got a V. H. C. Jas. J. Scallenburg's Thunder received an H. C., as also did Rattler and Sport, exhibited by L. F. Whitman, of this city. In the bitch class Arnold Burges' late importation, Nilsen, and Wm. B. Wells' Star got a V. H. C., L. H. Smith's Lassie Gowrie getting an H. O. and J. N. Dodge's Rose getting a C. The puppies shown, bred from imported stock, were a fine lot, Mr. Wm. B. Wells' Mark, by Druid out of Star, winning 1st—a fine young dog—the same owner's Dido, from the same litter as Mark, getting a V. H. C.

In the native English class, Royal Ben, owned by T. T. Sawyer, Jr., Boston, Mass., got 1st, and Don, property of A. P. Fellows, Hudson, N. Y., got 2d. In the bitch class, a grand bitch, Mell, owned by L. F. Whitman, of this city, got 1st, also winning special for being best native bitch in the show, also for being best native bitch shown with suckling progeny, being shown with six handsome puppies by Burges' Druid. Unfortunately three of the whelps died the last day of the show. In the English setter class for puppies under 12 months, Brussels II, entered, won 1st, and he is the making of a very fine dog—a little rough, but well put together. In the imported Irish class, E. C. Waller's Race won 1st. He is a fine dog, but I think it was well for him that Berkley arrived too late to be judged, for I think him the finer of the two. The Gordon setter class were a grand lot, Grouse, owned by the Toledo Kennel Club, winning 1st over Rupert, who was supposed to be invincible. Grouse is a grand, good dog. He arrived in this country on the 13th of last August, and was known to be in this country by only a few persons. He has won the following prizes: 2d, Birmingham, Eng., 1874; 1st, same place, 1875; 1st at Alexandria, 1875; 1st at Crystal Palace, 1876; and champion at Birmingham in 1877, and now wins 1st the first time shown in this country. He seems to be almost perfection itself, if any dog can be perfect. Floss, owned by the same club, won 1st in the bitch class, and is a cracker for the bench. In the large pointer class Belle, the champion, owned by E. M. Gillespie, of Columbus, Ohio, won 1st. The Irish water spaniel class was small, but very good, 1st and 2d going to Big Point Kennel Club, Chatham, Ont. Beagles were an excellent lot, J. N. Dodge's Rattler winning 1st and R. M. Baker's Maud winning 2d.

The managers of the show were much disappointed on the non-appearance of Gen'l Rowett, of Carlinville, Ill., with his kennel of beagles (he having made a number of entries) on account of the death of some of his dogs. The Newfoundland class was small, and the 1st given to an inferior dog, Nell, winner of 2d, being far the best in the class, and should have been given 1st. The bull terrier class was small and not as good as it might have been. The winner of 1st seems to have gained his place on account of having won six battles and never having lost one. The 1st in the black and tan terrier was very much inferior to the 2d prize winners, and should not have even been placed. In the sky terrier class no award was made, the specimens shown not being worthy of one. The Scotch terrier class was good, but awards misplaced. The winner of 1st should have received no notice, he being a red dog, but nicely built. A much finer dog, owned by W. B. Bullock, did not receive any notice—not getting an H. O. In the trick-dog class, a fine little black and tan terrier, Lion, owned and handled by Mrs. Armstrong, of Wyandotte, Mo., and some Scotch, Irish tricks, such as turning somersaults, climbing ladders placed in a perpendicular position, and other tricks—forty in number—too numerous to mention. Below I send you a prize list in full, with the awards in the regular and special classes.

DROU.

THE AWARDS.

Imported English Setter Dogs.—1st, Arnold Burges, Druid; 2d, L. H. Smith, Leicester; V. H. C., L. H. Smith, Temple Bar, H. C., James J. Scallenburg, Thunder; L. F. Whitman, Rattler and Sport.

Imported English Setter Bitches.—1st, Arnold Burges, Queen Mab; 2d, L. H. Smith, Clip. V. H. C., Wm. B. Wells, Star; Arnold Burges, Nilsen. H. C., L. H. Smith, Lassie Gowrie. C. J. N. Dodge, Rose.

English Setter Puppies (dog or bitch) under 12 months.—1st, Wm. B. Wells, Jr., Mark. V. H. C., same owner, Dido. H. C., J. N. Dodge, Cash. C. T. W. Jackson, Bruah.

Native English Setter Dogs.—1st, T. T. Sawyer, Jr., Royal Ben; 2d, A. P. Fellows, Don. H. C., H. W. Sampson, Jack. C. J. R. Cooper, Bruah. H. C., Lord, Bruah.

Native English Setter Bitches.—1st, F. Whitman, Mell; 2d, Mrs. M. E. Gibson, Katie. V. H. C., Wm. B. Wells, Star. C. J. N. Thompson, Belle.

Native English Setter Puppies (dog or bitch) under 12 months.—1st, E. G. Sheldon, Brussels.

Imported Irish Setter Dogs.—1st, E. C. Waller, Race; 2d, St. Louis Kennel Club, Elcho. V. H. C., St. Louis Kennel Club, Sting. H. C., Toledo Kennel Club, Don.

Imported Irish Setter Bitches.—1st, St. Louis Kennel Club, Duck; 2d, Dr. Wm. Jarvis, Rose. V. H. C., A. E. Sterling, Fora. C., Marshalltown Kennel Club, Mag.

Irish Setter puppies (dog or bitch) under 12 months.—1st, St. Louis Kennel Club, Red. V. H. C., A. E. Sterling, Conn; Albert Hayes, Nelson.

Native Irish Setter Dogs.—1st, Capt. Dick Uren, Don; 2d, S. W. Griffin, Grouse. V. H. C., H. G. Arnold, Echo.

Native Irish Setter Bitches.—No prize awarded.

Native Irish Setter Puppies (dog or bitch) under 12 months.—1st, Robt. Shankis, Grouse.

Gordon Setter Dogs.—1st, Toledo Kennel Club, Grouse; 2d, Goldsmith Kennel, Raper. V. H. C., Toledo Kennel Club, Judge. H. C., J. N. Winterspoon, Grouse. C. A. R. Schlenker, Jack.

Gordon Setter Bitches.—1st, Toledo Kennel Club, Floss; 2d, E. F. Mulliken, Nell. V. H. C., J. N. Winterspoon, Nell.

Gordon Setter Puppies (dog or bitch) under 12 months.—1st, Toledo Kennel Club, Bob; 2d, Wm. S. Ponnard, Rosa. V. H. C., Toledo Kennel Club, Duck; W. C. L. Gilt, Gypsy.

Pointer Dogs over 55 lbs weight.—1st, St. Louis Kennel Club, Bow; 2d, Topeka Kennel Club, Sleaford.

Pointer Bitches over 50 lbs weight.—1st, E. M. Gillespie, Champion Belle; 2d, W. O. Lumsden, Rose. V. H. C., M. V. Saunders, M. D.

Pointer Dogs under 55 lbs weight.—1st, A. S. Leonard & J. E. Atherton, Don; 2d, Topeka Kennel Club, Keno. H. C., H. I. Gay, Convey. C. Frank J. Springfield, Dan.

Pointer Bitches under 50 lbs weight.—1st, St. Louis Kennel Club, Clytie; 2d, H. B. Gay, Vic. H. C., Topeka Kennel Club, Nell.

Pointer Puppies (dog or bitch) under 12 months.—1st, F. H. Brown, Lord Dufferin. V. H. C., F. H. Brown, Lady Dufferin; E. M. Gillespie, King Charlie.

Irish Water Spaniel.—1st, Big Point Kennel Club, Mike; 2d, Big Point Kennel Club, Bridget.

Retrieving Spaniels (other than pure Irish).—1st, F. A. Howe, Snider; 2d, Anthony Vogel, Dick. V. H. C., Chas. E. Miller, Chief Rogers.

Cocker Spaniels.—1st, Herbert Brown, Gypsy; 2d, Henry O. Wann, Floss. H. C., Francis Hewer, Floe.

Field Spaniels (other than Cockers).—1st, Col. G. Zowski, Duke; 2d, J. C. James, Track. V. H. C., J. C. James, Train.

Beagles.—1st, Frank J. Springfield, Dan; 2d, Wm. B. Wells, Star; 3d, J. N. Dodge, Nero and Speed.

Beagles.—1st, J. W. Dodge, Rattler; 2d, R. M. Baker, Maud. H. C., W. D. Hayes, Ringold; V. H. C., Hayes, Bugle; J. W. Dodge, Roxey.

Dogs.—No entries.

Fox Terriers.—1st, O. J. Fox, Young Spot; 2d, Herbert Brown, Boaster. H. C., Herbert Brown, Panch; C. J. Fox, Gypsy.

Greyhounds.—1st, Herbert Brown, Ariel; 2d, T. W. Jackson, Rex. C. J. A. McKay, Lord Beaconsfield.

Toy Terriers.—1st, J. B. Kanihan, Dandy Jim; 2d, Major Wm. J. Lano Milligan, Nell.

Shepherd or Collie Dogs (rough or smooth coated).—1st, Armstrong & Crawford, Bruce; Harvey Balaunt, Jack.

Toy Terriers.—1st, J. B. Kanihan, Dandy Jim; 2d, Geo. W. Voorhis, Jack. V. H. C., E. Heller, New York Harry.

Black and Tan Terriers.—1st, Wm. Smith, Gypsy; 2d, Wm. Zeese, Loafar.

Yorkshire Terriers.—1st, Mrs. W. Wright, Daisy.

Toy Terriers.—1st, Herbert Brown, Sandy; 2d, Mrs. W. Wright, Vic. H. C., Robt. G. Goulay, Rough. H. C., Miss May Talman, Topsy; Mrs. W. Wright, Toss.

Toy Terriers.—1st, Mrs. O. J. Johnson, Pinkie; 2d, A. J. W. Wilhite, Toy Terrier. H. C., Miss Lizzie Horn, Tidy.

Pugs.—Wm. Stewart, Gyp.

Miscellaneous.—(For any breed of dogs that have not been assigned a regular class, silver medals will be awarded).—1st, R. C. Allen, Jack, Chinese eddie dog; 1st, Thos. Thorley, English Bull Terrier; 1st, J. B. Kanihan, Dandy Jim; 1st, my bull dog.

Trick Dogs.—1st, Mrs. Armstrong, black and tan terrier Leon, gold medal; 2d, Anthony Vogel, Dick, silver medal.

TROY DOG SHOW.

A dog show was held at Troy, N. Y., on the 10th, 11th and 18th insts. in connection with the first annual exhibition of the Hudson Valley Poultry and Pet Stock Association. Owing to a want of time and due notice to owners of dogs, the show was not the success it might have been made, but for a first attempt it deserves commendation, and we have no doubt that Troy will yet have a dog show worthy of a town which not only contains so many good sportsmen but is so situated as to be the centre of a district abounding in good dogs and first-class sportsmen. In addition to the dogs competing, a list of which our space will not enable us to print, a number of celebrated dogs were entered for exhibition only. Among them were the splendid English setter bitches Rose and Nina, the property of D. T. Charles, Esq., of Albany, winners at New York and Boston; the pointers Brush and Fannie, owned by Mr. J. Macdonald, Mr. Adolph Stander's water spaniel and others. Among the competing dogs Mr. Sampson's red Irish bitch Nora was a really fine animal, and did credit to her sire Elcho, so also was Mr. King's Victor by Rory O'Moore. Mr. Jas. T. Walker showed a very fine brace of black and tan setters, the bitch being particularly noticeable. The Oneida Community showed a Sensation puppy, which, however, could get no better than second. Mr. John Hobart Warren, of Troy, showed some splendid collies, two of which were New York winners, and Mr. Morgan's handsome mastiff King Olaf and Miss Burden's Yorkshire terrier Tatters, would have done credit to any show. The judge was Mr. W. M. Tilston, Kennel Editor of this paper. The following is a list of awards:

Red or Red and White Setters.—Bitches.—1st, A. A. Sampson, Troy, N. Y., Nora, 18 months; 2d, O. T. Moore, West Troy, N. Y., Jessie, 3 years, no pedigree.

Black and Tan Setters.—1st, Alexander King, Lansingburgh, N. Y., Victor, 16 months; Rory O'Moore-Jennie.

Black and Tan or Black, Tan and White Setters.—1st, James T. Walker, Albany, N. Y., Black Boss, 2 years, Dash-Mat, 2d, same owner, Dash-Mat, 3 years, Colburn's Dash, Thompson's Belle.

Pointer Dogs.—1st, H. B. Gay, Vic. H. C., J. N. Winterspoon, Nell; 2d, Oneida Community, Sensation II, 18 mo, no pedigree; 3d, Oneida Community, Sensation III, 18 mo, no pedigree.

Beagles.—W K Rice, Pittsfield, Mass, 1st, Jalop, bitch; 2d, Mint, dog.
 Collies.—1st, John Hobart Warren, Troy, N Y, Colin, Queen's Kennel, Dalton; 2d, same owner, Daisy, 1st, same owner, Dumbo; H C. O'Neil's Community, Lulu, 9½ mo.
 Coach Dogs.—1st, Geo. Allen, Troy, N Y, Fannie; 2d, same owner, Capt.
 Greyhounds.—1st, M E Filley, Lansingburgh, N Y, Fannie; 2d, same owner, Daisy.
 Mastiffs.—1st, Wm F Morgan, N Y, King Olaf.
 Yorkshire Terriers.—Miss M S. Burdett, Troy, N Y, Tatters, 5 yrs, imp.
 Scotch Terriers.—1st, John J Hooley, Troy, N Y, Fly, 5 yrs, imp.
 Italian Greyhounds.—1st, D O Denison, Greenbush, N Y, Ino.
 Poles.—F Aiken, Greenbush, N Y, Pauline; 2d, Thomas Knapp, Troy, N Y, Chinese dog.
 St. Bernards.—Red trace of setters, without regard to sex, nickel plated couple and pair collars, awarded to James T Walker's black and tan setters, Dash and Black Boss.
 For Setter Bitches, any Breed—1st premium, nickel collar; 2d premium, whistle.—1st, A A Sampson's Nora; 2d, James T Walker's Black Boss.

THE MINNESOTA FIELD TRIALS.

MR. DAVIDSON HIKED FROM AGAIN.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

In reply to Mr. Whitford's attack upon me in a Chicago paper of Jan. 4th, which has been longed for, I will commence with the beginning of the field trials. The judges appointed by the Minnesota Kennel Club were, Mr. Butler, Mr. Mullenken and myself. Mr. Butler being unwell when required to act, a substitute was necessary to fill the vacancy. A prominent sportsman of Sauk Centre was selected to take the position, who declined to act, when Mr. Whitford, who was Mr. Morgan's dog, was quartered on the grounds prepared for the field trials, for a day or two. It was, however, suggested by Mr. Sandborn and finally selected to fill the vacancy caused by the absence of Mr. Butler. It was well known at the time that he and Mr. Morgan had been shooting together, and that Mr. Morgan had an entry in the nursery stakes; but I heard no objections made to that, neither to my having been shooting with a prominent St. Paul sportsman previous to this, who also had an entry in the nursery stakes, which was equally well known. I merely mention this to show the difference between shooting with one person and with another in the eyes of a certain editor, who made so much fuss over my having been shooting with Mr. Whitman. The complaint came of course after Mr. Whitman's bitch had won a place, greatly to the mortification of said editor. There was no quarreling with the judges in figuring up the scores in the nursery stakes. The first quarrel took place between Mr. Whitford and me, in regard to the shooting of Mr. Sandborn's dog Dan in the puppy stakes, of which I will state the facts. Dan had run out his score with the exception of backing, and was put down to back Snap, who was one of the first that ran in the champion stakes; he refused to back and went deliberately in before Snap and flushed the bird. When he did so, Mr. Sandborn remarked to me that he hardly expected he would back, and the dog was ordered up. Daisy was then taken out by Mr. Whitford, and the dog having flushed a short distance off in the rubble from where we stood, Mr. Sandborn said to Mr. Waddington, that by going over there might be more birds, and that he would get a point for his bitch. Mr. Waddington went over, when his bitch made a staunch point; on being told to put up the bird none could be found, and she got a false point. When Daisy had gone on, Mr. Whitford who was a little to my right, said give Dan a back. I asked him when he backed, as I had not seen him do so, he replied that I ought to have seen him, and that he had backed now. I then said I had heard Mr. Sandborn told to take up his dog when he refused to back Snap, and that I had not heard him told to put him down again for a second trial. He then replied that it did not matter whether I had or not, he was told to put him down and that he had backed. I answered by saying that having seen him refuse to back, it was only right and proper justice to either dogs running that I should see him back, and that if he (Whitford) was going to judge the field trials alone that Mr. Mullenken had myself might as well go home. On inquiring of Mr. Mullenken, who was near by, he also had neither seen him back nor heard him again ordered down, and learned that he and Mr. Sandborn had a misunderstanding about the dog previous to this, when Sandborn threatened withdrawing him. These are the circumstances under which Dan got his back, and I resolved then to withdraw from the position of judge, as the ring was evidently at work. On mentioning my intentions to a few with dogs there they insisted upon my continuing to act, and nothing further occurred unpleasant until the trouble about Nellie, which Mr. Mullenken in his letter to FOREST AND STREAM so accurately describes. In that controversy I went to the wagon determined to have nothing further to do with the field trials, as to question anything about a dog of Mr. Sandborn's with Whitford present, was certain cause of a quarrel; and only for being reminded that two dogs alone remained to be run after those down, I would not have acted any longer as judge. Another little circumstance in justice to a bitch which ran, I will here notice. After the controversy about Nellie Mr. Dilly's bitch, Countess Royal, was down and had established a point and held it a long time, when Mr. Whitford, accompanied by Mr. Rowe, went to him, and said "Whitford said, 'Dilly, let it go, you have a point on this.' Mr. Dilly asked him, what was the reason he could not. Whitford said, 'Your bitch was not down.' Mr. Dilly replied that he had not been ordered to take her up and that he considered her down. Mr. Whitford then said it made no difference, Sandborn's was not down (Sandborn at this time had voluntarily called his to heel), and that if he had got a flush under the circumstances he would not have given it to him, and now he would give it to him. Mr. Dilly then replied to this was, that it seemed somewhat strange to him, and that he could not understand what Sandborn's dog had to do with the running of his. Mr. Mullenken and myself were in distinct hearing of this conversation, and in plain view of the bitch when pointing. In thinking the matter over we decided to say nothing then, she being one of the last down and a fresh quarrel the prospective result, and intended bringing the matter up at the close of the day, but Mr. Dilly withdrew her before running out her score, and she got no credit for an excellent point. It is a significant fact that Mr. Whitford was suggested by Mr. Sandborn to fill the vacancy caused by the absence of Mr. Butler, and that all the quarreling at the Minnesota Field Trials, and controversy since, has been in regard to Mr. Sandborn's dogs. It is also full of significance that Mr. Whitman is the only man who has ever run dogs in a field trial with whom it was improper for a judge to go shooting previous to the trials, in the eyes of a certain editor, who

at other trials has used his influence to advantage, and whose extreme intimacy with Mr. Whitford during the Minnesota Field Trials had a very ominous look. I shirk no responsibility as to Tempest's having gotten second place in the nursery stakes at the Minnesota Field Trials, for by Mr. Mullenken's score and my own she was justly entitled to it, let Mr. Whitford's scores have been one or a dozen. He can find nothing over my signature in FOREST AND STREAM stating that I copied from his score in the nursery stakes. I stated in FOREST AND STREAM that the scores in the nursery stakes were taken from Whitford's score, and do so now, and again state I can prove it. It might be interesting to Whitford to know the opinion of an expert as to the handwriting of the mutilated score he speaks of, and a postal card signed C. B. Whitford, in which he states that he was willing to divide the second prize in the nursery stakes between Tempest and Jennie, and therefore append it. And another little interesting matter to look over, that the many readers of FOREST AND STREAM and the Chicago paper, "which is sure to copy it," may judge for themselves which is the shirker, and whether he will be as willing to give his gratitude to FOREST AND STREAM for showing up fraud as he was to the Chicago paper for stating a volume of malicious and unprecedented falsehoods. JOHN DAVIDSON.

Monroe, Jan. 3, 1879.

APPENDIX.

I, the undersigned, hereby certify that I have seen and examined a letter of Chas. Lincoln to John Davidson, dated Detroit, Oct. 29, 1878, in which he states in relation to a debate contest, that he received the papers in the nursery stakes from Whitford. I have also examined a "scale of points" of the nursery stakes in Davidson's possession, and compared the handwriting with a postal card to Davidson, dated Pembroke, Ky., Nov. 14, 1878, and signed C. B. Whitford, and have no hesitation in saying that the handwriting in the two are the same; and further, that the "scale" has some erasures, and the "net total" is incorrectly summed up; that when properly added it gives Tempest 43½ and Jennie 43. I further certify that I have been an attorney at law for twenty years, and consider myself a good judge of handwriting. ELM WILLARD.

Monroe, Mich., Jan. 5, 1879.

JUR.—Editor Forest and Stream: Some weeks back I made mention of my bitch Jill as being pure Laverack. I wish now to correct this. She has some Glidersleeve blood in her, which, however, in no way detracts from her value. She was sired by Pedigree (pure Laverack), imported by Charles Vescoat in 1876. Her dam was Orphina, sired by the celebrated Bird of the Border, who, as is well known, was pure Laverack. Orphina's dam was Nellie, out of Bess and Bruce. A. F. HESTON, Coatesville, Pa.

—Mr. Jas. H. Clark's Princess Draco (Rob Roy-Livy) whelped, Jan. 5, 1879, ten puppies—six dogs and four bitches—by L. Adams' Champion Drake, late winner at the Nashville Field Trial. The owner retains a brace for himself, as names of which he claims Princess Draco II. and Drake II.

—The St. Louis Kennel Club has purchased from Mr. R. J. L. Price the pointer bitches Zeal and Lizzie, full sisters to his celebrated Bow-Bell and half sister to their Bow. Zeal is in whelp to her sire, Bang.

—Mr. J. W. Packer, of Philadelphia, claims the following names: a pair of black and white dog puppies, Chester; for black and white ticked bitch puppy, Daisy Bell out of his Queen by Levering's Harry.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JANUARY.

SOUTHERN WATERS.

Pompano, *Trachinotus carolinus*.
 Drum (two species), *Sciaenops ocellatus*.
 Kingfish, *Mentidierus nebulosus*.
 Sea Bass, *Sciaenops ocellatus*.
 Sheepshead, *Archosargus probatocephalus*.
 Upper, *Lutjanus blackfordii*.

Group, *Epinephelus virgatus*.
 Trout (black bass), *Centropomus*.
 Arapour, *Sciaenops ocellatus*.
 Striped Bass, or Rockfish, *Sebastes*.
 Tailorfish, *Pomatomus saltatrix*.
 Black Hawk, *Myxopristes*.
 M. pallidus.

FISH IN MARKET.—RETAIL PRICES.—Bass, 20 cents; smelts, 10; bluefish, 12½; salmon, 25; mackerel, 20; shad, 40; weakfish, 12; white perch, 15; green turtle, 10; frostfish, 6; halibut, 18; haddock, 6; codfish, 6; blackfish, 12½; dunders, 8; sea bass, 15; eels, 18; lobsters, 10; scallops, \$1.00 per gallon; whitefish, 18; pike, 16; salmon trout, 10; black bass, 15; red-snapper, 12½; smoked haddock, 10; hard crabs, \$3 per 100.

HOW TROUT TAKE THE FLY.

WE have been reading the characteristic sketch of a day's sport in the South of Ireland, written by our candid correspondent, "T. E. L.", for a late issue, and cannot forbear the reflection how far we of America, or at least the majority of us, are behind our trans-Atlantic friends in those piscatory arts and artifices taught by the good Walton and Madame Behner four hundred years ago! We are told by the relator that the shuffling tactics and common-place methods of our Rangeley and Schoodic school of angling will not answer for the bright streams of the Emerald Isle; that it is "absolutely necessary to keep as far as possible from the bank and throw the line with such lightness that only the leader will fall on the water," and that old resident anglers will fill their creels with wary two-pound fish while strangers can scarcely tempt an unsophisticated fingerling. We are impressed by the conviction that the inherent or transmitted intelligence of the trout of the Scone (and other such rivers) are as far beyond and out of the range of the puerile approaches of neophytes as the belles of St. James are above the limp rag doll imitations sold in the shops. The trout of the bright waters of Ireland are not in the habit of rising, like the hand-fed fish of preserves, to every leaf, dry case, or chance bit of rubbish which drops on the surface. They don't dodge when a bull-dog plunges into the drink, imagining it the splash of a football or a stone thrown in. Tremulous shadows on the shore, and the arrow-like flights of birds athwart the streams cause no

apprehension; but long shafts of shade suddenly projected over the banks are premonitory finger-points, indeed; while the zigzag of a clumsy line in mid air drives them to their holes like the play of a lightning flash against the clouds. Their intuitive perception has become so developed as to render curiously a superfluous instinct; and therefore the manoeuvres of the tyro have no positive interest to them. They merely lie perdu and passive until the force of fishing is over, and then proceed to habitual pursuit of bona-fide insects—not of humbugs. Sometimes they frolic aimlessly in mid stream and turn somersaults, just as the huge sturgeons and dolphins do when at play; often they amuse themselves by jumping at tired or disabled flies which dip and flutter above the surface. Juvenile larvae which drop from projecting branches along the margin are accepted morosely instantly snapped and swallowed, while the uncertain flight of a clumsy beetle or butterfly across the broad mid-channel affords opportunities for acrobatic practice seldom left unimproved. One of our correspondents has described this action by a diagram below, which contains more of the poetry of motion than is usually found in such simple hard set lines. Entomologists will confirm the artifice of dashing spray after flying insects to knock them down within their reach, when they will hesitate to indorse the bat-and-ball theory of striking a fly into the mouth by a flip of the tail.

We love to picture these summer scenes of purling, gently flowing streams of still waters running deep, into whose dark eddying pools, close by the shore, scraggy trees protrude their bare and withered roots, that the water may lave them. Tussocks of rank grass have slipped down from the abraded bank, and on the long filaments which sway in the current great dragon flies poised with outstretched wings of steel-blue glossamer. The big trout which are watching beneath the roots seldom molest them, provident, perhaps, of future supplies of more luscious larvae when the neocropter shall launch her egg-bag. But let an ambitious field-mouse attempt to cross the stream, or a top-heavy beetle tumble in, how like a shaft from a bow string will the trout dart straight for the prize, seize it, and with a triumphant flit of the tail, like the waving of a victorious battle-flag, dive for the bottom—not once only, should he miss it, but twice, thrice, yea, many times, until the hapless creature is drawn beneath the surface, drowned, torn piece-meal and gobbled up! No time lost then in useless leaping and by-playing with the tail; for what occasion is there to toy and dally with the game? Just so he takes the artificial fly which is skillfully trailed upon the surface. But often he is so positive of the deception that he refuses to be enticed and lies motionless in the stream, until, seeing the lure lift itself naturally off the surface when the angler withdraws his line for a fresh cast, he reasons, "By Jupiter! that was reality, after all!" and, starting in swift pursuit, he leaps, dashes water after the object and employs all the strategy which nature has taught him. If successful in hooking himself, the angler congratulates himself for adroitness instead of blessing his good luck and discounting the stupidity of the fish.

We are writing now in the interest of really good anglers who know how to manipulate a fly; who dare attempt the wide, smoothly-flowing, sunny stream, where every incautious movement is a death-blow to success; who can lay out a delicate cast of flies so evenly and lightly that the fish themselves can scarcely see them fall, the transparent, gut lengths touching the distant water first, and the taut, tapering line settling gently afterward, to be lifted by the pliant rod-tip, leaving scarcely a trace of the feathery riddle which follows its motion. Of such character, we are told, is much of the angling, and of such the quality of anglers, in most of the waters of Great Britain. In times past we have marvelled at the diminutiveness of the trout flies and the fineness of the gut snoods which the resident professionals there use. This article has no reference to salmon fishing, for its primary object is to define the flight of insects and show "how trout take the fly." But alas! how many self-esteemed experts there are who are woefully ignorant of both! They betray their deficiencies in their written views and opinions. They actually believe that, having delivered an interminable length of line, *et cetera*, their full share of the business has been accomplished, no matter in what predicament of tangled coil and thundering splash the line may fall. The belly of the line falls first, and the cast of flies follows "all in a heap." One writer has argued that, in the adjustment of droppers, no specified length of snood was required because the sag of the line invariably kept all the flies submerged! Just so! but Irish anglers don't cast after that fashion in the Scone. Another art our American anglers seem not to have learned, viz., that it is "absolutely necessary to keep as far as possible from the bank." Our candid correspondent, to whom we have referred at the beginning of this article, admits that "our rather nonchalant manner of fishing might do very well in the wilds of Maine, but it was evidently not the ticket in this old-fashioned country" (Ireland). The great drawback hitherto to American proficiency has been, that our anglers have usually frequented the rapid broken water of our narrow, turbid mountain streams, where the play of the current has given life and motion to their artificial flies, and a multitude of unsophisticated fish has granted success to their "rather nonchalant method of fishing." The necessity of fine fishing has not been discovered. In this fact, too, lies the secret of their ignorance of the natural history of insects and of "how trout take the fly." We hope more of them will follow the example of our Rangeley friend, and

learn the niceties of the gentle art from their friends in Ireland.

Our gun and dog friends, who take no interest in fishing, will excuse us, we hope, for what may seem to them the senseless prolongation of an absurd discussion, when we assure them that we are gradually evolving by this colloquial method a vast deal of information concerning the habits of trout which is not found in works on natural history. The letters which we print to-day are extremely instructive. It should be a matter of congratulation to the profession that the score or so of gentlemen who have approached this subject have done so over their true names, and that they are most of them widely known to the profession to be well versed in piscatorial matters. We hope others will take a hand in until the subject is squeezed dry:

NEW RUSSIA, N. Y., Dec. 31, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

I have been much interested in the discussion in your paper of the manner in which a trout takes a fly. I think the gentlemen who have written on the subject do not give the trout credit enough for intelligence. The truth is, trout are not only game fish, but first-class sportsmen. In proof of this assertion I will state what I have observed while trout fishing in the Adirondacks. I enclose sketch. The lower figure shows the manoeuvres of a trout to gain possession of a miller fluttering along just beyond his reach. The trout jumped at the miller twice, as high as he could, and failed to catch him; then changed his tactics by making sudden darts to the sur-

weight of evidence on either side must depend a good deal on who gives it. The testimony of a man who has been for twenty-five or thirty years fishing for trout in all sorts of places and under all kinds of circumstances, whose eye, naturally quick has been trained by constant use in the woods, on the cricket field or in the arduous duty of scouting in active service, would be worth more than that of a beginner in the art, but it would take the evidence of more fly-fishers than read even the FOREST AND STREAM to convince me that any trout ever knocks his food about before putting it in his mouth. I caught many hundreds of trout the past season, and caught quite a number by hooking them in various parts of the body. One day I caught several in one pool, none looked in the mouth, inside of five minutes. They jumped freely, and in swift water missed the fly, but were hooked as they went over it. If I want authority to decide for mouth or tail, I think my reply to the "how's that?" would be, mouth! I have never seen the tail-knocking performance in twenty-five years successful fishing. Let them keep on writing about it, though. One of the great points in making camp life in the woods is to keep things lively, never lose temper, be in a good humor and keep everybody moving.

C. CLAY.

STROUSE, Dec. 20, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

I have taken a few trout at different times and places, and have seen them strike with us on the water with their mouths hooked them in the caudal appendage by so doing. Now we all know this: many flies breed and hatch under water. The fly coming out of its larval state rises to the surface of the water, and, flying about four feet, alights on the water for a moment's rest to gain strength before the next flight, which usually carries them safely to shore. Master trout understands this and takes a whack at him with his tail, which causes a whirlpool that draws the fly down into the water about four inches, and then turns and takes the fly at his pleasure, because he knows that the fly being under water is entirely in his power as is the insect in the spider's web. Then he darts quickly to his hiding-place to swallow the sweet morsel, after which he is ready for the next object which may come in sight.

R. WOON.

POTNAM, Vt., Dec. 30, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

I have been very much amused and entertained by the sketches *pro* and *con* about the trout flopping the fly into its mouth with its tail. Now I don't see anything very remarkable about that; but suppose the fly had flopped the trout into the fisherman's mouth, or the fisherman had flopped the trout into the fly's mouth, or the tail had flopped the fly into the fisherman's mouth, or the fly had flopped the tail into the trout's mouth, or the fly had flopped the tail into the trout's mouth, or the tail had flopped the fly into the trout's mouth, or the fly had flopped its tail into its own mouth, or if the flop had flipped its head into the trout's mouth, or the trout had flopped its head into the fly's mouth, or, or—well, come up to the Middle Dam next summer and we will explain more fully.

O'VENECH.

MOON-STROCK FISH.—We have received and pondered over the following singular letter from a well-known sea-faring man who just barely missed shipping on the self-same craft with the historical "Ancient Mariner."

MR. EDITOR: The FOREST AND STREAM, I see, can explain almost everything, and now I should like to find out the why and wherefore of a fact which has struck me as very singular. Any sea-faring man will tell you that fish left in the moonshine is not fit to eat—that is, dead fish, just caught, left lying on deck or in a boat, or on the beach, or anywhere where the moon can shine upon them, get affected somehow, so that when eaten they make one feel very queer. I never heard of anybody dying from such poisoning, but there certainly is something in it, and I can get plenty of men who, like myself, have been to sea, and therefore naturally know more than those who stay ashore. The moonshine seems to affect all sorts of fish. Weather has nothing to do with it, for, as you say, moonlight in water is just as affecting as a scorching summer. The moon isn't tainted, but just poisoned; and if you don't believe what I know to be a fact, it's only because you don't know. However, all I want now is to know why this thing should be, and would be obliged if your book-learning would clear it up.

SEA.

We have often heard the assertions repeated which our correspondents make here; for we ourselves have served a three months' apprenticeship as a fisherman, having embarked in June, 1860, on the good schooner *Champion*, of Newburyport, Mass., and returned in September with a full fare of codfish, mackerel, and herring. Over Sunday dinners of plum duff, and appetizing kids of jo-loggers and lobsterhouse, we have heard the stories of mackerel which laid on deck and rotted in the moonlight, and of phosphorescent emanations from their bodies which drifted about the yard-arms and burnt blue in the binnacle, until the man on watch yelled to call "all hands up," as Tophet was just in sight. But we never have seen these weird effects of moonshine, nor have we perceived any suggestive fish-like smell at any time, though the odor of oil, gurry, and pickle, was always with us. Why such an opinion should prevail with substantial basis is what we wish to know. Have not popular assertions come to be accepted as popular facts? Is the belief founded on proof, or is it not, itself, all moonshine? In vain we have attempted to fathom the question. The log of imagination reels off knots faster than we can pay out the lead-line, and there is no way to stop headway except to scuttle the craft and let the mystery go to the bottom! We have consulted all marine authorities, and referred the question to our scientific men, in vain. All, save one, have given us no satisfaction. What that one says we append. It seems that words of wisdom are contained in his rejoinder, although he disclaims that his life associations have been such as to bring him much in contact with moon-struck fish. The burden of his argument is that the asserted fact should first be proven before an explanation is demanded:

SEVENTH ANTI-SLAVERY INSTITUTION.

WILMINGTON, D. C., Jan. 6, 1879.

MR. EDITOR: I return herewith the letter of your friend of the inquiring mind. I can only say that it seems to me desirable that the fact asserted should be proved true before any explanation of its reason is attempted. Personally, I very much doubt whether mackerel rot faster in the moonlight than in the sunshine, though I have for many

years been familiar with the popular prejudice, and have supposed it to be equally worthy of credence with the popular theory that beef taken from cattle killed during the waning of the moon "will shrink in the pot," or that the sailor always dies when the tide is ebbing. If there be any truth in the theory of your friend, it may easily be proved by a simple experiment, such as putting two mackerel on the same roof, one of them being protected from the rays of the moon. The only other requirement would be the co-operation of true lovers of truth who would test the two fish cooked in the same manner. I am always glad to aid you with any information in my possession, but this surject is rather out of my line.

G. BROWN GOOD.

Are our Cape Anners and Down East fishermen willing to let this matter rest in this indefinite shape?—E. F. and S.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Dover, Jan. 11.—Fishermen at Great Bay, situated five miles from here, report good catches of smelts; also the usual quantity of eels are being taken from our river through the ice. A few good strings of pickerel have been brought in, mostly taken some distance here, as the ponds are about fished out, being fished so much.

MOVEMENTS OF THE FISHING FLEET.—The number of fishing arrivals reported at this port the past week has been five—one from Grand Menan and one from Eastport with herring, and one from the Banks with 6,000 lbs. halibut; two other Bankers arrived home yesterday, having just disposed of their fares in Boston.—Cape Ann Advertiser, Jan. 10.

FLORIDA.—Fishermen who visit the Halifax River this season will find boarding accommodations at the cottage of Bartolo Pacetti, whose name signifies that he knows how to handle the hook and line.

Rational Pastimes.

MADAME ANDERSON'S WALK.

LAST Monday evening Madame Anderson, the English pedestrian, brought to a successful completion her task of walking 2,700 quarter-miles in 2,700 consecutive quarter-hours, commencing each quarter-mile within three minutes of the beginning of each quarter-hour.

Madame Anderson is of German and English descent, is thirty-six years old, stoutly built, five feet one inch in height, and weighed at the beginning of her task 140 pounds. Her history is a checked one. At first a contralto singer, she became successively a variety actress, a circus clown and a managress, finally evolving into a pedestrian. In September, 1877, she walked 1,000 half-miles in 1,000 half-hours; shortly afterward she accomplished 1,350 miles in 1,350 hours, making 14 miles at the commencement of each hour. In an attempt to walk 100 miles in 23 hours, in a circus ring of 40 laps to the mile, she fainted on the completion of the 87th mile. Again she walked 1,500 miles in 1,500 hours, 14 miles at the commencement of each hour. The last feat before the one just finished was doing 2,633 quarter-miles in 2,633 quarter-hours.

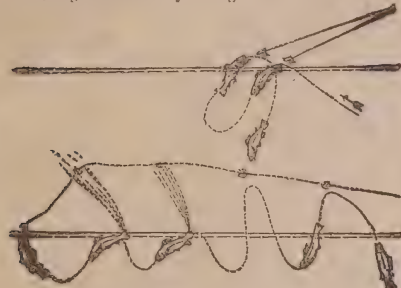
The Mozart Garden course measured seven laps to the quarter-mile. Madame Anderson began her walk on the 10th of last December, and has persevered in her terrible task with wonderful courage and perseverance. Again and again it seemed to her physicians and friends a physical impossibility that she could go on. It was not the walking, but the lack of sleep from which she suffered. The aggregate of sleep for the whole twenty-four hours averaged only about two and one-half hours, and even this was taken in snatches of a few minutes. This struggle against nature was a severe one and very painful to witness. Her attendants had the strictest orders never to yield to her when she was overcome by sleep. They never did yield, though at times nature asserted itself even stronger than her will, and she resisted all their efforts to place her on the track. The feat was made while Madame Anderson was fast asleep, an attendant walking with her and guiding her lagging, slow-moving footsteps.

The sleepy times were periodical; the walker would recover from them to speed around the track in a style that sorely taxed the most plucky of her attendants. The varied accents of the singer and the actress here came in good play. Stepping on the stage, Madame Anderson would sing a song or make a speech, which the audiences never failed to receive with the greatest enthusiasm.

One noticeable feature of the exhibition was the character of the audience. Beginning her walk without attracting very much attention, people were generally incredulous. As time went on she became the subject of very wide and marked attention, and the character of the audience which thronged to see her was such as any one might be proud of, and was in every way marked contrast to the O'Leary-Campans gatherings. Indeed the ladies vied in showing her attention. Flowers and presents of all descriptions poured in upon her. But all the good will and respect which she has succeeded in inspiring are due solely to Madame Anderson herself. The whole undertaking has been conducted with a frankness, evident honesty and unassuming self-confidence worthy of a better cause.

At 8 o'clock Monday evening the Garden was packed with a tremendous jam, and as many more people were gathered outside clamoring for admission. Madame Anderson's course around the ring was then a triumphal procession amid the wildest cheers and shouts of the enthusiastic spectators. After finishing the 2,693rd quarter-mile she ascended the red carpet to the stage and sang "Nil Desperandum," one of her favorite songs. After finishing her speech and song she returned to the track and made the 2,699th quarter-mile in 3m. 12s.

The final performance was a scene worthy of an artist. Amid one continuous and deafening yell from thousands of human throats, Mrs. Anderson sped around the track, making the first lap in 16 seconds, the second and third in 17 seconds each, the fourth in 20 seconds, the fifth in 23 seconds, the sixth in 31 seconds, and the seventh and last in 28 seconds—the whole quarter in 2m. 37s., the fastest time during the whole walk. Then came a speech, and the plucky woman was driven off to Turkish baths, sleep, and the satisfaction of knowing that she had performed the most remarkable pedestrian feat ever recorded of a woman.



face, directly underneath the miller, throwing out his tail with a sharp jerk for the purpose of splashing the insect with water, which, of course, wets his wings and brings him down where the fish snaps him up at his leisure. I have seen trout make two and three successive shots in this manner before bringing down his game. I have seen them catch insects in this way that were flying eighteen inches above the water.

Now, as most artificial flies (especially hackles) are made to represent buzzing insects, it is very evident that trout often think they are above the surface, and instead of seizing the fly in their mouth, endeavor to throw water with their tails to bring it down. The motion of an artificial fly being unsteady, they sometimes break water just behind it. The other figure shows the manoeuvre I have seen trout make when about to strike an artificial fly. The one who did not understand the trick it would seem to strike the fly with its tail—which I do not doubt they sometimes happen to do. If the gentlemen will carefully observe the motions of a trout while hunting flies in a still time they will see why it appears to strike at a fly with its tail, and my word for it, their respect for the little beauties will be increased.

B. BISHOP.

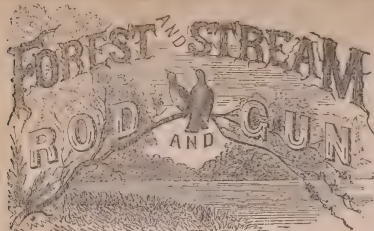
OMAHA.—Nebraska, Dec. 30.—Well, what next? I have been an interested reader of the great variety of communications from the genial quills of your sporting correspondents upon all the varied subjects begotten by the manly sports with rod and gun, such as the "Drumming of the Ruffed Grouse," "Quails withholding their Secret," etc., etc., but I am sure that the trout flopping the fly with its tail is the champion of them all. The fellow who started this discussion is entitled to a monument in some way expressive of a sentiment of originality, and if any one will start a subscription list, "Bob White" will not withhold his cent from the enterprise. Until I emigrated to this delightful region of the sportsman's paradise some years ago my favorite sport was trout fishing with the fly in New western Vermont and Northeastern New York. But in Nebraska my Waltonian pastime is confined to bass, *micropterus salmoides*, with both fly and spoon; pike, *esocus lucius*, commonly called pickerel, and pike-perch, *Squalius*, or wall-eyed pike. The same swirl is noticeable with the bass in taking the fly as with the trout, the only difference being that the trout is more active. He comes to the fly with greater velocity (if I may use that term in this sense) from the bottom upward, and as quickly returns to the bottom again, hence the angle he describes is more acute, and making the turn the tail is brought into action necessarily somewhat as described in the cut in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 19. I have seen a trout in its eagerness jump clear of the water and pass over the fly. Indeed, I have taken hundreds of them, yes, thousands of all sizes from that of a finger's length to a three-pounder, under all the varied circumstances known to fly fishing. Yes, I have caught them, by the tail, and by hooking them in various parts of the body and head, but I have never as yet been expert enough to see one flip a fly into its mouth with its tail. If our piscatorial friends, Van Sickle and his confreres will observe the slower motion of any fish in the act of turning about they will not fail to observe the same movement of the tail toward the head when there is nothing to flip into its mouth. The tail of the fish is its rudder to guide it and steer in any direction, and controls all its movements with amazing facility.

BON WHITE.

ROSAVERKE, W. Va., Jan. 8, 1879.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

In discussing the grave question as to whether a trout knocks a fly into his mouth with his tail or simply seizes it with his mouth in the orthodox way, it seems to me that you will have trouble in deciding as to which side that you will have to be merely of the negative character unless the witness should be speaking of the same particular trout. One man says he has seen trout play cricket and catch themselves up; others say they have not seen any such game played. In considering the point, therefore, I conceived that the



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DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INDOLENT LIFE OF MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1879.

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OUR WORK.

ARE WE FULFILLING OUR MISSION?

IN the prospectus of FOREST AND STREAM, issued in August, 1873, this proposition was enunciated: "A practical knowledge of Natural History must of necessity underlie all attainments which combine to make a thorough sportsman," and one of the professed objects of this journal is the "inculcation in men and women of a healthy interest in out-door recreation and study." After so long an existence as five and a half years it is certainly fair to inquire whether FOREST AND STREAM has fulfilled its aim in this regard; whether it has encouraged in its readers a love for Nature and the study of Nature; whether it has striven to teach them to observe and to report their observations with some degree of accuracy; whether it has been able to set before them the facts of science in an attractive light—to clothe with ruddy flesh the dry bones of technical detail?

If we have not done this, it has certainly not been from any lack of material to work upon. Questions of very great interest have frequently presented themselves in our columns, which we have dealt with more or less fully, not hesitating to apply for aid on intricate points to the most eminent specialists in the various departments of science in this country and Europe. We have faithfully endeavored to set before our readers the importance of making careful and continued observations of the various phenomena of nature, and have exhorted them to take full notes, so that nothing which comes under their eyes may be lost. We have reason to believe that, in many cases, our advice has been gladly received and acted upon.

Opportunities for a study of Nature, and for observation, occur almost constantly, and every intelligent man, who passes any time in the open air, often has his attention drawn to some interesting point which is new to him, and which he would be glad to be able to explain. It is too often the case, however, that lack of time and the want of knowledge of how to go to work at the subject deter the amateur from following up his point and getting at the true facts in the case. Often, too, from an idea that it is impossible to learn much about nature without making science a profession, the observer lets pass, without noting them, interesting matters, which, if brought to the attention of trained naturalists, might lead to important results.

All this is wrong. At the present day no naturalist, be his attainments what they may, can hope to cover the whole ground, or to be acquainted with all the phenomena of

biology. It has been well said that he is not far from knowledge who knows where knowledge can be found, and the student of to-day who has his attention called to a fact out side of his special department, turns to the literature of the subject, and there finds out what is known about it. It has been our effort, therefore, to point out to inquirers the standard works on the subject which may have been brought forward, so that each one might, so far as possible, investigate for himself. We have always tried to impress upon our readers the importance of at once putting in writing all observations, so that if new, or of interest, they can be presented to other workers in the field, and attention can thus be called to novel points.

Every intelligent man, we care not how unlettered he may be, has it in his power to contribute some addition to our present knowledge of the mysteries of Nature. Each one, if he will but make the most of his opportunities, can observe and report facts which will be of use; for it must be remembered that in science, as in other matters, it is the little things that count, and the sum of observations, each one of which by itself may be apparently unimportant, may form a basis from which some general principle can be formulated.

The Natural History columns of FOREST AND STREAM are always open to observers, and we take great pleasure in saying that they have been freely used by some thousands of our readers, who have either had something to communicate or some question to ask. It is imperatively necessary that there should be some medium through which the general public may hold communication with the strictly scientific, and we have endeavored to furnish such a medium. From the congratulatory letters which we frequently receive we are led to believe that not a few of our friends look upon our course with favor and approval, and we are thus encouraged to persevere in our efforts.

If we have failed in our attempts to render our Natural History Department a prominent feature of this journal it has not been for the want of able assistance and valuable contributions from the first scientific men in all countries. Without mentioning the great army of less distinguished writers we may point with pride and satisfaction to such names as Baird, Marsh, Cones, Gill, Allan, Grote, Yarrow, Jordan, and Eaton, which appear on the list of our scientific correspondents.

We desire to make FOREST AND STREAM something more than a mere "sporting paper," something better than a weekly record of hunts, shooting matches and dog shows. It should occupy a higher plane than this. It has been our aim from the first to make it an educator, and to this work we have given thought, labor and time. Have we succeeded?

Are we fulfilling our mission?

THE SHARPIE.

THE "sharpie" is a boat of peculiar and eminently practical construction, known, curiously enough, only to a few miles of coast along the Connecticut shore and to a few such other ports where some enterprising individual has had the good sense to import and popularize this style of craft. The sharpie may be said to combine in her form those peculiarities for which the sloop is famous, but to a greater degree even than in the very best among her prototype and at the same time possesses certain other qualities to which the sloop can lay no claim. Length for length, or, better still, size for size the sharpie is perhaps in most respects a better boat than the common light-draft sloop. She is fully as weathery in smooth water, quite as fast, if not faster, on the wind, while with sheets checked her speed is reported as something astonishing. She is a comfortable, roomy, and, above all things, a safe craft in lumpy water. In this latter respect the sharpie must be considered as ahead of the shallow sloop, for owing to her lightness and extreme buoyancy she is a dry boat in the same sense as a life boat, and the records of little open sharpies riding out heavy weather will substantiate all we say so far as their safety, dryness and ease at sea are concerned. Moreover, they are not as liable to "broach-to," which, in light draft centreboards, is always the most imminent peril to which they are exposed in rough water. The sharpie's comparative exemption from this danger is to be found in the fact that she draws no water forward or aft, and has a considerable crown or round up to her bottom at each end, with hardly any flat to her section lines, and her great buoyancy is against her dipping her nose into a leading sea, and having her stern thrown round in consequence of being taken a little on the quarter. The sloop, on the contrary, being cut away fine and nearly on an even keel, with a rounded bilge, is at all times liable to play pranks with the man at the tiller, and if suddenly brought "by" may turn turtle and spill her crew. The deeper this class of craft is made, the more hold they are given in the water, the safer they become. If we prefer the sharpie build for vessels of small size it must not be inferred that this predilection is irreconcilable with our advocacy of the deep cutter for sea cruising, for, however safe, dry or easy the sharpie may be there can be no question but what for regular outside work the narrow cutter would carry off the palm over any light-draft boat, more particularly in turning to windward in lumpy water or when driven hard, owing to her momentum, easy form and low canvas then coming into play.

But for all purposes to which a small boat is likely to be put, for shoal water, creeks, inlets and bays, for sportsmen, fishing and short cruising, the sharpie may be accepted as equal to the light-draft sloop, with, it should be added, one

drawback and one advantage. Though pretty to look at from afar, when close aboard they seem a little too much on the square for eyes accustomed to delight in the gentle curve of the topside, the handsome hollow timber forward, and the sharper round of the quarter aft. But custom goes a great ways and fitness will cover up a multitude of sins against the laws of beauty, which are after all more or less empirical in their origin. As the cutter man sees no beauty in the "chubby, squatty sloop" and the sloop man finds naught to admire in the "wall-sided, half-sunk cutter" may not at some future day the sharpie, with her graceful sheer, clear run, hollow waterlines and admirable adaptability to the needs of a large portion of the community be viewed with more favor than at present? No doubt but that she will, for there is one element in this Fair Haven ship that is especially in accord with the times and appeals to the sympathies of the many; her cost is one-half that of the round timbered type.

Though the orthodox sharpie is narrow and rigged with comparatively small sail, distributed as leg-of-muttons on two spars; the more extensive use of this boat by yachtsmen will no doubt lead to a gradual change toward the sloop's beam and her rig, or that of the schooner. Just here let us enforce the reminder that the great speed and handiness, as well as safety from capsizing, so far as the latter quality can be incorporated in any shallow boat, arise, paradoxical as it may seem, from the very fact of narrow beam. No one will dispute the superiority of a small, light, narrow form on the score of "resistance," for in such a model both skin and wave-making resistance are less than in its opposite; it is obviously easier to drive such a form through the water with sheets free than something approaching more to the bluff and beamy, in which perhaps over 50 per cent. more skin is exposed and which commences to make waves at a lower speed. For this reason the sharpie requires less canvas and is a gainer in cost and handiness by just that much with the wind anywhere from four points around the rest of the half circle. On the water a rather large board should make up for her lack of draft, while her freeboard will enable her to carry a sail area which will be found sufficient, and should the leg of mutton be retained will send the boat closer in the wind's eye than any other. With an increase in size, however, a different rig must supplant the pretty oriental style lest the masts become too long and springy. For "sharpie waters" there is perhaps nothing as handy as the sloop to which the Chinese bamboo system may with advantage be applied. The use of the gaff does away with the excessive length of mast and carries down the centre of effort, and the celestial adjuncts will keep things flat and render shortening single-handed an operation easy enough to execute.

The elements, then, which contribute to a successful sharpie are: extreme buoyancy and light draft, moderate beam, fair round to her bottom, ample freeboard, large centreboard, fine lines forward, easy rise to floor aft, flare to sides, pretty full on deck all around, no skag aft, and flat setting sails.

These general remarks we propose to follow with more specific information of our own and of our correspondents, one of whom has furnished us with the description of a large schooner-rigged sharpie of which we may hear more this coming season.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]
TERRAPIN.

HOW AND WHERE THEY ARE CAUGHT—"DIAMOND BACKS" OF THE CHESAPEAKE BAY AND ITS TRIBUTARIES—AN EPICURIAN DISH.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 23, 1878.

The cold winds and nipping frosts of November which bring the savory canvas back to our section, open the season for terrapin also, and all along the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries, in the shallow water beneath the lily-pads, among the roots of sweet flag and rushes, where the terrapins hibernate, they are sought more for profit than for pleasure, and quick sale awaits their arrival in the markets of Washington and Baltimore. There may be ducks in the creeks, and the "honk" of the wild goose may be heard in the waters beyond, but the terrapin hunter pays no attention to them so long as he can take the diamond back (*Emys terrapin*, which we read of in "Holbrook's North American Herpetology," but since more properly named by Prof. Cope *Malacodermis palustris*) from their winter abode beneath the mud, where they go at the beginning of cold weather to await the return of spring, when their torpid condition ends, and they resume the active duties of life. I have written of the juicy canvas back and other toothsome wild fowl of many varieties on these waters; the palatable sheephead, always grateful to appetite; the dainty Spanish mackerel, a welcome dish to every epicurean philosopher; the delicious cygnet and necessary accompaniment, a bottle of good old port; and now the succulent terrapin, its haunts and habits, shall be my theme.

Naturalists seemed to have slighted our favorite diamond back, and I have been able to find but little of its natural history. They have not given the same attention to it that they have to some other members of the *Emys* family. Away back in Schoeff, who observed it in this country during the Revolutionary war, he being surgeon to a German regiment, I find a very correct plate of the animal, and another in "Holbrook's North American Herpetology," but both have meagre descriptions. Other works on natural history are wanting in their accounts, most authors treating

the terrapin in a general manner with the whole turtle family rather than as a distinct species.

A prime specimen, suitable for the table, should measure about 6½ or 7 inches along the plastron or the lower shell. The females only attain this size, and are therefore the most desirable, a female, or "cow" terrapin, as they are called by dealers, measuring such length, is what is termed a "full count" in the trade, that is, twelve of them count a dozen. Those measuring five or six inches along the lower shell are termed "heifers," and in trade count two for one, or three for two, so that very often 18 or 24 are given for a dozen, according to size and weight.

The females never exceed nine inches in length, and one of that size is seldom caught, a terrapin measuring nine inches will weigh six or eight pounds, and one measuring six inches about three pounds before cooking. The males or "bulls" have scarcely any marketable value. They are very small, rarely measuring over three or four inches, and under the new law of Maryland cannot be sold if they measure less than five inches; neither can the heifers be sold when under that measurement. This law enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland at the last session prohibits any one from taking or catching diamond back terrapins from the waters of the State between the 1st day of April and 1st day of November in each year, and that no diamond back terrapin of less size than five inches in length upon the bottom shell shall be taken at any time. The fine for a violation of this law is not less than \$5 or more than \$10 for each terrapin, one-half going to the informer, and possession of the terrapin to be deemed *prima facie* evidence of the violation of the law.

To give the many readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM* a full and readable account of the terrapin trade, how and where they are caught, etc., I visited Baltimore, in which city terrapin *a la Marylande* is a dish as old as the city itself. I was taken in charge by Mr. Robert Rennett, the proprietor of the Rennett House on Fayette street, and soon found myself in his cellar among diamond backs fresh from the Eastern Shore of the Bay, Choptank River, St. Michaels and other Maryland waters, where they are numerous. First, he explained the noticeable marks of difference between a superior and inferior terrapin; for the genuine diamond back is different from the James River or "Slider" specimen, commonly known as "red belly," and some other species which resemble it closely, but do not compare to it in flavor the former having a rough under shell of a dark mud color, while the under shell of the latter is as smooth as glass and has a red tinge resembling that of the common land tortoise. We next visited dealers in this product of the Chesapeake Bay and its adjacent waters; for there are men in Baltimore who make their living during the winter in this trade, buying them from oyster pungies and other vessels arriving at Baltimore daily, and disposing of them not only in Baltimore, but forwarding them to Philadelphia and New York.

"To what extent do you trade in them?" I inquired of one dealer.

"Why, sir, I have sold as many as 1,000 terrapins here in Baltimore in three days. True, many of them were small, but the small ones are cheaper, and many society people giving parties will have stewed terrapin on the bill, but they do not buy the most expensive ones. The large ones we sell to the first-class restaurants, because they have their reputation to maintain, and will not serve inferior terrapin." In further reply to my questions the dealer responded as follows: "For twenty-five years I have been catching and selling them. When I first commenced, if we received six or eight dollars a dozen for full counts, we were doing well; now we get from \$20 to \$24 a dozen without trouble, but the terrapin are not as plentiful now as then." An old fisherman, who had devoted many years of his life to catching terrapin was so impressed with their value that he declared to me, "They are money, sir, they are money. If I had that boat full of terrapin (pointing to a puny near he wharf), I would never want any more money."

HOW THEY ARE CAUGHT.

Various methods of capturing them are employed, and many of the old negroes residing near the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries, especially on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, are experts in the manipulation of drags, rakes, and tongs by which the terrapin is brought from his winter home in the mud. All along the southern coast the fishermen capture them, but the Chesapeake Bay terrapin seems to have the greatest commercial value. I suppose for the reason that they are shipped to the markets of Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, immediately after being caught, and are therefore in prime condition. Those caught further south, on the South Carolina, Florida and Gulf coasts, are sold in the Southern markets. The experiment has been tried in that section of penning the terrapins caught until a sufficient number to ship north could be procured. The pen covering an area of some two or three acres, in a creak of shallow water, was composed of stakes driven in the mud, and the terrapins as fast as caught were put in the inclosure, where they were fed daily with fish, bits of meat and other things suited to their taste. Although the best of care was taken of them, it was soon discovered that the impounded animal became poor, and its flavor, when served at the table, did not compare with those taken at large, and served within a few days thereafter without being impounded. A fact easily explained when we consider that the imprisoned terrapin had not the same choice of food as the one at large;

neither had it the same exercise, and, besides, the worry of imprisonment and constant effort to get out of the inclosure caused the females to drop their eggs prematurely, and lose flesh as well as flavor.

One device for their capture consists of a drag net arrangement, which scrapes off the mud, allowing it to pass through the meshes of the net, but retaining the terrapin, and crabs too, many of which are scraped out of the mud at the same time. In places where they are closely bedded three or four are often caught at one time in this manner. Another method employed is by sounding for them beneath the mud with a sharpened stick, and upon striking one to rake it up with the tongs. Old fishermen say they can locate them by the bubbles which arise from their nostrils at intervals.

When raked out of their hibernating place they are of course covered with black mud, but they require little or no care; usually they are tossed into a barrel, and the fishermen claim that they thrive better this way than if scattered over the hold of a vessel or floor of a cellar. In case of bitter cold weather they are covered with straw to prevent them from freezing.

Terrapin deposit their eggs in the sand on the beach in June, and generally after rain, for the reason that the sand being moist they can make the hole without the danger of the sides falling in. The hole is always made beyond the reach of the tide, and at night, when from twelve to twenty-four eggs are deposited in the nest, and left for the sun to hatch. The young ones are soon able to care for themselves, and seek the water shortly after they are brought to life. The animal is exceedingly timid, hiding itself upon the least alarm. It is a rapid swimmer, and, unlike other members of its tribe, makes good progress over land, though they rarely leave the water, except to deposit their eggs. They can be easily tracked in early morning from the water to the point where they deposit their eggs, and their nests are often robbed not only by man but by various animals.

The eggs found in the female are always served with the terrapin, but in the winter they are, of course, much smaller than in summer when they are deposited in the sand. In a full grown female the eggs now are not as large as marbles. They are of a golden yellow, and exceedingly rich. As the time approaches for dropping them they increase in size and are covered with a pliant, parchment-like shell.

When the terrapin first seek winter quarters in the mud, they are in prime condition, and do not become poor until nearly time for them to deposit their eggs in spring. In this respect they resemble the fish creation, growing poor and losing flavor as the eggs ripen, and the time for their deposit approaches. A salmon, for instance, is unfit for table use when filled with ripe eggs, and so with a terrapin; but after attending to the duty of propagating their species they soon fatten again.

The proper cooking of a terrapin is a matter of great importance, and when served upon a chafing-dish with the rich eggs, it presents a most tempting appearance.

"Cannot the terrapin be dressed nearly ready for table, and then shipped abroad?" I inquired of Rennett. "Oh, yes," he replied, "I have frequently sent them partly cooked in cans to New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and even to Europe. This may be done in very cold weather, but care must be taken in preparing the meat and canning it. I prefer to send them alive, however, and have shipped them to England and France to customers of mine temporarily sojourning in those countries."

In olden times terrapin were roasted in hot embers, and served with butter, pepper, salt and other seasoning, to taste. The old Marylanders always enjoyed the tempting dish, and all along the Eastern shore the colored people delight to tell of the festive occasions when roast terrapin was an attractive dish upon "old massa's" table. Now they are served in a more artistic style, and the cook who has had experience in serving terrapin is master of his profession. It would be useless for me to give the formal recipes for serving them, though Rennett gave them to me—French, English, and various other styles he mentioned, but *terrapin a la Marylande* is the favorite. To him I am indebted for much of the information in this letter. His long experience in serving them and his acquaintance with the dealers has made him quite a naturalist so far as terrapin are concerned, and there is nothing about the animal, its habits, or manner of serving it when captured, that he is not familiar with.

Mr. Crosby S. Noyes, the veteran editor of the *Washington Star*, has returned from Europe, where he has been traveling since June last. Being a close observer and interesting writer, his letters were of the most readable character, and for months have been an attractive feature of the *Star*, the oldest and ablest newspaper of Washington. R. F. B.

A DASTARDLY PRACTICE.

NOW that the Governor in his message has made allusion to, and some very sensible suggestions regarding, the game laws it may be an appropriate occasion on which to call the attention of the committee who may be appointed to take charge of the matter to a most outrageous practice which has been, if not initiated, at least carried out in the waters of Shinnecock Bay during this last fall. As is well known this bay is a favorite feeding ground for migratory ducks, and until the waters are frozen and the great body of ducks driven

out, it affords not only much sport for amateurs, but a good living for the many professional gunners who live along its shores. But it so happens that many of the descendants of the man who killed the goose that laid the golden eggs also lived in the same vicinity, and one of the number having found an unfortunate broadbill strangled in the meshes of a fish net it immediately occurred to him that by setting his net horizontally between the bottom and the surface on the feeding grounds he might capture more of them. His venture was so successful that all of his connections immediately followed his example, to such an extent that in a short time duck could not live for his food without being entangled in a net. 1,000 was not an uncommon number for them to take out in a single night; but this was nothing compared with the numbers that were driven out of the bay, and a correspondent writes that he has seen 20,000 ducks go out in one day after a big haul. By the middle of December there were at least 1,000 nets set for the purpose of catching ducks. The law already provides against taking ducks in nets, but these are set ostensibly for fish, and that is the way the perpetrators crawl out of it. If a law was passed prohibiting the setting of nets in Shinnecock Bay from October 1 until May 1 there might still be some shooting there, otherwise there will not be; and we sincerely trust that during the present session of the Legislature something may be done.

GAME PROTECTION.

HOUNDING DEER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.—From a private letter written by Mr. Chas. Fenton, of Number Four, we are permitted to make the following extracts. The destruction of deer in the Adirondacks is a subject well worthy of constant and repeated presentation to public notice until the abuses shall be rectified.

Mr. Hayt asserts that I boast of killing two thousand deer. This is a false statement, and in reply to the question of how many deer I have killed, I have stated that I have killed about one thousand in my life-time, which is very near the fact, as it would probably not vary fifty from that number. As the deer question has been freely discussed since my letter to the *Herald*, and as one would get the idea from Mr. Hayt's letter that a great many deer were slaughtered annually by still-hunting, I have taken the pains to ascertain the facts in the case. I know that in this town no more than thirty deer altogether are killed in this way. The town of Diana, in Lewis Co., always has been one of the best still-hunters in Diana average four and a half deer during the season. There can be no objection to parties of sportsmen going into the woods late in the season, and by the use of hounds killing a few deer. Such parties do not usually kill many. But this mode of hunting requires no skill except to know how to row a boat, every one who lives in or near the woods have taken to hunting in this way, and I have known boys twelve or thirteen years old who have killed twelve or fifteen deer the past fall.

Fifty deer have been killed at Smith's Lake the past fall by driving the deer into the water, and at another lake upward of a hundred have been killed in this way. At this time I saw a rack for jerking venison, which was being made eighty feet in length and capable of holding the flesh of twenty-five deer at a time. This man was one of a party who had twenty-five dogs. I had an interview with a most reliable guide whose business called him on a tour through the lakes during October, and he thinks my statement in the *Utica Herald* no exaggeration, but if anything underestimated. I will not pretend to say whether hunting deer with dogs is sportsmanlike or not, but I do know that in a country abounding in lakes, as is the Adirondacks, it is extremely destructive to deer. I have observed this mode of hunting rapidly on the increase, until it has attained gigantic proportions and threatens the speedy extermination of the deer in our great wilderness, and occupying the position I do, with a full knowledge of all the facts, I deem it a duty to sound the alarm ere it is too late, and I shall continue to sound it.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The annual meeting of the Northwestern Pennsylvania Game and Fish Association was held at the office of Colonel E. P. Gould, Easton, Pa., last Thursday. The following officers were elected for the year 1879: President, Hon. Wm. L. Scott; Vice President, Colonel John S. Riddle; Secretary and Attorney, Clark Olds; Treasurer, Col. E. P. Gould; Board of Directors, Wm. L. Scott, W. W. Reed, Henry Souther, John B. Riddle, W. W. Derby. All the members of the association are very enthusiastic in the protection and propagation of game and fish, and if the citizens of Erie will give the association the necessary assistance, it proposes to propagate muscalonge and other game fish artificially.

TENNESSEE.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I have been very much pleased to see in the columns of your valuable paper that there is at last an effort making toward fish protection in this State. No one not a resident can fully appreciate how much such a move is needed and how much good it can accomplish. In regard to this section of the State especially it is easy to give proofs of how much harm has been allowed to result from the lack of suitable laws properly administered. We have in this county several streams, tributaries of the Tennessee River, from which, not five years ago, the most unsentient angler, provided with the roughest tackle, was sure of taking large strings of bass, pike-perch, bream, black and other varieties of perch. Now in these streams, after the most faithful fishing, it is rare that one secures anything at all approaching a good catch. In the language of the lamented E. Ward, "Why is this?" The answer is very easy. The mouth of every one of these streams in the months of March and April, when all of our game fish are seeking their spawning beds, are simply full of wing nets, trot lines, fish-baskets and other devices of that persuasion, whom I believe to hate the disciples of gentle Isaac Walton fully as much as he is said to detect holy water. Besides, near the head-waters on the very spawning beds themselves, you will find the industrious native with his three-foot gaff, assiduously sticking it into the back of every unlucky specimen of the kingdom of fishes that chances to show itself. Now, is it any wonder that our waters no longer richly reward the patient angler's care? And what encouragement is there to attempt to re-stock our depleted streams when such a

J. H. Jones, of the 13th Regiment, were elected, with Col. H. G. Litchfield, of Gen. Hancock's staff, to fill vacancy.

The election of officers by the Directors resulted in the choice of N. P. Stanton as President, G. W. Wingate as Vice-President, D. W. Judd as Treasurer, and Col. H. A. Gildersleeve, Gen. Alex. Shaler and Geo. S. Schermehorn, Jr., as members of the Executive Committee.

Secretary Schermehorn, who declined a re-election to the post, reported as follows on the work of the Association for the past year:

New York, January 14, 1879.

My President and Gentlemen of the National Rifle Association of America:

The seventh annual report of the Secretary embraces the year.

Immediately upon the adjournment of the sixth annual meeting of the Association on Tuesday, January 8, 1878, the Board of Directors assembled in special session for the purpose of organization for the year then opening. At this meeting there were present Messrs. Stanton, Wingate, Wylie, Schermehorn, Scott, Story, Holland, Beebe, Fulton, Woodward, Casey and Waters. The election of officers was at once proceeded, and resulted as follows: Hon. N. P. Stanton, President; Gen. Geo. W. Wingate, Vice-President; Geo. S. Schermehorn, Jr., Secretary; Gen. Dan' D. Wylie, Treasurer, and for members of the Executive Committee, in addition to the officers above-named, Hon. Hy. A. Gildersleeve, Gen. Alex. Shaler and Hon. David W. Judd.

At the October meeting Gen. Geo. W. Wingate, who had held the position of director by election, and was also director *ex-officio*, resigned his elected directorship. At the regular meeting of the Board, held January 7, Mr. John F. Waters presented his resignation, stating his inability to attend to the duties of his position, and the Board reluctantly accepted it.

The directors retiring from office by reason of expiration of term at this time (January 14, 1879) are: Gen. Geo. W. Wingate (resigned as above), Gen. Ira L. Beebe, Captain William E. Casey, Geo. Schermehorn, Jr., and Col. John Bodine, elected January, 1878, for one year, unexpired term. There are, therefore, six vacancies to be filled at this time, viz., five vacancies for full term, and one full unexpired term of two years of Mr. J. P. Waters.

The term for which General J. F. Rathbone was elected an honorary director expired on the 6th April last.

Hon. Thos. G. Alvord was elected an honorary director for three years on February 6, 1878.

General Ronald S. Mackenzie, United States Army, was elected an honorary director for three years April 2, 1878; Major Morcan Morris, M. D. Surgeon N. R. A., was elected an honorary director for three years June 4, 1878; and on September 3, 1878, the Board of Directors, in recognition of the liberality of Hon. Henry Milton, in presenting to the Association the first prize in the International Military Match, valued at \$3,000, elected Judge Hilton an honorary director for life.

For the first time in the history of the Association it becomes the duty of the Secretary to report the action taken in reference to the death of a director while holding office. Shortly after the regular meeting of the Board of Directors, in May last, information having been received of the death of Major Gen. Dakin, a special meeting was held on the 14th May, and upon the appearance of a quorum the President announced the object of the meeting, and for the purpose of taking action in reference to the sudden death of Gen. Dakin. Gen. Shaler moved the appointment of a committee of three to draft resolutions expressive of the sentiments of the Board, which was immediately approved, and the chairman appointed as such committee Generals Shaler, Woodward and Wingate. This committee shortly reported the following, through its chairman, who also moved their adoption:

Resolved, An inscrutable Providence has suddenly removed from our midst our esteemed friend and companion, Major General Thomas Spencer Dakin;

Resolved, That in his death this association has lost one of its most valuable friends and supporters, and has been deprived of the companionship of a genial and warm-hearted gentleman, and that we recognize in the career of General Thomas Dakin all that is noble and manly, furnishing an example rarely to be equaled, and that we deem it our duty to confer the distinction to the service of rifle shooting the honor of being recognized throughout the world as a most perfect type of an American rifleman, and as furnishing to the National Guard an incentive to become proficient in the most important part of their duties. As a soldier he was brave and accomplished, esteemed and beloved by the officers and soldiers of his command, respected and admired by the National Guard of the country, and his loss will be keenly and greatly deplored. As a citizen he was upright and sincere in his intercourse, urbane and courteous in his demeanor, and faithful to his friends. In his death society loses one of its highest ornaments;

Resolved, That as a token of respect and esteem for the memory of our departed comrade, the officers and members of this association will attend his funeral in a body, wearing the usual badge of mourning upon the left arm;

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the minutes, and a copy furnished the family of the deceased as an expression of our sincere sympathy for them in their great bereavement.

The motion to adopt the report of the committee was duly seconded, and after some feeling remarks by Judge Gildersleeve and General Wingate, and the reading of a telegram from Hon. D. W. Judd, who was unable to be present, was carried, and the meeting adjourned after arranging to attend the funeral.

In accordance with the resolutions, the Secretary caused a suitably engrossed copy of the resolutions to be duly forwarded to the family of General Dakin. The Irish Rifle Association also adopted a resolution in regard to the death of General Dakin, and forwarded a copy, accompanied by a letter from its honored Secretary, Major Arthur B. Leech, who stated his desire that the resolution adopted by his association might be forwarded to General Dakin's family, which was promptly done.

At the February meeting of the Board the President announced the following standing committees for the year 1878, in addition to the Executive Committee previously given:

Range Committee—General Geo. W. Wingate, chairman; Col. D. Scott, Captain Jos. B. Story.

Finance Committee—Hon. D. W. Judd, chairman; Lieut.-Col. E. H. Sanford, Captain W. C. Casey.

Prize Committee—Col. John Ward, Chairman; Mr. J. P. Waters, Major Jos. Holland.

The annual membership roll has suffered a decrease of

about forty names during the past year. There have been twenty-five life members added to our roll during the same period, of whom twenty-two paid the usual fee, two were won as prizes in the late fall meeting, and one had the honor conferred by vote of the board without expense to him in recognition of great services rendered to the association. Four of our life members have died during the past year, viz: Gen. T. S. Dakin, Col. J. R. Hitchcock, Col. H. Clay Preston, Hon. Wm. Walsh. Fifty-five silver life membership badges have been issued, the numbers running from 71 to 85, both inclusive, and in connection with this subject it is respectfully recommended that the size of these badges be materially reduced, as it is believed that if this was done many who now decline to supply themselves with them, alleging that it is because they are too bulky to wear, would purchase them.

The roll of affiliated organizations has suffered a decrease, one having been only six during the past twelve months, viz: Amateur Rifle Club, N. Y. City; Seventh Regiment Rifle Club, N. Y. City; Massachusetts Rifle Association, Boston, Mass.; New Jersey State Rifle Association, Elizabeth, N. J.; Washington Gray Troop Cavalry, First Division N. G. S. N. Y.; N. Y. City; Columbia Rifle Association, Washington, D. C.

At an adjourned meeting of the Board of Directors, held May 13, a communication from the Adjutant-General, S. N. Y., approving the new regulations which had been submitted to him for approval, in accordance with the law, was read and ordered on file; and at this same meeting the Range Committee reported that, though the range was then practically open for practice, it would be formally declared open on and after April 1, 1878.

At the next regular meeting of Gen. Wylie (the Treasurer), reported that the Long Island Railroad promised to run trains from Hunters Point via L. I. R. at 12 o'clock p. m. and 2 p. m., and via Central Road 8 o'clock p. m. with convenient trains in the forenoon; also that the railroad company would sell excursion tickets between Hunters Point and Creedmoor to members N. R. A. and N. G. S. N. Y. in packages of 100 at 30 cents each. In consequence of this arrangement the Secretary undertook the supply of these tickets in packages of five round-trip tickets to our members, and distributed during the season just past 6,000 of them in this manner.

At the same meeting General Wingate offered the following resolutions, which were adopted, viz:

Resolved, That for the purpose of developing public interest in rifle shooting with military weapons, an International rifle match be announced to take place at the annual fall prize meeting of the Association, to be held at Creedmoor in September next, to be open to teams from each of the States of the Union, the Provinces of Canada, the kingdom and dependencies of Great Britain, and from all other countries, each country having a National Guard or Militia distinct from its regular army to be entitled to send a separate team to represent each.

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed for the purpose of deciding upon the conditions of the match, with authority to confer with foreign rifle men and those of our States.

The committee appointed in accordance with the above were General Wingate, General Wylie, and Mr. J. P. Waters, and this committee shortly afterward prepared a circular letter upon the subject of the match, which was very widely distributed both at home and abroad, and elicited many replies.

The committee reported conditions to govern the match, which were approved by the Board of Directors, and the match duly announced for competition at the fall meeting. Major-General W. S. Hancock, United States Army, commanding the military division of the Atlantic, early took an active interest in the matter, and to his exertions the National Rifle Association owes it that the Hon. H. Hilton, of New York, made his munificent donation of the first prize, valued at \$3,000. The *Army and Navy Journal* provided the silver badge which was presented to the members of the winning team. For particulars in regard to the match, number and competition of teams entered, scores, etc., reference is made to the statistical portion of this report.

It is very generally the opinion that this match so happily inaugurated promises to be one of the most important and interesting competitions in the future history of rifle practice in this country, and in connection with the match for the military championship of the States which was established through the untiring efforts of Lieut.-Col. E. H. Sanford for two years past and completed for at the same meeting, marks a new era in the practice with the military rifle with us, and has exerted such a powerful influence upon rifle men, that it may be said to have neutralized the depressing effect of the absence from Creedmoor of any foreign team of rifle men to compete for the "Palma" in 1878.

Early in the regular meeting of the Board, the following was unanimously approved, viz:

Whereas, It has been the aim and purpose of this Association to foster and encourage the organization of Rifle Clubs and to disseminate information upon all matters connected with rifle shooting; and

Whereas, Very gratifying results of our efforts in that direction are shown by the existence to-day of no less than one hundred of such Clubs and Associations in various parts of the United States; and

Whereas, It is desirable that such organizations should take an active part in all matters connected with the development of this popular amusement, and with questions relating to Inter-State and International matches; and

Whereas, This Association called a Convention of Rifle men two years ago, which Convention, owing to the lack of interest in rifle shooting at that time, was so lightly attended that it was deemed undesirable to take any steps of importance in the direction of extending the span of usefulness of this Association; and

Whereas, The present appears to be a peculiarly opportune time for a convention, such as was called two years ago, therefore be it

Resolved, That the President be, and hereby is, requested and empowered to invite, in the name of this Association, the officers and members of the various Rifle Clubs and Associations throughout the country to assemble in Convention at Creedmoor, or some suitable place in this city, on the occasion of our next Spring Prize Meeting, for the purpose of considering and determining upon all questions which may be presented relating to rifle shooting and rifle matters generally.

Resolved, That all Clubs and Associations intending to be represented in this Convention be requested to notify the Secretary of this Association on or before May 1st, next, stating the number of members upon their roll.

And a circular letter containing a copy of same forwarded

to all known rifle associations or clubs in the U. S. The convention, however, provided for met in the President's quarters upon the range at Creedmoor, on the 24th and 25th days of May last during the Spring meeting of the N. R. A., and adopted the following resolutions unanimously:

Resolved, That the course taken by the National Rifle Association of America since its organization, which has made rifle shooting an element of national strength and American rifles and rifle men renowned throughout the world, merits and should receive the warmest commendation from all interested in rifle practice. It is the opinion of this convention that the interest of the rifle men of America could not be in better hands than it has been by it, and they trust that the rifle men of the various States will unite in giving it an earnest and cordial support in its endeavor to develop and extend rifle shooting throughout the Union.

Resolved, That the rifle men of the different States should endeavor to form State Associations, which in turn may be represented in the National Association, so as to enable the rifle men now divided in local clubs without any bond of union, and aid in inducing the military authorities of each State to instruct their National Guard how to shoot.

Resolved, That while in the judgment of the members of this convention it is inexpedient for a body of delegates, meeting as they do for so short a time, to deal with the numerous and complicated questions in regard to rifle shooting as can be done by the experienced officers of the National Rifle Association; yet in the absence of any organization in the great majority of States it is desirable that an annual convention should be held at Creedmoor at the fall meeting of the N. R. A., in which each rifle club should be represented in the proportion of one vote for each twenty-five active members in good standing upon its roll, (to be certified to by its secretary, on honor, and previously forwarded to the Secretary N. R. A.) which convention shall discuss and recommend to the Directors of the N. R. A. the manner in which the general interests of rifle practice throughout the country can best be developed and advanced.

Resolved, That in all international matches either for the "Palma" or other trophy, the vicinity of New York City is the locality most convenient both for the Americans and the foreign teams.

Resolved, That in case of competitions being required in the future for the selection of a team to represent America either at home or abroad, the conditions of selecting the teams should be made as little onerous to those residing at a distance from New York as is consistent with the certain selection of the best team.

It was further resolved that the Secretary of the N. R. A. call a meeting of the convention for the next Fall Meeting of the N. R. A., and also, that it be recommended to the Board of Directors N. R. A. that they endeavor to obtain for delegates to the convention and competitors from a distance who may have entered for matches at the Fall Meeting N. R. A., tickets to and from New York City at reduced rates. (An earnest effort was made in this direction by correspondence with different railway officials, but without success, largely owing to the impracticability of informing the proper officials of the numbers likely to travel for this purpose over their different routes.)

In compliance with the resolution to that effect the Secretary N. R. A. issued the following circular letter of invitation:

New York, August 15, 1878.

Sir: At the Convention of Rifle men held at Creedmoor in May last it was resolved that the next meeting of the Convention be called by the Secretary of the National Rifle Association to take place during the annual Fall Meeting of the National Rifle Association at Creedmoor, L. I.; and further, that each team to be entered be entitled to one delegate and one additional delegate for each team; members certified by the Secretary as in good standing upon the roll of the Club or Association.

In compliance with the foregoing, I have the honor to invite your Club or Association to send a delegate or delegates to the Convention to be held at Creedmoor, L. I., during the coming Fall Prize Meeting of this Association, commencing Tuesday, September 17th, and lasting through the week. A copy of the programme of the meeting will be forwarded to you as soon as published, and will contain a large number of matches open to all comers.

Very respectfully yours,
Geo. S. SCHERMERHORN, Jr.,
Secretary N. R. A. of America.

P. S.—Please notify me as soon as practicable of the number of delegates representing your Club or Association that will attend the Convention.

This convention assembled in the President's tent on the range at Creedmoor, September 20, 1878, during the Sixth Annual Fall Meeting N. R. A., and there were present, Col. John Bodine, Hudson River Rifle Ass'n; Dr. Dudley, Empire Rifle Club, N. Y. City; the Secretary N. R. A. and Gen. F. F. Millen, Irish-American Rifle Club, N. Y. City. After the election of a temporary chairman it was, upon motion, decided, that many representatives of other associations were at the time engaged as competitors in matches then progressing, to adjourn to the following day. There being no attendance on this occasion, no meeting of the convention was held.

There have been 138 matches in all shot at Creedmoor during the past year under the auspices of the Association, including the Leech Cup Match, shot during the Spring meeting, 1878, under the special auspices of the Amateur Rifle Club, this number is exactly double that reported for the year 1877, and by reference to the statistical tables will be found reported as follows: Spring meeting, 42 matches, including Leech Cup Match as above; Fall meeting, 28 matches; monthly or special matches, 68.

It is to be remembered that in addition to the above there have been a large number of matches shot upon the range at Creedmoor by the members of affiliated and local associations and individuals.

The monthly or special matches have been as follows:

Spirit of Times Badge No. 2: One competition, April 13; won by Mr. C. H. Jobr, who having also won it on the two previous competitions in 1877, this became the final owner. Wylie Badge: Two competitions, April 24 and May 29; finally won by Capt. W. F. Livermore, U. S. Eng. Ballard Rifle Match: Seven competitions, April 17, May 8, June 26, July 29, Aug. 21, Sept. 25 and Oct. 23, when it was finally won by Mr. W. M. Farrow. J. P. Waters Prize: three competitions, April 24, May 11 and June 15, being the final competition, won by J. L. Allen. Appleton Prize: Eight competitions, April 17, May 12, June 12, July 10, Aug. 7, Sept. 4, Oct. 16 and Nov. 13, finally won by Mr. W. M. Farrow. Sharps Rifle Company Prize, \$250 gold: Seven competitions, April 13, May 4, June 8 and 12, July 30, Aug. 24, Sept. 7 and Oct. 5, when it was finally won by Mr. F. Hyde. In accordance with the conditions of this match one-quarter of the entrance money received at each competition was deposited in the Appleton prize, and this amounted in the end to \$10. Champion Marksman's Badge, 1878: Seven competitions, May 18, June

22, July 27, Aug. 17, Sept. 11, Oct. 13 and Nov. 13, finally won under the conditions by Capt. Jas. L. Price, H. Co., 7th Regt., N. G. S. N. Y. Gildersleeve Medal: Five competitions, July 17, Aug. 23, Sept. 23, Oct. 30 and Nov. 23; finally won in accordance with the conditions by Mr. C. H. Eagle, 7th Regt., N. G. S. N. Y. Soldiers Medal: Five competitions, May 23, June 23, July 17, Aug. 17 and Sept. 11, and failed to fill on one occasion; won four times by G. C. 71st Regt., N. G. S. N. Y. *Turf, Field and Farm* Challenge Badge No. 2: Eight competitions, April 13, May 4, June 3, July 20, Aug. 23, Sept. 7, Oct. 5 and Nov. 23; not yet finally won. Skirmishers Badge: Ten competitions, April 20, May 29, June 15, July 13, Aug. 10, Sept. 14, Oct. 9 and Nov. 23; not yet finally won. Winchester Rifle Match: One competition, May 13, as announced on six other occasions, but failed to obtain the number of competitors. E. B. Remington & Sons Prize, \$300 gold: Two competitions, April 20 and Aug. 31, and has failed to fill five times. National Guardsman Match: Two competitions, June 15 and Aug. 10, and has failed to fill five times.

The Association has been indebted to the following parties for prizes donated during the year, viz.: Mr. J. H. Steward, optician to the Association, London, a telescope, field glass and a barometer, value \$8; Mr. J. McElroy, a ton, \$30; Mr. Richard Oliver, 11 John st., silver trophy and gold pin, \$110; Messrs. Schuyler, Hartley & Graham, 19 Maiden Lane, a Peabody Martini Rifle, \$50; Winchester Arms Co., 245 Broadway, two Winchester rifles, \$50; Commander-in-Chief N. G. S. N. Y., two trophies, \$850; State of New York, two trophies and twelve badges, \$275; Laffin & Hand Powder Co., 30 Murray st., three medals, \$270; Messrs. Baker & McKenney, 141 Grand st., one badge, \$50; Messrs. E. Remington & Sons, 231 Broadway, rifle and sewing machine, \$175; Messrs. Schoverling & Daly, 84 Chamber st., revolver, \$20; Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., 649 Broadway, American Encyclopedia, \$112; Messrs. Tiffany & Co., Union Square, silver vase, \$75; Mr. J. P. Waters, gold, \$50; Gen. Geo. W. Wingate, gold badge, \$50; Hon. H. A. Gildersleeve, gold badge, \$50; Hon. D. W. Judd, dictionary, \$10; Army and Navy Journal, two, silver badges, \$100; Mr. Homer Fisher, 200 Broadway, ammunition case, \$15; Mr. J. W. Frazier, 23 Dey st., gold, \$250; Col. Robt. Olyphant, 21 Courtland st., trophy, \$800; National Guardsman, 85 John st., rifle, \$125; Sharps Rifle Company, Bridgeport, Conn., four rifles, \$140; Hon. Henry Hilton, International Military trophy, \$500.

In addition to the above list of prize donors for the year, the Secretary begs to acknowledge in acknowledgment of the help of the Association to the following for contributions to the library, viz.: Capt. E. St. John Midway, Secretary National Rifle Association, London, England, a very valuable donation of a complete set (lacking 4 years, now out of print) of the annual reports of his Ass'n., probably the only one in this country; Mr. E. A. Buck, a copy of Gildersleeve's "Killed and Marksmanship"; Gen. S. V. Benet, Chief of U. S. Army, R. Post 1877 and Ordnance Manual No. 21; Gen. Geo. W. Wingate, Insp. Rifle Practice S. N. Y., Report 1877 and 1878; Capt. E. A. Perry, score book, new edition; Col. J. O. P. Burdiss, Washington, Map State N. Y., placed at his request at headquarters Creedmoor; Mr. N. P. Stanton, Fire Laws State N. Y.; Winchester Arms Co., a frame containing a handsomely arranged exhibit of ammunition manufactured by them; Province of Quebec (Canada) Rifle Ass'n., Report 1877; and to the Adjutant General of the following States for copies of their laws and annual reports—viz.: States of New York, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Kentucky, Missouri, South Carolina, Maine, New Jersey, Nebraska, Michigan, Nevada, Illinois, Iowa, California, Pennsylvania, Connecticut.

At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors, held Sept. 3, it was resolved that any competitor refusing to deliver up or purloining his score ticket in any match of the Association, shall be fined \$5 and shall be debarred from further using the range until the value of the ticket is paid.

At the November meeting of the Board of Directors a report and resolution defining the opinion of the Board as to the method of deciding ties under Article XII. of the regulations were adopted.

During the month of October a petition to the Post Office Department at Washington was prepared and forwarded, asking for the establishment of a post office for the Association, and the application to the National Rifle Association is indicated to Col. J. O. P. Burdiss, Washington, for his valuable assistance in the matter.

Gen. John B. Woodward, the Executive Officer of Spring Meeting, 1878, carried into effect a change in the method of conducting the annual meetings, modeled largely after the plan so successful at Wimbledon, and which had been suggested by him in his Report of the Fifth Annual Meeting, and the plan was found to work with so much satisfaction to the members of the Association generally, that upon the appointment of Capt. Jos. G. Story as Executive Officer of the Sixth Fall Meeting, he proceeded with his preparations for that meeting upon the same basis, aided by Gen. Woodward's experience and assistance, and the result was in every way gratifying; for much valuable information upon this subject reference is here made to Capt. Story's report, which will appear in the annual report of the Association in its proper place.

On the 6th of August the Board of Directors "resolved that the conditions of the 'Inter-State Military Match' be modified so that competitors in subsequent matches shall consist of members of the regularly organized and uniformed National Guard or militia of each State or Territory, to be selected in such manner as shall be prescribed by the military authorities thereof."

At a meeting of the Executive Committee, held Sept. 10, a letter from Surgeon Morris, N. R. A., was read, in which he stated his inability to attend the fall meeting, and upon motion, Gen. W. F. Swalm, Surgeon-Gen. S. N. Y., was unanimously invited to act as surgeon to the Association during the meeting. Dr. Swalm very kindly consented, and was attentive to the duties of the position.

The following recommendations are respectfully offered for consideration:

That at annual meetings all competitors not members N. R. A., who may enter for any competition previous to the closing of the entry books at the office of the Association, be given a ticket good for admission to the range on such days as the matches for which they enter are to be shot, without charge; and to enable competitors from a distance to enter thus early, that full programmes of spring and fall meetings be issued at least a week before "opening day." That all subscription matches at our prize meetings at least seventy per cent. of the entrance fees be divided among the competitors in at least four prizes, re-entries to be permitted, but no competitor to take more than one prize in each match. That at these meetings all prizes of the Association

be announced upon the programmes as trophy or money at winner's option. And lastly, that the plan which meets with so much favor at Wimbledon and elsewhere be adopted—of accepting and offering prizes in kind—which would result in largely increasing the number of prizes in each match.

2. It is respectfully suggested that the time has arrived in which change in the regulations governing position in this rifle practice and competition should be adopted; and it is urgently recommended that at distances over 300 yards "any position," as in "any rifle" competitions, should be permitted.

Particular attention is called to the favor shown by members of the National Guard, as exhibited in the large and increasing number of entries in the monthly contests for the Champion Marksmanship Badge for this year over that of last, as also in the Gildersleeve Medal, shot under similar conditions; and it is suggested that the establishment of any-rifle competitions, both for long and short-range, upon some similar plan of low entrance fees and division of money received therefor, might meet with favor among our "any-rifle" members.

Perhaps the announcement of a small additional prize, to be awarded at the end of the season to each competitor who shall have entered in all of the matches shot during the year, might prove advantageous.

The report of the Range Committee for the year will be found to be of great interest to our members, and their careful attention is invited to it, as also to the several reports of the Treasurer, Prize Committee and Executive and Statistical officers of the late fall meeting. These several reports, in connection with the statistical tables of all matches shot during the past year, and presented herewith, give a history in detail of the Association for the past year.

It has been considered expedient to again prepare a separate report on the International Long-Range Match, although the absence of any foreign team this year deprived the competition of the greater part of its interest, still it is believed that these special reports on this match, furnishing, as they do, a complete history, year by year, of all matters and correspondence connected therewith, and the scores made, are generally acceptable to our members.

It is with pleasure the secretary makes his acknowledgment of thanks to the editors of the following papers (which have been regularly received) for their courtesy in continuing to supply them for the use of the Association, without expense to our members—viz.: *Volunteer Service Gazette* (London), *Turf, Field and Farm*, *Spirit of the Times*, *Chicago Field and Stream* and *Red and Green*, and the *Army and Navy Journal*.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

Geo. S. SOHRMERTHOEN, JR., Sec'y N. R. A.

PROFESSIONAL RIFLEMEN.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Like causes produce like results. It would be strange, therefore, if amateur riflemen generally were to give expression to their feelings—if they should not very unanimously agree with the views expressed by Prof. Dwight in your issue of Dec. 12. I have myself, for several weeks, been meditating an epistle to *FOREST AND STREAM* on the same subject. The injustice of compelling amateur riflemen, in all prize meetings of the National Rifle Association, to compete on unequal terms, with semi-professional riflemen, and with experts, directly or indirectly in the employ of rifle manufacturers, has been for a long time apparent. It has resulted in a process where you "pay your money and don't take your choice!" In other words, I assume that the great majority of riflemen—those who furnish the money for the support of the various rifle ranges throughout the country—who compose the majority of contestants at prize meetings—are amateurs.

Now, when these amateurs find that the rifle prize, year after year, are going to be won by a few experts who don't do much else but shoot, they naturally feel some reluctance about making further contributions of money for their benefit, especially when the success of these experts is heralded abroad as the result of extraordinary personal abilities and of infinitely superior accuracy in the rifles they shoot, when the fact is that there are dozens of amateurs all over the country who, making due allowance for their lack of thorough and continued practice, are greatly their superiors.

We would never consider a circus rider entitled to special credit because he could perform a feat on horseback that a gentleman who rides only for pleasure and recreation. So of a rifle expert as compared with an amateur; the wonder is, not that he shoots so well, but that he doesn't shoot better than he does. Neither is it a special credit to his gun that it shoots well in his hands. There are, undoubtedly, several makes of guns which would do equally well with the same skilled use.

Few men will find fault with being beaten when they have had a reasonably fair chance of winning, but putting an amateur against an expert, who sleeps with the sun, who never doubts and drinks powder water, is simply a farce, for the acting of which the amateur "pays the shot." Besides, in allowing this state of things to continue, the rifle companies (those who are responsible for it) are really working against their own interests. They should do everything in their power to foster the interest in rifle shooting that has so rapidly grown up among us, and abstain from doing anything that will tend to kill it.

It is, I think, a questionable matter of policy, for instance, for a rifle company to offer prizes, for which amateurs are the principal competitors and pay the great bulk of the entrance fees, and then put forward their experts to compete with the principal ones themselves, especially when they interpret conditions which are more favorable to themselves than to any outside competitor.

If amateurs become disgusted with the little tricks, the wire-pullings and unscrupulous methods used to make a certain gun win in any contest, and if in consequence of this growing disgust the enthusiasm begins to grow cold, and the great body of amateurs cease frequenting the rifle ranges, then the rifle makers will, by so much, cease to sell guns, and they will die, too late, that they have "killed the goose that laid the golden egg."

It would require much thought, undoubtedly, to devise an adequate remedy for the present state of things, but it would seem that the National Rifle Association, or a committee of its appointment, might be able to accomplish the desired result. Experts might be handicapped in some way, as in trap shooting, by classifying all contestants, according to their records, in regard to distance shot over, or by causing those to draw class to allow a certain number of points to those in second class, etc.; or some matches might be arranged for amateurs only, and others for experts.

If thought could be given to this matter, however, in order to increase the interest in the Association, it might be well to allow amateurs to enter the match intended for experts, if they choose to do so, then if they are found at the bottom of the list in such a contest they can blame no one but themselves. For one, I sincerely hope something may be done to perpetuate and increase the interest in the many, gentlemanly, beautiful and useful sport of rifle shooting. It is one of the most sensible methods of recreation ever introduced into this

country. It requires only a moderate yearly expenditure of money; it takes little time—a half day or a day once a week, or once to two weeks even, being sufficient to keep an amateur in fair practice. It is eminently healthful; it takes one from sedentary occupations out into pure air and into the sunlight; it clears the brain, strengthens the lungs, trains the muscles, and requires strict temperance in food and drink. In short, it supplies that desideratum of healthful recreation—plenty of bodily exercise in the open air, combined with an absorbing and highly pleasurable mental activity.

Let us do what we can, then, to increase the number of its votaries, and, to that end, what we can to rid it of all things objectionable.

Dec. 21, 1878.

REUR.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

NEW YORK.

Dear Sir—In perusing Prof. Dwight's dignified and timely article in your number of the 13th ult., on semi-professional riflemen, some ideas occurred to me which I beg permission to lay before you. The subject in question, to my certain knowledge, has been deeply agitating the amateurs during the season just passed, and I know it to be quite a general sentiment that this inquiry, in which so many of us have found renewed health and strength, to say nothing of its fascination, or of the duty of every good citizen to give it whatever support it may be in his power to afford, is threatened with its complete loss from the inaction of the N. R. A. In the matter of barring professionals from the short and mid-range matches. It is lamentable that these matches should have been left open to any professional riflemen during the last season, though there is little doubt that the gentlemanly officers and directors supposed this matter could, with safety, be left to the sense of right and wrong of the professionals themselves. The event proves to the contrary, and unless action is taken in this matter before next season, short-range rifle shooting, that which, next to the practice of the military, has been the main support of Creedmoor, is in great danger, as Prof. Dwight very justly says, of being wholly destroyed. Many of the short-range men expressed themselves to me, during the late summer, as having lost their interest in the matches from having to contest against professional skill. Upon one occasion I met at the range four others who were there to enter a match, who, upon the advent of a professional, shouldered their guns and went away.

Permit me to say that while the evil is yet young it may be very easily nipped in the bud, but that to delay does one's duty invariably makes it difficult, disagreeable, or, sometimes, almost impossible to accomplish, and one's only safe course consists in meeting difficulties boldly and without fear or favor as they arrive. It is very much to be hoped that there may be no tenderness or hesitation on the part of the N. R. A. in dealing with this question as the exigencies of the case demand. It is their duty to settle it at once and finally, or it will become impossible for them to reacquire the confidence and respect of the great body of amateur riflemen.

Had the convention of riflemen taken place at Creedmoor last autumn, this would have been the first question to be taken up, as the delegates to be named to be named and very emphatically in favor of it. They, however, were mainly giving their attention to preparing for the Wimbledon Cup match, and, of the few who were present, all regarded it an urgent necessity to pass a resolution requesting the N. R. A. to take steps in this matter of barring professionals. By a "professional," no one will deny is meant one who finds in shooting (as in any other avocation) his principal source of livelihood or income. If such a one cannot perceive himself to be a "professional," he must certainly be called very myopic, however genial and well liked he may be. I do mean one who makes his rifle gallery or the printer of one as such, nor yet the agent of a rifle making or dealing firm, nor indeed the makers, testers or dealers, but one who, having spent more or less of time in making himself thoroughly proficient in using the rifle, finds in shooting it himself his sole or principal source of livelihood. What shall we say or think of any firm of rifle makers who, after furnishing many of the riflemen with their guns, then send their professional to see that those who patronized them shall not win anything? They should be brought up before Jockery. If they wish to keep their professionals from getting rusty, let them send prizes to the ranges for visits, open to all experts, and the amateurs will not then feel ill-treated as we do now, but will, I feel certain, enter in such manner with the utmost good nature for the sake of the record. But this latter motive, as the boys say, "won't wash." It is no ethereal diet to long sustain any one, and no one can be expected to continually enter matches who knows to a certainty that he can never win anything, nor make a creditable showing either. Many of us are, perforce, reconciled to the former, but all have hopes of standing at least among the leading ones.

This is really a matter of very great importance, and the feeling with regard to it is widespread and earnest, and that which was so evident to a casual visitor like Prof. Dwight had already long been discussed by probably every amateur riflemen in New York and vicinity. We all feel that our chances of protection are small, but we do know that in the *FOREST AND STREAM* we have an able enough friend and defender, whose good offices we will lose no opportunity of reciprocating. I trust that after pen has mine will ventilate this subject. Meanwhile believe me, your obedient servant,

S. T. G. DUNLAP.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME IN SEASON IN JANUARY.

Hares, brown and gray. Wild duck, geese, brant, etc.

FOR FLORIDA.

Deer, Wild Turkey, Woodcock, Quail, Snipe, Ducks and Wild Powl. "Bay birds" generally, including various species of plover, sand piper, snipe, curlew, oyster-catcher, surf-bird, phalarope, avocet, etc., coming under the group *Limicola* or Shore Birds.

How to Load.—A correspondent desires to inform any of our readers who may have a gun which scatters too much that they can improve both pattern and penetration by pouring hot tallow on the shot before putting on the last wad. The pattern can be made still closer by using a preparation of half tallow and half beeswax.

BEAVER HIVER CLUB.—The reunion of the Beaver River Club at Springfield, Mass., last Friday, was a very enjoyable occasion. The club is composed of gentlemen of Springfield, Hartford, Pittsfield and North Adams, who spend the summer at Beaver River in the Adirondacks. Many pleasant stories were told of summer pleasure, and the conversation was unflagging. Previous to the supper the club shot off a few targets at Mayo's gallery, the two sides making 161 and 153 out of a possible 200, and at the supper table the leather medal for the poorest shot was given to the Editor of this Journal, who had only just been voted in as an honorary member of the club. The fact that that gentleman's score was 4, while the lowest other score was 29, only demonstrates the phenomenal character of the Springfield marksmen. The old

officers were re-elected, S. M. Spencer, of Hartford, President, and Frank Bolles, Jr., of Windsor, Conn., Secretary.

NOTES FROM VERMONT—*Weston, Vt., Jan. 6.*—The trapping season with me is ended, winter having set in in dead earnest. The depth of snow and extreme cold winds have driven the few surviving foxes from the high ranges of my locality to the valleys and foothills. My catch has risen, thirty foxes and some minor kinds; less than half the amount I took, with the same number of traps, in a season when I first drove my stakes here. Catching off the foxes has resulted in an increase of partridges, very noticeable this season, when they have been exceptionally scarce. No young ones killed. I had, in common with all my friends, attributed the scarcity to the cold, wet weather of spring; but recent numbers of Foxes and Skunks have accounted for it. Otherwise I omitted to state that foxes are in unusual good color this season, being a rich, deep red.

WARFIELD.

LONG ISLAND—*New York, Jan. 11.*—I have just returned from a trip to Good Ground, where I found the duck shooting very good in holes on the ice, where the stools are put out and a box or boat cut out into the ice at a convenient shooting distance. Quite a number of good days' sport have been had in this way since the bay froze over. I had the good fortune to stop at the Bay View, and was made very comfortable by its genial proprietor, Mr. A. H. Corwin.

ARMER.

NEW JERSEY—*Kinsey's Ashley House, Barnegat Inlet, Jan. 10.*—Geese, broadbills and black ducks are thick here just now. The cold snap has frozen the bay over, and the only open water is in this vicinity. We know what is killed by our life station house boys; 15 to 20 geese and from 75 to 100 ducks are an every-day occurrence. This must be divided among six gunners. I also hear of 32 geese being killed by two men at North Beach, and of some of the gunners in air-holes scoring as high as 60 broadbills per day. Geese can be seen by the thousands. I have rigged a boat for paddling in the ice. It is 12 feet long by 8½ wide, and to give it the appearance of floating ice I painted it white, covered it with thin muslin, with two sideboards covered with the same material, cut scalloped. The only opportunity to test it was yesterday. It worked to a charm, and if that little "it" had not been in the way I think I would have made one of the greatest shots at geese known. Some 50 of them were sitting on the sand-bar with their heads under their wings. I paddled within some 100 yards of them, they never boding me on my boat. The boat struck sand water, and I moved back a few steps, and then I pushed out into the water about two inches of water to within 75 yards of them. When I found I could not get any closer your readers can imagine my feelings, with gun only loaded with No. 2 shot and no possibility of getting any nearer. Their heads were so thick you could not see through them. I waited some three or four minutes watching their actions and undetermined what to do. Finally I concluded that I had looked hard enough for a shot, and let them alone. I did drop a few, but I have the satisfaction of knowing that, with everything favorable, I will do some big execution before the ice leaves our bay.

B.

VIRGINIA—*Mr. M. D. O'Rourke, a dealer, of Staunton, Va.,* is said to have had handled 6,000 pounds of venison during the season.

KENTUCKY—*Stanford, Jan. 10.*—The goose-bone ranks Old Prob. now, as results have verified predictions. G. W.'s only surviving servant doesn't reside here. If he did it is a general belief that he couldn't refer to a winter of such prolonged severity. Three weeks of snow, ice and demoralized circumstances this would be to the remainder of the open season, and the pot-hunter with his pot-metal gun has full swing. Quails and hares, "thin as waters" and "light as feathers," glut the game markets, and are quoted at figures which make tramps ashamed to beg cold victuals. Nearly every correspondent to surrounding country papers tells of some fellow that has bagged half a dozen coveys at as many shots, and such wholesale slaughter, together with the continued starvation, portend a light crop next season.

THEY WILL BE SHOT BY THE NEXT SEASON.

KENTUCKIAN.

TENNESSEE—*Savannah, Dec. 31.*—In casting up my game record for the past two months I find that I have bagged 127 quail, 16 mallards, 13 geese and 3 snipe. The latter circumstances this would be but a poor bag, but my opportunities for shooting are limited, not averaging one day per week. The snipe reported as killed are three-fourths of all that I have seen, for, as one may readily imagine, this is not a famous snipe resort. Quail have been unusually numerous, but are wicker than I have ever known them. They do not lie well to the dog, and when they fly alight close together, and run or take to wing again without giving an opportunity for more than two shots. The ducks reported are the result of two days' shooting over the snow-covered corn-fields. We have none of the appliances of the professed duck hunters, such as decoys, snipe boxes, etc. Fully supplied with all the appliances for this sport, a good shot could achieve most astonishing results, as our river and creeks are at this time simply full of ducks. Several geese and a number of ducks have been killed by the market hunters.

WILL.

INDIANA—*New Albany, Jan. 8.*—We have had here the coldest weather I have ever experienced; mercury 14 below, two mornings in succession, and several mornings of late 4 below. A light snow fell three weeks ago and sticks tight yet. I presume every quail in Floyd County and vicinity is by this time dead, and the few that have been in Lewis and Clark counties are trapped and netted by everybody that they loaded them up at the depot in transfer wagons—actually shoveled them in, just as they do potatoes. They were frozen stiff as a hinge, and were carted off by the wagon-load.

KANSAS—*Abilene, Jan. 8.*—Quail shooting has been unusually good here this fall, and some good bags have been made by the members. The outlook for next year is poor. The long continued cold and the large number trapped will make them scarce. Quail are now selling at 40 cents per dozen in Kansas City. Deer have been quite plenty, and one member has bagged four. We can turn out as well an armed team as there is in the State. Sorry we did not see you last fall; hope to see you next trip West.

DIAGNO.

Silver Lake, Jan. 6.—The quail shooting has been superb this season, and we have made some fine bags. The snow has been six or eight inches deep for the last month, and has driven the quail into the barneys to feed. Saturday, the 4th inst., I found a quail frozen down. If this weather continues much longer our chance of good sport will be destroyed.

CALIFORNIA—*Los Angeles, Jan. 2.*—Large bags of wild ducks, geese and other wild fowl have been made near here and at Wilmington for some weeks past. The last five days have been one continuous run-storm, and it is expected that wild fowl will be found in great abundance on the streams and lagoons throughout the entire country.

NOT AN ARAB SHUK.—Next to having one's hunting exploits bungled there is nothing more distasteful to the modest, simple-minded American, imbued with the free-and-equal principles of this great and glorious republic, than the assumption of rank, and barbarous rank at that. A valued correspondent, who has suffered in both of these ways, writes the following explanation and disclaimer. We hope that such of our readers as may have read the article in question will accept the following:

Editor Forest and Stream: An article having appeared in the Philadelphia Sunday Times and other papers, headed "Bear Hunting in the West," etc., and many of the statements therein contained being incorrect, I trust you will allow me an opportunity of correcting the same. With reference to the bear which fought so long and eventually escaped, I would say that with the exception of a little embellishment the account is fairly correct, excepting that a very heavy snow storm came on the night, and that the bear did not escape, but that we left him dying, and that he was found dead the following morning. Then again the shooting of the gray pony I had nothing whatever to do with. Mr. Lature and his companion, the "heroes" of the adventure, having been at the time fifty fifty miles from where I was. As to the "Ex-Arab Chieftainship," with which I am invested, I traveled for some time among the Arabs of Morocco, disguised as one of themselves, it being necessary to do so in order to travel there at all, but, excepting that any one who travels there without any apparent object, and having a number of attendants is considered by the Arabs to be a great man, I can lay no claim to anything of the sort. I cannot imagine who could have inserted the article in question, but whoever it was drew some truth largely on his imagination, and should be a contributor to Bendle's dime literature.

C. MESSEIER.

RUNNING ANTELOPE IN NEW MEXICO.—Dr. Robinson, of Newark, has favored us with the perusal of a letter from a relative in Troyburg, New Mexico, which begins by detailing some adventures in treecing turkeys, a rather tame kind of sport, but remunerative, as game of this kind finds a ready market at \$1.50 per bird. The letter continues:

We started three bunches of deer on Monday evening, but had no rifle. Game is very abundant this fall, for all of the Indians have been moved off; and if they only stay away, we will be overrun with game in two years. I venture to say that I saw 500 antelope yesterday evening in Troyburg and Leonard, which are about six miles apart. The country is full of them. They are the prong-horn, light brown, or cinnamon on the back, and white belly and rump. The bucks have a coarse mane which stands up on their necks like a hog's bristles. They are very handsome: and can't they run! Stuyvesant found three in his vegs fence last week—it is a mile square, making four miles of fence. He went in with his pony and shot them all down. He was run them a mile, and then ride back slowly to the corner, and by that time they were all around there, and then he would run them again. They ran him one mile to their four, until they were completely run down. Two gave out on their tenth round (40 miles) and the other on his twelfth, or 48 miles. He killed them all with his knife. He had his rifle and could have shot them, but had heard how they could hold their wind, and said he never could get a better chance to try it. He had a blooded horse and couldn't catch them on the mile ride run until they had gone forty miles. He ran them all plumb down, and his horse pretty near it. Says he don't believe there is a horse living that can begin to run as far as that can. Some horses can outrun them for a mile, but they cannot keep it up."

The same writer adds the following little incident by way of a snapper:

"One of the Troysburg boys killed a big wild cat last Sunday with his boot—caught the cat out on the prairie, took off his boot, and pitched in, and got away with him too."

THE BAKER GUN.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see you desire some information as to the three-barreled Baker gun. Those who use them in this section are highly pleased with them. I find a 12-gauge, shot barrels and .44 cal. rifle, weigh 10 pounds, a weapon adapted for all shooting in either a prairie or wooded section. Mr. Edwards, firm of Vance & Edwards, has one of these guns in use since 1875. It has been in use in long camp hunts, and to all appearance is as good as ever.

San Antonio, Texas, Dec. 30.

AN ADVENTUROUS TITLE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We organized a shooting club here last July and named it the Hallock Sporting and Shooting Club, after the editor—shake. The club was represented by a team at the State tournament last October, and came out second best in the shoot for the State medal. We hope to take it next year.

Abilene, Kansas, Jan. 8.

THE OLD GANG ON THE ASPHEPO—Aiken, S. C., Jan. 6.—On the second of December, by invitation of that prince of good fellows, Mr. Emanuel White, of Colleton County, the King of the Gang summoned his born, "all hands reported," and we put out with fourteen hounds and two pointers, with "blood as blue as Castle," to join the Doctor in a hunt at his plantation on the Ashepo River. At 8:40 we took the night train at Augusta, per Yamisee, on the Port Royal R.R., which place we reached about 2 o'clock, when we struck the Charles and Savannah R.R., which we took. Twenty miles brought us to our destination, and we were met by the old gang, the roof of the old Doctor. The first day we got no deer, but squirrels and quail by the score, and one very small possum, "captured by the Clerk of the Court of Aiken County." The next day we moved camp for better hunting, where we not only made the hairs and feathers fly, but walked right square into the funny tribe. We camped in a baronial-looking old mansion, surrounded by enormous oaks, covered with graceful curtains of flowing moss, and interspersed with the old jays, with blue wings, snow white and variegated. It was a mighty big trip for the Piney Wood Boys. We killed four fine deer, three turkey gobblers, and ducks, quail and squirrel unnumbered. Had game at every meal mixed with rock fish and mullet by the bushel. Our camp was about the head of tide water on the Ashepo, which gave us fine fishing. Our hunting-ground was once the land of wealth, luxury and intelligence.

gence, but the fields that once waved with the snowy fleece and the golden rice, are now the haunts of deer, turkey, wild cats, foxes and possum. In the gang was five fox guns, two Parker and one Hemington, and nearly everything that rose before us folded their wings forever.

ONE OF THE GANG.

FIGHTS OF WILD GESE.—*Shelter Island, Dec. 19.*—*Dear Editor:*—The wild-fowl are still flying and feeding about these shores; but the weather has been too rough and blowy for much sport. The only way to get at them is in "battery-boat," but that can only be done in very light winds and smooth water. The boat is made very small, like a narrow coffin—so that its deck lies near the surface of the water, the sails to be lowered by the way. I tried my boat a few days since, in a calm morning, but a heavy gale of wind from the North nearly swamped me and forced me to paddle back to shore as fast as possible. But few, very few geese and brant have passed over these waters. Where are all the geese? They generally fly in good numbers at this season; but now they have been unusually scarce. We hear also that along the Jersey coast, especially at Barnegat Bay, they have been very scarce, so far this season. In former years I have always found them there in November and December in large flocks. Have they taken another route in their Southern migration this year? Do they pass far inland, or follow the line of coast far out at sea? They must have chosen one of these unusual routes, or we would find them here and on the coast of Jersey. In former years, the snipe and fowl shooting in Shinnecock Bay used to be most excellent, but then there was a good, sufficient inlet to allow the salt tides to flow in; but now the inlet is closed up, and the water becomes brackish, the shooting has become much less successful. The flats and bars are flooded with fresher waters, the feed is poor and the wild-fowl scarce, as we are told. I copy from a local paper some remarks on this subject: "Some years ago the natural inlet filled or closed up. Since then several attempts have been made to open others, but with little or no success; they would run for a short time and then again fill up with sand, entirely owing to ignorance as to the locality where an inlet would properly run or be properly dug. These were very improper dug or located, being too far to the east in the bay, and too narrow, owing to the people not having the money to employ a powerful machine digger; more man labor proving insufficient for the undertaking. The result is that this great and most valuable bay is closed in, and has been more or less so for years. All the clams and oysters are dead. Millions and millions of fish have died, and are still dying from the stagnation and freshness of the water, breeding every kind of pestilential odors and filth on the shores. From the occasional straggling of the ocean and the surplus water, with no outlet, salt and rich meadows are destroyed by the covering of sand and water. Not only this, but in places also, filling up the bay with sand, causing flats where previously was deep water, and thereby ruining navigation. Formerly there was some money spent by people coming to this bay from our cities for fishing and shooting. Now they have ceased to come, for there are neither fish nor birds. Hotels have been built for the accommodation of visitors, but they do not come, fearful of disease and the surrounding decay of fish and vegetable matter; consequently hotels must be closed, with severe losses on tenants and owners. The situation and condition of these hard-working and willing people is deplorable in the extreme." To remedy this, it is suggested, either that a canal should be opened from the salt tides to flow north, at Canoe Place, a distance of one-fourth of a mile only, or that a small canal be dug through Quantic Bay, thus connecting with the Great South Bay. One of these plans should be adopted.

ISAAC MACLELLAN.

Since our correspondent's letter was written an inlet, which promises to become permanent, has been opened into Shinnecock Bay. There has also been a large flight of wild geese, as the veteran gunner Bill Lane writes us that he has not seen so many pass South for many years.

BOGARDUS' BIG SCORE.

Captain A. H. Bogardus, the champion wing-shot of the west, took upon himself last week one of those tremendous feats in the way of marksmanship, for which he is now so famous. His match against time at 5,000 glass balls a year ago is familiar to all our readers, and his first trial was far below the common. On several of the hundred he broke at the rate of between 18 and 20 a minute, leading at the time his own gun. The match of the 8th and 9th was one of accuracy rather than rapidity, and the conditions required that he should break 6,000 glass balls, thrown at 15 yards rise from a Borden trap. The wagers were \$1,000 even that less than 6,200 would be fired at; \$500 to \$1,000 that not more than 6,100 would be used, and \$100 to \$1,000 that the break would be straight.

The Captain used his W. & G. Scott & Co. gun with two sets of barrels of 10 and 12 gauge, using 4 and 3½ drachms of Dittmar powder respectively, and 1½ oz. No. 8 Otis LeRoy & Co.'s tin-coated shot. The match opened at 11 o'clock on the evening of the 8th, and all the assistants were at their posts. Dr. B. T. Tait, the puller, Miles Johnson, of New Jersey, and Eliza Garrison, of Syracuse, as referees, and T. C. Banks, scorer. An active lad kept the trap supplied with balls, and in answer to the "pull" of the champion, ball after ball rose in the air to be shattered instantly. Many expert shots from this and other States watched the perfect work. Now and then there was a trifling dispute about balls which fell seemingly whole. In one case a bit broken from the neck of the shot, the work of the shot, and in another the load had passed completely through the sphere, without shattering it into the usual fragments. But from first to last of the match the referees were scrupulously careful in their rulings. During the first half hundred shots the dumb-piece of the right hammer broke off, and though the Captain did for a time lift the hammer by pressing his thumb up, he was obliged to stop when the broken and jagged fragment, the effort was very painful, and the hammer of shots fired during the day were from the left barrel. The Captain shot easily, not burying himself and taking liberal rest, and from first to last every ball was declared broke, and but one misfire had occurred during the day.

The last 500 balls shot on the first day were closely watched, for upon them hung a 1,000 ball match with Kleinman of Chicago, in which Bogardus was to give his rival 200 broken balls, and at 1 o'clock it was announced that 3,000 balls had been shattered without a miss. Cheers were given again and again. The Captain then threw two long of his gun, and his right arm and shoulder were very stiff. Kleinman in his 400 shots missed only six balls, choosing, however, very much slower than the Captain, and using

Oxford declined to row Harvard, chiefly because the Oxford men thought they were getting a little more business in the rowing line than they felt inclined to take care of; and unless Harvard can change their date to an earlier period of the year in all probability they will have to forego the sweets of revenge for many another year. With the Oxford race set aside, Harvard disbands her present eight, and therefore will not row Cornell. The latter college has been entirely too "touchy" in its bearing since its challenge to the Cambridge men went forth. That the latter should have shown anxiety for a reply from Oxford before asserting definitely any other challenge on this side, was owing only to the fact that unless an English race could be crewed the crew proposed to disband and could not well compromise itself as long as its very existence was in doubt. Cornell has had no just grounds of complaint, and has added nothing to her reputation for good sense by taking offence at a silly article from the pen of an amateur scribe.

THE AMERICAN HEVLY.—Harvard has replied to a telegram from Mr. Henry W. Garfield, Secretary of the N. A. A. O., that they would not be able to enter a four or an eight for the National Association race to meet Oxford or Cambridge, in case one of the latter could be induced to cross the ocean. We do not believe any English crew would consent to pull in America without some very strong inducements, in the present light which university and international racing is regarded abroad.

YALE-HARVARD.—A fresh crew will be formed to pull Yale, which will be the only outside race Harvard proposes to engage in.

WALLACE ROSS.—This St. John sculler has failed to get on a race with Tarryer, of England, and has now challenged Lumsden or Nicholson to row for \$100 on the Thames. Thames. Lumsden can pull Ross hull down.

HARVARD FREESHIPS.—The freshmen of Harvard are trying to arrange for a race with Yale or Columbia.

FRIENDSHIP BOAT CLUB.—At a recent meeting at their boat-house, Twenty-eighth street and East River, the following officers were elected: Pres., James S. Murray; Vice-Pres., A. C. S. Sauer; Cor. Sec'y, James J. Phinmons; Fin. Sec'y, Eugene F. Moore; Treas., Michael J. Murray; Capt., Philip S. Biglin; Delegates, William Frinke, William Hurley, Philip S. Biglin.

NERCID BOAT CLUB.—At the annual meeting of the Nercid B. C., of Brooklyn, the following officers were elected: Chas. R. Flint, Pres.; Louis H. Leonard, Vice-Pres.; A. C. Bance, Treas.; Heywood O. Brown, Rec. Sec'y; F. B. Fliske, Cor. Sec'y; Joseph P. Earle, Capt.; Chas. M. Bull, Lieut.

ARIEL BOAT CLUB.—The Ariels of Newark, have elected the following officers for the year: Com., John M. Ross; Pres., E. Freeman; Vice-Pres., Thomas Austin; Capt., J. Bennett; Lieut., J. Quinn; Sec'y, Thomas Sweney; Assistant Sec'y, Robert Cherry; Treas., W. S. Baine.

ECCENTRIC BOAT CLUB.—The Eccentric Club of Newark, N. J., elected the following officers for 1879 at their meeting held Jan. 6: Pres., S. C. Astley; Vice-Pres., R. Hilton; Sec'y, E. E. Smith; Treas., W. S. McLorinan; Capt., G. M. McCall; Lieut., S. H. Day; Log-keeper, J. E. Evans; Com., J. H. Jordan; Board of Trustees, D. Van Vollenburg, F. De Bow, W. Schriener and A. Watts.

N. A. A. O.—At the regular meeting of the Executive Committee of the N. A. A. O., at the Metropolitan Hotel, N. Y., Jan. 11, the Fairmount R. A. was recommended for reinstatement. The time and place for holding the American College Regatta was referred to a committee consisting of Messrs. Katts and Buermeyer. The regatta will probably be fixed for July, only undergraduates who have taken their degree during the year of the college race being eligible. Mr. Smith, Argonauta B. C., applied to have a reconsidering of the case in consequence of which he was dropped from the membership of the N. A. A. O. Referred to the above committee.

TURNED PROFESSIONAL.—Courtney has now found a second dangerous rival in Mr. Geo. Lee, of the Triton Club, of Newark, N. J., who announces his intention of becoming a professional oarsman. He will begin with the small fry first.

CRUISING IN THE CHESAPEAKE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 15, 1878.

The days of sailing and summer saunterings having passed away for a season, and the diabolical weather seeming to indicate that old Boreas has given us the cold shoulder, it would seem to behoove all honest tars to be amiable, lie unto the comforts and refinements of their dogs, and think over the pleasures of events just gone, and recall to mind the exhilarating breeze and dashing spray of the last cruise, reid in delightful recollections of solid pleasure, mixed with ridiculous mishaps and exasperating accidents that befall all sportsmen, and which only serve to spice and enliven. To this end I have been fighting the battle over again, and grabbed my pen to gossip about a cruise of 500 miles, made last summer, and which may serve to revive some pleasant experience, and save something from things forgot.

The dumpy little ship, *Fanny Bell*, in which we traveled, has won many races, and her reduced rig is just the thing for inland navigation.—22ft. long, 8½ft. beam, and 39in. deep; with 23ft. boom, 12ft. gaff, and 23ft. hoist in the mainmast, which can be reefed from the deck, and a jib large enough to keep the tiller easy in a breeze, and small enough to carry a weather helm, with a single reef in the mainmast. A peep under the foot-boards shows 15 in. of iron about her longitudinal centre, which holds her down to biz in a blow, and forces her in style through the choppy seas. She is all decked except a small cockpit, which allows plenty of breathing room on hot nights—and also a popular resort for sunny rays. Any serious consequences from this pre-dilection of water, however, may be prevented when desired by a canvas cap, sitting snugly around the coaming, and covering the cockpit, except a small portion behind, for the accommodation of the steersman. It is true, a cabin which must necessarily be very small, will keep out the water, but it will not let in the air; and between a certain death from suffocation and the uncertainty of drowning, I choose the latter, and thoroughly enjoy the delightful uncertainties and luxurious inconveniences of a voyage in a partially open craft.

The dimensions of sails I have given are for cruising. At home for racing and general purposes, I have heretofore carried about twice the amount of canvas, including my light sails. Except for special occasions, I shall not do so any more, for the great inconvenience of reefing every time it blows a sailing breeze, and the

constant care required for manipulating so much rag, is not compensated for by the slightly increased speed, which can only be attained in light air; for just as soon as you begin to travel with the last six cloths of the mainmast, everything shaking from that point to the mast is dead weight, causes the boat to labor, and holds her back; whereas your rival, with proportional sail, has everything full, and walks right by you. Since I cut down my sail, every small boat on the river has done the same, and universal satisfaction is the result. When I say cut down I do not mean to advise any one to attempt sailing under almost bare poles, but simply to carry a boom, the outer end of which can be reached, and still keep a grip on the counter with your big toe, and reef; and thereby avoid taking your ship under your arm, and going ashore to reduce sail, or dangling on the end of a stick running as far beyond the stern as aboard, and looking like an animated frog on the end of a fishing pole. And nothing looks worse, and sticks faster at the mast inopportune time, than a complicated reefing apparatus that forcibly reminds one of a full-rigged man-of-war. Neither do I want a bowsprit that samples the bottom every time a wave strikes the counter. It is, as in all things, the happy medium which gives the best results and most pleasure.

The admiral and ornamental man of our ship is Frank MacArthur, a well-known bean, and whose specialty, says knowing Dick Marshall, the proprietor of a well-known summer hotel, is widows. He could generally be found reading in the shade of a sail, braced up by pillows. The skipper is Oscar Woodward, an old stager, who can go comfortably to sleep on the edge of a three-cent piece, and who always held the tiller in bad weather. The cook bears the name of Wickus, and still lives. The rest of his name has never been discovered, for fear of faring worse by going further. He has reduced the whole science of cookery to one rule, and that is fat; hence we more usually call him the King of Greece. He does all the delicate work, such as frying cornmeal and peeling potatoes. He has an assistant who does all the manual labor, such as washing dishes and watching him make the fire.

The expedition was advertised to sail Saturday evening, but the appearance of the wharf at that date indicated otherwise. A pile of baggage, provisions and apparatus, apparently the accumulation of years—and from its variety the result of much study—had to be disposed of aboard the *Fanny*. It was like putting a house with all the domestic arrangements in a cart; but the skipper, remembering the classical tip that eat a bucketful of dinner and then got into the bucket himself, went to work, and with the aid of some darkies—assorted sizes—incorporated everything in the craft in its proper place. Finally everything was fixed, the last rites performed, and we started.

It was a beautiful night. The moon was full, and beamed down so benignly that we could not help feeling the gentle influence, and from joking and talking became silent, and watched its ever changing silvery hues, the grim old wharf, with its dark shadows and pleasant recollections, and the serene, blue sky, with its sparkling lights. Then we thought of the dear old friends left behind, and the long journey to come, with its many probabilities and modest dangers; and then very unenthusiastically thought we were sleepy, wrapped ourselves up, and soon old Morpheus had us under his wing.

We stopped at Alexandria till morning to get an anchor. It being Sunday the blacksmith-shop was closed, and we had to go to the proprietor's house. He ceased operations on a sermon, as he was a minister later in the day, and sold us the article. It weighs 130 lbs., and is intended to be used only on a lee shore in a gale. It is carried in the bottom of the cockpit, with the stock folded, the shank alongside, and the flukes on each side of the well. In this position it was not at all in the way. We christened it Baby, and the ship always staid when it was dropped over, which was more than once. It is one of those articles that may never be used, but when it is wanted, is wanted like everything.

After squaring away from Alexandria, we had headwinds all the way to Piney Point, 93 miles, where we arrived without adventure. Dick Marshall keeps a cosy little hotel here, and we stopped over several days. Dick is jolly, and treats everybody just right. He has a little schooner, which he thinks can show anything inside the capes over a course, and offered us champagne to beat him. The race was an event, and everybody was excited. The wind was off shore, and a big woods close to the water's edge kept the wind off the little *Fanny*, but allowed the top and staysail of the schooner to push her ahead. They said we were anchored, and to come on; we did so, and to such an extent that when the turn was made *Fanny* was a mile ahead. So jolly Dick came to the conclusion that he could only beat us in rough weather, and as we never denied it, everybody is happy, and the goose hangs high.

But our journey must be completed, and so we bade all good bye, cast off the last mooring rope, hoisted sail, and slowly moved out toward the great Chesapeake, with the good wishes of all the people, and the predictions of the wise ones that they were taking their last farewell. We reached the bay, and were delighted. It is true we could only faintly see land, and that only in one direction; and the cook remarked that *Fanny* was small for the occasion, and the assistant cook said nothing, but his usual blank countenance indicated a heap of thinking; and the Admiral said it was the most beautiful sunset he ever saw; and the skipper said to give him his blanket and pillow to sleep on, and if the wind changed to wake him up; and that was all that was said for some time. In the course of an hour a promontory extending away out into the water was approached, and the scene was one long to be remembered. My single blanket and the hard deck I would not have traded for the most gorgeous bed of a palace, and an old pair of breeches, resting on the fluke of the anchor, was softer to me as a pillow than the finest feathers. Oh, what a lovely night it was, and how happy I felt! I shall never forget it, and shall always long to again drift into the shadow of the great bluff that loomed up with such grand, calm dignity from the depths of night, and listen to the sad pines fade to sigh and moan forever. And well do I remember the dark, mysterious holes in the mountain side, and the fantastic, ever-changing shadows, that seemed like evil spirits playing hide and seek with the jutting rocks and sturdy bushes. And how lazily did the little, good-natured waves play with the glistening pebbles along the sandy beach, and how cheery the sweet music of their voices, and how strange they could be angered by a storm and rival the thunders of heaven! And then I saw the twinkling stars, and the deep, pure blue above, and the moon slowly rise from behind the wooing trees and cast its gentle

light or all nature, which seemed contented and at rest. Then I wished I could live forever, leave all humanity, and drift for an eternity on the crystal water, in the shadows of night, and watch the moon rise—and just then a spider bit me on the end of the nose, and I wished I had them all in a row under a knife ten miles long, so that I could cut off all their heads at once; and with this pious wish I innocently went to sleep.

The next day we had the first serious accident. We lost one of our men overboard, and he must have been drowned, for we never saw him any more. We were sitting quietly on the forward deck, when we heard the startling splash, and saw him come to the surface twice, but before we could get to him he had disappeared, and that was the last we ever saw of the unfortunate man. Drowning is said to be an easy death, and so it proved to be in this case; for he never made a sound, or we could no doubt have saved him, as he lay on and waited for him to come up or make a noise, but nothing was heard but the murmuring water that seemed utterly indifferent to the shocking tragedy it had committed. Poor man, though the king of fellows he was a blockhead and always in the way, but nevertheless indispensable; and so we out another one out of cork, and continued our game, as he was, after all, only a King in our set of chessmen!

In the course of time we concluded we should like to catch some sheephead, and so we went ashore in Great Wicomico River to find a man to get the bait and show us the most likely place to try our luck—and patience. We were told the very man we wanted lived three miles back in the country; the only way to get to him was to walk, and the proper road was pointed out. Two of us started, walked four miles an hour for three hours and a half in a bee line in the right direction before we scraped together those original three miles. We came back in a wagon, and it took four hours. Such is the Virginia "idea" in regard to distance. Such economy would be laudable in a Rhode Islander, but in a Virginian it seems entirely unnecessary.

We finally had our fish, and fine sport it was. There are a great many in the bay, but a guide is indispensable, as the fish only bite in particular spots, which are usually far from land, and can only be found by a system of triangulation on marks ashore, known only to the initiated.

We sailed up the York River as far as Yorktown, and stopped a day at that memorable place where the Revolution was settled. It is a hot, mean little place, with a few frame houses, and one brick one, including stork perforations, that existed at the time of the famous surrender. We put some corn doggers in our pockets, passed up back of the town, and from thinking of the great historical event, of what might have happened had the siege terminated otherwise, of the patriotic Americans dying in the cause they thought right—giving their life blood for principles, we became filled with emotion—and corn doggers, and felt like shedding a tear on those hallowed grounds; for, as usual, Wickus had used too little meal in the fat, and no one knows how much we suffered while thinking of the miseries of the brave men who made our country. After a few moments of agony my friend produced an electrical apparatus to be used on such occasions. It was hollow, made of dark glass, and had a detachable top. It was operated by removing the top, placing the exposed aperture to the lips, and giving the device a slow, oscillating movement in a vertical plane, at right angles to the axis of the shoulder. The theory is that if the device is in prime order, and not been tested too much by the skeptical, that sufficient electric fluid will be developed by the described movement to run down the throat, and assimilate with the system in an advantageous way. I cannot speak from experience, but think there must be something in it, as my friend's eyes indicated a result different from the ordinary run. Having finished this place, which nearly finished us, we once more embarked, and arrived at Norfolk, saw what was to be seen, and started on the back trip.

While *Fanny* is quietly sailing along with an occasional reefing breeze and sharp squall, I will observe one observation in regard to provender. Canned meats and soups were in abundance, but not satisfactory for the main staple, as they were too delicate, and do not "fill up" right. They some way or other do not seem to afford sufficient sustenance to compensate for the energy expended in eating them. Boston baked beans, that simply require warming, are the thing, and are palatable every day. A man can put himself on the outside of three boned chickens, and just feel like sitting down to dinner; but let him take a couple of table-spoonfuls of beans, browned just right, and he feels that he has something to depend on.

The Great Wicomico River is honored with the most extensive fish-oh! and guano establishments we came across. Their odor is fearful, and they become very evident about three miles off. This odor can tack half a mile dead to windward without effort. We had expected to make harbor in this place, but a headwind delayed us until after dark, when a very heavy storm arose. The channel is narrow but straight, and if you can only strike it all is well; but as there are no lights, the question is how to strike the cut at night, as each side is full of shallows. It was dark as pitch, the sea was running very ugly, and we had been running and bumping around a good while when the skipper said he was going to run in, to look sharp, stand by the halliards, and if he struck, hoist sail and strike for the shore. A thrill went through every man, for although it was tough work where we were, and the gale increasing every minute, it seemed perfectly folly to dash stem on into the breakers which we could not see but hear so plain. There is not one chance in a thousand of hitting the right place, we thought, and if it missed, we'd be churned into eternity. But with human thoughts like these the actions are like heroes. Not a word is said, but everything is done. Every rope is manned. The tough little ship is turned for shore, and fairly leaps in the darkness, the quicker to end the suspense. All is dark. Not a thing can be seen, but, oh! what fearful sounds can be heard. The wind howls, the rigging shrieks, and the mast groans. The brave little craft flies to her fate, and the maddened water fairly hisses as it rushes by. Every man peers into the baffling darkness with the fierceness of desperation, but sees nothing. A few moments more and all will be known; but time has ceased its flight, or become entangled in our heart-strings, and drags our life to gain a second! But, hark! The breakers are near! They come; and the sullen thro and methodical roar fall with painful exactness on the soul, and bode destruction. But, thoughts away! for none so vivid as reality, and the breakers, those insatiable tyrants, are quite near,

and seem to howl for us. They come closer! They are just ahead! They are here! One trying second more, and we pass safely through, while on each side, very near—too near—the furious waves, in seeming rage at our escape, dash themselves to pieces on the beach, while we pass to the haven within, and give one prolonged, heartfelt shout of joy.

"Boys," said the skipper, "there was nothing lucky or remarkable about that; for I sailed by the infernal smell of that fish factory, which is as good to reckon from in the dark as a light house."

The best time for a long distance we made was on the back trip, from Piney Point to Indian Head, a distance of 69 miles, which we made from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M., 7 hours, or nearly 10 miles an hour. The wind was blowing a shrike from the south. We had the jib unbuttoned from the foremast and boomed out from the mainstay like aqua regia. Most of the time we occupied seats behind the illor, and held the throat and peak halliards in our fists, ready to cut the sail drop at any moment. And so ended our cruise with a run hard to beat.

QUEBEC, FRUITERER.

Chesapeake Bay, with its many inlets, bights and rivers, affords delightful cruising ground for yachts of all classes. Many times have we toiled famous America in its upper waters, and it is a matter of surprise that our northern craft do not seek the pleasant Bay, and ring a change on the regulation skim up the Sound.

A BIG SHARPIE.

STAMFORD, Conn., Jan. 6, 1879.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

I have read with much interest your correspondent's opinions regarding "the coming boat" in your issue of Dec. 26, i. e. the Sharpie.

I believe during the next season it will be shown that this style of boat will be classed—for purposes either of sporting, pleasure, or coast work in point of economy both in construction and keeping her in commission after she is built, also as to her safety in handling, her speed and her accommodation—as vastly superior to any other class, at least of the same tonnage.

I give you herewith the dimensions of a schooner sharpie built in the fall of 1877 by John Richards, of Norwalk, Conn. Her length is 52 feet, her beam 16 feet. She draws 16 inches of water in full ballast; has no centerboard, so that her cabin is not encumbered with the centerboard trunk. She has six feet and one inch clear head room in her cabin, four large berths, and lockers, one State-room, water closet, ice chest, stove rooms, kitchen, two bunks in the forecabin and completely fitted out in every respect. I mention this because the room that can be obtained in the sharpie model is simply marvelous and could scarcely be credited by any one who had not seen such a craft. Her mainmast is 39 feet, her foremast 38 feet benches. She carries mainmast, foresail and jib. All her sheets trim aft to the cockpit, which is large, and she can be easily managed by one man and a boy, if her owner desires.

I think she is the largest pleasure sharpie ever built (in this section of the country) and she has sailed lately on trial, where she could lay her course, eight miles in thirty-four minutes; and she has been also out in heavy weather, behaving splendidly. This sharpie was built for Mr. Frank Burritt, of Norwalk, Conn., was sailed a few weeks and was recently bought by a gentleman of this city who is an enthusiastic yachtsman, who is now putting topsails into her, so as to carry topsails and stay-sail in light winds. I am an old man, have sailed in all sorts of craft, from the *Dreadnaught* down to the smallest cat boat and want now to predict that next summer this schooner sharpie will be a hard one to beat by vessels of much larger size that are accounted speedy. She is now at anchor in our harbor. Her name is K. Q. Taylor.

C. J. R.

The Game of Chess.

NOTICE.—Chess exchanges, communications and solutions should be addressed "Chess Editor FOREST AND STREAM, P. O. box 54, Wolcottville, Conn."

Game No. 94.

R. White.	Black.	R. White.	Black.
R. M. Steele, Jr.	J. Mann.	R. M. Steele, Jr.	J. Mann.
1—P-K4	1—P-K4	29—R-K7	29—R-K7
2—B-B4	2—K-B3 (c)	30—K-B7 (u)	30—K-B7 (u)
3—P-B4 (c)	3—P-B4 (c)	31—K-B2	31—P-Q4
4—P-Q3 (c)	4—P-Q4	32—K-B3	32—P-K3
5—P-K3	5—K-Q2 (c)	33—P-K4	33—P-Q4
6—Q-B3	6—K-K4	34—P-K5	34—P-K5
7—K-K4	7—K-K4	35—K-Q3 (c)	35—K-B7
8—B-K3	8—Q-K3 (h)	36—K-Q3	36—K-B7
9—Q-K3	9—Q-K3	37—K-B7	37—K-B7
10—K-K4	10—K-K4	38—K-B7	38—K-B7
11—Castles	11—Castles	39—R-K4	39—P-K4
12—K-K4	12—K-K4	40—K-B7	40—K-B7
13—K-K4	13—K-K4	41—K-B7	41—K-B7
14—K-B4	14—K-B4	42—K-B3	42—K-B3
15—K-Q3	15—K-Q3	43—K-B3	43—K-B3
16—K-B4	16—K-B4	44—K-B3	44—K-B3
17—K-B3	17—K-B3	45—K-B3	45—K-B3
18—K-B3	18—K-B3	46—K-B3	46—K-B3
19—K-B3	19—K-B3	47—K-B3	47—K-B3
20—P-B3	20—P-B3	48—K-B3	48—K-B3
21—P-Q4	21—P-Q4	49—K-B3	49—K-B3
22—P-B4	22—P-B4	50—K-B3	50—K-B3
23—P-K4	23—P-K4	51—K-B3	51—K-B3
24—P-K4	24—P-K4	52—K-B3	52—K-B3
25—P-K4	25—P-K4	53—P-Q5	53—P-Q5
26—K-Q7	26—K-Q7		

And White wins. His play has been irreproachable, and makes the ending an instructive study. Time, five hours.

NOTES.

(a) The late Mr. Stanton, in his *Praxis*, pronounced this the best move for White. Philidor also did so, albeit it is not so popular now as the move attacking K-K3.

(b) Black could also play B-B4, or the Greco Counter Gambit—P-K B4. The text move was, however, recommended by the Russian giant, Major Jaenisch, and is also by the German theorists; and the great English authority, the late Mr. Staunton, in his posthumous work edited by the late Mr. Wormald, gave it the chief place when treating upon this opening.

(c) Mr. Staunton preferred K-K3, converting the game into the Petroff, which, he argued, was favorable to the first player. White can so safely play the Tonziani Counter Gambit, 8—P-Q4, or he can adopt

the tamer moves, 8—P-Q3 or 8—K-Q B3. Calvi decried the text move, but Mr. Staunton showed that it leads to an equal game.

(d) Bad. Black should play P-Q4.

(e) We prefer P-Q4 ex gr. 4—P-Q4, 4—Kt K3; 5—B tks P, 5—K tks B; 6—Q tks ch, regaining the next move by Q-Q5 ch or K5 ch.

(f) B-Q3 were safe.

(g) B-K3 was more to our taste.

(h) This gives up the surplus P at once; but if P tks P, White gets a strong attack by 9—Castles.

(i) A grave mistake Black makes in allowing the exchange of a Kt for a B, and isolating a P.

(j) Black halts in his play in an unusual way. Taking P were safer, for if 15—Kt tks Q B P, 16—Q R-B, 16—Kt-Q5; 17—Kt-K7, 17—K-R, threatening Kt-K7 ch if White plays R-K-B4 or K5 B P.

(k) At last Black is enabled to make the long sought exchange of the minor pieces.

(l) We don't like White's double pair of doubled P's, but his doubled R's on the K's file prevent Black from profiting by this device in his opponent's armor.

(m) One of Mr. Mann's piquant and clever strokes. If White now snatches at the coveted Q P, Black plays K-K3, and White cannot save his R!

(n) To prevent Black gaining the open file at Q B with his R.

(o) Mr. Steele plays the whole of this end game with fine judgment. Taking the P with P would give employment to the Black R. If Black now take P, White can recover it by K-B3, with a winning position.

(p) Black's tactics from this point are faulty. His only chance lies in playing off his P's to two on the K's side by P-R4, followed by P-B3 and P-K4.

(q) A mistake. Black should play R-Kt, meeting R to B6 or Q7, by R to Q or Kt3, and drawing if White persists in so playing his R's.

(r) Winning the Q Kt P by R-Kt3 ch if White K tks P.

Game No. 95.—KING'S BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

The following pretty little gambit occurred between Mr. J. Mann (Adelaide player in above game) and Mr. Holloway, of Williamstown, Australia:

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
J. Mann.	J. Mann.	Mr. Holloway.	J. Mann.
1—P-K4	1—P-K4	7—P-Q3	7—B tks Kt
2—P-K4	2—P tks P	8—Q tks B	8—Q ch
3—B-B4	3—Kt-K3	9—Kt-K3	9—Kt-K3
4—P-K5	4—P-Q4	10—Q tks B P	10—Kt-K3 ch
5—Q-Kt3	5—Kt-K5	11—Kt-K3	11—Q-R4
6—Kt-K3	6—P-Kt3	12—P tks Kt	

And Black mates in three moves.—Adelaide Observer.

CURSORY JOTTINGS.

—The Hartford *Times* and *Ayr Argus* have been leisurely plucking the feathers of the Derbyshire game cock of late, who, though strange it may seem, is disinclined to march, figuratively speaking, "On to Richmond."

—The Hartford Chess Circle exists no longer. We write its epitaph—O.

—The following "Prologue to the Gentle Game of Chess" we take from the *Ayr Argus*, of Scotland:

The game of Kings is war,
We draw blood and rifle flame,
And the tread of the hoof on the weary earth
Is to them a winsome game.

But here's a game more fit
For Kings and Prelates all,
Where thought rules, as rule it must,
Though stars and planets fall.

Then round our Queen all gather,
Gentle Knights and Bishops true,
For our game is not a game of shadows,
But we can think with bayonets, too.

The State and Church are one,
The Castle and Pegasus true,
Behold the Knave who meddles,
Checkmate and let him rot.

GIBBONS.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Communications.

WHERE TO GO FOR GAME.—Correspondents who send us specific questions as to where to find best localities for game and fish are referred to our game columns. All the news that comes to us is there given. By keeping themselves informed from this source our friends will save themselves and us much trouble. Read the paper.

H. SMITH, Monroe, N. C.—Your note of December 4 was received, but the head, tail and leg of the bird have never come to hand.

R. B. A., Freehold.—Please tell me the best and cheapest way to get a dog to Iowa City. Ans. We know of no other way than by express, and your local agent can post you as to cost.

J. H. W., Boston.—Your dog has paralysis of the nerve of the eye. By giving purgative medicines, and using the seton, you may cure him, but the chances are much against his ever recovering his sight.

LIGHT, Newark.—Sandy Hook Lightship is 64 nautical miles from Navesink lights. Two fixed red lights, fog bell and a Thier's automatic fog-horn. Lat., 40 deg., 23 min., 61 sec.; long., 73 deg., 51 min., 53 sec.

C. M., Albany.—Can you give me the name and address of some one who can perform the spaying operation, or one that can explain it to me? Ans. In business of last week you will find the operation fully described.

DORRIS, Greenville, Pa.—In the 1,000 ball match, where Bogardus gives Kleinman 200 balls in 1,000, does Kleinman have 1,000 shots before the 200? Ans. Kleinman shot at but 800 balls, 200 being given him as broken.

A. F. H.—Would you have any hesitation in breeding to a dog that had the mange? It strikes me that mange is not a hereditary disease but subject to all dogs when overfed, etc. Ans. No, only as far as risk of contagion was concerned.

W. B., Wappingers Falls.—Will you please give me the address of Ira E. Paine? Ans. A letter addressed to the care of this office would probably reach Mr. Paine. With regard to your second query we have no opinion to express on the subject.

H. R., Philadelphia.—As the symptoms you describe indicate no particular disease, it is difficult to prescribe for your dog. We would suggest a tablespoonful of cod liver oil, with two drops of wine of iron each day, which will probably restore her appetite.

C. P. S.—The Partello and Burnside scores at 500 yds. were made, according to letter of Mr. Partello, off-hand, at Creedmoor target, with rifles under 10 lbs. weight, and not less than 3 lbs. trigger pull. The riflemen here are straining their faith terribly over these scores.

D. P., Baltimore.—1. Does a Gorton setter necessarily have a cross on his breast? 2. Is the Dittmar powder any better than common powder? 3. No, better without it. 2. Certain advantages are claimed for it which again may be counterbalanced by advantages possessed by the other.

J., Baltimore.—1. My dog has a number of lumps on the end of his nose varying in size from a large pea to a pin head. They are red in color and "shining." Please suggest a remedy. 2. Will a bitch continue to come in heat after she has ceased to breed? 3. Yes. 1. Burn them off with caustic. 2. Yes, very frequently.

A. H. R., Red Wing, Minn.—Should a chip broken out of the neck of a glass ball in size be counted as a broken ball, providing the balance of the ball remain intact? Ans. It has been the custom to allow a broken ball where a shot mark is plainly to be seen, but we think the plan a bad one. A "hit" pigeon is very often a "lost" bird.

C. D. H., Columbus, O.—1. My dog's eyes run incessantly and he gets nothing of any account. 2. Is there any difference in the quality of guns made by Webster & Son, D. Webster & Co. and W. Webster? Ans. 1. Your description of symptoms is too feeble. 2. We believe they represent different grades, but the agents can inform you more definitely.

S. E. L., Pottsdam, Pa.—Where is the great dog Bismark? I have a puppy, 8 mos. old, said to be bred by him, that raves. How can I prevent it? Ans. As Bismark was smothered to death in an express car some years ago your puppy can scarcely be by him. You will have to describe your dog's falling in some other terms, as we don't know what you mean by raves. See our advertising columns for puppies for sale.

W. H. B., Boston.—Will you kindly inform me what is the best book on training dogs? Ans. We reply to this question almost every week. We answered it last week, recommending "Stonehenge," an English work. We may very properly add that the most concise and common-sense, practical instructions contained in any American work may be found in "Hallcock's Sportsman's Gazetteer."

C. F. J., Boston.—J. G. Wheeler, Wilton House, West Cove, Isle of Wight, England, and C. Wilson, 151 Leadenhall Street, London, E. C., England, will send you photos of English yachts upon receipt of price. They cost 2s. apiece, also x7t, and 4s. 6d. for size 15x12. For lithographs and chromos write to the latter firm. They will select for you if you indicate what class of yachts you prefer. Send money by O. R. For American yachts go to Black & Co., 333 Washington Street, Boston.

W. D., Jersey City.—1. Could a person (with the aid of some good book) train a dog if he had never trained one before? 2. If so what book would you recommend? 3. Where could the said book be bought, and at what price? 4. Are 20s and 17s good patterns for a muzzle-loading gun, weight 35 pounds 12 bore, 3 yrs. Dupont's smoking powder, 1/4 oz. No. 6 shot, at 30 inch circle, 40 yards. Ans. 1. Easily. 2. See reply to another inquirer. 3. We can furnish it; price \$5 postage paid. 4. Very good.

WHEELLOCK RIDER, Rochester, N. Y.—1. Please inform me where I can obtain "A Catalogue of the Birds of St. Vincent," and "Birds of Dominica," 2. Also "Journal of the Cincinnati Natural History Society," and "Papers on Entomology," by J. A. Linnaeus. Ans. 1. Address G. N. Lawrence, 45 East Twenty-first Street. 2. "Journal of the Cincinnati Natural History Society" can be obtained from J. W. Hall, Jr., 108 Broadway, Cincinnati, Ohio, and "Papers on Entomology" from J. A. Linnaeus, N. Y. State Cabinet of Natural History, Albany, New York.

G. P. W., Fairport, N. Y.—You will find general description of sharpie in our editorial this week. Further particulars in correspondence, etc., about to be published. For information on boat building, see thirteen papers published in Vols. IX. and X. of this journal. Can send them for \$1.50. No American work on boats and yachts published. Best English work for you is "Kemp's Manual." Can send it upon receipt of \$2. If you cannot get cedar, white pine is best; next, yellow pine, oak or other hard wood for keel, keelson, stem, stern-post, frames, etc., hackmatack or iron for knees, yellow pine for beams, spruce for spars.

WING SHOT, Marysville, Pa.—1. My dog has trouble in discharging his urine. Can you tell me a method of cure? 2. Does Capt. Bogardus use No. 6 shot for pigeons at 50 yards, or what No. does he use? 3. In shooting pigeons from five traps is there a pigeon in each trap, and does the gunner know which trap the bird is coming from? 4. Ans. 1. Give your dog every night and morning a ball composed as follows: Nitro 6 grains, digitals 1/4 grain, ginger 4 grains, with linseed meal and water enough to mix. 2. He uses No. 8, except on certain occasions when both barrels are used, when he might use a size larger for his second. 3. There is, but the shooter is ignorant as to which trap will be pulled.

H. C. M., Exeter, N. H.—An imported Irish setter bitch is accidentally lined with white hair. Pups are of course half white. The next time she is in heat, lined with white hair, double, an all Irish setter dog, consequently one white pup, rest pure red. Is it the rule or an exceptional case for a pup to take back in this way, provided she has visited none but the two dogs named? Ans. In the *English Line Stock Journal* there was recently printed a list of well authenticated cases similar to the one you name. We do not believe by any means that it would occur in each instance, and probably the white puppy would resemble the white hound more in color than anything else. It would be interesting to keep this puppy and see what it looked like at maturity.

CONVUS, Halifax, N. S.—Is there any very light single breech-loading shot-gun, suitable for a marksman to carry about without attracting attention when going through the streets of a town, manufactured in the U. S. in England there is a weapon of the kind, capable of killing small birds at a distance of twenty-five yards, or even more, made in the form of a walking cane and painted to represent one; a very handy thing, price 2 guineas. If no gun of the kind is made on this continent I think it might repay the trouble and expense of manufacture. Ans. There is such a cane-gun to blow pellets. Our naturalists use them. Don't shot is also used in shooting specimens with guns of very small caliber. Both can be bought in New York.

JACK CORKLEY, New York.—Slow down to twenty revolutions, please. We mentioned *Vision*, not *Vindicta*, as having an approximate center ring. *Vision's* fiasco in her attempt to sail a match with *Gracie* at sea should convince you of the correctness of our remarks. If you believe a 75-ft. boom an easier stick to handle than a 60-ft. you are running counter to generally accepted laws of dynamics. If you imagine weights stowed as far forward as possible a benefit to ease and dryness, you are out of step with theory and practice. If you prefer to snap a bowsprit off short to reefing it in a sea, you will no doubt be welcome aboard the *Vision* if you will agree to foot her bills. But if you do not accept the above you must own to the cutter rig in spite of your imaginary preference for the sloop. We do not think your remarks at all biased, but simply that you do not realize the necessity of an easy form and handy rig for a sea-going yacht, which we most decidedly do.

THE MOUNTAIN DWELLERS OF NORTH CAROLINA.—The Warm Springs are situated in Madison County, N. C., in the western section of the State, and are surrounded by various spurs of the mountains, known in the immediate section as the Warm Spring Mountains. On every side from the springs rise the various spurs of the mountains and beautiful peaks, on either side by deep ravines, from which in early morning large squadrons of clouds float off to the adjoining peaks and gradually vanish in the infinite beyond.

The springs are themselves a centre of trade for the mountaineers of the surrounding country, where they come to exchange their produce in the way of corn meal, corn, the corn and shelled, raw hides, skins of sheep, bear, and deer, together with chickens, squirrels, pheasants, and other game for the luxuries of coffee, sugar, salt, calico, cloth, powder and shot, and other things that they cannot themselves obtain at home. The stores here (two) deal only for trade or cash payments, making a discount of 12 to 15 per cent. for cash. The parties dealing here come from ten to twenty miles, or more, and make their trades only after a good deal of cautious bargaining, but all seems satisfactory in the end. Chickens, and tender young chickens, at that, sell from 5 to 10 cents apiece; eggs, warranted sound, bring from 8 to 12 cents a dozen, butter, with a good fair complexion, from 10 to 15 cents a pound; pheasants nominally 10 cents apiece, but raised to 25 cents by the aggressiveness of the bidders' appetites; squirrels are dropped from the lofty trees at 5 cents a piece, and chestnuts, or "children's fruit" (as some people call them, are dealt out at from 4 to 5 cents a quart. Everything else here is in proportion, but the parties bringing their produce in are much more unique than the prices charged for them. They are truly a study. They generally come in pairs, threes, fours or fives, and carry their goods on their shoulders, on horseback, in wagons drawn by horses, or, as is more usually the case, by that primitive and Scriptural vehicle, the ox team. There can often be seen here a single ox harnessed to a cart or wagon with regular horse harness and straw collar, or under saddle.

The women and men come together, each having their packages, which they trade separately. There is a peculiarity, too, about the mountain girls; they are not at all talkative, but come down to the plain facts of yes or no. They are more hairy than the men, and when your correspondent attempted to express sympathy for a couple of damsels that had trilled fifteen miles barefooted over the rocky roads to reach this place, a venerable mountaineer remarked: "These gals don't mind them rocks at all, but they make the men's pattern blinks, you bet." The "gals" here, as elsewhere, are fond of candy, but they only look at it with longing, and buy coffee. Of the men, "Old Uncle Joe," a regular in the mountains, and calling himself 88 years of age, walked here, a twelve-miles stretch, with two bushels of potatoes on his shoulder, and bargained for a pair of boots to him, he said: "When you 'tack a bar,' Joe says, 'you must go for him, and never let up till you have him. If you do,' he says, 'he's got you, or else your legs is better'n his!'"—*Baltimore Sun.*

EXTRA BIRD'S NESTS.—Some of the choicest delicacies of the Chinese kitchen are prepared from the so-called edible bird's nest, the nest of the Balanang, (*Collocalia nidifera*), and more than eight millions of these nests are annually imported to China, representing a value of about \$300,000. The nest, which is the size of one-quarter of a common hen's egg, consists of a gumlike, white or brownish, soft or less transparent mass, a salivary secretion of the bird itself, mixed with sea foam, and, when dissolved in hot soup, this mass imparts to the dish a peculiar flavor, which a refined Chinaman cannot withstand. What makes this article so expensive (one pound generally fetching from \$40 to \$50, or more than twice its weight in silver), is the danger connected with its production. The bird is found in Farther India and the islands of the Malay Archipelago, but its principal breeding-places are the high, perpendicular cliffs along the coasts of Java. Here it builds its nest in dark caverns, which it occupies in common with a species of huge bats, and the caverns are generally so situated that the danger of losing the entire brood strikes the rocks. The gatherers form a peculiar corporation. They are all natives, and none but he who was born into the corporation can be admitted as a member. They worship a goddess of their own—*Loro*—and inaugurate the harvest-time with trifling carousals and sacrifices. The Hollanders, who do not feel satisfied with taking the harvest in a few short times attempted to take possession of the field, but those Europeans who have entered the caverns have never come out. "Loro has taken them," say the natives.

POISONS AND THEIR ANTIDOTES.—The following list of poison-antidotes is now going the rounds of the press. It may be worth while to cut it out and preserve it:

Acids.—These cause great heat and sensation of burning pain from the mucus down to the stomach. Remedies—Magnesia, soda-

pearlash or soap dissolved in water. Then use the stomach pump or emetic.

Alkalies.—Best remedy is vinegar.

Ammonia.—Remedy, lemon juice or vinegar.

Alcohol.—First cleanse out the stomach by an emetic, then dash cold water on the head, and give ammonia (spirits of hartshorn.)

Arenic.—In the first place evacuate the stomach, then give the white of eggs, lime water or chalk and water, charcoal and the preparations of iron, particularly hydrate.

Lead. white lead and sugar of lead.—Remedies, alum, cathartic, such as castor oil and epsom salts especially.

Charcoal.—In poisons by carbonic acid gas, remove the patient to open air, dash cold water on the head and body and stimulate the nostrils and lungs by hartshorn, at the same time rubbing the chest briskly.

Corrosive Sublimata.—Give white of eggs, freshly mixed with water, or give wheat flour and water or soap and water freely.

Crocote.—White of eggs and the emetics. **Belladonna** (night henbane).—Give emetics and then give plenty of water and vinegar or lemonade.

Mushrooms (when poisonous).—Give emetics and then plenty of vinegar and water, with doses of ether if handy.

Nitrate of Silver (lunar caustic).—Give a strong solution of common salt and then emetics.

Snake Bites, etc.—Apply immediately strong hartshorn, and take it internally; also give sweet oil and stimulants freely; apply a ligature right above the part bitten and then apply a cupping glass.

Tartar emetics.—Give large doses of tea made of galls, Peruvian bark or white oak bark.

Verdigris.—Plenty of white of eggs and water.

White Vitrol.—Give the patient plenty of milk and water.

Opium.—First give a strong emetic of mustard and water, then strong coffee and acid drinks; dash cold water on the head.

Nux Vomica.—First emetics, then brandy. **Oxalic Acid** (frequently mistaken for epsom salts).—Remedies, chalk, magnesia, or soap and water and other soothing drinks.

Prussic Acid.—When there is time administer chlorine in the shape of soda or lime. Hot brandy and water, hartshorn and turpentine are also useful.

—It was a colored preacher who said to his flock last Christmas Day: "We have a collection to make this morning, and for the glory of Heaven, whichever of you stole John Jones' turkeys, don't put anything on the plate." One who was there, says, "Every blessed nigger in de church came down with the rocks."

—A man seldom finds out that the Bible is not true until he discovers that his course of life is condemned by it. After that the Bible becomes a book that will not bear the tests of the scientific method.

Admirers of Artistic Pottery and Glass are invited to inspect some choice examples selected by Messrs. TIFFANY & Co. during the Paris Exposition, including:

New Plaques by Minton, decorated by Mussill with novel marine designs.

Salvati's latest reproductions of the Venetian Glass of the Sixteenth century.

Fac-similes of the Trojan iridescent bronze glass exhumed by Dr. Schliemann.

New Plaques by Copeland, decorated with strongly drawn heads by Hewitt.

Reproductions, by Doulton, of old Flemish stone ware.

Reproductions of the Seinde Pottery made by the Bombay Art Society.

Recent examples of Glinori's reproductions of old Italian majolica.

Specimens of Capo di Monti ware, Austrian iridescent and enameled Glass and Limoges Faience of new colors.

UNION SQUARE.

SOUP.—Recipes for cheap soup, distributed to the poor of Liverpool: Meat soup, 400 quarts—112 pounds shins of beef, 75 pounds split peas (steeped fourteen hours), 14 pounds ground black pepper, 1 pound celery seed, 12 pounds oatmeal; salt to taste. Cost, 2 pence a quart; sold at 1 penny a quart. Sago soup, 800 quarts—76 pounds rice, 44 pounds Sago flour, 44 pounds Scotch barley, 40 pounds flour, 40 pounds oatmeal, 28 pounds treacle, 14 pounds pimento, 14 pounds salt. Cost, 1 penny per quart; sold at 1 penny.

A PARADOX OF JUSTICE.—The Mayor of a Georgia town, so poor that it possesses no jail, had two prisoners put under a wagon box turned upside down on the ground and secured them by placing two cotton bales on top of the box.

But how could he have his prisoners in a box after thus allowing them double bail!

—The first news sent by telegraph was the nomination of James K. Polk for President, in 1844. It was telegraphed from Baltimore to Washington over the experimental line built from Baltimore to Washington, for which Congress appropriated \$40,000 on the application of Prof. Morse.

The Kennel.

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Twenty-one Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals awarded, including Medal of English Kennel Club, and of Westminster Kennel Club, New York.



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Fleas! Fleas! Worms! Worms!

STEADMAN'S FLEA POWDER for DOGS

A Bane to Fleas—A Boon to Dogs.

This Powder is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animals, or money returned. It is put up in patent boxes with sliding paper box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and efficacious.

Price 50 cents by mail, Postpaid

ARECA NUT FOR WORMS IN DOGS

A CERTAIN REMEDY.

Put up in boxes containing a dozen powders, with full directions for use.

Price 50 cents per Box by mail. Both the above are recommended by ROY AND GRV and FOREST AND STREAM.

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oct 19

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AUTHOR OF THE

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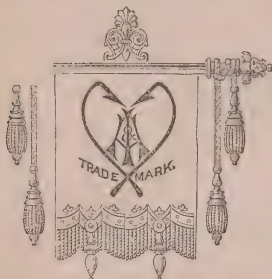
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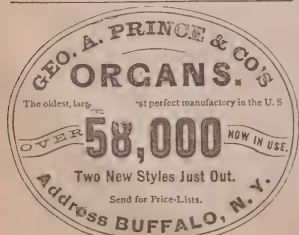
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NEW YORK THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1879

Volume '11—No. 25.
[No. 111 Fulton St., N. Y.]

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun. A MEMORY OF TALLULAH.

A song in the distant dells,
A laugh in the ancient vales,
And dreamily sweet the moon of the land
As the southwest wind prevails.

A call from the great green hill,
The voice of one I know,
The low, long laugh of a fying shaft,
And the ringing of a bow!

Sharp and shrill and clear,
The cry of a wounded bird,
Thrilling the air till the sleepy soul
Of the wilderness is stirred!

And the bowman, glad of heart,
Goes on by the trailing flood,
And the warp and woof of waves and winds
Are woven through the wood.

BOWMAN.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

Rambles in the Rocky Mountains.

BY J. H. BATTY.

"GOT any cartridges loaded?" "Yes." "All right; let's pull out for the mountain for sheep; the ponies are in a coule near camp. I saw them a few minutes ago. I'll catch 'em and you get our traps together."

Such was the salutation I received at daylight one morning when poking my head out from an A tent on the plains of Montana. As he finished speaking Chip started off on a trot and soon disappeared over a roll in the prairie. In a few minutes he returned, bringing our horse Breeze and a long-legged, stubborn-looking mule that had probably never worn a saddle. "What are you going to do with the mule?" I asked. "Make him pack me up the mountain; it's better than walking. My pony is lame, so I fastened on the first animal I could catch."

After considerable skrimishing the mule was finally saddled, tightly cinched, and mounted. Chip found his seat very uncomfortable for a few minutes, but finally the mule fell in behind Breeze as I led off up a coule to the mountains. Chip was a philosopher. He started life as a tinsmith in Pennsylvania, then became an expert at dentistry in St. Paul, Minnesota, where he afterward made considerable prowess as a taxidermist and collector. To have seen him in his greasy buckskin suit, fur hat and moccasins, with cartridge belt and rifle, one would think that he was a regular plainsman. He was a good horseman, a crack shot with the rifle, a quick trailer, a successful trapper, a good cook, and as crafty a skill hunter as ever tramped the woods.

We hunted together for nearly a year steadily, commencing by scouring the dry, treeless plains of Montana and the Provinces for scattering bands of antelope, thence west to the Rocky Mountains, where we climbed for days over their ragged sides when shooting big-horn sheep. September found us on the rolling prairies of the Province of Saskatchewan among the buffalo, and the following April we separated at a hunter's cabin near Long Prairie, Minnesota. We had deserted our old deer camp on the edge of the heavy pine timber, having been completely starved out after a full winter's hunt.

As we followed the course of the coule about three miles to the foot of the mountains, a few Western buck, sandpipers and gophers were killed on the way. Entering a pass, we followed it for about a mile, and were about to separate to hunt opposite sides of a mountain, when a band of about sixty big-horns was sighted. Chip had never killed a mountain sheep, and I passed my heavy Sharps rifle over to him as he skulked away to gain cover. Our riding animals were soon led under cover of a bluff, unsaddled and picketed. A few minutes later the writer was running up a ravine to head the band for some running shots, when the sheep stampeded at the first fire. Peeping over a knoll to locate the band, I was surprised to see the sheep loping away in an opposite direction. Bang! bang! bang! went Chip's rifle, and down went a big ram for only a moment, then he jumped up and went over a hill with the band, with a broken leg dangling after him. I was at a loss to know what had frightened the sheep, for Chip surely ought to have bagged one in such cover, and it was strange for him to shoot before I was "fixed," as we always made it a point to get in two guns at large game, if possible. Chancing to look at the foot of a hill opposite where the sheep were sighted, the mystery was explained. There was Breeze out in plain view watching Chip, and the mule tagging him. The horse had pulled his picket-pin, and the

mule was bound to pull his and follow, if his neck paid the penalty.

Chip followed the band, but soon joined me, and the animals were led to the saddles, and in five minutes we were mounted and riding further up the pass. We finally entered a narrow cut, coming out on a table-land surrounded with rolling grassy hills, the natural pasture of sheep, antelope and elk. We descended into a bottom to get the best feed, and picketed our animals. In addition to the picket pins we took two half hitchers with the lariats around two loose rocks; and to make matters more secure, I hobbled old Breeze Indian fashion.

We then started out to explore and hunt in earnest. Chip went over a mountain to the east and I went to the west. I tramped for over an hour and my game footed up two brown rattlesnakes and a porcupine. The hedgehog I tied to my belt when dressed, and packed it a long distance; but it became painfully necessary to discard it, as the quills were but half grown and perforated my thick buckskin breeches, and several of its smaller quills entered my flesh, one of the points of which I carried for nearly a year before it worked out. When free from the troublesome burden, the hunt was continued, and a small band of big-horns was sighted from the top of a bald mountain. They were on the opposite side of a ravine, and there was no cover nearer than the bottom. Some were feeding and others were watching me.

After taking in the surroundings, I commenced working my way down the hill in a lying position, hitching along with elbows and toes, making about two hundred yards, when a lot of loose boulders furnished the desired cover. The band was then about four hundred yards distant, and the moment I disappeared from view the sheep fell into single file and were soon lost from sight among the loose rocks and dwarf pines. Knowing it would be folly to follow them when they were watching the back trail, the course of the valley was taken, which terminated in a rocky gulch. A short cut over the rocks brought me into another ravine, which, when followed, would interrupt the course of the sheep. A walk of a mile brought me into another large pasture, where cover was taken and a look-out kept. Every hillside and bottom was scrutinized, and no game sighted. Only those who have hunted the big-horns can comprehend how difficult they are to find. When lying among the rocks they are easily overlooked, and are generally seen when moving or grazing in the bottoms.

While watching the capers of a gray fox that was hunting in a bottom, I observed a movement among some rocks. It was followed by other moving objects which were at once recognized as sheep. Approaching under cover of bushes and rocks, I succeeded in getting within fifty yards of the nearest. Peeping over a boulder about eighty big horses were observed within one hundred yards. A stiff breeze was blowing, and as the band was to windward and there was no danger of the sheep "winding" me, I sat quietly watching them for nearly five minutes. The band was composed mostly of three and four-year-old rams. Some were grazing, others were lying on rocks and in groups on the ground. They were keeping a sharp look-out; occasionally one would get up, walk to an elevated spot and look carefully around. Thinking further delay in shooting would be dangerous to success, I searched the flock for an old ram for the first shot, which would be a sure one. There were several large fellows on the further side of the band, but they were in such bad positions for shooting that a doe and young ram were selected that were near and in range, so there was a possibility of getting them both the first shot. As I pulled four cartridges from my belt and cocked my Sharps rifle I could not help but think of the repeating Winchester at camp.

Drawing a bead on the shoulder of the doe, I pressed the trigger, and at the report two sheep dropped. The ram, however, regained his feet and went off with a fore-leg broken. In ten seconds after the shot the whole band was in a mass, jostling and crowding in eager haste to get up the steep mountain side. Three more shots were sent into the surging band in rapid succession, and two more rams were left behind, apparently in their death struggles.

Laying the rifle across the doe, I climbed up the steep rocks to roll down the rams. When within a few feet of one of them, he jumped up and ran into some thick dwarf pines, with the writer in hot pursuit. He made better time over the sharp rocks than I did with the moccasins, and he was soon out of sight. Following the bloody trail, he was soon seen lying down behind a bush. Creeping within about five feet of the bush, I pounced upon him, seizing him by a fore-leg and one horn. He could neither buck nor bite, but he succeeded in kicking me off from him in about three seconds. As he jumped up I caught his fore leg and tipped him, placing one knee on his neck and the other on his hind legs. While trying to untie a lariat from around my waist to tie his legs, he bounced from under my knee and gave me such a kick in the throat that I was glad to let him go until my hunting knife was regained. Taking the back trail to the dead doe the hunting-knife was soon obtained, but on reaching the battle-ground the enemy had disappeared and the trail was not plain enough to be followed in the thick cover.

In the meantime the other ram had made himself scarce, so I hurriedly dressed the doe and packed it to the bottom, where it could be more easily reached with a horse, and started out in search of Chip.

I found him where the animals were picketed, and we were soon on the way to get the dead doe. After some uncom-

monly rough traveling—the doe was tied behind my saddle—we picked our way through a rocky gulch, over loose stones, to the prairie. During the ride Chip had kept his mule out of smelling distance from the sheep, but in an unguarded moment he rode up to me, and the hybrid got a smell of blood and saw the sheep's head flop. That was more than mule flesh could stand. The mule came down stiff-legged and Chip bounced up. My horse was trembling with fear, and on seeing the mule buck he jumped down a cut bank, and I had scarcely slid off the saddle when it turned, and the horrible sheep slipped down under his belly. Fortunately I had seized the lariat when unhorsed, which brought Breeze up in his wild career, and when he had bucked and snorted a few times he came to me for protection. In the meantime, Chip had wallowed his mule into submission, and after blind-folding both animals, saddles were righted, and we reached camp without further adventure.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun. A DEER HUNT IN MARYLAND.

"Away, and away, we'll bound o'er the mountains,
Over the mountain, over the mountain,
Over the valley, the hills and the fountains,
Away to the chase, away, away."

"So there the wild deer, trembling, panting,
Trembling, panting, trembling, panting;
Fearfully panting, one moment standing,
Then off he speeds, away! away!"

I WAS induced to join two or three acquaintances, early in November, in a hunting excursion; two of them and myself taking the same route, and the fourth, from another State, to meet us by appointment where we left the railroad.

We were all provided with repeating rifles, as well as our driver, for neither the rough locality chosen and the absence of snow admitted of successful still hunting; hence a resort to our dogs to start the game. As I do not remember to have seen an account recently, if at any time, in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of a fighting buck, I propose to give you a brief sketch of one in our hunt. We killed six deer altogether, averaging about one a day—though one day we killed two—and all but one, I believe, were killed on the run or swimming in the river near where our stands usually were; nor were one-half killed that were started, as some took water at other points and were lost—at least to us. Two of the six were very large fat, and four or five prong bucks.

Two of our party—bachelors—for the fun of the thing, as they stated, preferred to camp in an old unoccupied shanty near the hunting-ground and do their own chores—as, I think, the Yankees term it—i. e., chop wood, cook their meat, wash dishes, etc. The other two, not appreciating this kind of fun so highly, had their quarters with an old hunting companion and friend of the writer.

After killing four deer, our dogs got up the first of the large bucks, and after a chase of a mile or two compelled him to take to water, but at a point where we had no watcher. The driver knowing this followed the chase, and this he could do but little behind the dogs, for he stands six feet three or four inches in his stockings, and is as agile and athletic as a Comanche Indian. When he reached the river—as I learned, for I did not witness this part of the affair—the deer had crossed over to another mountain; but through the indomitable energy of the driver, who waded the river, icy cold and waist deep, followed by the dogs, the buck was again started, and when seen by the driver he was swimming at his leisure, having whipped our three dogs and also a neighboring cur, which had joined in the sport on his own account. A shot or two at long range from the driver soon started the chase again, however, and turned his course down stream toward our stands, or to me, rather, on the river bank; as only in deep water could the buck whip his assailants; but before reaching my stand (at which, and near by, I have killed about a score of deer) he passed within range of a stand a few hundred yards above me, and received a running shot, breaking a hind leg, as my friend thought, which turned him at right angles from the river and open ground, into the forest again; but in making another turn for the river below me, the fleetest dog overhauled him—then another, and another joined in the fight. For several hundred yards, with a broken hind leg, he fought off the dogs, tossing them about seemingly as a terrier would so many rats, and still making for the water, until I reached a point between them and the river, when escape was impossible, having a dozen shots in reserve, and all could be used in about as many seconds.

Fearing he might yet cripple or kill a dog, for it was a life and death struggle, and no coward in the lot, I raised my rifle, but forbore to fire for a moment or two, as I might accidentally hit a dog in the melleé, as none were still a second. Just then the dogs got the advantage, and the buck was thrown; when my friend ran up from his stand and shot him in the head. It was his first deer; and seeing the broken leg in the fight, I supposed it was by his previous shot, and that he was intended to give the *coup de grace*. In my many hunting excursions, fights have occasionally occurred with the dogs and wounded bucks; and I have known the dogs to be badly wounded; and in two cases the dogs killed, with the

Fish Culture.

THE AMERICAN FISHCULTURISTS' ASSOCIATION.—A meeting of the officers and executive committee of the American Fish-culturists' Association was held on Jan. 18 at the office of Robert B. Roosevelt, Esq. It was decided that the eighth annual meeting should be held on Wednesday and Thursday, the 25th and 26th of February, at eleven o'clock, in the director's room of the Fulton Market Fishmonger's Association.

MARYLAND.—*Elkton, Jan. 14.*—Our country is largely engaged in shad and herring fishing. The Susquehanna, Elk, North-east, Bohemia and Sassafras Rivers pass through our country. Our State Fish Commissioners have been propagating shad and herring in our waters for three years next spring. The large increase of small male shad last spring (two years after they commenced hatching the spawn of shad) I think proves that they have been successful. Our fishermen think that the shad matures in one year. A. W. M.

INTERNATIONAL FISHERY EXHIBITION.—Following is the prospectus of the International Fishery Exposition to be held in Berlin, April, 1890:

CLASS I.—AQUATIC ANIMALS.

1. Alive or stuffed, preserved in alcohol or represented in pictures, casts, etc.

2. Prepared or dried, salted, smoked, pulverized, preserved in tins, etc.; the various stages of preparation to be shown.

In particular the following are desired: A. Sponges in their natural state and prepared for use, shown according to their various species and localities. B. Corals in their natural state and prepared for use. C. Mollusca; oysters, samples of shells from the most famous localities, anatomy of the oyster in enlarged proportions; shells of all sorts, pearl shells, mother of pearl, manufactured pearls, sorted according to their value; imitation of pearl, river pearl shells; mother of pearl, from the same. D. Starfish, stella marina, sea urchins. E. Worms. F. Insects (chrysalides of insects, as destroyers of spawn or as food for fish). G. Crustacea; various species of crawfish. H. Fish of all kinds and of all zones. I. Amphibious animals, tortoises, turtles, terrapins, etc.; tortoise shells in different stages of preparation up to the comb or bone furniture (for companion's sake, also counterfeited tortoise shell); salamanders, frogs (spawn of frogs), snakes (skins of snakes). K. Aquatic birds (all sorts of birds detoured to fishing, sea-gulls, herons, cormorants, etc.) L. Mammalia (seals, whales) and manufactured articles from the same; mammalia detrimental to fresh water fish.

3. All kinds of products manufactured from Aquatic animals.

CLASS II.—FISHING.

A. Fishing gear of every kind and from every country, or models thereof. B. Fishing craft of all nations, in models and representations. C. Fishing tackle and netting in different stages of preparation. D. Machinery and implements used for working up the raw material.

CLASS III.—PISCICULTURE.

A. Hatching apparatus in operation. All kinds of appliances and implements for the artificial breeding of fish, crabs and shells. Boxes for conveyance of fry, etc. B. Models or drawings of well-known breeding institutions. C. Models or drawings of appliances for protecting or perfecting aquatic animals (salmon ladders, etc.). D. Aquaria of all sorts. E. Illustrations of the development of some of the most important species, such as oysters, salmon, herring, crawfish, etc., shown in their various periods of growth.

CLASS IV.

Appliances in use for keeping and conveying freshly caught aquatic animals. Also working models of such appliances. Conveyance of freshly caught fish by railway.

CLASS V.

Models and other representations of appliances in use for the preparation and preservation, by drying, salting, smoking, etc., of the produce of fisheries for commercial purposes (smoking-houses, etc.) and for household purposes (fish-kettles, fish-disches, etc.).

CLASS VI.

Models of fishermen's dwellings and costumes; also of fishing implements not included in the foregoing classes.

CLASS VII.—SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATIONS REGARDING THE STOCK OF FISH.

Physico-chemical researches; investigation of the bottom of the sea and lakes, shown by samples; aquatic plants in relation to fishing, herbaria, etc.; researches into aquatic fauna (animals of the suburbs) and researches preserved in alcohol or prepared, etc.; apparatus and implements used in researches.

CLASS VIII.—HISTORY OF FISHING.

Implementations of fishing, original or in reproductions, from the oldest time downward; also models, pictures, seals, emblems of ancient fishermen's guilds, etc.

CLASS IX.

Literature, statistics of fishery, maps showing the geographical distribution of fish.

Natural History.

DEATH FROM SKUNK BITE.

THE recent notes on this subject in the columns of *Forest and Stream* have excited a widespread interest among its readers, and we have been favored with several communications calling attention to Col. R. I. Dodge's mention of the fatal effect of the skunk's bite in his late work, "The Plains of the Great West." In 1877, when the above-mentioned work appeared, we noticed it at some length and referred particularly to this point. Unfortunately for the value of Col. Dodge's contribution to the literature of this very interesting subject, he gives no facts in support of the opinions which he there advances. Indeed, he expressly says, "I have never had the opportunity nor the technical knowledge necessary for a careful investigation" (of the subject), and it appears that he only reports the general opinion of hunters, plainsmen, etc., an opinion which had been brought to the knowledge of the scientific public three years before by Mr. M. C. Hovey (*Amer. Jour. Sci. and Art*, 3d ser., vol. vii, pp. 477-483, May, 1874).

Mr. Hovey's article was backed by a number of definite

facts, and the examples cited by him show the terrible effects which so often follow the bite of the skunk. In the paper just referred to the author quotes Dr. M. M. Spearer, Surgeon Sixth U. S. Cavalry, and this gentleman's opinion differs wholly from the conclusions reached by Dr. Janeway, to be stated further on. Dr. Spearer says, "I regard this virus as being as peculiar to the skunk as the venom of the rattlesnake is to that creature; and not an occasional outbreak of the disease, as the *astrus venereus* of the wolf or the *rabies canina*." A similar opinion is expressed by Col. Dodge in his book, where he says, "I am convinced that the terrible disease (hydrophobia) is the natural result to man of the bite of the skunk—in the territory designated; and that while inflicting it on the person bitten, it does not follow that the skunk is himself afflicted with the malady."

Dr. John T. Janeway's article in the *New York Medical Record* (vol. x., pp. 177-180, Mar. 13, 1875) deals with this question in a very conscientious and scientific spirit, and gives the fullest and most detailed reasons for the conclusions which he arrives at. He cites cases where death followed the bites of skunk, wolf and dog, gives the symptoms, treatment and result in each, and finally concludes that death from skunk bite is caused by *rabies* which does not differ essentially from *rabies canina*. Dr. Janeway also differs from Mr. Hovey in believing that the bite of the skunk is not always fatal, and cites one case in support of it. In this instance two herders were bitten, one of whom was treated by Dr. J., the wound being freely cauterized with nitrate of silver, and strichnine administered in 1-16th grain doses every three hours. Subsequently the strychnine was gradually increased; to one-half grain on the eighteenth day, and it was not until the twenty-fourth day that any symptoms of its toxic effects showed themselves. The man thus treated recovered, while his companion, who was not under the Doctor's care, was reported to have died ten days after being bitten. Dr. Janeway regards this form of hydrophobia as "evidently epidemic, no cases having been reported previous to 1870 in this region" (Kansas). In further confirmation of his belief that the bite is not necessarily fatal, the writer of the article above cited mentions eight cases of persons bitten (six hunters and two soldiers) who recovered, and states that two dogs in his possession have been frequently bitten by skunks and have never shown any symptoms of *rabies*.

This subject, as we have remarked before, is one that deserves investigation, and medical men who are stationed on the plains will no doubt see that no opportunities for observing the disease are lost. We have never heard of a death from the bite of a skunk anywhere this side of the Missouri River, and we should be glad to receive and print any information bearing on the question of the geographical limit, if such there be, of the disease.

We have been led to write thus fully on this subject, not only on account of its importance, but also because none of those correspondents who have written us on the subject seemed familiar with the articles from which we have quoted. We shall hope at some future time to receive some additional reports, which we will gladly present to our readers.

ARE WOODCOCK NOCTURNAL?

HOLLAND PATENT, N. Y., Dec. 24, 1878.

EDITOR *FOREST AND STREAM*:

My three companions and myself were spending our summer vacation at one of the many miniature lakes which so materially add to the attractions of the northern wilds of the Empire State. About sunset one evening we were seated outside our shanty, enjoying a quiet smoke, when a sharp "tweet, tweet, tweet" issued from the bushes a few rods away, and was taken up and repeated in the shrubbery all about us.

"I say, Bill," queried the professor, one of our number, "to whom or what are we indebted for this gratuitous serenade?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared our guide, the person addressed. "Ain't you been in the woods long enough to know a woodcock when you hear one?"

"A woodcock!" exclaimed the professor. "You don't mean to tell me those are woodcock making all this racket!"

"Well, that's about what it amounts to," said Bill. "If you wait awhile longer the air will be full of them."

This remark aroused the hunter's instinct in my nature, and I lost no time in getting out my "Parker." I stationed myself in the centre of the little clearing in which our shanty was located, and prepared myself to improve the first opportunity for a wing shot; for although the persistent "tweet, tweet, tweet" apparently issued from every bush, it was too dark to discern any small object on the ground. Suddenly, almost from under my feet, a bird rose perpendicularly in the air to the height of perhaps two hundred feet and sailed off in the darkness in a motion could be followed only by its note, in which there seemed to be an entire change when the bird was on the wing. The sound, however, gradually came nearer, and ere I had time to raise my gun the bird dropped into the identical bush from which it started and resumed its monotonous cry. The next bird that arose I was somewhat better prepared for, and as the air soon became literally alive with them, I succeeded in a short time in bagging enough to insure me a hearty breakfast of woodcock on toast for the next morning.

While sitting around the camp-fire that evening the conversation naturally turned on the habits of the woodcock. The majority of our party knew this bird was in the habit of seeking its food at night, but as we had often hunted them successfully in the daytime and never succeeded in catching one asleep, the question arose as to where they slept and whether or not they indulged in this luxury. The question having arisen again recently, Martin's *Natural History* was referred to. This work, in describing the woodcock (*Scolopax rusticola*), says: "Every evening after sunset these birds sally forth to seek their food, consisting of larvae, slugs and aquatic worms, which they find in marshy meadows. Their cry is zig-zig-wauk."

The American woodcock (*Scolopax minor*), he says, "differs from the European species in the temperature of the climate they select for their residence. The sensibility of their beaks, as in the snipe, is sufficiently acute to enable them to collect their food by sense of touch. The snipe (*Scolopax gallinago*), when flying, mounts high in air and descends as rapidly as it rose." Now while this marks designates certain peculiarities in this class of birds, the author leaves us fully as much in the dark as before in regard to the matter under discussion, viz: Whether woodcock are, strictly speaking, night birds. Hoping to receive further information in regard to their habits we decided to lay the matter before the *FOREST AND STREAM*, for whose opinions we have the utmost respect.

Yours, etc.,

PONTIAC.

Woodcock are generally believed to be twilight rather than strictly nocturnal birds, though at the mating season their sharp note is often heard throughout the night, especially during full moon. We have never known of their "singing" except in early spring, when, of course, no one would shoot them. We should be glad to hear of further observations on this point.

VALUABLE STUFFED SPECIMENS.—We have seen some very fine specimens of stuffed birds and animals, preserved by Mr. A. Yeomans, of No. 70 Bowers, this city. The truthfulness of the poses and the life-like effect of the groups are very superior. In an artistic sense the works are of unusual excellence. Students of natural history, artists and seekers of these articles of household decoration should not miss inspecting Mr. Yeomans' work.

ON THE GOLDEN-EYES OR GARROTS IN NOVA SCOTIA.—We have received from the author, Mr. J. Bernard Gilpin, A. M., M. D., M. R. C. S., a very interesting paper with the above title. Mr. Gilpin's essay is devoted principally to the discussion of the differences between the common (*B. clangula*) and Barrow's golden-eye (*B. islandicus*), though he goes into the history of *B. albeola* quite extensively. His examinations of the two first-mentioned species have brought to light very interesting anatomical differences between the males of each, which are admirably illustrated by a plate showing the heads and windpipes of both birds. The paper is a most interesting one, and we only regret that the proofs should have been so carelessly read, as seems to have been the case. The number of typographical errors is inexcusably great.

THE ZOOLOGIST.—We are glad to be able to call to our readers' attention, and to recommend, the *Zoologist*, a very interesting monthly magazine of Natural History. It is by Mr. J. E. Harting, who is well known to the scientific public by his contributions to our knowledge of the Natural History of Great Britain.

The *Zoologist* numbers among its contributors many of the leading naturalists of England, and all who are interested in the study of Nature should have it. Its price is so low as to bring it within the reach of every student, the annual subscription, postage prepaid, being only thirteen shillings. In the first numbers of the present year will be found a continuation of Captain Fielden's interesting "Arctic Notes," in which a very complete outline of the observations of the British Polar Expedition will be given, and many other articles of very great importance. Persons desiring to subscribe to this excellent magazine should send a P. O. order for thirteen shillings to Mr. T. P. Newnan, 56 Hatton Garden, E. C., London; England.

ANOTHER MIGRATORY QUAIL.—We have received from Mr. A. F. Clapp, field editor of the *Sunbury (Pa.) American* a specimen of this bird, which was killed in that vicinity some weeks since, and a notice of which appeared at that time in the *American*. The specimen had been kept so long without apparently any attempt having been made to preserve it, that dissection failed to reveal its sex. From the plumage, however, we take it to be a young male.

The apparent success which has, up to this time, crowned the efforts to naturalize this bird to North America is most encouraging.

HOW THEY VIKED THEM.—A correspondent, G. H. W. writes us from Titusville, Pa., about the rattles of the rattlesnake, saying:

I have seen and helped kill a good many, all of which carry their rattles narrow side down and not the broad side.

PALE EGGS.—*Sunbury, Union Co., N. J., Jan. 6.*—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On the 10th of May, 1878, I discovered the nest of a robin built flat on the top of a beam under a bridge. It was constructed somewhat after the manner of a bridge-pewee's nest. It contained two eggs. During the same month I found a blue-bird's nest containing six pure white eggs. It is not this rather strange, as the eggs of this bird are blue? These eggs were much larger than those which a blue-bird ordinarily lays. Soon after the discovery of this nest I found a crow's nest which contained five eggs, four of which were colored as they usually are, but the other was pure buff.

GEO. LAWRENCE NICHOLAS.

A POINT WELL TAKEN.—*Rutland, Vt., Jan. 4.*—*Mr. Editor:* I call you to order. In two recent numbers of *FOREST AND STREAM* you have spoken of the migratory quail as the *Messina* quail. Let us try to call these strangers by their right names. There is no reason in the world why they should be called *Messina* quail, except that the birds imported into this country by myself, Mr. Hapgood and others, were purchased in Sicily and shipped from the port of Messina. There is an American bird known as the *Messina* quail; it is found in Texas, Arizona and New Mexico, rarely, however, north of the 35th parallel. They are totally unlike the European birds, and should not be confounded with them. We have confusion of names enough now. The Wilson snipe is

SAN FRANCISCO YACHT CLUB.—We learn with pleasure that the prospects of this club are exceedingly bright for the coming season. The new club-house at Sausalito has served to unite the bonds of friendship and rivalry closer than before, and the influence of the club is being felt in the community. The books show 110 members and a fine fleet of yachts. Eight schooners—the *Cousins*, 71 ft. long; *Minnie*, 68 ft.; *Aurora*, 69 ft.; *Freda*, 50 ft.; *Consuelo*, 50 ft.; *Ona*; *Pearl*, 52 ft.; *Virgin*, 52 ft.; *Lola*, 47 ft. 6 in. Five sloops—*Starling* 40 ft.; *Emerald*, 45 ft.; *General Morgan*, 40 ft.; *Sappho*, 40 ft.; *Ariad*, 31 ft. 6 in.; and *Mist*. Two yawls—*Frodo* and *Enid*, and three steamers. For the coming season, we believe, a number of the sloops will change to the yawl rig, which has given so much satisfaction in the West. The club-book is an example of completeness, and can be followed to advantage in its make-up by many organizations of the East. Besides giving the usual matter relating to constitution, by-laws, sailing regulations, etc., the book furnishes the addresses of the officers, the prevailing winds in San Francisco Bay, their force and velocity for a number of years back, the tides and currents, distances, and a chart of the bay and regatta course. Mr. Charles G. Yale, the secretary of the club, deserves the thanks of the members for his efforts in compiling a book which is a credit to the club.

LOYD'S YACHT REGISTER.—The third supplement has just been issued to "Lloyd's Yacht Register." It includes a long list of additional yachts, their dimensions, builders, owners, etc., and the classification accorded them. "Lloyd's Yacht Register" should receive better support from American yachtsmen than accorded it. Its influence upon yacht construction can only be beneficial, while as a book of reference it is invaluable.

QUAKER CITY YACHT CLUB.—At the fourth annual meeting of the Quaker City Yacht Club, of Philadelphia, held Jan. 5, the following officers were elected for the year: Commodore, A. F. Bauer; Vice-Commodore, Paul Kozitz; Rear Commodore, Charles B. Magee; President, William Post; Secretary, Charles S. Salin; Treasurer, Robert Baird; Assistant Secretary, J. I. Baughman; Measurer, John B. Vandervelde; Regatta Committee, L. Coleman, R. P. Thompson, John McCormick; Trustees, Alex. Wood, John McCormick, J. H. Stark, L. Coleman; Membership Committee, A. F. Bancroft, Robert Baird and John F. Loew. The club possesses eight first-class sloops averaging 30 ft. long, the second class sloops averaging 30 ft., and the fourth class sloops averaging 23 ft. In addition are in prospect this season and a good programme of races is proposed. We congratulate the club upon the acquisition of true Corinthians for Commodore and Vice-Commodore. Their influence will be felt in the future of the Club.

SEAWANTAKA CLUB.—The seventh annual meeting of the Seawantaka Y. C., of Oyster Bay, was held at Delmonico's in this city, Jan. 5. The attendance was large and the treasurer's report exceedingly satisfactory, showing a surplus of \$1,250 cash on hand. The club has had many members and yachts added to its lists last year, and now ranks among the strongest and most progressive in the country. The following are the officers elected for 1879: Commodore, S. J. Colgate, schooner *Idler*; Vice-Commodore, O. E. Cromwell, schooner *Eddie*; Rear Commodore, Walter L. Suydam, sloop *Clynet*; Treasurer, W. B. Simonds; Secretary, Chas. L. Grundy; Measurer, Carey Smith; Chaplains—William Irving, D. D., and Geo. Vandewater, D. D.; Regatta Committee—Mr. Roosevelt, Schuyler, James H. Elliott, O. Wylle Betts, H. de F. Weeks and Louis P. Bayard. Law Committee—John A. Weeks, Gerard Beekman and James M. Varum. House Committee—William Foulke, Jr., Francis De Luze and Thomas S. Young, Jr. Resolutions of condolence were passed respecting the death of Mr. Fred. G. F. ster, an old and respected member. The flag officers' committee reported concerning the changes in the Revenue Laws to be asked at the hands of Congress and the Secretary of the Treasury. The draft of an application to this end was read and approved by the club. A circular letter will shortly be addressed to all the yacht clubs in the United States and their signatures to the petition solicited. As the committee has been to a great deal of pains in compiling the grievances of yachtsmen in the form to be presented, we trust that a prompt compliance with their circular will be tendered to the part of all, as they will be benefited by the modifications proposed. Extra meetings should be called if necessary, for the movement is one in the right direction and concerns owners of small craft in particular. The same committee was requested upon motion of Mr. R. B. Stuyvesant to incorporate a similar petition praying for relief from certain steamboat laws which bear heavily upon the owners of steam-yachts. This matter will now be taken up by the committee. The petition from the petition relating to sailing yachts. The club book of the Seawantaka has also been revised, and the changes to the constitution, etc., will be called up by Mr. Robt. Centre for action at the next regular meeting.

THE SHARPIE.

ROSLIN, L. I., Jan. 11, 1879.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

As there appears to be much interest excited concerning the sharpie, I think that perhaps a few lines, showing just what she is and how much she will cost, may be acceptable to some of your readers who have never seen, or who having seen, passed her by—if she happened to be anchored—with the average yachtsman's contempt for anything differing from his type of boat. The simplest form of sharpie is a sharp-bowed, flat-bottomed boat, built by nailing two planks, which form her sides, to a plumb stem at the one end, and to a single piece of hardwood plank at the other. The sides are sprung around a temporary midship section, which is to remain in place until her thwarts are in and bottom planking secured. The latter are simply nailed athwartship to the lower edge of the boards which form her sides. She should have some inches flare amidship, which flare should be carried aft to the stern, and her bottom should be sloped up aft from amidship, so that she will leave the water easily. She may be decked over to suit her owner's taste, and her sheer cut to suit his eye. She has no keel or skeg of any kind. Her rudder is made from a single plank of an elliptic shape, hung on an iron rudder-post which passes up through her stern. The rudder should be so hung that about one-third of its area is in front of, and two-thirds of it aft of the iron post or axle. Such a rudder should be 30 in. in height at stem, 20 in. in height amidship, and carry a graceful sheer her entire length. Beam amidship, 5 ft.; on deck, 4 ft. 3 in. at bottom. Width at stem to suit the eye. These figures are for a boat 20 ft. in length. Centreboard at least 7 ft. long by 8 ft. wide. No position fore and aft can be assigned the centreboard, as its place will

be governed by amount of sheer on the boat's bottom. Rig to be of the triangular or lee-of-mutton type, and consists of foremast and mainmast, derrick tapering, from full size at deck to 2½ in. diameter at top. Foremast should be stepped as near to stern as is possible. Mainmast 12 ft. aft of foremast, the mainmast somewhat the shorter, thus reversing the usual schooner rig. The sails are bent without boom, but with a sprit, which is stretched across from sheet to mast. "Width of foresail, 11 ft.; do. mainsail, 9 ft. The foregoing is descriptive of the cheapest kind of boat that can be built; her cost will be governed by local wages and cost of material. I can and will build and rig complete such boats, of first-class workmanship and material, for one-half the price of ordinary boats, or sharpies of superior make and model, any size, at proportionate rates. This boat is just what is wanted for coast cruising and sporting, and is well adapted to carrying a cabin if desired. Although she is only locally well known, I am so confident of her future popularity that I intend making her construction a specialty. The sharpie is exceedingly graceful, regarded from any position, and I can hardly imagine a prettier sight than a fleet of them under way, with their slender triangular sails cutting cleanly against the sky, and their fine hulls gliding swiftly while leaving scarce a ripple to tell where they were but by an instant before.

THOMAS CLAPHAM.

DERIVATION AND CONSTRUCTION OF THE SHARPIE.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

If I remember rightly the first sharpie was built by a Mr. Taylor, a carpenter, who, leaving Vermont for his health, came to A. H. and took the Grove House at Five Mile Point. By some happy accident he hit upon very nearly the right shape, and, her cheapness and excellence being at once apparent, he had many imitators, and now they are about the only boat used by Fair Haven oystermen. They have many peculiarities, both of build and rig, and differ mainly in handling from any other boat that I have ever used. Their name was evidently given from the form of the bow, which is upright and very sharp. The dimensions most in use now are: Length, 33 to 35 ft.; breadth, about 5 ft. 9 in. to 6 ft. on the bottom; depth amidships, about 24 in.; at the gun, 30 in.; and 12 in. perpendicularly at the stern. The stem is a solid piece of oak, sometimes as much as 15 in. wide, fore and aft, and 6 in., or even 8 in., thick at the top. The lower end is made thin and sharp, so as to give a little flare to the sides. These are usually made of wide plank pieced up at the bow and stern to get the required sheer. Through the first third of the length the larboard is squared as rapidly as possible, to 3½ in. to 1 ft. of amidship, and more gradually toward the stern, where it is about 1 in. to 1 ft. Of course the flare of the sides, combined with the bend, gives a considerable round fore and aft to the bottom; the neglect of which, by unaccustomed builders, has caused many failures through the excessive roundness given by elapsing the lower edge wrong.

The stern is sometimes square, at others round. When square it is set with a great rake, not less than 45 deg.; when round it is nearly upright, and becomes quite light by being carried further out by the curve. The centreboard is long, and, as the boat is narrow, should come above the top to get the needed area.

The forward deck extends to within a foot of the centreboard, the intervening space being filled by a thwart, which is notched to receive the case, and has a mast-hole for using a sail in heavy weather. It also affords a convenient step to get up from the bottom to the deck.

The after end is decked some three or four feet, and the intervening space has a washboard 7 in. to 9 in. wide, with a combing rising two or three inches above, the whole opening being trimmed out to an oval form. About a foot from the after end of the centreboard the mainmast steps, through a very strong thwart, well secured and supported at the ends. The rudder is of peculiar form; known by some as the balanced rudder. The stock is of round iron or steel, passing through a tube flanged at one end to the deck, and at the other to the bottom, so as to be tight; split and spread below to receive a plank from 4 ft. to 6 ft. long, and 12 in. to 15 in. wide, shaped off on the forward end, which extends some 12 in. to 18 in. by the stock, so as to clear the bottom, and rounded on the lower edge to prevent catching. The stock is generally made of sufficient length to allow the rudder to be lowered some in a sea-way, giving a better hold. The head of the stock is squared to receive a corresponding socket on the tiller. The usual style of rig is with two lee-of-mutton sails. The foremast is set as near the stem as possible, and for racing the sail is cut so as to reach several feet abaft the mainmast, the after corner being cut off and a short spar called a club extending from the leech to the foot. This is done to increase the sail without adding to the height. The booms are not attached to the foot of the sails, but cross from the clew to aft on the mast about five feet up and are shoved out by a light purchase at the mast. The mainsail of course extends several feet over the stern. Their management is very different from that of a cat boat, resembling that of a racing boat with large jib. Being narrow they are rather crank and in fresh breezes must be eased by slackening the fore sheet, as too sudden easing of the helm slows the stern so swiftly as to take in water before the boat rights up in answer to relief from pressure. Of course such boats require quickness of judgment and action in the sailor, but when well handled no boats are abler. They go out in all weathers, and have carried racing sails in Long Island Sound when the coasters were reefed; and on one occasion, at least, a sharpie went from Branford to the reef off that harbor and rescued the crew of a schooner wrecked there during a heavy gale, when neither a smack nor a tug could be found in New Haven to venture out.

Many think that flat boats are unseaworthy. It is a great mistake when no boat can any longer carry sail and must be hoisted to leeward and is dry, while the deep one, being held fast by the bottom, receives the full force of it, rolls deeper and is wetter. And when worst comes to worst, and both must go ashore, the flat one, if crowded with head sail, is much more likely to make a safe landing. In view of their many advantages it seems strange that their use has not more widely and rapidly extended. For tonging oysters they are perfect; for the workman, standing on the flat bottom, with the coamings supporting his legs, stands

erect, and can relieve himself of much weight by drawing his tongue over the side.

Their cost is less than any other boat of the same capacity. All the space inside is available for yachting purposes, what little ballast is needed being usually a layer of bricks or paving stones. The clew of the foresail being necessarily cut high gives room for more heavy cloth of such form as to be useful. Their draught of water is so light that they can go anywhere, not exceeding 9 in. for a 35 ft. boat. Owing to their flatness, too, it is scarcely possible to injure them by pounding on the sand, as the water forms a cushion. These advantages will be duly appreciated by all who have cruised in the shallow waters of the Sound.

The chief objection is that they are unsafe in unskilful hands. They sail, like all narrow boats, on the side when it blows, and though very fast when properly built, they are never successful in the hands of amateur builders. No one should venture to build without getting accurate drawings. If any definite information as to details is desired, the best source is Mr. Geo. Graves, the most experienced builder in Fair Haven.

We refer readers also to the builders who advertise in our columns as reliable parties who will furnish particulars on demand.

ROUGH-WEATHER YACHTS.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Through the courtesy of your columns I wish to gratify the request of people interested in deep-water sailing as to why the match between *Gael* and *Sunbeam* is not to take place. In the first place it will be necessary to go back to our first trial, and get the minute facts of the speed of both boats. Before we go into such explanation it might be well to state what we are willing to admit, and stick to what we believe. Our oft-repeated arguments in *Sunbeam's* favor are that going to windward in any water we are a match for *Gael*, but she being 4 ft. longer on the water line, would probably run away from us. Under some circumstances we are willing to admit that she can outrun us, but going to windward she cannot touch one side of *Sunbeam*. Some of her backers stand ready, and have admitted that they think us the best boat of the two in a rough time, and from what we saw in Capt. Weston's outside race, under the auspices of the Dorchester Club this October, we think so ourselves. As poor a specimen of a sea-going craft never heeled her side to a sea or roared such a failure. She was drowned out, and did not go over the course, and yet her admirers ventured to pit her against one of the best sea-going boats in Boston bay. Why did they do so, unless, as their actions speak, they knew the race would never be sailed? Why did they put *Sunbeam's* folks to the expense of losing time and money in making preparations for such a race, when they never even put in an appearance on the second day, the day appointed by the judges? Such action alone in sporting circles would cause them the loss of the stakes. In the first place we never cared for money, but considered the hard-earned reputation of our little craft enough incentive to call any yacht of her dimensions out for a trial of her merits.

Now for our first trial outside the light. Wednesday, Oct. 2 was the appointed day, and 9 o'clock A. M. the hour for both boats to meet. A few minutes past the time found *Sunbeam* lashed to the pilot boat's mooring off Boston Light. In a short half hour *Gael* bore down in company with steam tug *Dolphin*. According to the rules of our race we must go to leeward to start, and as the wind was southwest, the judges concluded to log off (the course by a patent log on board the *Dolphin*). This was certainly an error on the part of the judges, as it proved the longest ten miles that ever was sailed. On board our boat was a practical navigator who laid out the course on the chart in a proper manner, and when the bearings bore right by compass we bore to, and waited to hear from the judges, they having stopped the tug. In a short time the cutter *Enterprise* shot across our stern, with the word to "go about four miles further north-east." When we arrived at the place the judges decided to start us. We were to have three short whistles to prepare, and two long ones to start. Some little delay was caused in getting the flag buoy in position. As the wind was not over four knots, we were in a quandary about starting; but as we had decided to go if the judges ruled so, we were ready when they gave us the signal. To us it was an anxious period of time, and the race one never to be forgotten. On the result of the trial, perhaps, would rest the reputation of our floating friend. We had beaten our opponent in three fair trials, and were to lose all or gain another triumph. Shortly after 12 M. we got the signal to start, and *Sunbeam* crossed the line, standing up to her work in splendid style. Two and a half minutes later *Gael* crossed, looking easy and saucy, and giving us to understand that we must work to win. We tacked to the northward and westward, *Gael* going to the southward. When she tacked we tacked; then we found the work *Sunbeam* was doing. In that one tick we had made over double the distance we had on the start. We outpointed and out-sailed her for nine miles of the ten to windward, and but for a favored slant that *Gael* got to the southward, the result would have been different. Every one that witnessed the race conceded that we were doing the best work, and had the race our own way; but how futile one's efforts when Providence ruled otherwise. Gradually the wind died away, until we lay almost becalmed. In a short time our attention was called to *Gael*. By the glass we could see she was getting quite a breeze from the southward. She now was heading almost at right angles from us, and perceptibly leaving us. In less than five minutes she tacked across us, and we plainly saw defeat staring us in the face. For almost nine of the ten miles to windward we had badly beaten her, and now to lose by a shift of wind! *Gael* rounded the buoy first, and set her huge standing-sail running before the wind. Three minutes later we rounded Point Allerton buoy, and hoisted our kites. If we could now hold our own we were sure of the prize, provided the race was a five-knot breeze. The water was smooth as a mill-pond, and *Gael* was in her element. She ragged on everything she could, and we did the same, and a prettier sight never was witnessed. Both boats were smothered in canvas and going like birds. The wind kept freshening as we neared the goal, but we gradually saw *Gael* leaving us. She beat us on the run a little less than 3 M. Her time was 8 M. 43 s. better than ours. She had to allow for difference in size 7 M. 30 s., which left 1 M. 13 s.

her favor for a twenty-mile course; but as our charts may not be right, and we not so learned as some others, we had nothing to do but submit to an injustice—an error of judgment. As *Gael's* actual time was 5h. 55s., and the actual sailing distance 25 miles, she was 55s. too slow, and the judges decided "No race." We argued that the day was not what was called for, and would like the stipulations six knots or more; so on agreement the articles were altered. By request of the referee we decided to waive our right to start to windward, and if the next time we started the race could not be sailed to windward first, we would willingly go to leeward and beat back to exit referee. As *Gael's* folks had drummed this all the time for their own advantage, we hung off, and asserted our claims; but when it began to breed discussion in our judges' circle, we concluded to keep harmony in the ranks even at a loss to ourselves.

"Tuesday, Oct. 14; same time and place," was the word sent in by the judges for a second trial. We left our mooring with hardly steerage way on to get to our destination, but the case looked almost hopeless. The indications were, a breeze to the southward; but whether we should get it early enough for the race patient waiting only would disclose.

The steamer *Payette* hove in sight with the sailing master of the *Gael* on board; he proceeded up along side the judges' boat, the cutter *Enterprise*, and entered into a parley. What the sailing master said we did not know. The judges came on board of us and we asked where the *Gael* was (this was off City Point, South Boston,) and they told us "she lay at her moorings, East Boston." We asked if they intended to put in an appearance, but could get no definite answer. They showed plain signs of backing out and, as they had the care of the judges, we made up our minds we should not only not handle their money, but would never see the stakes. We offered them if they would go to the appointed place—"Boston Light"—to sail them for some prize to pay for going down. Sail for fun or marbles. Sail her in any wind or water for the cigarette, or a dinner, and let the other matter rest until we could get a favorable chance.

The judges went on board the steamer with our request, came back and reported the sailing master would not accept. We stated then we would go to the light and wait for our breeze, but were thunderstruck when the judges said they decided the race off and would refund the money. We were indignant at this state of affairs and said we should go to the appointed starting place and if we found the wind we wanted should claim the money, or a race, but we could not alter the judges' decision by coaxing or entreaty.

We went to Boston Light, found a splendid southeast breeze and a heavy sea. The judges stated that our rules required us to start at 9 A. M. Why did they not think of that on the first trial, when we did not get to the starting place until afternoon? We were at the light before 12 M., sailed over part of the course and proved that one of the judges made a mistake when he stated our little boat could not sail in such a sea. She was like a duck, shooting up to the top of a heavy ground-swell and sliding down the other side, occasionally dipping her bow and shaking the brine from her round, smooth sides. We proved her weatherliness.

Why was the *Gael* so reluctant to put in an appearance? Was she afraid of the *Sunbeam*, or of the rough water, or both? Why did she challenge us and put us to the expense and loss of time? She never made an appearance who was entitled to the prize? Under the circumstances was a great noise and she was presented with a consolation prize. We never would have accepted such a thing. The *Sunbeam* has earned all her prizes, and wants no others. Our race will never come off because they decided (from former trials) that our claim to being the fastest boat to windward is just and they backed out at last.

Sunbeam's skipper certainly makes out a strong statement in his yacht's favor and it will now be in order for *Gael* and the judges to render an accounting.

CORINTHIAN CRUISERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 30, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

I am gratified to see that the discussion on Corinthian yachts in the *FOREST AND STREAM* has brought to the surface such valued authority as "Hard-a-lee," and after the arguments *pro* and *con*, on the question of model and rig have been digested, and the various good and objectionable points of the "broad flats" and "narrow deeps" duly set forth, the Corinthian contemplating building a boat can come to an intelligent conclusion, pay his money, and take his choice. I feel "constrained," however, before abandoning the field, to take up some of the theories advanced by "Hard-a-lee" on the question. I will endeavor to obtain the work he refers to ("Down Channel"), and see if the experience of the author can carry conviction to my mind on the superiority of the narrow deep cutter in a gale of wind over the "broad flat," having seen some rough weather myself in the latter craft.

Firstly—There is a vast difference between a boat "lying to" and under way in rough water. It is quite true his cutter may have proved herself an excellent sea boat under such circumstances, inasmuch as she was making no perceptible headway, but on the contrary, was constantly receding from the coming wave, and therefore less liable to "dive" into it. Again, it is pretty generally the case that boats are modeled and built to suit the waters wherein they are used, and as the English Channel, according to my limited experience, confined to crossing it in mail packets, is almost as turbulent and uneasy a sheet of water as I wish to see, and as yachting in England must almost entirely be done in rough water, John Bull has followed in the footsteps of his fathers, and built his boats according to the ancient theory that what was good enough for his grandfather was good enough for him; but as we cannot very well bring the English Channel over to our yachts for a trial of their sea-going qualities, and none of ours have been tried there, the comparison loses force. In building a yacht for Corinthian sailing, we necessarily consult the character of the water and navigation where she is to be used. While the ambitious yachtsman can by a little effort find water quite rough enough to satisfy him at times by cruising outside of Sandy Hook, he, as a general thing, has no great call to poke his nose into it; but should he venture out, as I have often done,

into the waters of our broad Pacific, there would not necessarily be any occasion to change the broad, buoyant boat for a "diver." I have often tested the very problem "Hard-a-lee" suggests, and can answer his commendation as to how the flat-bottom behaves; and as I am spared to write this, it is presumable that my craft never illustrated his fear that the might bounce up, by reason of her buoyancy, and flop over. Our "broad flats" have no such unseemly habits, are not given to such gymnastic performances; on the contrary, by reason of their buoyancy, are like corks, lively, and come what may, in the way of a sea, they can always be found on top, instead of "sounding." They are safe, for the reason that they recede from a sea more rapidly than a deep boat, and any boat that will "give way" to a sea is always accounted by old sailors as a good sea boat. They are not so likely to "trip" as a deep boat, inasmuch as the line of immersion is never below the moving surface of water; there is nothing for the sea to get hold of to cause that unpleasant little caper. "Hard-a-lee" says he is not convinced that seaws, although good for San Francisco Bay, would be a success in the English Channel. Who said they would be? And yet they go outside and cruise on our coast, which is quite as rough, certainly, as our Eastern coast, and do not lay to any oftener or sooner than the sharp-bottomed schooners that cruise in company. I might ask what kind of a figure his English cutter would cut on a Jersey mud flat, or along the Sound harbors at low tide. He would have a delightful night's rest with his boat at the angle she would present. "Hard-a-lee" may have had a boat that wallowed about in a seaway, but that fact, coupled with 16ft. beam, does not necessarily imply that it was the fault of the beam, but more likely the result of a bad model. I have seen deep and narrow boats that did the same thing, and for the same reason—i. e., bad model. The model has quite as much to do with a boat's ease in a seaway as anything else. As to the argument offered that the *Mohawk* carried away her boshtay, that accident is likely to happen to any craft, sharp or flat, and either would do just what the *Mohawk* did.

Tako "Hard-a-lee's" dimensions as his idea of a properly proportioned boat—36ft. keel, 45 over all, 6 to 6½ deep, 12ft. 9in. extreme beam; and I presume start out with him in my craft—of same length, but 14½ beam, 6in. deadrise, 4½ deep. He will draw 5ft.; my boat will draw about 2.9 or 3ft. I will have an equal amount of freeboard; my cabin will be 1ft. 9in., and consequently more roomy and comfortable for a foot in cabin width is like that proverbial inch on a man's nose—counts up amazingly. We got out into the Sound with a spanking breeze, and while my craft stands squarely on her bottom, and the decanter and glasses stand safely on the table, "Hard-a-lee's" craft is over on her side, and unless the crockery has been secured, has gone to general destruction. I "heel" over six inches, perhaps, while his lee rig is scooping up the water, his freeboard is unusable, and his side becomes the sailing mold. By virtue of standing up my centerboard is much more effective, and my boat is holding a better course. Bye and bye "Hard-a-lee" must reef. I go along, carrying all sail comfortably. We reach Bridgeport, and run in for a harbor for the night, as the weather looks a little nasty. I run in close to the wharf, and anchor. "Hard-a-lee" must drop his anchor a much longer distance off; or if he runs in with me to the sociable, and the tide goes out in the night, I hear a sudden ker-cunk as I lay snug in my wide berth, accompanied by a jingling of unshackled corkery and smothered imprecations on the cook who omitted to stow it away. "Hard-a-lee" passes a miserable night, trying to sleep on the ragged edge, his boat lying down on her side. In the morning we turn out fresh and ready for a start, with a fair wind, but we must wait for two hours for the incoming tide to float off "Hard-a-lee" from the mud, most of which time he is consuming in the effort to get breakfast under difficulties, unless I take compassion on him, and invite him aboard the "broad flat" as an act of humanity; and so we go. And so we mentally compare our different degrees of comfort all the cruise, "Hard-a-lee" stubbornly refusing to admit that his sharp bottom, much deadrise, and cranky craft is one whit inferior to ours. Finally, westerly rough water, where he has been wanting to catch us. We keep right along with him, taking no more water on board than he does, going just as fast, and if we have to "lay to," there we are—very buoyant, very dry and very comfortable. Now, where has he an advantage? Not in speed, not in safety, not in stability, and certainly not in comfort; and if he has a sensible man, he will mentally resolve that, when he gets back, if Jones still admires his boat, and expresses a wild desire to purchase, he will oblige Jones, for Jones is a good fellow, and he would like to see him have a good boat. The next thing you hear of "Hard-a-lee" he is building a new boat, with 18in. more beam and less deadrise. Now, suppose "Hard-a-lee" had started off in your blasted English cutter, with its V shaped bottom and tape-worm dimensions, how far would he have got, and what would his chances of Heaven be to clear the amount of fearful imprecations it would call forth? He would leave her stuck in the mud at Bridgeport, and go home by rail, damning Corinthian yachting as a fraud and a failure.

In using the term "broad flat" I do not intend to imply that I advocate a scow bottom; on the contrary, I give my boat a sharp entrance, a moderately hollow line below water, and a corresponding run, but retain all the floor possible. I will concede even 12in. deadrise, instead of 6, but carry my breadth well out, with a sharp knuckle, so as to get all the bearings I can. The midship floor timbers can be made perfectly straight, as I avoid anything approximating to a round or barrel bottom, in which there is no stability. Above water she can be made as graceful and presentable as any other model. A good sheer makes her dry, and raises her bowsprit above the plunging mark; in fact, it will seldom go under, and not as often as the stub straight spar of a cutter. And my bowsprit is on a line with the sheer of my forward deck, and not "braced down" on the curve to pick up every sea, according to the accepted style of your Eastern small craft, and some large ones, too, for that matter.

I have a friend, a thorough yachtsman, possessing skill and talent for drawing (that I am sadly deficient in unfortunately,) who has promised to make a series of outline drawings that will fully illustrate our styles of craft, and the worthy Secretary of our yacht club, Charles G. Yale, Esq., will try to find time from his arduous editorial duties to get up some diagrams and sketches of the modified "dandy rig," as adopted by the yachts of the San Francisco Yacht Club, all of which will be forwarded to the *FOREST AND STREAM* as soon as the aforesaid proverbially procrastinating

"old salt" first mentioned can be forced up to the effort, from which an idea can be formed of such a craft as I have tried imperfectly to describe, all of which will, out of compassion for your benighted condition, be respectfully submitted for your enlightenment. So, load up your guns, and get ready to give us a broadside of criticism. PODGERS.

TIN-COATED SHOT.—A look through Capt. Bogardus' shot gun at the conclusion would have delighted any old shooter who has known what it is to have the gun badly leaded, and has experienced something of the rubbing and scrubbing process of cleaning. The shot used by Capt. Bogardus was the tin-coated shot of the Leroy Shot and Lead Manufacturing Company, 393 Water street, N. Y., and by his direction no cleaning of the inside of the barrel was attempted. They were inspected, but beyond a few specks of powder dust, they were clean at each change, and the duty of his assistant was confined to cooling the barrels. The trial was a complete success for the Leroy Company, and this with the other advantages granted to tin-coated shot should make it a favorite everywhere.

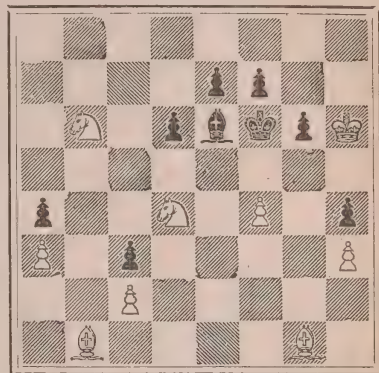
BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP.—The Grand World's Billiard Tournament is now in progress at Cooper Institute, this city.

The Game of Chess.

NOTICE.—Chess exchanges, communications and solutions should be addressed to Chess Editor FOREST AND STREAM, P. O. box 54, Wolcottville, Conn.

Problem No. 40.

Motto: A Long Look Ahead.



White to play and give mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS—NO. 36.

Three solutions: Q-B3, Q-K7 and the author's.

PROBLEM NO. 37.

1.—Any

1-Kt K5
2-Mates

Game No. 96.—SCOTCH GAMBIT.

Game in the International Tourney between Don C. Rogers, of Detroit, Mich., and Mr. E. H. Heath, of England:

White. Heath.	Black. Rogers.	White. Heath.	Black. Rogers.
1-P-K4	1-P-K4	13-P-K5 (f)	13-Q-Kt K5 P
2-Kt-K3	2-Kt-Q K3	14-Kt-K5 Kt	14-Q-Q3
3-P-Q4	3-P-Kt P	15-R-K5 P	15-Q-Q3
4-B-Q B4	4-B-Q B4	16-P-Kt K5	16-P-Kt K5
5-Castles (a)	5-P-K3 (g)	17-R-K K5 (a)	17-Q-K B5 (h)
6-P-Q3	6-P-Q5 (g)	18-B K5 Kt (j)	18-Q K5 Kt (j)
7-P-Q K4	7-P-Q K4	19-R-K K5	19-R-K K5
8-P-Q K3	8-P-Q K3	20-Q-Q (i)	20-B K5 P ch
9-Q-Kt K5 (d)	9-Q-Kt K5	21-K-Kt	21-Kt K5 Q
10-R-K K5	10-R-K K5	22-R-Kt K5	22-K-Q7
11-Q-K K5	11-Castles		White resigns.
12-Q-K K5	12-B-K3		

NOTES.

- Castling at the 5th move is decidedly inferior to P-Q B3 or Kt-K5.
- Of course. The correct play.
- Although this move is often made at this point, B-K K4 is considered better.
- This looks formidable, but Black neatly parries the attack.
- Should have taken Q P with B, and then White has an open and attacking game.
- The advance of this P leads to a series of exchanges which prove disastrous to White.
- This R to K seems a better move.
- A good move. It is hardly possible now for White to avert disaster.
- This move is forced. He has hardly any other else left.
- Black is sufficiently pursuing his advantage.
- The strongest move.
- Although Kt-K5 B P ch looks promising, it would be of no avail. White's best move at this juncture would have been B-Kt, but even this would have saved the game.—*Harford Times*.

Game No. 97.—ODDS Q-R-REMOVE WHITE'S Q R.

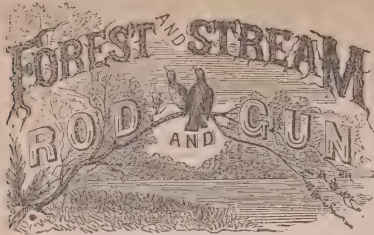
Another specimen of Australian chess:

White. H. Charl'ck.	Black. A. J. Loughton.	White. H. Charl'ck.	Black. A. J. Loughton.
1-P-K4	1-P-K4	6-B-Q B4	6-P-Q4 (e)
2-P-Q4	2-P K5 P	7-B K5 P	7-Q-B4
3-Kt-K3 (a)	3-B-K5 ch (b)	8-B K5	8-Q-Kt K3 (d)
4-P-K3	4-P K5 P	White forced mate in three moves (e)	
5-P K5 P	6-B-B4		

NOTES (F. M. Teed).

- 2-B-Q3 is frequently played when giving a piece, and probably offers more chance to the first player than this move.
- P-Q3 or Kt-Q K3 would be more advisable, though the move made is best in even games.
- It is tempting to follow this by 7-P-Q B2, but White could then play 8-B K5 Kt P ch.
- 6-Q-Q3 is the only move, for if 8-Q-K K5, 9-B K5 P ch, winning Q or mating at once.
- 9-B K5 P ch 9-K-B1
- 10-Q-Q3 ch 10-K K5 B
- 11-Kt-K5 ch 11-K-K2
- 12-Q-Q5 mate

—*Boyle's Transcriber*.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INDOCTRINATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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*Any publisher inserting our prospectus as above one time, with brief editorial notice calling attention thereto, and sending marked copy to us, will receive the FOREST AND STREAM for one year.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1879.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guaranty of good faith and be addressed to the FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous communications will be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for dereliction of the mail service if money remitted to us is lost.

Trade supplied by American News Company.

HONORS.—Hon. Orville H. Pratt, of Meriden, Conn., who is well known among his many friends as a lover of the sports of the field, has been elected to the United States Senate. Mr. Pratt is well worthy of the position and will most certainly fill it with credit and ability.

THE FIELD TRIALS CONTROVERSY.—In our next issue we shall briefly review this little family quarrel, and, now that all the judges and parties most directly interested have had their say through the columns of our journal, it is possible that the editor may deem it worth while to exhibit the facts and occurrences in the case as they came under his personal observation.

SAVE THE QUAIL.—Our news columns this week contain frequent mention of the fatal effects of the snow upon the birds. We have already spoken at length of the necessity of giving food and shelter to the birds, and again call the attention of our readers to this important subject. We are glad to see that several of our most active game clubs are taking very commendable action in the matter. Their trouble will be more than repaid.

BEHIND THE TIMES.—Seth Green's letter concerning eels, contributed to this paper, having found its way into the "patent outsiders," is now traveling about the country newspapers with the concluding remarks, that "The eel question is still open." Keep up with the day, Mr. Country Editor. Don't buy old matter, even if it is cheap. Read FOREST AND STREAM and the scales will fall from your eyes.

A MOST UNCONSCIONABLE LITERARY PIRATE.—The most systematic and unprincipled literary thief we know—and we know a good many of them—is the *Canadian Gentleman's Journal and Sporting Times*, a semi-sporting sheet published at Toronto, Canada. To prove our assertion we need only refer to the scores of articles taken from our own columns without the slightest credit being given for their source. A paper so utterly devoid of honor and unsupported by brains should suspend.

FOREST AND STREAM will be sent for six months for \$3, or for three months for \$1. To clubs of five or more, \$3 per year.

THE NATIONAL MILITIA MOVEMENT.

THE convention of gentlemen connected with the regular and volunteer military forces of the country, which met in this city during the past week, began in a very quiet way and with little blowing of trumpets a task, which, when carried out to the extent which even the most moderate-minded among its members would hope for, is destined to work a great change in the power and prospects of this country. These gentlemen propose to carry out a plan by which the whole country shall be provided with a civic-military force which shall give us as a nation, not only a defense against ourselves in cases of domestic disturbance, but a power of resistance in the contingency of a foreign invasion.

The project is one which no one will object to on its general merits, and the only question open for discussion and for settlement by deliberation and legislation is the manner of carrying it out and the extent to which it should be carried. While we have in our conscription laws given to Congress the undoubted right to draw every able-bodied citizen into the ranks of the army, a very wise conservatism on the part of the people and of respect to private rights on the part of the Government will prevent us from plunging into the Prussian military system. Such a permanent harassing system would be universally distasteful to the American people; nor on the other hand do we want a large standing army of professional soldiers lolling about army posts living upon the cream of the land and growing fat and insolent at the expense of the tax-payers. While we have our Indian wards, who recognize civilization only at sword's-point, we may have real work for a few professional killers-of-men, and that after, in taking care of Federal property, the skeleton of an army may find service as armorers, etc. But the idea of having a regular army sufficient for all the uses of our vast land, is a preposterous one. There never was a time when such was the case, and never should be. Nevertheless, there must be a strong power somewhere in the Government or back of it, else our vast, unwieldy continent and nation will become the prey of the other nations of the earth. That power is in the people, and how best to get it out is the problem. The revolutionary fathers saw this necessity, and saw, too, on many a day during the dark seven years which preceded our birth as a nation, where and how that power was defective; and the Constitution provides that Congress shall have power "to provide for organizing, arming and disciplining the militia;" and it is to put Congress in the way of exercising this power, of making this section of the Constitution a living law, that the convention spent two days discussing the outlines of a code. The old laws of 1792 and 1803 are on the statute books, giving, with great particularity, how each able-bodied male citizen shall be enrolled and train, and shall have at hand a good firclock and two spare flints, or else a good rifle with shot-pouch, powder-horn, twenty balls, and a quarter of a pound of powder, while every officer shall have his hanger and spontoon. If we need nothing more we at least need a revamping and modernization of these ancient rules and regulations, or we should muster like a Falstaffian brigade, or a party of mountebanks. We need what the framers of the Constitution intended—a strata of force spread over the whole country, able to crystallize at the shortest notice into a compact mass ready to give and take, to crush or to resist, as it may be called upon. The lessons of the Revolution, repeated in the war of 1812 and again in the opening days of the Civil War, pointed to the want of uniformity. The State troops rushed to the defense of the nation more as an armed mob than as the steady advance of an intelligent force. They lacked the first requisite of an army—organization. There are nice points of law to be settled, and the matter is one to be handled with more than the average of statesmanlike caution. The States are properly jealous of throwing themselves under the great car of state to have their individuality crushed out; and, on the other hand, the Federal Government cannot afford to unbind the girdle which keeps us as a nation together by giving to the States the power and the incentive to bind themselves up into great armed Commonwealths.

In general outline the bill proposed, despite its haziness in general and pettiness in detail, aims very near a serviceable act. While laying down the principles of general military duty, the act is devoted almost entirely to the encouragement of that body of citizens who choose to make of themselves soldiers so far as their civic duties will permit. These men are to have one commission to devise a manual of discipline, another board will fix upon a dress, and then the hand of the N. Y. State Rifle Inspector is seen in a matter which would grow up naturally after the general movement had taken root, and before that it would be but a dumb show. "First catch your hare" is good advice here as elsewhere, and when the national militia is established it is time enough to offer prizes to encourage its members in rifle practice. This section is not only premature, but its offer of \$100 as gifts to State and \$1,000 to National team shooting is petty, and has, as was said, a smack of the premium chromo business about it. What the bill will accomplish is the setting in motion of a system of direct comparison, which will enable each State to judge itself as against other States by an uniform standard. This is now impossible, and the weaker States do not have their inferiority brought out in the strong light which it would be were this exhibit made possible through the legislation proposed. Emulation will be sufficiently strong to bring each State up to a fairly effective condition, and where coaxing fails it is pretty certain that the persuasion of force will be of no avail. Public sentiment will swell the ranks to a million where the

strong arm of the government could not get a hundred men in line. This public sentiment has grown dormant, the mere passage of a law will not revive it, for there are to-day hundreds of dead-letter laws on our statute book, and the gentlemen of the convention will find that with the enactment of the law they get merely the tool, and it will depend on the vigor with which they wield it how great an effect it will have.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

A NEW ROUTE FOR SPORTSMEN.

St. Paul, Minn., January 2, 1879.

THE past autumn and beginning of winter, until within a day or two, has been distinguished in Minnesota by most charming weather. Old Dorcas, while his dominion has been severely felt in the whole middle belt from Kansas to New York, has as yet hardly touched us with the tips of his chilly fingers. The most glorious Indian summer lingered here until the beginning of December, then gradually, almost imperceptibly, transforming into an equally delightful winter; for although the thermometer now often falls as low as zero and below, the sunshine is so bright, the air so still, that out door life is most enjoyable. Some migratory birds, at least some mallards and jacksnipe, remained in the bottoms and spring-holes up till Christmas, and that not all of the latter half left as late as yesterday I can myself bear witness; for walking along Trout Brook, in the afternoon, I flushed a genuine *Ga. Wilsonii*, within 800 yards of my house, from a big spring between Ed. Rice's pond and the railroad.

Since you were with us last September the Extension Line of the St. Paul and Pacific railroad has been completed to its terminus at the British boundary line. To the enterprise of two business men of St. Paul, Messrs. Norman Kittson and James J. Hill, aided by Canadian capital, and to the indomitable energy and push of the general manager and receiver of said railroad, I. P. Farley, Minnesota and the whole Northwest beyond are indebted for successfully carrying through this important improvement, which in connection with the Pembina branch of the Canadian Pacific, makes a continuous line of 483 miles, and binds together by ties of iron the capitals of Minnesota and Manitoba. If we consider that this line of railroad has opened for settlement in its whole length the Red River valley, the very cream of the cream of the great Northwestern wheat belt, and that it has made Minnesota the gateway for the enormous immigration and carrying-trade now pouring into the vast British possessions to the north and northwest of us, and making our State the nearest and natural market for these new settlements, an idea may be formed of the importance of this improvement.

But it is not only to the business man and agriculturist that new fields have been opened by this line of railroad: it has also made easy access to the sportsman the most extensive hunting grounds on this continent, and stocked with a greater variety of game than may be found elsewhere within the limits of a single season's excursion.

Starting from St. Paul by the main line of the St. Paul and Pacific railroad, to the trains of which road elegant sleeping cars are attached, the sportsman-tourist will in less than twenty-four hours find himself in the lower Red River valley in the northwestern corner of Minnesota. On the prairies anywhere in this region the sharp-tailed grouse is abundant, and in the timbered bottom lands of Red River and its numerous tributaries there is good woodcock shooting and plenty of ruffed grouse! In the immediate vicinity of the railroad a few settlers have established themselves within the last year, but towards the east, for a distance of 250 miles, extends an unbroken, almost unexplored wilderness, where the deer, the moose, the elk and the bear as yet roam in undisturbed security.

Getting tired of venison, grouse and woodcock our sportsman may again take the northward bound train, and a journey of a few hours will land him in Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba.

He will here find a city of some 8,000 inhabitants, which in the intelligence and cultivation of its people and substantiality and even elegance of its buildings will lose nothing when compared with any Western city of equal population and much greater pretensions. The city is prosperous, growing fast, and doing an immense business, being the *entrepôt* of the whole British northwest. The hotel accommodations are excellent; and, having rested here, take steamer down Red River and Lake Winnipeg to the mouth of Saskatchewan. Here have your traps transferred to one of the several steamboats plying on this great stream. Once on board you may, by this means of conveyance, without fatigue or trouble, reach the heart of the continent and penetrate, if such should be your desire, to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. The valley of the Saskatchewan is one of the finest and largest in America and destined, at no distant future, to become one of the great granaries of this country. It is as yet a great game resort. The varieties are about the same as those of western Dakota, Montana and Idaho—the buffalo (in untold multitudes), the grizzly, black and cinnamon bear, the elk, deer and antelope, and feathered game in great variety and abundance. At any of the forts or trading-posts of the Hudson Bay Company—at Cumberland House, for instance, at Fort Carleton, or at Battleford, the new capital of the Northwestern Territory—the gentleman-sportsman will find hospitable reception by kindred spirits, good accommodations and offers of every facility and assistance.

Returning to the mouth of the Saskatchewan, if there is

any time to spare, I should recommend a trip to the north end of Lake Winnipeg, which is not distant. Our sportsman will then find himself in the land of the caribou and the willow grouse. The former is very abundant in the timber belt, which toward the northwest extends in the direction of Lake Alabasca, and the latter, as I am informed by perfectly reliable parties, is swarming on the open barrens, which toward the northeast stretch out all the way to Hudson Bay. Those who have tasted the pleasures of partridge shooting in Newfoundland or a grouse hunt on the British moors will not hesitate to go a good distance out of their way to enjoy once more this delightful sport, and here it can be had to perfection. And although the scientist may discover some microscopic differences, which might justify him in making different species, it is the writer's unscientific and humble opinion that the willow grouse of this continent, the partridge of Newfoundland, the garcock, or moor-fowl, of Scotland and the dal-rappa of Scandinavia are all one and the same species, the *Tetra lagopus* of good old father Linné. If our sportsman-friend is not in too great a hurry he may after a while reach those famous grouse resorts in a comfortable sleeping car; for notice in the last report of the Surveyor-General of the Dominion, I. S. Dennis, that he strongly urges on Parliament the construction of a railway from a point on the lower Saskatchewan to the mouth of Nelson River at York Factory, on Hudson Bay, in order to make an outlet for the enormous quantities of wheat and other agricultural products presumed to be raised in the near future in the Saskatchewan and other valleys of the British possessions in the Northwest. In his report the Surveyor-General states that the length of the road would be about 400 miles, that from the magnificent harbor at the above factory the distance to Scotland is shorter than from New York, that for 200 years the Hudson Bay Company sent all their supplies and received all their furs by sailing vessels over this route, and that Hudson Bay is free from ice from the end of June to the beginning of October.

For his homeward trip the traveler had better take the same route that brought him within the dominion of Queen Victoria. There is, however, from Winnipeg another route, known as the "Dawson road," by way of Lake of the Woods and the Rainy Lake Region, along the boundary between Minnesota and the Province of Kewatin. But the first 125 miles of this road, from Winnipeg, is overland and will entail more hardship than all the journey from the Atlantic seaboard to the outmost post on the Saskatchewan. It is simply horrid, leading over coroduroed swamps for a great part of the way. Once on the Lake of the Woods, however, you are amply repaid. Nice little steamers provided by the Canadian Government will carry you over the most enchanting lakes, and at the several portages are good camping grounds. The banks are high and rocky, the waters, clear as crystal, are filled with fish—pickerel, pike, black bass, whitefish, etc.—and the surrounding country is well stocked with game of the same varieties as are found in northern Minnesota, excepting the pinnated and sharp-tailed grouse; but the ruffed grouse is found in goodly numbers, and now and then the spruce partridge (*Can. canadensis*). Lake Sagana, near the eastern terminus of this remarkable expanse of water, is one of the most beautiful lakes in the whole Northwest, surrounded by enchanting scenery. The end of this route will put the traveler down at the mouth of Pigeon River on the shore of Lake Superior.

J. S.

GAME PROTECTION.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The new game law, which, as we are informed, the Massachusetts Kennel Club will ask the present Legislature to pass, provides that pinnated grouse and quail may be bought, sold and had in possession during January, February, March, April and May, if not taken in the State; that is, birds killed over the border can find a market in Massachusetts. Such a law would be perfectly monstrous, and the citizens of the Old Bay State can never hope to enforce close seasons while such a proviso is in operation. It is really putting a premium on law-breaking in neighboring States. By this proposed law the birds referred to can appear in the Boston market to be sold as food when others of their kind are nesting. Of course provision dealers and restaurant keepers are well pleased that the State is going to legislate money into their pockets in this way, and well they may be.

We understand that, by the proposed law, all shore birds except four species, the golden plover, the knot, the turnstone and the tiltale are protected absolutely from April 1 to July 15; but why should these four be excepted? The fact is that the season at which game birds can be bought, sold or had in possession, should close on or before the first of February each year, and we should only be too glad to have all spring shooting, except at ducks and geese, put an end to.

We hope that by calling attention to this matter we may put the friends of game protection in Massachusetts on their guard. The question whether such a law as the one proposed is desirable or not, can be answered in five seconds by any person of ordinary intelligence who has given any attention to the subject. We do not believe that such a law can be passed if all sportsmen work against it.

MASSACHUSETTS FISH AND GAME ASSOCIATION.—A special meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Association was held at their rooms in Boston on Thursday evening, 16th inst., for the purpose of giving a reception to His Excellency Governor Talbot, first Vice-President of the association, Lieut.-Gov. Long and other members of the State Government. There was a good attendance of members of the association. Previous to the arrival of the Governor, a busi-

ness meeting was held, the President, Dr. John P. Ordway, presiding. Three persons were proposed for membership, and their names were referred to the proper committee. The secretary was instructed to cause to be printed 300 lists of members of the association, to appear in connection with revised by-laws. It was also voted that the Special Committee on Fisheries be instructed to petition the Legislature that the present Massachusetts law for the protection of trout be changed so as to fix the close time of trout fishing on the 15th of September instead of Oct. 1, and to advocate the change before the Legislative Committee of Fisheries.

At nine o'clock Governor Talbot, Lieutenant-Governor Long, and several members of the Legislature arrived and were cordially received. The president welcomed His Excellency as one of the first friends of the association, who had been invited to visit them and see for themselves what the association was doing.

The Governor in reply said that he was gratified at the attention shown him and the evidences of the success of the association. He had been greatly interested in the preservation of game and the cultivation of fish. He believed in fish and the man who liked to catch them, and deemed the objects of the society—to protect fish and game and to seek better more extensive production and culture—were worthy the labors of intelligent men. He believed that much success had been obtained in the propagation of salmon and trout, and much more promised, and was glad to see that every year there is increased interest in the subject. He related some of his experience as an angler, telling of his mishaps as well as his good fortune. He declared that the stocking of the streams of the State with shad and salmon and smaller fish is a matter of great importance, not only in order to secure a supply for home consumption, but also as a matter of comity between States, as if the streams were full of fish, one of New Hampshire's complaints against Massachusetts would lose its force. He expressed an opinion that the association served a useful purpose, and wished it might be successful in all its endeavors to increase the quantity and quality of the game and fish in the forests and streams of the Commonwealth. In conclusion, he congratulated the members upon the success which had already attended their efforts.

His honor Lieut. Gov. Long, on being introduced, reciprocated the kind expressions which the President had not addressed to him, and looked upon the matter as a joke. Of course it was a good thing to stock the streams, as it would make the narratives of fishermen more interesting. Legislation shifts the burden of the Commonsense. In conclusion, his association was to be congratulated upon its labors for the improvement of the laws in relation to fish and game. He claimed that the desire to fish, or "go fishing," was universal in the human breast, and he certainly desired to see the Legislature and this association co-operate in the beneficent work proposed.

Brief remarks were made by Senator Stockwell and Representatives Bonney, Lowell and Locke, after which the members and their invited guests adjourned to the library, where they partook of a delicious collation, served by Stephen E. Sewell. During the evening two dishes of smelts were exhibited, in illustration of the benefits derived from the enforcement of the laws. One plate contained a dozen smelts, taken in a seine in Maine, which measured about six inches in length and weighing one pound in the aggregate, while the other plate contained eight smelts, caught through the ice with hook and line at Weymouth, Mass., weighing one pound and measuring eleven inches in length and four inches in circumference. The arrangements for the reception were in the hands of a committee consisting of Dr. John P. Ordway, H. H. Kimball, Weston Lewis and Ivers W. Adams.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—*Plymouth, Jan. 16.*—For the last two years we have had sea-breeze *Salmo salar*, in the Temigwasset in large numbers, from a foot to forty inches in length, and the hatching-house at Livermore Falls contains eggs taken from salmon caught in the river this season. There is also a very stringent law in regard to catching any (par) smelts or salmon, it being \$50 fine for each fish caught at any time, and the close season extends to the 14th of June, 1889, being five years from the passage of the act. A gentleman fishing for bass near Concord last June hooked a salmon, and after a hard fight of three hours landed him, and then came the question what to do with him? And he did what most any one would have done. After looking around, and seeing no one in sight, put him under his coat and made tracks for home. The salmon weighed 14 pounds.

E. B. H.

THE VIRGINIA FISH AND GAME LAWS.—THE FOREST AND STREAM, of New York, an American authority par excellence in this line, observes that in no State in the Union are game laws better obeyed than in Virginia. Our markets have never in our experience shown such an abundance of game in season as they have exhibited since these laws became generally known. The poorest man may now enjoy a partridge for his Sunday breakfast. It is to be hoped that the same may be said before long of the fish laws. It is to be hoped that the business before the Legislature this session will not be so engrossing as to prevent proper attention to these most important matters. A prominent official in North Carolina writes: "Our Legislature meets in January, when we are going in heavy for game and fish laws, and we hope for a hearty co-operation from Virginia with regard to our interstate streams."—*Richmond Dispatch*.

The Virginia Association is ably seconded in its efforts by the Richmond papers, which are outspoken in their advocacy of game protection, and by frequently bringing the cause before their readers, keep up popular interest in the subject. The Dispatch is doing its full share of the work.

ILLINOIS STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—*Headquarters Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, Peoria, Jan. 17.*—A special convention is hereby called of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association and all others interested in the protection of game and fish, to convene at Springfield, Ill., on Wednesday, February 12, 1879, at two o'clock p. m., for the purpose of devising means to secure the passage of a practical game law, one that would secure the objects to be accomplished, viz: protection of the game and fish in our State, and to prevent the same from being exterminated. It is expected that each local club in the State will be represented, whether they belong to the State Association or not. All sportsmen and others not belonging to clubs, who are interested in the protection of game and fish and fish culture, are cordially invited to meet with us and take part in the convention. It is hoped that every county in the State will be well represented, so that the convention can devise or suggest a new game law to

our Legislature, now in session, for their consideration, that can be put into practical effect in all parts of the State. An opportunity will also be given to local clubs to join the State Association. V. M. LINCOLN, President.

Geo. W. BAKER, Secretary.

MICHIGAN SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—The annual session of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association was held at Lansing last Tuesday.

KENT COUNTY SPORTSMEN'S CLUB.—The Kent County Sportsmen's Club held its annual meeting Jan. 7, and elected the following officers: President, Dr. E. S. Holmes; Vice-President, Aaron B. Turner; Secretary, W. C. Dennis; Treasurer, George A. Gould; Vincennes in the executive board were filed, and it is now composed of Messrs. W. L. Calkins, James Stewart, H. Widdicombe, Geo. S. Baars and J. C. Parker.

CUVIER CLUB OF CINCINNATI.—The Cuvier Club of Cincinnati are giving their attention to the protection of the quail during the cold weather. They have issued appeals to the farmers for food and shelter for the birds, and are enforcing very strictly the law against their capture and sale.

QUEBEC.—The seventh annual dinner of the Fish and Game Protection Club, of the Province of Quebec, was held with the City Club at Montreal last Tuesday evening.

The Rifle.

GOVERNMENT vs. PRIVATE ARMORIES

SOME weeks ago we presented the views of the private manufacturers of small arms, as embodied in the memorial from the "Association of Manufacturers of Arms, Ammunition and Equipments," to Gen. Burnside and the other members of the Joint Committee on the Reorganization of the Army. A copy was also sent to the Secretary of War, who referred it to Gen. S. V. Benét, Chief of Ordnance, and he in turn presents a report drawn up by Col. Jos. G. Benton, U. S. A., in command of the Springfield Armory.

The subject was an important one, not alone for the large interest immediately involved, but as well from the perplexing condition in which the government would find itself in an emergency should the Government small-arms workshop be closed and a full and entire reliance be placed on the facilities to be got for hire at the armories of private firms and companies.

Col. Benton opens his reply by dividing the point of the memorial into two arguments: First, That it is the proper duty and policy of the Government to foster private manufacturers; and upon this as one which involves questions of political economy, etc., Col. Benton does not pretend to offer any opinions, preferring to leave it to the wisdom assembled in the Capitol at Washington. Upon argument Second, The greater cost of manufacture at Government, compared with private, establishments, the reply is long and interesting and backed up by an array of figures which seem to set aside the startling exhibit of the manufacturer's memorial that small arms were turned out at Springfield at a cost of \$115 each. The extraordinary factor of interest in this amount was obtained by multiplying \$7,000,000 by 10 per cent. and dividing the product by 7,050, the number of rifles and carbines made in the year 1877. But Springfield Armory is something more than a small-arms' manufactory. It has foundries, etc., for turning out cannon, and it is a great storehouse as well. In the seven millions of dollars all these items are included without explanation or comment. The number of arms made in each fiscal year since the present model was introduced are as follows: 1874, 29,539; 1875, 26,903; 1876, 15,144; 1877, 7,050; 1878, 13,005; a total of 90,640, or an average of 18,123. Taking the actual interest paid by the Government for its money and the real taxation of property about the armory Col. Benton shows that the proper amount to be charged on the 90,640 arms made since 1873 for taxes and interest was \$2.92. The balance sheet of the armory for the year ending June 30, 1878, shows that the cost of each was \$14.18. This includes cost of proof and inspection, items that do not enter into the price paid to private manufacturers.

Attached to the report are complete statistical exhibits of the costs of making arms since the armory was established in 1795. From 1808 to April 15, 1872, there were issued to the militia of the several States 680,686 muskets, rifles and carbines, and during that time \$3,103,494 had been expended in permanent improvements. During the war 805,537 rifle-musketts were made at an average cost of \$11.70 each. The cost of contract arms during the same period was an average of \$20 each, and with the cost of inspection made the rate \$9 more than the Government arms, or a total saving during the war of \$7,249,833, or more than twice the cost of the armory paid since its establishment.

THE MASSACHUSETTS RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

While the National Rifle Association was holding its seventh annual meeting in New York, the fourth annual meeting of the Massachusetts was holding at Young's Hotel, in Boston. Preceding the heavy, or routine, business the members sat down to the first annual dinner of the association. First Vice-President Colonel Nathaniel Wales presided. Speeches were made from the Chair, and by Captain J. L. Stevenson, Salem Wilder, J. N. Frye, H. T. Rockwell, L. L. Hubbard, W. Parkman and others upon the success of the Association in the past season and the position it has gained as the leading long-range body of the country. One marked

ABOUT THE PALMA.—*Boston, Jan. 8.*—I notice in one of your contemporaries a statement of last year's team—Mr. Bruce—says "that the team of '77 does not know where the Palma is in the same sense as that of the team of 1878." I think Mr. Bruce is mistaken; for the trophy was presented to the team of '77 at Gilmore's Garden; and, furthermore, the consent of the team was obtained before Tiffany sent it to Paris. Mr. Bruce was secretary of the meeting of the team held in his office. When the request of Tiffany was referred by the N. R. A. to the team Captain Weber was chosen to take the personal custody of the trophy upon the death of Gen. Dakin, and the sense of the team was that no member could resign his responsibility or trust. It was never expected that the team was to possess the trophy in the sense of having it in their rooms or to take it about upon their shoulders. It was understood that the presentation was a form, as Palma is simply a symbol; rob it of its halo and what is it? Riflemen are gentlemen, and if they are to be treated as such, they must stand on their own feet, and their honor worth nothing after the victor? When the N. R. A. call for rifleman to come forward and protect the Palma, do they not require of the gentlemen references that they are good and true men? If they prove themselves to be such, let the N. R. A. treat them accordingly. Rifleman have the honor of the trophy as much at heart as the N. R. A., and have proved it, and they now come forward and give their time and money to sustain it when the N. R. A. was in a sore strait. The N. R. A. would be nothing without the rifleman of America, but the head of the State military practice of New York and the rifleman could do nothing in the great international matches without the head. Then let each work for the good of the other, and the distrust that was expressed by the change proposed in the original conditions of the international match last September, and spring upon the team of last month, will be eliminated from our National Rifle Association, and we will all work in real earnest for the best good of rifle practice in America.

W. H. J.

ACCURACY OF EXPRESS RIFLES.

PAULUCKER, R. L., Dec. 30, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

I have become somewhat interested in late, through reading the numerous communications in your paper, on the subject of Express rifles, by which I understand a rifle having the Henry's system of rifling and using an excessive charge of strong powder, with a comparatively light hollow-pointed ball. Now, while I have observed a good deal about the straightness of the trajectory of such rifles, I have seen little to enlighten me as to their comparative accuracy. Every one will admit the great advantage of a straight trajectory for sporting purposes, if it can be obtained without impairing accuracy; but that has to be sacrificed to any great extent. I have seen one rifleman attempt to calculate elevation that to guess which direction his eccentric Express bullet is likely to fly, and attempt to aim accordingly.

My observation has led me to believe that in a small bore rifle, say not over .45-cal., a powder charge of one grain to five grains of lead in the maximum that can be used without impairing accuracy. I have a rifle grooved on the Henry system, with which I have grouped ten consecutive shots in a three-inch ring at 200 yards, with a charge of 110 grains powder, 650 grains bullet. With the same charge of powder, and an Express bullet of about 215 grains, the group of ten shots required a circle of twenty-eight inches to cover them.

I should like to know the experience of other rifleman who have tested the Express principle carefully. What would be desirable to know is what diameter of circle would be required to cover ten or more consecutive shots, fired from rest, at say 200 yards, sighting every time—the same as near as possible.

It frequently happens in testing rifles that a few shots will group handsomely together, then one or more will diverge considerably. It is advisable, therefore, to fire not less than ten shots to find the extreme divergence likely to occur. I take no stock in the "compressed air" theory of the explosive qualities of Express bullets. There is not sufficient volume of air to cause any explosion. Hollow-pointed bullets will undoubtedly turn inside out and break in pieces somewhat on striking an object, but it is due to the resistance and friction offered to the forward part, which causes solid but to telescope, and the hollow forward part turning outward. This is undoubtedly of advantage in killing large game, as the shock communicated must be very much greater.

If the Express principle does not impair accuracy to too great an extent, I understand the best yet devised for sporting purposes. I shall be glad to learn that others have obtained better results in the application of this principle than I have been able to obtain thus far.

Yours faithfully,

F. J. KASBETH.

The Kennel.

DR STABLES ON CANINE MATTERS IN ENGLAND.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

How rare you in America in the canine world. Here in England we are all at sixes and sevens, logger-heads, daggers drawn, or any other mild form of expression you think might represent the state of affairs. Ah! but some of us would cut each other's throats on the sly: don't we love each other just, and don't we fly into each other's arms, and don't we weep tears of joy down each other's backs when we meet. You see we prefer the form of canine friendship when it comes smiling, rather than the onions so carefully hidden in the cuffs of our coats.

There have been several base attempts at murder here lately. For instance, they—that is we, of course—have been trying to kill poor too honest old Kingdon of Colyton for the last five years, but Kingdon lives. The weapons they—that means we—use are plentiful abuse when his back is turned, and plentiful libel when he is company when he comes smiling, as he always does, to the fore. But, Lord, bless your honest soul, Kingdon doesn't mind it. He survives, I tell you. Why, he even gets fat on it, one more proof of the Darwinian theory of the survival of the fittest. But, look here sir, come closer, and lend me your ear. Ahem! the reason I think why Kingdon lives is this: He is a gentleman and a scholar. These are synonymous terms, you say. I grant it, but I assure you *Kingdon* makes the most of them. He is a gentleman, and he couldn't write a line of fair English if you were to promise them—us, you know—a free ticket to the soup kitchen every day they—ahem!—live—lived.

Now, Mr. Lord is another poor devil against whom a conspiracy to live was got up. But Lord isn't Keats. The poor devil exists, smiles, eats and can go to bed at night without half a gallon of hot Scotch in his stomach. I say, though,

wasn't somebody nicely and neatly bowled over the other day in the Lord business? I for one can't help pitying a wretch who causes his henchman to write under a *nom de plume* the venom, etc., he himself had not the manliness to indite. I tell you, sir, that effusion on its arrival at a certain editorial office found its way into Balaam basket with surprising celerity.

Talking about anonymous signatures, do you Yanks use that style of going to work? If not, let me recommend it to your notice. The man you dined and drank wine with last night don't know who calls him a fool and an ass (English terms of endearment) in this morning's paper if you sign yourself Karakukus instead of plain Peter Robertson, and you can meet him with a calm, untroubled countenance, and get invited to dinner again, which is more pleasant than a crowding.

I tell you how we review books in this country and call it honest criticism. Well, then, I could, but I won't this journey, because in the last glaring case of the kind an explanation was given, which I am bound to respect, until the like thing happens again. Bye and bye perhaps I'll put you up to lots of wrinkles in unjust journalism. But here is one which I must tell you now as you may find it come in handy.

To wit: If (first) if thine enemy—call him friend if you choose—has written a book, and if (No. 2) that volume is likely to become an authority, and if (No. 3) you wish to have a stab in the dark at it, and if (4th and last) you happen to be the man who answers the queries, then here is how to manage it: Write a query yourself under a *nom de plume* and sign the answer Ed. Thusly:

Q. Can you or any of the numerous readers of your valuable journal recommend a good book on the dog? I have written under Admiral Scott's work, but it seems full of errors, and I do not think the author knows a dog from a donkey.

LONORAHUA.

Ans. There is such a work as you need preparing at the office of this journal. We fully agree with you in your estimate of both the Admiral and his book.

By the way, a certain clique here, whose bones it may be my unpleasant duty to lay bare another day, has started a new paper (buttermilk, bless them, with the intention of setting the Thunders on fire the way to Sheerness. Perhaps it won't, though. But here is where the laugh comes in, and the pity too. Because its worthy editor once attempted a joke at a bacchanalian party of mixed sex, and because it seemed to take—every one being half seas over—he, the perpetrator, has gone in for wit wholesale. He gets the *London Figaro* and the *San Francisco Newsletter* by heart every week, and when he sits down to his desk he puts his fist in mustard and water—then, tickles him—like a wet sheet around his temples, rubs his face with buttermilk, and begins. But it won't do; a mistake avocation. But I can tell you one thing, sir, his attacks upon your humble servant do make one laugh. When I sit down to peruse this editor's jokes I have to get a servant to steady the chair, lest with backward, calculation-prompted spring I break my neck, and to order my own private piper to play all the while the most heartrending and doleful airs, else these sides of mine would simply split. That's all.

Such is life in the canine world.

By the way, here's a good joke—but no; I won't tell it to you to-day. Yet I could make you laugh. Never mind; don't cry; be good, shut your voice and I'll give you all the fun of the fair, you bet. Thine,

GORDON STABLES, M. D. R. N.

P. S. I declare I've been and gone and signed my name, and I really mean to have taken shelter under a nick. But down it is, down to it I'll stick.

Troyford, Berks, Eng., Dec. 30, 1878.

A PENNSYLVANIA FOX HUNT.

WEST CHESTER, Pa., Jan. 16, 1879.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

It has become the annual custom for the fox-hunting organizations in this section of the country to hold a meet at West Chester some time during the hunting season, and as this brings together quite a number of gentlemen whose interests are of a general nature as regards fox hunting, the result has always been that satisfactory and enjoyable reunions have taken place.

The well-known Rose Tree Hunting Club, which has its headquarters near the city of Philadelphia, and which includes such prominent sportsmen as the venerable Fairman Rogers, H. H. Kieckhefer, Drs. Harte, Lushe, of Philadelphia, and H. E. Saulnier, formerly of New York, but now a resident of Delaware County, and many other gentlemen well known to fame in the sporting field; and it is natural that it should take the various clubs which convene here on this occasion.

The members of the Rose Tree Club are all uniformed in the regulation English style, hold monthly meetings for business, when a club supper is always partaken of, and ride sleek glossy hunters whose leaping qualities bring them frequently into prominence as successful competitors in hurdle races. When these gentlemen arrive in our quiet town on the day previous to the one selected for the hunt to come off, great excitement prevails in the more juvenile portion of the community, and their scarlet uniforms, staunchly built foxhounds and handsome horses, led by their attendants, the cynosure of admiring eyes, and our more soberly attired local hunters sink into insignificance for the time being.

The hunt which took place here on Tuesday and Wednesday was partly for the benefit of the West Chester Club, and delegations from various other fox-hunting organizations, whose headquarters extended from the Brandywine to Thornbury. The Rose Tree pack of foxhounds, those belonging to Jefferson Shaner, of West Chester, which were awarded a medal at the Centennial, the pack of Jesse Hickman, Thornbury, together with numerous stragglers brought in from here and there, made an aggregate whose numbers promised destruction to any fox whose foot brought them to the venture forth when they were abroad.

The townships included under the comprehensive title of Goshen furnished the scene of the first day's hunt, and as the dogs streamed through the streets at early dawn, followed by three score and ten horsemen all bravely equipped and mounted, it was a sight glorious to behold and calculated to make the blood tingle with the vigor of youth in the veins of veterans of the chase, whose halcyon feet brought them to their doors to gaze as others had gazed on them in days of yore.

But little time was lost in starting a fox, and a cloudy day with the wind in a propitious quarter, presented every indication that the occasion should be one such as rarely experienced even by the most successful fox hunters; but alas, the

hopes of all are sometimes fated to disappointment, and after a tedious and baffling run of about a dozen miles, during which time the fox was seen several times to seat himself on hill tops to await the drawing nigh of the pack, a diversion was caused by a beggarly half-dozen of dogs belonging to another hunt crossing the trail and so losing the fox to the hunters from West Chester, who endeavored without success to start other foxes, but were finally compelled at the close of the day to return to town with the hopes of better luck on the morrow.

This disappointment was partly compensated for by a banquet which the West Chester Club had prepared for their visitors, and the supper hour was pleasantly passed by the tired hunters in feasting, speeches and songs, their couches being sought at an early hour that they might be amply prepared for the fatigues of the next day.

The daybreak of Wednesday found them again in the saddle with fresh reinforcements of men and dogs, the Brandywine hills being made the objective point this time, the historic fields of Birmingham soon furnishing a fox, which for trickery and agility is said to have equaled if not surpassed the original cause of all earthly trouble.

Slipping under the fence from one side to the other, he baffled the good intentions of the hounds in a manner very annoying even the best natured, brought to leading the field a tireless hunt, finally left them in the vicinity of Chad's Ford, after which nothing further was seen of any representatives of the Reynard family.

The combination having been so unsuccessful then dissolved partnership, the different divisions returning to their respective places of abode with the hope that at their next annual meeting the Fates should be more propitious and the foxes more unsuspecting.

ESOLAPUS.

CANINE OVARIATOMY,

ARTICIA, N. Y., Dec. 20, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

I have been very much interested in the various articles which have appeared in your journal relative to canine surgery, and particularly ovariatomy; and while I appreciate the necessity for a "canine surgeon" standing upon his professional dignity in all matters surgical, medical, or pertaining to his profession, still it seems to me that this matter is a very simple one and seldom attended with danger. When we remember the mutilations which dogs undergo for scientific purposes, and the almost invariable and rapid recoveries which they make, I am led to remark that the operation of ovariatomy is quite simple and requires but little anatomical or surgical knowledge. If you are not familiar with canine surgery, or are in doubt as to the truth of my statement, please call at the physiological laboratory of Prof. Flint, Jr., at Bellevue Hospital, witness a few operations on the doctor's pets, and you will be surprised that dogs can be literally dissected alive and yet in a few days be entirely well. The great plasticity of the blood, the readiness and rapidity with which clots will form in the wounds, and the rapid organization of this new material, is a fact well known to scientific men. The cat, rat, wolf, fox and lower order of quadrupeds generally, bear operations well. The shock is slight, and if the patient be brought well under the influence of an anesthetic, so as to prevent struggling and injury to contiguous parts, there is no reason why any intelligent person cannot perform the operation successfully. I have removed one of the kidneys from a dog, and in a few days the dog was perfectly well. I have cut down upon the stomach, introduced a silver canula into the stomach, brought the canula through the external opening, and in a week the dog was well; and with a fistulous opening into the stomach I have removed the entire spleen, with no other effect than to give the animal a ravenous appetite, or perhaps an unusual ferocity of disposition. I have performed many operations on the lower animals for experimental purposes, and I never have killed but one pup, and he died from strangulation through the carelessness of my assistant. Long ago, before I acquired any anatomical knowledge of the relation of the different organs in the pelvis of the dog, or had in any way familiarized myself with the surgical relations of the various parts, I was taught by an old English gentleman how to remove the ovary, and I have followed his directions ever since. It is true that we killed a young bitch to verify the truth of the gentleman's statement, but it was not a necessary procedure. I will give the opinion as demonstrated to me, and I will vouch for the fact that I never have been disappointed in the result. First, bring the bitch well under the influence of ether; then place her on her back; then spread wide the thighs and introduce a large blunt-pointed, curved wire probe into the vagina; carry the probe backward and upward toward the mesial line, and feel the point of the probe about two inches above the pubis, then place the finger firmly on the point of the probe; now run up one or two fingers, and cut down upon the point of a probe; pass the probe through the opening and you will find a Y-shaped tube projecting; the probe is in the lower part of the Y, which is the vagina of the bitch. The two lines which pass upward to form the upper part of the Y are the fallopian tubes, and lead directly to the ovaries. Seize these tubes, pull them out slightly, pass a small wire hook into the ovary and around a half length, and then be drawn away. Follow the same plan with the other fallopian tube and ovary. When both tubes and ovaries are out of the abdominal cavity, draw slightly on the vagina and cut it off. Bring the edges of the wound together, make the edges closely, and have by four or five sutures passed through and through. Chain up and two, give the bitch a preventive her pulling out the sutures and possibly producing a hernia. In a week she will be entirely well. I have performed this operation frequently, and have followed in detail just as I have given above. It is simple, devoid of technicalities, and any person who will intelligently follow my directions will be able to operate successfully. These are matters, I believe, in which I take much interest, and as time, ineluctable and opportunity present, I will look over my well-filled, well-kept record, and if I should find them in subjects of sufficient interest, I will gladly give them to the public through the medium of FOREST AND STREAM.

Caniney yours,

ARTICIA.

With these few facts I shall entirely drop the discussion, unless publicly assailed, when I ever stand ready to defend my position through the press in a gentlemanly manner. If you consider these remarks worthy of a place in your paper please insert.

J. H. WHITMAN.

BREAKING DOGS ON GROUSE.

GOSNEY, Mass., Jan. 6, 1879.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

In your issue of Dec. 23 I notice that your correspondent, Everett Smith, claims that my reference to dogs worked on the prairie is not to the point, because he says his "remarks were intended to apply to young dogs, and were made on the assumption that those dogs which had experienced work upon game, even if for but one season, were already broken."

And yet in the final summing up in his first, and also his last article, he says, "But after a dog has been broken on other game, he can break him on ruffed grouse." Now, I will leave it to the brethren of the sporting fraternity to say whether they would not infer that a dog had had the benefit of one season's training, at least, to entitle him to the appellation of "well broken."

Nevertheless, the stubborn fact remains that open country work with all the liberties usually allowed) sadly unites a young dog for the close, fine work required in successful ruffed grouse shooting. While, on the other hand, a dog that is first broken on this bird never ceases to exhibit the beneficial effect of the rigid discipline required at the start when afterward worked on other game. Mr. Smith admits that his friend, with dogs of "superior noses and unexcelled stanniches," will not allow them to hunt this bird, but calls them in. Are we to infer from this that in a country where three-fourths of the game is ruffed grouse we are to dodge them in this way, because a little more labor and skill is required at the outset to have the dogs capable of hunting any and every game bird in good style? I will venture to assert that those dogs were not first thoroughly trained on ruffed grouse, for if they had been we need not fear for them on either bird or any other game in the country. As regards the claim that dogs are apt to contract bad habits when first broken on this bird, I do not consider that there is the least danger of it if they are properly handled at the start.

RUFFED GROUSE.

BREAKING DOGS.

WISCONSIN, Minn., Jan. 6, 1879.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

I have taken much pleasure in perusing Everett Smith's letter, in your issue of Dec. 26, upon the subject of ruffed grouse hunting. My attention was called to his letter by the heading, "Breaking Dogs on Ruffed Grouse," and, although interesting, it falls in supplying the information many sportsmen on the prairie of Minnesota desire. We love to read of the fine feats performed by the intelligent dog. We admire his action in the field, and love his companionship at home, but we lack the knowledge of educating him. Sportsmen here have what are termed good dogs, and we can bag plenty of game with them, but none are skillfully trained. They are taught what the sportsmen learn by experience must be done to secure game, but we have observed that a more thorough training would enable us to bag greater numbers of chickens.

No doubt Mr. Smith's letter would be better appreciated by those familiar with well-trained dogs than by me. Evidently the gentleman is an adept in the training of dogs, and he certainly is a happy writer, and he could not more profitably entertain many of the Western readers of the FOREST AND STREAM than by imparting through its columns such ideas as would enable sportsmen to teach their dogs "in the way they should go." What should a dog know? How shall we teach him? I believe Mr. Smith would put many sportsmen under obligations to him if he would write a letter or two upon the education of dogs. Certainly there are many people in Minnesota who would thank him gratefully for imparting this knowledge.

We have had a fine hunting season. Prairie chickens in great numbers have been killed. Our hundreds of lakes abound in aquatic fowl, and as late as the 1st of December geese and brant were numerous. We have but little game in winter. There are, however, a great many wolves and foxes, and those who love to follow a hound over the prairie sometimes enjoy a fine morning.

The mercury reached forty degrees below zero on Thursday the 2d.

HUTCHINSON.

FIELD TRIALS AND THEIR INFLUENCE

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

NASHVILLE, Jan. 8, 1879.

If the result of field trials has been the means of inciting the sporting fraternity to paying more attention to breeding and rearing dogs in other parts of the country, as has been the case in this State since such trials were first held here, there can be no doubt of the exceeding usefulness of them. The Southern man has been used to the gun from childhood; the savage nature of the country, and the great abundance of all kinds of game, being no doubt the cause of it. This very abundance of game has made him, however, careless about his dogs, they being, as it were, unnecessary to his sport; but as the country has become more thickly populated, game is scarce, consequently the more science is required to secure it. Setters and pointers are now as common as they were uncommon when I was a boy, and a trained dog is almost as necessary to the sportsman as his gun. Where the field trials must prove so beneficial to that they bring together large numbers of the best known breed of dogs, and give an opportunity of seeing the respective merits of each, and in facilitating the crossing and propagating of those breeds best suited to the different sections. One great point in such trials is to have judges selected from among such men as are above suspicion, and who are practical hunters themselves. In the last field trials held here, that lucky choice most have been made. I say so because there were dogs of grand reputation here from all parts of the country, and some very close matches were run—instance Luther Adams' Drake dividing first and second honors with Mr. Dew's Joe, Jr., though one dog was from Massachusetts the other from Tennessee. Mr. Nicholson, of this city (a thorough sportsman), had two dogs entered in the same stake, one of which he was confident would secure one of the three prizes, yet when he found the judges to have decided differently not one murmur was heard, nor did I hear from any one of the many present a solitary word of dissent; this is as I should be. The best dogs were all present and present. They enjoyed the recreation, and followed the dogs with as close interest as though they were the owners. From the general expression of satisfaction at the close of the trials, I have no doubt that the meeting to take place here in January, 1879, will be attended by the most of those here last year, and a great many more besides.

John Gillett has been having some fine sport done in Giles County. Mr. Gillett is a trainer of some considerable reputation about here. He has now in training some fine puppies—Rayor Geddes' red Irish setter Clint, Mr. Brooks' black dog, Mr. Dew's black male setter George, Mr. C. W. Smith's pointer, the Duke, and J. B. Nicholson's black and orange setter bitch. Mr. G. says birds are very plentiful and rabbits without number.

J. D. H.

SNOW AND SALT.—The Boston Board of Health have wisely prohibited the use of salt to clear the sidewalks and crossings from snow and ice, believing that its use was a prolific cause of the coughs and colds so prevalent just now. The accompanying slips show that the practice is perhaps as injurious to our canine friends as to ourselves:

To the Editor of the London Daily News:

Sir—As a good deal is being said about the use of salt for thawing snow, etc., I thought it might be interesting to relate what effect I myself observed the combined snow and salt to have on two dogs a day or two back. Happening to stand still for a few moments on a portion of pavement where the snow had been thawed by salt, I noticed that the larger of the dogs with his legs holding up and licking one paw as if in pain, raised his dog's paw, but it was uninjured; but directly it was set down the animal began lifting one hind and one fore foot alternately, and seemed with difficulty to replace them on the ground. The smaller dog likewise raised one paw and began yelping piteously. The dogs soon recovered the use of their limbs after leaving that part of the pavement, though at first they limped along in curious fashion. They are hardy dogs, and used to ordinary cold, but the excessive cold of the snow and salt seemed to have numbed their feet.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

N. T.

To the Editor of the Boston Daily Advertiser:

We need not go to London for testimony in regard to the effect of salted pavements; I can add mine to "N. T.," as reprinted by you yesterday from a London newspaper. On two occasions, each time on a salted pavement, I noticed my dog go lame in our streets, about fifty days ago. He would stop, lift his legs from the ground, lick his feet, and show such evident signs of pain that a by-stander called my attention to it, and I examined the dog's feet carefully without discovering the cause, which I now understand. It is needless to say that this only happened on the salted snow, and has not been observed since.

L. C.

HOW TO ADVERTISE FOR A LOST DOG.—There is more than one way to advertise for a stolen dog. The novice writes a notice something like this one which appeared in a morning paper last week under the column of

LOST AND FOUND:

A **SHITZ DOG, OF THE YELLOWISH CAST, ANSWERING TO THE NAME OF "JACK,"** is missing since Saturday before last. Anybody presenting it at 191 West 35th will be properly rewarded. No questions.

Such an advertisement may bring the dog. But the experienced owner of a much-stolen dog knows a trick worth two of that. When all other methods fail, something like this is sure to recover the property. Insert under the column of

REWARDS:

\$600 REWARD WILL BE PAID FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO THE CONVICTION OF THE THIEVES WHO STOLE, SATURDAY before last, a spit dog, of the yellowish cast, answering to the name of "Jack," from 191 West 35th.

That frightens the guilty parties into the belief that they are harboring dangerous property, and, quaking in their shoes, they soon make overtures. But the professional dog-thieves are not to be caught with such chaff as this. They are up to snuff.

BREAKING DOGS.—All that is really necessary in the breaking of dogs, is a thorough knowledge of what constitutes a good dog and the manner in which it should work in the field, added to such judgment as will enable a man to determine between the different dispositions and characters he has to encounter. Few can be handled precisely alike; some are timid and need encouragement, others are headstrong and demand strict, and at times even severe treatment. An absolute command of temper must be observed by the instructor during his teachings so that not an unnecessary blow may be given; for work done cheerfully and with a desire to serve and benefit the master, is one hundredfold better than service performed grudgingly or only through compulsion.

A puppy should have but one teacher, no matter how close the methods of two trainers may agree; he must learn your voice, your manner, your very look; therefore, if you determine to break your dog, do it entirely yourself; do not break down in the midst of your labor and leave it to be finished by another; the result will never be favorable.

From the beginning attend to the feeding of your youngsters yourself, and if possible, let all food be taken from your hands. This is advised that the puppy may the sooner attach himself to you alone and look upon you as his master, for no dog, either setter or pointer, should ever be loaned or hunted by others than his trainer; therefore the breaking of all field dogs is better done by the sportsman himself, provided he possesses the requisite patience, and can devote to it the necessary time.

The check cord will be found of far greater assistance than the whip, the most unruly and headstrong animals being readily brought under subjection by it, while at the same time it can be so applied as not to intimidate. Always bear in mind that the dog should not be coerced, but that he should understand the fault for which he is reprimanded. Punishment becomes absolutely necessary at times with some dispositions, and that too of the most severe character; but you must be satisfied that the act which demands it was committed with full consciousness of its wrong. Where you see a dog responding to command in a cringing and supplicating manner, you may know that his master possesses an ungovernable temper, unfitting him for training or managing any animal possessing consciousness. Such a dog has been unmercifully dogged, perhaps kicked, before he has been taught and made to understand his line of duty, and fearful of a repetition of the lash, for what he knows not, obeys the summons crouching and creeping, an object of sympathy to the beholder, while his master is viewed with disgust.

From the moment you come into possession of your puppy, say at three or four months of age, lessons of obedience may be given at feeding time, before you undertake the more difficult part of yard or in-door breaking; in fact, whenever you may choose to offer him food, by placing it before him and not allowing it to be touched until ordered, slightly tapping him when greediness or a non-regard of your command is observed, persisting until you feel he understands nothing can be gained by disobedience.

The first important lesson to be given is that the puppy shall charge or drop at command, retaining his position until permitted to rise by the order "hold up." Very few dogs in

this country are trained to absolutely go down at the report of a gun, or as it is called, drop to shot; most sportsmen are satisfied if their dogs do not break and rush for the game the moment it is killed, and charge at the word, remaining until commanded to fetch, or keep the upright position until the gun is reloaded and they are ordered to move on again.

Notwithstanding so few dogs are broken to drop to shot with us, it should be done in every instance, as it undoubtedly leads to great steadiness in every active point, and acts as a check on any desire the animal may have to break in and in the mouth game when fallen; for in the excitement of the moment, the sportsman may neglect to give the order to drop or charge when he has brought down his bird, and the dog being left to act as he chooses, naturally moves toward it also, which, if too often repeated, will certainly unsteady him; hence the necessity of teaching to drop to shot, which, with very little trouble, may be accomplished by the following method:

Fasten to your dog's collar a strong cord thirty or forty feet long, and take him into a yard or lot, where no one will be present; secure the loose end to a short stake firmly driven in the ground; place him in a crouching position in front of you and keep him there, meantime exclaiming "down!" or "charge!" The moment you remove your hand, he will, of course, attempt to rise, but foil him immediately with a sharp jerk of the cord and an imperative "charge!" until he obeys, after which encourage and caress, allowing him to rise, using the words "hold up!" You may now make use of the cord in a more forcible manner, as a reminder that your command must be obeyed. Take the dog to the stake, and make him charge there, not allowing him to move while you slowly walk from him. Go a few steps beyond the distance to which the rope will allow him to come, and tell him to hold up. He will naturally run toward you, when, just as he reaches the end of his tether and receives the jerk, cry "charge." This teaches quick and prompt obedience to the order.

It is time now, supposing that you have thoroughly inculcated this lesson, to have the dog learn that the holding of the hand aloft is equivalent to the verbal order to drop, and from the start it would be decidedly better to always uplift the hand when the command is given, practicing him until the signal only is required to cause him to charge promptly. In the same manner, charge, dropping to shot be taught by firing of a pistol and instantly jumping the dog and saying "charge," but it is best to commence with the cast net, advancing to very small loads, and gradually increasing to full charges. The dog must fully understand to be perfectly broken in this particular—that the uplifted hand means he should charge, no matter how far he may be from you in the field; and likewise that the report of the gun has a similar signification.

In these lessons patience must be studied, and the dog forcibly impressed with the necessity of obedience, without being cruelly treated; on the contrary, praise and caress him when he does well, but then only.—From *Hallock's Sportsman's Gazetteer*.

NEW JERSEY FOX HUNTING.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: During holidays there was lively fox hunting in Morris County, just above Berkshire Valley. Mr. Maryland Smith killed three one day in front of his dogs, and, by himself and neighbors, several were shot during the week. Smith has ruffled dogs, that make a fox buzz from the score until the gun goes off. His Old Irish setter, named "Old Yellow," is one of the most successful fox hunters I have ever seen. When the scent will lie at all, any time of the forenoon, he can "bounce" the fox in a short time on the right track. A gray fox, a little fleshy, cannot stand the punishment of the run these dogs will give him more than one or two hours before he will take to tree or hole; but the red ones, this month and next, during rut, the males, can accommodate the best dogs living with a two-days' trot, and laugh at them half the time in rocky, mountain running. No country ever raised better fox dogs than Jersey, and I have seen some of the noted ones run—Jas. Bush's old fox, Abe Joraleman's old Phil, Bloomfield Leard's old Zac, Jas. Campbell's Boston, Europe and Drive, and many others—twenty-five years since, equally renowned for skill, speed and endurance; and the entire lot, started at one time at this time of year when the fox is thinned down, could catch a red fox by fair play. This fox hunting on Long Island and Mont. Clair, N. J., amuses old fox hunters—dragging a smoked herring, leading around a tame fox, or perhaps occasionally letting a tame one loose. Year before last Joe Donahue and "Gim" Campbell took the Bennett party up to the Ridge west of Mooncock Swamp, with about twenty dogs. After a short time Campbell started a little half-grown cub of a red fox and got the dogs on. I would not pretend to picture the time as portrayed by "Gim," but suffice it to say the fox shook off men and dogs in almost no time.

Newark, N. J., Jan. 6.

STANFORD-BONE.

DETROIT NOTES.—L. H. Smith, who won M. S. Smith & Co.'s capital prize—an elegant silver cup—for the best kennel of setters at our recent bench show, has donated the cup back to the managers to be used as a prize at our next bench show. J. N. Dodge, of this city, has sold to John E. Long the Leicester-Rose whelp, Cash. He was shown at our recent show with his dam and sister, in class 4—best English setter with progeny under eleven months old—winning first. He is a very elegant white, black and tan, and has some of the older heads take a back seat in the future. E. F. Whitman has lost his entire Druid-Mell litter of puppies.

DAVID.

NASBAU KENNEL CLUB.—This is the title of a club recently organized in St. Louis, and of which A. A. Mellier, Jr., is President and W. G. Mellier is Secretary. The specialty of the club will be Gordons, of which breed they already have a fine collection, and we are indebted for a picture of their champion Nell.

—The game claimed by Mr. H. A. Wilson, Silver Lake, Kansas, for his back, white and tan setter dog by Pedigree out of France should have been Grouse III, instead of simply Grouse.

—Mr. Fred M. Barnard, of Boston, claims name of Hindoo for his Siberian bloodhound by Al Wats' Champion Nero out of Wm. Muller's bitch.

—The name of Hector having been claimed by some one else, Mr. Alex. Pope, Jr., of Boston, withdraws his claim to it and takes instead the name of Hunter for his Elcho-Rose puppy.

—Dr. Edward J. Forster, of Brist n, claims the name Pinnare for his fox terrier bitch pup, w. elord December 2, 1873, by Watts' Turk (Rag-Vanity) out of Watts' Vixen.

—Mr. T. T. Sawyer, Jr.'s (of Boston) Gordon bitch Nellie whelped, on the 11th, ten dogs and three bitch puppies. Sire, Fred A. Tait's Gordon dog Dorr.

—Mr. J. H. Whitman's fox terrier bitch Fashion gave birth on the 13th inst. to two whelps; a very handsome evenly marked one, with black and tan head and white body saved. Notwithstanding he has withdrawn from exhibitions he will still continue his experiments to improve the canine according to his own ideas of breeding.

The celebrated Irish water spaniels, Barney and Judy, have been ordered from J. J. Skidmore's Kennel by a noted Western sportsman, and may soon be expected in this country. Judy will be bred to Patsey before leaving England. Patsey is brother to my bitch Lilly.

PRAIRIE OIL.—In March, 1878, I received a severe injury by stepping from a Fourth Avenue car while in motion, and the only remedy used for relief was "Prairie Oil," which acted like a charm. T. C. BANKS.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JANUARY.

SOUTHERN WATERS.
Pompano, *Trachinotus carolinus*. Spanish, *Ephippagrus nigritus*. Drum (two species). Fatmily *Sciaenidae*. Trout (black bass), *Centropomus viridis*. Rockfish, *Sebastes*. Sea bass, *Sciaenops ocellatus*. Sheepshead, *Archosargus probatopterus*. Pickerel, *Lutjanus jacksoni*.

FISH IN MARKET.—RETAIL PRICES.—Bass, 25 cents; smelts, 6 to 10; bluefish, 12½; salmon, 30; mackerel, 20; shad, 40; weakfish, 12; white perch, 15; green tartrac, 14; terrapin, 13; frostfish, 6; halibut, 18; haddock, 6; codfish, 6; blackfish, 12½; flounders, 8; sea bass, 15; eels, 18; lobsters, 10; sheepshead, 25; scallops, \$1.50 per gallon; soft clams, 30 to 60; whitefish, 18; pickerel, 18; salmon trout, 15; black bass, 18; muscogallon, 18; red snapper, 22½; pompano, 60; smoked haddock, 10; smoked salmon, 18; dry cod, 7; hard cods, \$2.50 per 100.

There was received in Fulton Market last Wednesday a pompano weighing 16 pounds. It was caught by Capt. Latham, of the fishing schooner *Lillian*, while fishing off the reefs of Florida below Fernandina. It was forwarded to the Smithsonian by E. G. Blackford. The largest pompano on record previous to this one weighed 6½ pounds.

MOVEMENTS OF THE FISHING FLEET.—It has been rather a quiet week, there having been but six arrivals, and these from the Banks, bringing in 130,000 lbs. of halibut. There are some thirty sail engaged in the Bank fishery and twenty-five in the Brown's Bank, La. Hare and George's fishery. A large fleet of Georges bank men will soon be under way, which will give some activity to the business.—*Cape Ann Advertiser*, Jan. 17.

MASSACHUSETTS.—New Bedford, Jan. 17.—It is close season with both game and fish, the latter latter consisting of a few icebergs on all our harbors and rivers; no fish in market except eels, tom cod and a few codfish. During the severe snow storm this week I saw a flock of the snow bunting, rather a rare bird in this locality. COXONIA.

KENTUCKY.—Stanford, Jan. 10.—An item in a late issue of your paper recalls a novel incident which may be deemed deserving publication, especially as it is given on authority of a member of the clergy and other truthful individuals. Some years since our veteran slather, Dilexy, was fishing near the Cow Ford, in Rock Castle river, when a whale, after a few minutes, carried away his hook and nearly a foot of his new grassline.

It was during those days when Dilexy knew no more about the science of angling than he does now, and he had neither gut nor gimp seals, though dabbling in a stream famed for jack and salmon. Fortunately for the hero, a phlegmatic companion corroborated, in a measure, his extravagances about the encounter, by quietly pronouncing it a good one, and the fame of that particular pool was increased. The following season, old Hopwood, who is a professor of the happy capture of a lively jack of seven pounds weight, from that very rock upon which Dilexy had had a tussle with the biggest one in the river. While dressing his fish by-stander directed attention to a small trout on one side, and a careful incision disclosed a hook and two or three inches of line still attached, neatly scalloped between skin and ribs. Dilexy's legend was faintly recalled, and when the hook was line were shown him he immediately recognized them, without having an intimation or a suspicion as whence they had been brought. Doesn't the attachment of line prove that the hook must have passed through the stomach?

KENTUCKIAN.

TENNESSEE.—Nashville, Jan. 14.—A stranger walking through the streets of Nashville would come to the conclusion that its citizens were great fish eaters, judging from the quantities exposed for sale. Sulzbacher has salmon trout and Mackinac trout from the North; grouper and red snappers, red fish, sheepshead and lake trout from the Gulf. Oysters in bulk sell here for about the same price as in Baltimore. Besides the above must be mentioned the fish taken from the Cumberland and Reelfoot Lake. J. D. H.

STURGEON WHICH TAKE A HOOK.—*Lake City, Jan. 11.*—Mr. Editor: Your interrogations at hand, and in reply would say that I know of two shovelnosed sturgeon being caught with a hook and line. One I took myself, but do not believe that either bit at the baited hook. They were simply routed about the bottom and caught foul in the nose, about half-way from the mouth to tip of nose. Being hooked in this way they gave tremendous jumps, and it was scarcely possible to bring them to gaff. No instance is known here of their biting at the hook. We have no record of this singular fish occurring in any waters on the globe (as far as I can remember) except the Mississippi and its tributaries.

Respectfully yours,

Dr. D. C. ESTES.

MOONSTRUCK FISH.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Moonstruck fish are not all moonshine, as I myself can prove from actual experience. It happened when I was whaling in the good old

ship *Marla*, of Nantucket, in the South Pacific Ocean, some time in the year 1848. We had caught quite a large number of ship-jacks (as whale-ships always have a plenty of) for taking small fish, which are in the habit of running around ships in mid-ocean, which, as soon as caught, were cleaned and spread on the try-works to dry. These fish were caught in the afternoon, and that night we had a bright moon. The next afternoon one other man and myself cooked some of the fish for our supper, and in about an hour afterwards our heads felt as big as barrels and a dizzy feeling attending our mised up, that is, there were strange things by nature, and he immediately said it was from eating the moon-truck fish. The effects did not last very long, as we were all right again in an hour or so. These fish went overboard as fast as many willing hands could throw them over. The effects of the moon at sea is well known to sailors, so much so that you cannot a sailor to go to sleep on deck with the moon shining on his face. I have never seen any of the moon-truck fish since (effect on land). I don't think there is any fish from the moon shining on the fish, but it gives them a phosphorescent glow. Now, why is it that porpoises when lung in the rigging will get a hard glaze of flesh on the outside, and will then keep going for a number of days, even in very warm weather. I can say, as the Dutchmen did when their King Charles spaniels got mixed up, that there are strange things by nature, and he was a New York Dutchman too. W. K.

Albany, Jan. 18, 1879.

But did the moon or the hot weather spoil the fish? We are awaiting the test proposed in these columns last week by Prof. Goode. Meanwhile, let us hear from others.

WHAT WAS HIS LEADER MADE OF?—We have received the following note from a Lynn, Mass., correspondent, who is moved, it appears, by a double motive—to confine even our humorists to the strictest verity, and to preserve the lives of numerous innocent felines, whose natural term of life might be shortened were Mr. Warner's humor to have full course:

In last his delightful little work, "In the Wilderness," Mr. Charles Dudley Warner has given the following words in his sketch called "A Fight With a Trout."

"The leader" (I am very particular about my leaders) had been made to order from a domestic animal with which I had been acquainted. The fisherman requires as good a catgut as the violinist. The interior of the house-cat, it is well known, is exceedingly sensitive; but it may not be so well known that the reason why some cats leave the room in distress when a pianist plays is because the two instruments are not in the same key, and the vibrations of the chords of the one are in discord with the extent of the other. On six feet of this superior article I fixed three artificial flies * * * * And Luke shoved off and slowly paddled toward some ily pails, while I began casting."

Mr. Warner is a versatile writer, and has always been regarded as a disseminator of useful and practical truths among the youth of America, by whom he is largely read. Now, to have the coming sportsman think, and perhaps think, of some unsophisticated countryman, whose inequities prompts him to ask the young man "What might that be made of?"—as said young man is on his first trip to "The Lakes,"—and, as they always do on their first trip, bring out their fly-books on the steamer or in some country tavern and make a grand exhibit of their flies, usually valuing the fourth platoon of Egypt in number by the number of the fin, the fin and variety of their colors; and to have him inform this inquirer, as he arranges his gaudy feathers and distributes them along at intervals on his leader, that said leader is made of "catgut" is certainly too bad.

I am not in love with cats, and it is not to save them from destruction and perhaps annihilation by the young sportsman who have been misled by the author of "My Summer in a Garden," a book looked upon by the farmers of our land as a standard work; neither do I expect the fisherman of to-day to be taken in by any such nonsense, especially if he has arrived at the supreme felicity of a "seven ounce split bamboo." He knows better. But that the rising youth, who will follow in our paths and whip our depleted trout brooks, may not grow up in ignorance on so important a matter, I hope Mr. Warner of his future editions of his work will give the correct definition of what a leader is made of, and that in the future he will not take so much license for the sake of giving his readers a little facetiousness. E. J. THOMSON.

VIVIPAROUS PERCH.—Viviparous or sapphire perch are very abundant along the Pacific coast, and will bite at hook baited with anything. The sapphire perch (*Agassiz*) is perhaps the known, a fish from eight to eleven inches in length. Its body is compressed, oval and covered with scales of medium size, which are peculiar in being cycloid. Another peculiar, and, indeed, unique feature, is that at the base of the long dorsal fin are two or three rows of scales separated from those of the body by a rather broad and deep scaleless furrow. The anterior part of this fin can be folded back and concealed. The female genital apparatus in a state of pregnancy consists of a large violet bag, so transparent that one can distinguish through it the shape, color and formation of the small fish with which it is filled. The fish when ready to escape are miniature of their mother in shape and color, and fitted to seek their own livelihood. This genital sac seems to be nothing but the widened lower end of the ovary; and the pouches into which it is divided are merely a part of the ovary itself. In each of these pouches a young one is wrapped up in a sheet, and all are packed in tightly. It is, therefore, a normal ovarian gestation. The external genital opening is situated behind the anus. As many as nineteen young have been found in one fish. The males are not quite as large as the females, either in length or circumference.

There is a great variety of these fishes, differing much in size and color. The following are the species generally met with:

E. webbi.	Girard.	E. cassidii.	Girard.
E. lineata.	Girard.	E. ornata.	Girard.
E. argyrosoma.	Girard.	E. perspicillata.	Girard.
Phanerodon furcatus.	Girard.	Damalichthys caeca.	Girard.
Heterostichus rostratus.	Girard.	Abura trilineata.	Girard.
Holomonotus rhodoleucus.	Girard.	Igysiocarpus traskii.	Gibbons.
Eusithichthys megalops.	Girard.	Amphileichthys argenteus.	Agassiz.
E. hermanni.	Girard.	Amphileichthys similis.	Girard.

The silvery perch (*Damalichthys caeca*), never takes bait. It is of a grayish olive color; scales have a silvery and a golden metallic tinge. The male carries the sac on the anterior third of the anal.

The golden barred perch (*Holomonotus rhodoleucus*), is the most abundant species of the family. It has a small mouth, sub-conical head, large eyes, and the colors vary from a bluish gray above to a silvery white, with three transverse

bars of golden on the belly and sides. It arrives in immense schools as early as May, keeping close to the surface, so that it can be readily taken freely at a hook baited with salmon liver; but the mode of catching it as practiced by the Indians is to push their canoes among a school, and as it is least afraid of the water, the canoes are filled in a short time, especially when the fish are crowded toward the shore. It leaps to its death quite frequently, without any other motive than sportive phylulines. It has rather good edible qualities, but this does not induce fishermen to seek it. There are quite a number of other varieties; all are good pan-fishes.

When scientific attention was first attracted to them, four and twenty years ago, it was generally supposed that the discovery was a new one, but that was a mistake. In 1769 a transit of Venus was to take place on the third of June. The event was of such importance that an expedition was sent from Paris to observe the transit at Cape St. Lucas, at the extreme southern end of Lower California. After the astronomical observations were finished the party went up the coast some distance. On their return to Paris the naturalist of the expedition reported that on the coast of California were found sea perch which had their young alive, and when the small fish were squeezed out of the parent they would swim with great celerity.—*From Hallock's Spotbaiter's Gazetteer.*

FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.—A. Danville, N. Y., correspondent, who writes of snow storms and winter blasts, and seconds our suggestions as to the precautions for the preservation of the game birds during the winter months, gives us some account of the sport now in season at Honeoye Lake:

Notwithstanding the fact that winter is here in earnest and the closed season on game has commenced, and we in the country are housed up, engaged in the pleasing pastime of reading and petting the children and dogs, we need not fill our gun barrels with tallow and put them away for now is just the time for running hares and foxes, and the fish of the former is never more delicate than in January, while the latter, speck and trout, brace up; put on rubber boots, fur cap and top coat; call the dogs, and away to the favorite runway, and the music of the hounds will soon drive all thoughts of snow and cold from your mind.

But we inland people, particularly those of us living in the vicinity of that chain of small lakes straggling through central and western New York, have another string to our sporting bow that yields us joyfully in winter. I refer to fishing through the ice for pickerel. Imagine a load of, say four good men and true, bundling into a pung, which contains, besides innumerable wraps and traps, two large milk cans well stored with live minnows for bait. Off we go to the music of the mellow sleigh bells, enveloped in a fragrant cloud of "Vanity Fair," and after a twenty-mile ride across the white-robed country, smoke rising from capacious chimneys, a species of ragged lads and winsome lassies gathered about the hearth-stone, discussing apples, cider and the latest country gossip, we arrive at H's, on the shore of Honeoye Lake.

We have been expected, as the good man's hearty welcome and the good wife's great pans of doughnuts, huge brown loaves of home-made bread and solid rows of mince pies greasing the pantry shelves, testify. Ah! she knows us. An experienced and training pick of half-dozen years has taught her that fishermen have common appetites. She says that our week's sojourn pays a hundredfold in drawing it very mild indeed. Up before daylight, our breakfast of hot buckwheat cakes, coffee, ham and stewed potatoes is soon dispatched, and off to the ice we go. After inspecting night lines and cutting out the ice formed in the holes during the night, the hooks are freshly baited and business commenced. We never have a cold dinner, but rather a cold lunch on the ice (and awful cold it gets too) at noon, and work on until darkness puts a stop to the sport; and fine sport it is watching for the bobbers to fly up, and hauling out the great fellows hand over hand. At night a hot supper awaits us; then come pipes, cider and "Old Sledge" until bed time. And so it goes—this pickering fishing at Honeoye Lake—one day being the counterpart of another, varied a little occasionally by the more or less fish, but the winter sport for home, freighted down with fishy spoil, we are sorry it is over, and mentally calculate how long it will be before we visit old Honeoye again. H. W. D. L.

—See Bogardus' advertisement.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME IN SEASON IN JANUARY.

Hares, brown and gray. Wild duck, geese, brant, etc.

FOR FLORIDA.

Deer, Wild Turkey, Woodcock, Quail, Sulps, Ducks and Wild Pori. "Day birds" generally, including various species of plover, sand piper, snipe, curlew, oyster-catcher, surf birds, phalaropes, avocets, etc., coming under the group *Linnæola* or *Shore Birds*.

—Mr. J. Shaw Margerum, of Washington, Pa., would like to procure a few dozen live quails for propagation in that district, where the winter has been very severe. If any of our correspondents can oblige him they will also oblige us.

A MOVE IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.—We are glad to publish the following. It suggests the story of the man who "felt for the heathen," and "felt" in the right place—his pocket. T. M. O. writes from Woodstock, Ohio:

I think I have made a move in the right direction for once in my life. I am doing all I can among the farmer boys to have them trap and keep quail during this hard spell of weather. As an inducement I obligate myself to pay 6c a piece for every quail so caught and cared for until I order them turned loose; and I further agree to stand between them and our State law for the violation of its provisions regarding the trapping of quail. The intent of the law is to protect the birds, and I don't believe there is any better way to protect them than to catch them and place them in good warm quarters, and feed and water them well until we are satisfied the severe weather is over. T. M. O.

NOVA SCOTIA.—Halifax, Jan. 10.—Game matters are very quiet just now. We have only just had our first snow—a few inches—so that there has not been much moose hunting as yet. We intend to have a few alterations made in our laws, chiefly in detail, a copy of which I will send you when passed by the legislature. F. C.

Yarmouth, Jan. 9.—The moose increased wonderfully during our three years' prohibition. The snow is too deep now for sport, but there are some butchers among us. S. K. J.

Admirers of Artistic Pottery and Glass are invited to inspect some choice examples selected by Messrs. TIFFANY & CO. during the Paris Exposition, including:

New Plaques by Minton, decorated by Mussill with novel marine designs.

Salvati's latest reproductions of the Venetian Glass of the Sixteenth century.

Fac-similes of the Trojan iridescent bronze glass exhumed by Dr. Schliemann.

New Plaques by Copeland, decorated with strongly drawn heads by Hewitt.

Reproductions, by Doulton, of old Flemish stone ware.

Reproductions of the Scinde Pottery made by the Bombay Art Society.

Recent examples of Ginori's reproductions of old Italian majolica.

Specimens of Capo di Monti ware, Austrian iridescent and enameled Glass and Limoges Faience of new colors.

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A FLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. FIRST GRAND DISTRIBUTION, CLASS B, AT NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1896—1896 Monthly Drawing, Louisiana State Lottery Company.

This institution was regularly incorporated by the Legislature of the State for Educational and Charitable purposes in 1893, with a capital of \$1,000,000, to which it has since added a reserve fund of \$500,000. ITS GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DISTRIBUTION will take place monthly. *It never scales or postpones.* Look at the following distribution:

CAPITAL PRIZE, \$30,000.		
100,000 TICKETS AT TWO DOLLARS EACH.		
HALF TICKETS, ONE DOLLAR.		
LIST OF PRIZES.		
1 Capital Prize of \$30,000.....	\$30,000	
1 Capital Prize of 10,000.....	10,000	
1 Capital Prize of 5,000.....	5,000	
2 Prizes of 2,500.....	5,000	
5 " " 1,000.....	5,000	
20 " " 500.....	10,000	
100 " " 100.....	10,000	
200 " " 50.....	10,000	
500 " " 20.....	10,000	
1,000 " " 10.....	10,000	
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.		
9 Approximation Prizes of \$300.....	2,700	
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Responsible corresponding agents wanted at all prominent points, to whom a liberal compensation will be paid.
Application for rates to clubs should only be made the Home Office in New Orleans.
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319 Broadway, New York City.
All our Grand Extraordinary Drawings are under the supervision and management of GEORGE S. G. T. BEAUREGARD and JUBAL A. EARLY.

Jan 23 2t

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Twenty-one Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals awarded, including Medal of English Kennel Club, and of Westminster Kennel Club, New York.



None are genuine unless so stamped.

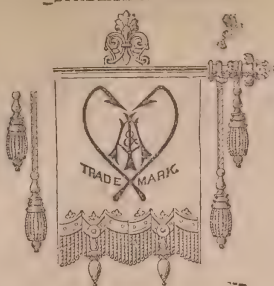
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For sale in cases of 112 pounds.

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Pathe's Feather-Milled, Bogardus' Rough, and the new Composition Balls always on hand.

Bogardus' Glass Ball Traps, \$6 and \$8.

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The "NEW RECOIL PAD," price \$2. Pronounced by the "Forest Stream," Feb. 21, 1875, the best contrivance made for the purpose. Every sportsman should have one.
Also a cheaper quality rubber pad, stuffed with hair, \$1.

LOOK AT THIS!—A central-fire, English Double Gun, side snap-action, twist barrels, warranted \$35.
SPRATT'S DOG BISCUIT always on hand, and sold in any quantity.

SHELLS loaded to order with the greatest care, and Repairing done in the most artistic manner.
GUNS taken in exchange, and Second-hand Guns a specialty.

CUTLERY.—Fine Sportsmen's Bowls and Hunting Knives; also, large assortment of pocket Cutlery, Razors, Case Knives, Spring-knives, Etc., Etc.

Six Strip SPLIT BAMBOO RODS, three-joint, with extra tip, in case, \$18.

REELS in German silver, rubber and brass, of the best makers, and with all the latest improvements.

ARTIFICIAL MINNOWS, Insect, and Spoon Baits of every description.

Would call special attention to my large variety of fine TROUT, BASS and SALMON FLIES.

FLIES tied to order from any pattern at shortest notice.

LINES, waterproof and tapered, oiled, Braided Silk, Braided Linen, Grass, Hair and Silk, Etc.

Walking Cane Rods.

The "NEW FLOAT SPOON." One of the most successful spoons in use. Try one.

Patent Adjustable Floats and Sinkers.

BLACK FLY REPELLANTS, 50 cents per bottle, and everything required by fishermen and anglers.

OPTICAL GOODS.—Compasses, Field and Marine Glasses, Telescopes, Microscopes, etc., etc.

Also EVERYTHING pertaining to the Sporting Line.

LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE.

FOX'S PATENT BREECH LOADING SHOT GUN.

WONDERFULLY SIMPLE, WONDERFULLY STRONG.

There never was a gun easier to handle, easier to clean, less liable to get loose or out of order, or one so good for the money. Prices range from \$50 to \$300.

WARRANTED IN EVERY RESPECT.

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DETACHING BARRELS.

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Fleas! Fleas! Worms! Worms!

STEADMAN'S FLEA POWDER FOR DOGS

A Bane to Fleas—A Boon to Dogs.

This Powder is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animals, or money returned. It is put up in patent boxes with sliding pepper box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and efficacious.

Price 50 cents by mail, Postpaid

ARECA NUT FOR WORMS IN DOGS

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Put up in boxes containing a dozen powders, with full directions for use.

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Both the above are recommended by ROD AND GUN and FOREST AND STREAM.

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Young Dogs handled with skill and judgment.

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Splendid kennel accommodations; dogs have daily access to salt water.

COCKER SPANIEL Breeding Kennel

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I keep only cockers of the finest strains. Sell only young stock. I guarantee satisfaction and safe delivery to every customer. These beautiful and intelligent dogs cannot be beaten for ruffed grouse and woodcock shooting and retrieving. Correspondents enclosing stamp will get printed pedigree circular, testimonials, etc.

The Kennel.

\$500 REWARD—RED SETTER.

By Elcho II., about 17 months old; full size; or red than usual; getting lighter from the back-downward; tall docked about one-third off; the only white on him is on the top of breast bone; very small and has to be looked for to be seen—not a spot but a strip following the bone about an inch. Has same face as Elcho I. Has been absent since 11 o'clock, Oct. 15, 1878. Will pay the above reward for him or information leading to his recovery.

A. FONDA & SONS,
Italian Warehousemen,
Louisville, Ky.

Jan 23 1t

COULEOUT KENNELS.

Sportmen in want of first-class Cocker Spaniels can be supplied with either dog or bitch pups, with stock and delivery guaranteed, for \$15 each. For pedigree, etc., address CHAS. S. HITCHCOCK, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y.

SPAYING—Bitches spayed. Address box 32, Dedham, Mass.

Jan 10 4

JOHN A. NICHOLS,

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The "Nichols & Lefever Gun,"

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

The Kennel.

Dr. Gordon Stables, R. N.,

TWYFORD, BERKS, ENGLAND,

AUTHOR OF THE

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Begs to inform Ladies and Gentlemen in America that he purchases and sends out dogs of any desired breed, fit for the highest competition.

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Stud Spaniel.

TRIMBUSH (pure Clumber), imported direct from the kennels of the Duke of Newcastle. For now the clumbers are unrivalled, and Trimbush is a capital dog to breed cockers or small-sized setter bitches to. Age \$20. Address H. C. GLOVER, Toms River, N. J. Jan 16 17

BATTLER—In the Stud.—Blue belton, Llewellyn's setter, winner of three prizes, by champion Roy Roy, winner of five English field trials, out of the pure Laverack bitch, Plukes. Will serve bitches at \$2. Litters warranted. Inquire of L. E. WHITMAN, Detroit, Mich. Jan 12 17

FOR SALE—Splendid cocker spaniel pups, from pure imported stock. Address HORACE SMITH, 33 Park Row, N. Y. Jan 16 17

CHAMPION DRAKE PUPS, out of subscriber's Daisy, black and white, whelped Dec. 16, 1873. 335 each. EDWARD J. FORSTER, 2 Dexter Row, Boston. Jan 23 17

FOR SALE.—Valuable setter bitch; three years old; well broken; good retriever. For information address HENRY M. BISSELL, care Bissell & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa. Jan 13 17

FOR SALE.—Two liver and white pointer bitch pups, by Champion imported Snap Shot, out of Fanny II. Full ped gree. Price, \$15 each. CHAS. M. GABB, Northampton, Mass. Jan 23 17

FOR SALE.—A pure Irish setter pup by Buck, out of Quail II, both imported. Address OWNEI, 171 E. 5th st. Jan 23 17

POINTER PUPPIES.—Ready for shipment; two dogs; color, liver, white markings; by imported Champion Snap Shot, out of imported Fanny, LINCOLN & HELLARY, Warren, Mass. Jan 23 17

WANTED.—A pair of Ferrets. Address J. E. HOLDEN, Sherborn, Mass. Jan 23 17

WANTED.—A small pointer bitch, broken on ruffed grouse and woodcock, not over three years old, with good pedigree; also a beagle bitch. Price must be low. Stamp for reply. ROBERT WALKER, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y. Jan 23 17

FOR SALE.—Red Irish setter pups, out of imported R. I. setter bitch Mollie (litter size of 12). John E. Dovel's Mocha, prize brood bitch at New York and Boston Bazaar Shows, by Battler, by Buck. Address DAVID G. HART, Soundview Kennel, North Port, L. I. Jan 16 17

DOGS for still hunting and attacking and pulling down big game. Dogs possessing luminous size, nose, courage and speed, bred especially for the purpose; also very large bull-dogs can be obtained from the breeder, FRANK ADCOCK, Shepton Mallet, W. Wilts, England. Jan 16 17

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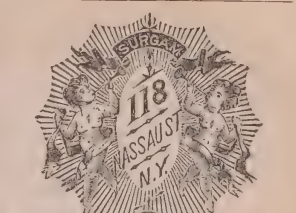
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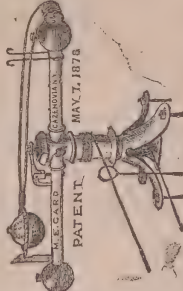
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EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM: New York, Jan. 13 1876.
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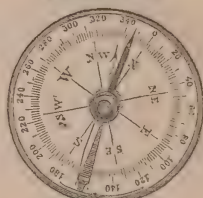


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THE CROW AND DOVE.

ONE day a crow,
Black as a sloe,
His breast, too thoughts enslaving,
Sat by a stream,
Where, in a beam,
A snow-white dove was laying.

"O, dove clate!"
He cried with hate,
And shook with exultation—
"I'll make you black
As any back
In my denomination!"

From out his breast
He plucked with zest
A plume, where he was sitting—
And fixed the thing
In the pure wing
Of the white dove, unwitting.

And then he dew
The valley through,
And out of grass and willows,
From fence and rock—
A graceless flock—
He called his dusky fellows.

Oh, rich the sight!
With shrill delight
They chattered all together;
"Good neighbors, see!
The white dove—see!
Hath got a smuttied feather!"

From out the woods
They drew the broods
Of doves with their exultating;
Disturbed they stood,
No credence showed,
Nor spake aught to her shaming.

Loud screeched the crows,
The victim roe,
The wind dislodged the feather.
"We judged aright;
The dove is white."
The fair ones cried together.

If true we live
The good will give
Their confidence to cheer us;
When slanderers lie,
And hope would die,
Heaven's searching truth will clear us.

M. E. SUTHERLAND in *St. Louis Spirit*.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

Long Lake of Michigan.

"DID you ever notice," asked a driver of a street-car, upon whose platform I stood to-night, with my overcoat-collar turned up to protect my ears from the piercing wind, "that it is colder in winter than in summer?" I replied that I had sometimes thought so. The scientific inquiry furnished a theme for thought, and sitting beside a glowing fire this evening, listening to the howling of the northwester without, I have lost myself in reverie. Ah! yes, it is colder in winter than in summer. The winter of life is certainly colder than its summer. Its frosts chill the dreamy and sweet August breezes and turn to ice the murmuring ripples of the summer joyousness. It stagnates the blood which, leaping and bounding in life's spring-time, flows so vigorously and calmly through its summer. With icy hand it chisels wrinkles upon the face and soul. Its glaciers glide over and crush and mangle the tender flowers of the heart. Its breath is laden with the moisture of death. Verily, winter is cold and summer is warm. Let us enjoy the warmth while we can.

I think of my pet lake and wonder how thick the ice lies upon its bosom, how deep the snow upon its banks, how charming it is in summer, how desolate it must be in winter. It is a perfect *bijou* of a lake. Mr. Hallock missed it by a hair's breadth during his rambles in Michigan in the season of 1877. It lies about twelve miles back from Cheboygan in the woods, about two miles, I suppose, east of Mullet Lake, through which he passed. It is called Long Lake, and lies so off and away by itself that it has been little visited by fishermen. In the summer of 1870 it was told at Cheboygan of its existence, and it was said to be a good place for bass. In

company with two others I visited it, and was more than charmed. We found it beautifully located in the "forest primal," with only one patch of new clearing upon its banks and one small house at its foot, in which lived, the life of a recluse, a mild-mannered man, the stray son of a president of an Eastern college, disappointed probably in love or ambition. He had once attempted a trout hatchery upon a small stream running from the lake, but his establishment had taken fire and burned up and the stream had filled with sand and disappeared; and when I first saw him he was living alone as a sort of hermit, an apparently aimless life, upon the shore of this lake, an intelligent, well-educated, gentle gentleman. Upon my second visit I partook of his hospitality and slept upon the floor of his kitchen. And when I returned last year the grass was growing over his head—consumption having claimed him as its own—and his house was empty.

So little known were the resources of this lake that at Cheboygan we were told there was only one place in it where bass could be caught, which was at a spot where a large tree had fallen with its top in the water, and where the minnows swarmed. This gentlemanly recluse had a boat which he kindly placed at my disposal, and we essayed the tree-top. Fastening the boat to a limb, we proceeded to catch a supply of minnows. I had rigged my line ready for business before we left the shore, and after half a dozen or so minnows had gone into the bucket, I thought I would see if there were any bass there. On the outside of the boat the water was about ten feet deep. I baited my hook and made a cast, and I will take my oath that the bait had not sunk three feet before it was taken. I made four casts and took in four bass in rapid succession, when I was ordered to desist and stop using up the minnows until we could lay in a good supply. The long and the short of it is that we took eleven goodly bass at the tree top and moved on to explore, and we found them almost everywhere about the lake. I don't dare to say just how many we caught, as I have some respect for the advice of "St. Clair," but we all considered ourselves pretty good bass fishers, and we carried away about the middle of the afternoon just all we had any use for, and enough to make a decided difference at the "Spencer" House, where we drove up, and they were lifted out. Last year, when vacation time came, a couple of friends and myself placed a large wall tent, a well-appointed camp chest, a sheet-iron cooking stove in pieces disposed in the camp-chest, and sundry banners aboard a northern transport propeller, and struck a bee line for Cheboygan, and on the day following our arrival we were in camp on the beach of Long Lake, and had everything in apple-pie order, and a man of all work from Cheboygan to do the camp drudgery. Right there we remained a fortnight, which was all a dream of delight. We had two boats—all that were on the lake. We built a small pier, we built a large floating reservoir in which to keep our bass alive, we had a small boat with wire-gauze ends which we towed behind a boat to receive the fish when first caught; we found a pile of boards, which some one had taken to the lake intending to build a shanty; we floored our hut with them, and made a kitchen and dining-room table, with a canopy of boughs such as we used to put up in the old days when we went soldiering; we set up our cooking-stove in the sand, and it worked to a charm. There was not a mosquito, black fly or midge, or "no see'em," as the Indians say, about. The lake was all our own. There was not a soul near except an old woodchopper working in the "clearing," who occasionally visited us to smoke his pipe and tell us bear stories in the evening. He was long, lank, lean and cadaverous, and withal very ragged. He had been a good deal troubled with the "ager," and looked as though it had been the daily companion of his life, and yet he was happy, and loved to sit on the bow of a boat and swing his long legs and whistle and tell us of his real or imaginary woodland experience. His prowess, as exhibited in his numerous contests with bears, was "fearful to behold." His usual and favorite weapon for hunting "bar" was an ax, and whenever he could get one to stand up to him for a fair fight, then good-by bear. He played somewhat upon our nervous systems by representing the woods full of the animals, that the game to the lake nights to drink, were very fond of fish, and would scent the camp a long ways. We always had a good laugh after he had shuffled away to his clearing for the night. We had only to row fifty or so rods from camp to be upon splendid bass and minnow ground; we could catch all the minnows we wanted by enticing them in swarms now, and in a landing-net with a bait, and at the same time take bass in at the other side, with a perfect looseness. They were then in general profusion, so thick that we could only fish an hour or so in the day without sheer waste, and we usually returned to the river all not weighing over 2½ pounds. I often saw a second bass follow right up the boat at the tail of the one on the hook. They were genuine black, as distinguished from the green or Oswego (I am sorry to have my conceptions of black and green bass disturbed by the late article of Professor Jordan, as I have always considered them distinct species, and it don't consort with my convictions of the eternal fitness of things to call a green bass a big-mouthed black, their general style and habits are so different. I shall expect to hear next that a "rocky" is a hump-backed black), and they were as gamy as any I ever saw. We caught, also, about a dozen pickeral, averaging about 8 pounds, which we buried. One incident afforded me an immense satisfaction. There were several American eagles, which seemed to live about the vicinity of the lake, and we occasionally saw

them circling about on the opposite side. One afternoon I had been in the woods across the lake with my gun for pigeons. I returned to the boat with only two cartridges left, one in one barrel with an ounce and a quarter No. 7 shot and in the other No. 8. Just as I reached the shore where lay the boat I saw an eagle sitting upon the extreme top of a tall dead tree. I thought I would amuse or scare him a little, so I crept close up to the tree. He was sitting with his breast toward me, looking grandly, and I sent my charge of No. 7 shot at him, and, as sure as there's a sun in heaven, he came halting to my feet dead. To say that I was elated don't half express it—an eagle at that distance with No. 7 shot—I could hardly believe it. I hurried to the boat with my prize, eager to display it on the other side. I pushed off and had got but fairly started when a second eagle, probably the first one's mate, attracted by the report of the gun, came whirling about in the air above me. Seizing the gun, I sent the No. 8's after him, and by all that's holy I fetched him! He fluttered down in circles to the water with a broken wing, and when I took him in he fought me fiercely with his beak. I was almost agast with astonishment. Whew! two American eagles, all in five minutes! How do you think I felt? How do you think the fellow felt who fired the Ephesian Dome? I have "chased the antelope over the plain" and shot him with my Winchester rifle, I have hunted deer and elk in the mountain parks of Colorado, I have hunted buffalo on the plains of Kansas, but I don't think that I ever felt quite so exhilarated with success as I did then. It was so sudden and unexpected. I was not hunting for eagles, but pigeons. The means seemed so inadequate to the result. It was like a boy fishing for minnows with a pin hook suddenly jerking out a three-pound trout. I felt that I must be a wonderful shot, and if Bogardus or Dr. Carver had then been around I verily believe I should have proposed a friendly match at glass balls. I placed the birds side by side in the boat and gazed at them with a kind of dazed intoxication. I patted my gun (No. 10 gauge) and talked to it. "Oh, no, old fellow, you can't shoot—you ain't worth a cent on eagles. I guess not. Perhaps there are some more round that would like to come and see you." Then I hid one in the bow and rowed for camp. My head stood straight upon my shoulders, but I repressed all appearance of excitement and rowed slowly up to our place. The others were idling about, and one asked me if I had shot any pigeon. "A few," I replied, as I tossed them out on the sand. "By the way, I've shot an eagle." I remarked, indifferently. "The devil you say!" said Jim. "You mean a hawk." "No, I don't; I mean an eagle. Come and see him" and I produced number one. Then there was excitement. He was admired; the stretch of his wings measured; the tree where he lay pointed out; plans made for sending him to town to be stuffed; an extra bottle of "Kelly's Java" produced from the cellar (wet sand) for my special benefit. When all had settled down to quiet again I casually remarked between two puffs of my pipe, "I shot two eagles." All looked at me as if they thought the wine had "crazed his brain." "You hunt round in the bow of the boat awhile and I guess you'll find the other one," said I. He was dragged forth, and then we *did* have a time, over which I'll draw a veil. I maintained my stolidity just long enough to remark that it wasn't a very good day for eagles, but I should probably have brought in a few more had I not run out of cartridges. The next morning Jim declared that I was muttering all night in my sleep, "American eagles—Number seven and eight shot—One flying." We passed the fortnight like a dream of contentment, and my peccable loves to linger about it. We were jazy, doubtless, and did not travel the woods much for the deer, whose fresh tracks we could find upon the beach any morning. At the end of the fortnight we struck our tent with regret and left for pastures new. We packed a barrel full of our largest bass—running along about four pounds—in ice, and shipped them to our friends. If we could have captured Mr. Hallock as he passed so near us I think we could have made him happy for one day at least. Unless vandalism has been at work, any one visiting the lake may find carved upon the trunk of a large white birch, close by where our tent stood, "M. J.," "J. W.," and "G. C." with the date and the following inscription: "*Foras et hinc olim meminisse juvabit.*" G. C.

Chicago, Dec. 7, 1878.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

AFTER BLACKTAIL (?) IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

A NUMBER of progressive spirits, including your humble servant, had been figuring for a deer hunt back of Cheyenne Mountain for many a day, where we heard that the deer were very plentiful. But our great hitch was how to get there with any degree of comfort and surety. At this exciting juncture our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Marsh, appeared, and proposed to join us with his outfit of burros, camping utensils, etc., etc., and made such a favorable offer that we were inclined, and in fact did, accept his proposition. The day was then appointed and unanimously agreed upon for Friday, November 22. In the interim we two, representing the K. C. Ranch, got out our '76 Winchesters in order, and

125 rounds of ammunition, and when the morning to leave the ranche at last arrived soon made short distance of the ten miles from the ranche to town. On our way, about three miles from the ranche, we shot at four antelope, but failed to bring any to grass. Arriving in town we put up at the Colorado Springs Hotel. Next morning we assembled in front of Bacon's Exchange Stables, and found the whole outfit on hand, consisting of three pack burros and six saddles. The party consisted of Mr. Sanborn, Dr. Sutherland, Mr. Bacon, Sergeant Choate, United States Signal Service, officer in charge at Pikes Peak, and Mr. Marsh, our guide, commissary-general, and major-domo, etc.

Mr. Bacon presented an affecting spectacle. He was arrayed in a wonderful Canadian ulster, which swept the ground, and when he mounted it totally obliterated the burro. Sergeant Choate was armed to the teeth. He carried a new Remington, an angry-looking six-shooter, a butt full of cartridges, a clink knife and wore six undergarments. Protection against the mountain blasts, which gave him a round and aldermanic appearance. The Sergeant was mounted on Balaam, an experienced mountaineer, of sure foot and fine proportions. The Doctor had his trusty Ballard, a carpet-bag full of cartridges, overcoat, etc.

We hunters started off ahead of the pack train, and took the old toll road over Cheyenne Mountain. We traveled all day, and reached in the middle of the toll-pike. After the necessary formalities here, we started afresh, making, at six o'clock, a log tent, where we camped for the night. Here we discovered our fatal mistake in going ahead of the pack, for we had nothing to eat. We, however, discovered the carcass of a bear, as well as some (buck) venison (Sanborn says he can taste it still, the liver it was), which we accordingly served up in primitive fashion. Mr. Sanborn, after an anxious examination of the premises, discovered an ancient wash-basin, which was utilized on the spot as a frying-pan, and did its duty nobly. In the morning Sanborn and Bacon repaired to the spring hard by to ablate, but just as they got to it S. was heard to utter in a hoarse whisper, "S-h-i-l-l! I down! deer!" B. dropped like a stone, while S. crept noiselessly back to camp on hands and feet for his rifle. Looking back to make sure of his game, he discovered, to his great disgust, that the general command of the pack train, which were none other than two of the jackasses which had strayed into the adjoining park, and were quietly grazing. About half-past ten o'clock our pack arrived, and we fared sumptuously on corned beef and bread. Refreshed, we again started. Up to this time we had had a very respectable trail, but here Sergeant Choate proposed the Government road to Pikes Peak. Our experiences on this national thoroughfare were not very pleasant. We extraneously concluded that it was a "flat" road, and the simple fact of the Government deciding it was a road, an absolute road, must needs be sufficient. Nevertheless the balance of the day was consumed by that noble ride. Five miles—five Government miles—were scored, and we poor fellows at last, hungry, weary, disgusted, dispirited, cold and frozen, finally arrived at the Seven Lakes Park House, at 6 P. M., where we were received by Messrs King and Walsh, who entertained us right royally, as becomes the custom of the country.

Messrs. King and Walsh have erected a block house of some twenty rooms and twenty-six windows, the main building measuring 42x22 feet, wing 15x20, both of two stories, sawing all the boards themselves by hand. The Seven Lakes are the highest in the world, they tell us, their altitude being 11,400 feet above sea level. The largest contains nearly 400 acres, and is separated from the larger by a narrow causeway, but a few rods in width, which furnished the road to the Lake House. The larger lake being some three feet higher, the water is continually running in little streams to the other lake. The Seven Lakes as a whole constitute an oval basin, the larger lake being nearly circular and seventy feet deep. The spring which feeds it is so powerful that it can be easily perceived bubbling vigorously to the surface.

Surrounding the lakes is a bench of white sand resembling the shore of the sea, while the mountains loom up perpendicularly nearly, from 900 to 1,400 feet. To the N. W. is Pike's Peak, to the eastward and south are King's Cone and Bald Mountain. The scenery here is simply grand—a lovely park sheltered on every side by mountains. In season doubt abound, there being six varieties. There are a few fish (trout), but as we cannot at all understand them, these gentlemen and these gentlemen propose to stock the lakes with trout at an early day. In the way of game we found sharp-tailed grouse in great numbers, some turkeys, chapparral birds, squirrels, both black and gray. There seemed to be millions of these squirrels, for we could hear them barking in every direction. The quadrupeds are represented by the black-tailed deer, cinnamon bear, black bear, bison, mountain lion and wild cats, and also a bear locally called Silver Bear, which is a hybrid between the grizzly and the black. This has lately been shot and brought down into the valley.

To return to the hunt: the Doctor and "friend" started out with the parting injunction that in case they did not return in a day or so no anxiety need be felt on their account, Sanborn, in bidding an affectionate adieu to the Dr., supplemented his parting remarks with the observation that he would look for "grub" and "grub" in Sanborn and "pard" started south and were joined immediately by Mr. Bacon, who brought up the rear with gallant strides, but it was soon proved that the "cost" was one too many for our esteemed friend and fellow sportsman, who was when last seen in deep meditation perched on a fallen monarch, evidently communing with nature, and positively chewing to lucco. That day's hunt proved a success, and the success is plenty.

With the "chub" in the snow and the want of excitement on the part of the hunters, the deer were not found during the "keep shy." Mr. S.'s "pard" was lost, and after a search in vain for the much, picked out a place to camp, but before going in entirely, he climbed the nearest mountain, from which he discovered the faint glimmering of a lamp; whereupon it is needless to add he went tumbling indiscriminately for home. True, the "chub" was not found, but he traveled "full thirty miles," and over mountains that looked clear over Pikes Peak, and through gulches that it would have been madness to attempt to describe. During the day Mr. Sanborn, being in the neighborhood of the Dr., heard strange noises resembling the infernal grating of a devil's fiddle. For some time he was at a loss to account for this, but finally the comment was S. lay down and sleep. The "chub" was by saying that the mountain climbing was pretty rough work on one lung, that a solitary acclimated lung is capable of doing such good work speaks highly in favor of this, our "glorious climate of Colorado." The roll was called at night and all found present or accounted for. The evening was passed in a quiet game of whist. For illuminating purposes,

and in the absence of an electric light, we filled tin plates with lard and used condemned shoe-strings for wicks.

The following morning opened fine, and all hands started out. Other signs of deer, more numerous than ever. At night the result scored two deer, a doe and a fine buck. The following day "Balaam," the Sergeant and Mr. Bacon returned to the Springs. The Dr. and Mr. Grant started around the point and came on a herd of eight deer. The Dr., judging the distance, elevated to a thousand yards, fired three shots without any perceptible effect. The deer not having shown any disposition to run, Mr. Grant became greatly incensed thereat, and discharged his rifle six times in the air, a la fourth of July, and finally succeeded in scaring them off. The deer ran up the side of Buck Mountain, and Sanborn and pard climbed after them. When they got on the other side they came upon another herd. Mr. Sanborn fired one shot without effect, and then separated. Sanborn followed the main herd. "Pard" branched off, and had not gone far when a beautiful one came loping by not twelve yards off. With deliberate and deadly aim, "Pard" levelled his piece and pulled trigger, but, to his amazement, without consequent discharge. Upon reflection he remembered how the night previous the Sergeant cautioned him against carrying around a loaded weapon, citing numerous and fatal cases in justification. On examining the piece he discovered the horrible fact that in following the Sergeant's instructions he had removed his cartridge and omitted to replace it. Mr. Sanborn, after following the main herd, came upon it again at a distance of four hundred yards, and crept up to within shooting distance, but, unfortunately, not being familiar with his arm, he raised the sight to four hundred yards, taking deliberate aim at a doe in the middle of the herd. He fired. The doe turned and brought herself in full sight. Bang! went the gun, and grasping his knife he rushed upon the foe; but, strange to say, no foe was there. He had missed his mark. S., disgusted, returned to the ranche, a matter of about three miles. Reverting to Mr. "Pard," we find he had followed a trail and came on to a fine buck, sighted his head, the only part of his body visible, took sure aim and fired. Unfortunately, not securing a buck, he fired his second shot, and the shot, a few minutes later by another gentleman of the party. The Doctor had started off in the morning on a burro as an innovation and scored three flying shots not worth mentioning, however, as to results. Wednesday we returned home with one buck, all we could conveniently carry. Coming down by the beautiful Pikes Peak trail, the Manitou and the Garden of the Gods, we arrived at the Springs safe and sound. Thus ended our hunt after black-tail deer in the Rockies. RANERO.

K. G. Ranche, El Paso Co., near Colorado Springs, Col., December 3, 1878.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun. FIELD SPORTS IN GERMANY.

LEIPSIG, Oct. 27, 1878.

The surroundings of this city were always celebrated for their abundance of hares and partridges, and the beautiful woods were alive with an enormous quantity of roes, the most beautiful game at home in Germany. Though each village rents the right to hunt in its fields separately, and such districts, therefore, are not very extensive, the rent is rather high, for hares and partridges are high in price notwithstanding their great number. Forty years ago, when I lived here, I paid for each hare which I took home from a battue only a quarter dollar, and a partridge was only five cents; now we have to pay one dollar for a hare, and for a partridge about forty cents. The cause of this rise in the price is not the scarcity of game, though it is not as abundant as formerly, but the increase of means of communication, which permit one to sell the game in Berlin and other large cities of Germany.

I remember a battue held about forty years ago in a district where the owners had not held a battue the previous year. All the invited, about eighty shooters, expected, therefore a great number of hares, and provided themselves with a good supply of cartridges. We then used here, generally, needle-guns, as a common percussion gun would not do, the loading requiring too much time. These needle-guns were, however, no breech-loaders yet. The cartridge was put in at the muzzle, slipped down by itself, and was held in position by turning a lever. We could load even faster than we can do to-day our Lefauchaux or any other breech-loader.

I do not know whether you have a correct idea of the manner in which our battues are carried on. It is done in two different ways; either by "Standtreiben" or by "Kesseltreiben."

The whole district is divided in a convenient number of sections, and the larger than can be closed by the number of shooters and unarmed men—the "Treiber." The shooters are placed on the border of the selected districts, from eighty to a hundred paces distant from each other, their whole line forming a semi-circle. On the remaining border line are placed the "Treiber." Where the ground is too open, are not rarely dug two or three feet-deep pits with a low earth wall before them, as hiding-places for the shooters. These are then filled by the "Treiber" or his deputy, or very frequently by lot. At the beginning of the battue tickets, with numbers printed on them, are drawn, and every ticket has to place one in his cap.

At a signal given by a horn or whistle, the Treiber, who have either sticks or rattles in their hands, advance toward the firmly standing line of shooters, driving all the game toward them and preventing it to pass their own line. Such Treiber is called a "Standtreiber." In woods this is always the rule, as the kind of Treiben, called Kesseltreiben, is mostly impossible.

At such a Kesseltreiben the manager sends off from a certain point in the border line of the district two experienced shooters who are acquainted with the grounds, one to the right and the other to the left. Both have to go on to the border line until they meet. They are followed at a convenient distance, alternately, by a Treiber and shooter, until the whole district is inclosed. On the right side the whole line advances as regularly as possible, and slowly, toward the centre. Of course by doing so the interval between the persons forming the line is gradually diminished. Thus the Kessel (cauldron) inclosed becomes so narrow that it would be dangerous for the opposite line to shoot inside the circle. The whole line makes a halt at a given signal. Only the Treibers advance toward the centre with great

noise, and the shooters are only permitted to fire on hares outside the circle.

The first Treiben at that opportunity of which I was speaking above, was a Standtreiben. You may imagine our astonishment on seeing the hares advancing toward us in troops of five and six at once, leaving us scarcely time to load. The result of this one Treiben was eight hundred hares. I had, on my way, forty-six! I had, on my way, forty-six! I had, on my way, forty-six! I spent our cartridges, and we had to send to the city for a fresh supply. The battues were continued until dark, two consecutive days, and the total of killed hares amounted to a little above three thousand.

Traveling at that time by rail from Halle to Leipzig about sunset, it was by no means rare to see more than thirty hares offered or playing in a field of not half an acre. These battues were, however, not attended then as they are now, the latter offering a good exercise and to oblige the proprietor, as the hares had to be shot by some one. Partridges were not less abundant, and the district of one of the valleys furnished several thousands during one season, and still there remained enough.

The years 1848 and '49, when people did not care for any kind of, and, least of all, for game laws, great destruction was going on, and many parts of Germany never recovered from these revolutionary times.

I prefer hunting alone or in a small company, and with a good dog. A friend of mine has rented the adjoining shooting-grounds, of about four or five villages in the Spreewald, a district belonging to Prussia and inhabited by the remains of an old nation, the Wendens, speaking a language of their own and having preserved their old customs and dresses. In these parts it is to be found still a great variety of game, and especially one kind, which is not known in America—the great bustard. It is as large as a turkey and only to be found in the field, especially large plains, never in the wood. In summer you may shoot them now and then before the dog; but later, when they join in troops from twenty to thirty, and even more, they are extremely shy, especially if you are carrying a gun. Laborers and horses they are not afraid of at all, and the only means to approach them is in the disguise of some laborer, or, still better, of a woman, pushing on a wheelbarrow in which is placed the gun. You may approach them, also, in a farm wagon. Such a bustard is a most stately bird. They do, however, a good deal of damage. My friend arranged last year a battue for bustards, but as an immense district had to be inclosed he had not sufficient time to do so. It was, however, a particular success, although about five hundred bustards were seen.

On my return here last fall I of course found many acquaintances of olden times. Among them is one who had been once my dinner neighbor at a table d'hôte. He was then only a clerk and representative of a great Prussian firm in Leipzig, but he was a very gentlemanly young man, loving the chase, and we became friends, remembering each other all these years kindly. At present his brown hair has turned white, he has become a grandfather, and very rich. He had retired from business many years ago, and enjoyed his life in a very pleasant manner. He owns a splendid mansion in town, but bought already, twenty-five years ago, a knightly estate about an hour's walk from Leipzig. It was then a rather neglected concern, rented to a man who held there a large restaurant which was much frequented by the Leipzig people, as it was situated amidst a most beautiful wood. Mr. Keibe spent about half a million of thalers in changing this estate into a most delightful place, in fact to a kind of rural paradise, as there are scarcely any many miles around.

The farm buildings were pulled down and replaced by splendid solid ones, provided with all modern improvements. The dwelling-house was removed also and he erected a rather large, beautiful villa in its place. The glass-covered, large veranda looked toward the garden. The marble steps leading to this veranda were adorned by beautiful plants and two life-sized roe-bucks in bronze.

The greater change, however, the wood had to undergo extending in front and to the right of the villa. Before the veranda was a lovely lawn sloping to the right and left by a belt of beautiful trees. Beyond the lawn stretched a very long walk shaded by old lime trees, leading to the road to Leipzig.

Right before the veranda on the lawn a jet of water rises and falls back into a large basin. In the centre of the lawn has been made an artificial mound the sides of which are covered with roses, and on its top stands, on a high pedestal, a colossal bronze stag, held at bay by two dogs: a splendid work, costing several thousands.

On the left of the belt of trees, bordering the lawn extends a large square garden. All the beds along the different gravel walks are covered with beautiful flowers, and between them are standing the finest dwarf fruit-trees. In the interior of the squares formed by the walks are beds with strawberries, etc., etc. On the side of the square garden opposite the above mentioned belt of trees is erected the very new villa. It is the dwelling of the head gardener, and to the right and left of it are the hot-baths built of iron and glass, containing a splendid palm-house, one filled with camellias, another with tropical plants, etc., etc. I assure you the hot-baths in Kew are not kept in better order than these.

In the middle of the other side of the square garden, which forms a right angle with that mentioned before, stands a large jet of water of only two stories, guarded by two small dogs made of green marble, brought both from Florence, a lovely little villa—the pheasants' house—containing a good many gold and silver pheasants. In part of this extremely elegant structure are little yards with shrubs, as you see them in the zoological gardens; and close to them, amid a nicely arranged group of fine plants and trees, stands a table and chairs, from whence the whole square garden may be seen. On the whole, the terrace are standing in tubs fine orange, laurel and other trees.

The very large orchard, with nurseries and other hot-houses, is beyond a road passing behind the pheasants' house. To the right of the screen of trees belting the lawn you enter an English park, of no great extent, but of extreme loveliness. There you see emerald-green bowling green, as soft as velvet, with flower-beds, blooming shrubs, etc., and the finest of the original wood, which was left standing.

This little park, garden and lawn are fenced by a fine iron railing. Through a gate in it you enter the wild park, which is not fenced, but from which you enter directly the broad acres belonging to the estate. Though this rather extensive park is called by its owner wild, it is arranged with great care and art. The walks are graveled and kept as clean as a drawing-room. A high gravel walk with bridges is built along the sides of the shrubbery, and the shrubbery is overtopped by splendid trees, are interrupted by fine meadows, etc.

As this park is rather far from any other wood, Mr. Kelbe has stocked it with wild pheasants, which have increased to several hundreds notwithstanding the inroads made by foxes, martens, weasels and cats from the village, of which he caught this year not less than twenty-six in his traps. He formerly kept roes in the park, but finding that the young ones did not thrive and the bucks killed them, he got tired of them and shot them off.

Last Sunday morning Mr. Kelbe called on me. He was quite excited, for his head gardener had reported that a fox had invaded his park. Some laborers saw him kill a hare and took it from him, but very soon afterward plaintive notes from a pheasant proved clearly that he had found a substitute for his lost hare. Mr. Kelbe invited me to drive over with him to his park next morning and try to shoot the bold robber, together with a few pheasant cocks. I had coues accepted with pleasure, for since many years I had not had an opportunity of shooting a wild pheasant. There are plenty in Bohemia, but in Germany you find them but rarely, as they can be kept only in isolated parks and woods where the adjoining fields belong to the same proprietor, else kind neighbors will shoot them as they go in summer out in the fields to feed.

Two other gentlemen whom Mr. K. had invited were present, one from coming with me and two who came to ourselves. About a dozen garden laborers and the coachman and gardener were ordered to act as Treibers, and Mr. Kelbe and I placed ourselves where we thought it most likely that the red robber would pass. I took my stand behind an elm tree on a narrow dry ditch, from whence I could overlook an angle-point of a copse before me and the adjoining meadows. Mr. Kelbe told me that he had killed at that place two foxes, and that he would probably take a foot-pace to my left or remain in the ditch, in order to reach the opposite thickets.

The Treiber formed a line and advanced without making much noise, as it is not required to start a fox. Some hares and rabbits they met on their way took alarm and came out of the copse, and two Volke of partridges passed my stand. I resisted, however, the temptation. About eighty paces before me was a little bridge over the ditch, and looking straight on I saw the latter my attention was at once directed to something moving underneath the bridge. I stood as still as if I were made of stone and my eyes opened to double their size. No wild hare or noble stag would have excited me so much as did this red rascal whose pointed nose I recognized in the uncertain light under the bridge. It was amusing to observe him. The noise behind him did not alarm him much, but more attention was paid by him to the spring which separated him from the opposite copse. The wind did not teach him anything of my presence, for it came from him toward me. The hares and partridges, which passed unmolested, seemed at last to satisfy him that all was safe. He cautiously, and dragging one foot after the other, crept to the brim of the ditch and had a peep at the meadow. I might have fired at him then; but, as he was partly concealed behind a little shrub, I waited for his further movements. He stepped out from the opening, seemed himself as small as possible, he came along the ditch toward me. When he saw me he was not more than three paces from my feet, and he was so surprised that he lost his head. Instead of turning round and running back toward the bridge along the ditch, he suddenly jumped out of it and ran as fast as he could over the meadows. He did not go far. At about twenty-five paces I fired, and struck him in the hind leg, remaining in the spot. In the same moment the Treibers emerged from the wood, and, taught by experience, one of the laborers gave him still some blows with his stick.

The object of our expedition being fulfilled we might have gone home; but Mr. Kelbe wanted some pheasants, and the Treibers re-entered the same copse which they had just left, knowing very well that plenty of pheasants had remained. A few of them had passed me, but I had not taken any notice of them.

The birds must have been alarmed, however, for when the Treibers commenced their noise they rose at once, one after the other, above the trees and flew off with the velocity of a rocket. I dared not fire, as I did not recognize for certain the cocks, and was much afraid of killing perhaps a hen. Mr. Kelbe, however, shot a cock. When the Treibers placed themselves now at the border of that copse for which the fox had longed to reach, and I took my stand at its corner close to the same ditch mentioned before. Mr. Kelbe stood about sixty paces to the right of me.

Very soon I saw something moving in the ditch. I could not make out what it was, and, seeing only something grayish-brown, I took it for a cat, but it was a reconnoitering pheasant hen. She ran quickly back and just as I saw the golden breast of a cock coming toward me in the ditch. When Mr. Kelbe called out to me to change my stand for one he thought better. The cock turned round and all was still for a few minutes. Then I heard the noise of some pheasants rising to my right. Mr. Kelbe fired and a splendid cock fell heavily on the grass. I was rather envious and anxiously hoped my turn would come next. It came. Half a dozen of pheasants rose in the thicket before me. I brought down another cock. I might have made a doubt if I had not been so much afraid of a mistake. Again a noise before me. It was a beautiful bird, and I shot him before he was above the trees. When a third cock passed like a rocket I fired, but he went off, and Mr. Kelbe believed that I had missed him. I did not think so, and I was right. The cock was found dead on the meadow about two hundred paces from me. Mr. Kelbe fired again. The bird fell down, but as I saw a cock he got up and ran toward the ditch. He had only been winged. Whether the gardener found him afterward I do not know.

We had now one fox, three hares and five pheasant cocks. The whole affair lasted about an hour. My friend thought this enough for the moment. We returned to the villa and he fetched from his cellar a choice bottle of Rheinish. After having finished it we returned to Leipzig and were at half-past twelve, much satisfied with our little expedition.

COVINY.

CENTRAL SHORT LINE.—The new route to Florida via the Richmond and Danville Railroad offers many advantages of pleasant scenery, the privilege of extended stays along the route and the best of traveling facilities and conveniences. The route is via Richmond, Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta.

—In all the shots fired in the Brooklyn and Philadelphia Gun Club's match last week, it is noticeable that there was not a single mis-fire. The Union Metallic Cartridge Company's shells were used.

Fish Culture.

Palmer & Sons, of Boscobel, Wis., write that they will be able to furnish trout eggs to customers up to April. This would be remarkable—November being their spawning month—only that trout, like other animals, when long domesticated extend their breeding season.

THE SOUTH SIDE CLUB AS FISH CULTURISTS.—Through the efforts of two or three of its members who are well versed in fish culture, the South Side Club has been most successful in the propagation of brook trout; so much so that it has been able to contribute large lots to a neighboring club on Long Island and to the Blooming Grove Park Association of Pike County, Pa. It has also supplied the Messrs. Thompson, the fish breeders of New Hope, Pa., with several thousand fine fish.

KANSAS FISH CULTURE.—Thirty years ago what now appears upon our maps as the State of Kansas was a howling wilderness, the howling being furnished by the *fera natura* and the *feriores humani*. The hardy adventurer who should have braved scalping knife and tomahawk to penetrate its trackless wilds and returning thence should have prophesied that before the lapse of the third decade the intelligent citizens of that land should be giving their attention to the restocking of the streams with edible fish—this man would have saved his head from the Indians only to have it safely immured in an insane asylum. He would have been no madman however had he predicted this; for here is the "First Biennial Report of the Commissioner of Fisheries of the State of Kansas, for the years 1877-8." It is not the subject matter of the report that we wish here to insist upon, for Kansas fish culture is yet in its infancy, so much as this fact: that here is a State comprising an area greater than all Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island, whose organized history does not antedate the life of the average reader of these columns, displaying a degree of enterprise in one of the advanced economic interests of the day that may well serve as an incentive to many other States.

Commissioner D. B. Long calls attention to a very important and remarkable change in the character of the streams of Kansas, as noticeable as the alterations which have already been noticed in her plains. Lands which not so long ago were considered fit only for the savage and the wild beast have been developed into great broad fields of magnificent wheat and corn. Many creek beds which were once trickling alkali brooks are now full-flowing with pure water; springs and streams have gushed forth from the earth where formerly there were only barren wastes. All these manifestations may be accepted as auguring well for the efforts of man to introduce into the waters the valuable species of fish especially adapted to them, and we are confident that the liberal minded people of the State will through the Legislature give to their energetic Commissioners the pecuniary endorsement to advance the work.

PROPAGATION OF LAND-LOCKED SALMON.—Fish breeders who are interested in the cultivation of land-locked salmon will feel much encouraged by the following report which Com. Atkins has been kind enough to furnish. The communication also answers several questions which have lately been propounded to us. Increasing interest is deservedly felt in the cultivation of this fish, and we hope its presence will some day not distant ennoble our inland lakes. It possesses equal game qualities with its step-brother *salmo salar*, which has access to salt water, and its flesh is almost as toothsome. With our clean inland waters populated with land-locked salmon, we could boast such angling in America as no country has ever heard of. The persistent efforts of the U. S. Fishery Commission and the managers of the hatching establishment in Maine are most commendable. They will be watched with solicitude until the full result is accomplished and epicures and anglers are made happy all over the United States:

GRAND LAKE STREAM, Me., Jan. 21, 1879.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

The crop of eggs of land-locked salmon obtained here this season is greater than usual instead of less, as indicated by an item in your columns of January 16. During the four seasons of our operations here we have taken the following numbers of eggs, viz.: 1,077,500 eggs in 1875, 543,000 eggs in 1876, 2,159,000 in 1877, and 1,723,000 in 1878. From which it appears that this season's work has been more successful than that of any other except one (1877).

Schoolie land-locked salmon are less prolific than sea-salmon, and in proportion to the quantity of spawn obtained the work involved is far greater. It took 1,617 females, all fertile, to produce 1,723,000 eggs—an average of 1,065 eggs per fish. This was a much higher rate than usual, the fish yielded only 985 per fish, and some years it has been less than that. The average weight of the breeding fish is a trifle less than two pounds, average length about seventeen inches. The past season they somewhat exceeded these measurements.

The parties controlling these works this year are the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries and the Commissioners of the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Hampshire.

CHARLES G. ATKINS,
Asst't to the U. S. Com. Fisheries.

—The mighty brain of an astute Virginia editor evolves the argument that the rivers should not be stocked with fish, because, forsooth, that would encourage idleness among the people. With fish at their doors they would not cultivate the

soil, the pursuits of agriculture would languish, and the idle fish-fed population would degenerate into effeminacy and semi-barbarism. We commend this sapient reasoning to our fish culturists. Let them reflect whether they are not heaping up an accountability of sins, which no change of occupation or diet will ever atone for.

PENNSYLVANIA.—A large number of California salmon have just been placed in the small streams about Trout Run. It is hoped thus to replenish the streams which have become depleted of their once abundant trout.

POTOMAC FISHERIES.—Gov. Hutton is giving his attention to the subject of properly supplying the Potomac with fishways, and it is probable that at an early date that stream will be so furnished that there will be an open passage to the Virginia counties of Clarke, Loudoun, Shenandoah, Fairfax and Warren, and the Potomac counties of Maryland.

Natural History.

BIRDS OF THE COLORADO VALLEY.

GOOD wine needs no bush, nor does any work done by Dr. Elliott Coues require a single word of commendation to the practical student of science. Nevertheless, as FOREST AND STREAM visits each week a very considerable number of ornithological readers, many of whom depend upon it for their news of current scientific events, it becomes our duty to mention, however briefly, the appearance of the first part of one of the most important works on ornithology which has ever appeared in this country.

The present volume, Part I., treats of only a small portion of the subject as stated in the title, for in the 800 pages between its covers only the Passeres to *Laniide* are included. As far as it goes, however, it is so complete in its synonymy and its descriptions, and so altogether delightful in its account of the habits of the various species considered, as really to leave almost nothing to be desired.

The ornithologist who examines "The Birds of the Colorado Valley" will be especially impressed by the completeness of the synonymic lists, which preface the account of each species, and by the "Bibliography of North American Ornithology," which constitutes the last 200 pages of the work. Although to the untechnical reader these portions of the volume will perhaps appear dry and of slight importance, they are in reality its most valuable features, and the amount of labor which has been expended in compiling them is simply enormous. It must be remembered that, except in a few specified cases, no title or reference in the book has been taken at second hand, but that in each case the author has gone to the original work, and taken his material from that.

The "Bibliography of North American Ornithology" is intended to be a complete list of every work, article, or paper ever published on the birds of North America. It is, as Dr. Coues remarks, only that very small portion of the great work which he has in course of preparation—his "Bibliography of Ornithology"—which relates to North American birds as such. He therefore excludes all titles which refer to any group of birds which are treated of as component parts of a genus or family, as such works will appear in the final "Bibliography" under their proper family or generic headings. The titles which Dr. Coues gives us, in the volume under consideration, are nearly 1,500 in number, and represent, he says, only about three or four per cent. of the whole literature of ornithology. He tells us that he has now in hand for his final work 18,000 titles.

The present list is published at this time mainly for the purpose of bringing the subject to the notice of "those interested," so that any writers, whose works, or papers, may have been omitted, can communicate the fact to the author and the error may be rectified in the final work. We observe that Dr. Coues has quoted many titles from the columns of FOREST AND STREAM and we call the attention of our correspondents and contributors to his note on this subject which we publish to-day. We feel sure that any writers whose articles have been quoted will gladly furnish the information which Dr. Coues desires.

While to the ornithologist the "Birds of the Colorado Valley" will prove of the utmost value in all respects, the biographies of the various species will present to the unscientific reader the greatest attraction of the volume. Written in Dr. Coues' own inimitable style, they are simply gems of bird literature. There is a charm about them that can scarcely be characterized, but we venture to predict that no bird lover who peruses one of these delightful sketches will care to relinquish the volume until he has read it quite through. There is a pathos about some of these life-histories that is strangely moving, while others are mirth-provoking to a degree. Dr. Coues so cunningly blends realism and poetry in his descriptions of bird habits that we seem to be able to thoroughly appreciate all their characteristics and to enter, to a certain extent at least, into the secrets of their every-day life.

Our author goes very deeply into a number of curious points touching on various phases of bird life. He never hesitates to attack beliefs that he thinks are founded on error, and never takes anything for granted. His remarks on swallows are extremely interesting, and we know of no account of these charming *Alles de l'air* that is half so full.

Although the present work more nearly approaches the ideal ornithology than anything that we know of. Between its covers can be found almost everything that one wishes to

time, or had come all the way from cover under the snow. No one that I have spoken to on the subject ever saw or heard of a hare burrowing in the snow. It may be worth your while to "make a note on it."

H. R.

Hares sit still wherever as now storm overtakes them, and when the snow begins to cover them over, they keep crowding and pushing gently backward and forward from side to side until they form a little roomy chamber all around them. The snow gradually heaps up until a domed arch is formed, except where little round holes are left in the top by the warm air of their breathing—just as the snow houses of the Esquimaux are made. There they sit snugly, until hunger impels them to vacate, in search of food. No tracks are visible in the newly fallen snow; but the quick eye of the young hunter, or the keen nose of his dog, as they range over the waste on the morning after the snow-fall, soon detects the "forms," and it is but an instant's work to jump poor Molly Cotton out of her bed; and then all is up with her.

Ptarmigan (a species of grouse found in the North,) also have the same habit; and when kicked up out of the snow are as lively and strong of wing as in summer. In the sub-arctic regions where they have their habitat, the temperature is so uniformly low that a crust seldom forms; and they therefore escape the common fate of our quail which often perish by being snowed under. Deep snows are no detriment to acclimated birds provided they can obtain food, but rather a warm protecting blanket. Lack of food is what they suffer from. For this reason we have so strongly urged our friends to scatter grain for them. Molly Cotton, the hare, who is a good forager and wide awake to the means of subsistence, is often found nesting in those little hollows on the lee side of trees, where the eddy and whirl of the snow as it is driven by the wind, has left the ground bare and the dry grass and fallen seeds exposed. Our inquiring friend will at once perceive that it is anything but unusual to find hares buried under the snow.

ADVICE UNHEEDED.

FRAMINGHAM, Mass., Dec. 3, 1878.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Perhaps, in your view, "one word more" on the "Sparrow Question" may be one word too many; but I think that all printed on the subject, in your columns and elsewhere, is read with interest by a very large portion of the community, both by those who side with the "at, tack" and with the "defense." From the various testimonies so far, to my mind those opposed have the best of it, and I send you the following to show that we were duly forewarned. It is from an old number of the *Naturalist* (1872). In an article on the "Birds of India," Rev. J. H. Bruce sounds this note of warning in regard to our proposed introduction of *Passer domesticus*. After giving an account of the noisy and impertinent ways of the sparrows and to that country ("P. bulbiceps"), and quoting Dr. Jerdon as saying, "it is one of the greatest pests of India," Mr. B. goes on to say: "I have been more particular in describing this bird, because of recent attempts to introduce a closely allied species into America. I look with some apprehension upon these efforts, as I believe them to be ill-advised and inexpedient. The European sparrow does not differ essentially from its Indian ally, and so far as I can learn is very generally regarded as a nuisance wherever it abounds." Then follows references to it in England, Spain and Syria. He concludes: "If the species is to be introduced into America to destroy the larvae of insects, it should be remembered that it is, for the most part, a feeder on grain, seeds and buds, devouring grub only in the breeding season. That season embraces but a small portion of the year; during the remainder they may cause great destruction. I trust those who have to do in this matter will act advisedly, lest they introduce that which may eventually become as great a nuisance in its way as the curculion and cankerworm." F. O. BROWN.

ATTENTION, CONTRIBUTORS.

OFFICE OF U. S. GEOLOGICAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL SURVEY
OF THE TERRITORIES, WASHINGTON, Jan. 17, 1879.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Str.—The Bibliographical portion of my late work on the "Birds of the Colorado Valley" contains very numerous citations of titles from FOREST AND STREAM. Many of these, however, are anonymous, or of unknown authorship. I beg you to say through your columns that if the persons interested will furnish the required names and dates, they will be remedied in the final edition of the Bibliography. I wish to add, further, that any additions to, or corrections of, this piece of Bibliography will be welcomed and utilized.

Yours,

ELLIOTT COBES.

Woodland, Farm and Garden.

For Forest and Stream and Rail and Gun.
SHEEP RAISING IN TEXAS.

OF late years great attention has been paid to the culture of sheep and the production of fine wool in Texas, and indeed with marked success, as nearly the entire south and southwestern portion of the State is monopolized by the sheep man. It was formerly the stronghold of the cattle man, who reigned supreme from reasons of long occupation only, not from any right or title to the land, as there were scarcely any land-owners in this part of the country at that time, and indeed up to the first appearance of sheep. Cattle men, in the choice of their ranches, had but one thing in view, and that was the portion of country that possessed the most attraction for their business, as they were all squatters, and neither bought nor rented land. In those days the hills and fields were dotted in almost every direction with cattle, while now it is altogether different, as the fields that were once kept closely cropped by the cow and her young are almost thoroughly deserted by them, and in the place we find the dusky Mexican following his woolly flock. Cattle business, to be carried on successfully, must have large tracks of unoccupied range, with plenty of grass and water; and when the country was public property it was a most lucrative business, but when the necessary range must be rented or bought, the quantity is so great that it renders it much less profitable, in consequence of which cattle-men are moving back into the wilder and less

civilized portion of the State. In their stead we find the sheep-man, as he can afford to rent or buy land, for the reason that the same amount of capital can be invested and manipulated on one-tenth the amount of land, with almost, if not quite, double the profits. In former years government land could be obtained by the process of location, and the cost be so comparatively insignificant that a sufficient range could be obtained almost for the cost of surveying; but now it is different, as moneyed men and corporations have gained possession of nearly all of the unlocated land, and it is now necessary to either buy or rent from them. Most of the lands, however, belong to the railroads of the State, and as these lands are exempt from taxation for a term of twenty-five years, they can rent lands very reasonably. Their rates of rent per year range from half a cent to a cent a half per acre, and a lease is given for a term of five or ten years to suit the tenant. I might state, however, that none of the railroad lands are for sale. The sheep business in this State presents a golden face, and though it has been tested for upward of forty years, it has not yet proved a failure; but, on the contrary, where favorable circumstances surround and close attention is paid to the business, it is undoubtedly a profitable one. When the business is conducted on common sheep are raised almost exclusively, but of late years great improvements have been made in the grades of sheep, till now we can produce samples of wool to compare favorably with Australian wool, and were it not for empty reputation we could command as high prices. The modes of grading sheep are many, but the quickest, best, and most profitable way of bringing the common sheep to a paying condition is to take the common Mexican ewes, which are long-legged, straight-haired sheep, shearing from a pound and a half to four pounds, and use the full-blooded, greasy-wooled, wrinkly, short-legged Merino bucks, and the result will be that of shortening of the legs, increasing the weight of wool, as well as improving the texture at the same time. The lamb will take on the natural hardness of the mother, which is far greater than the Merinos—in fact full-blooded Merinos do not do well in this climate. After your sheep are found to bear a wool sufficiently gray and heavy, it is then time to change the breed of hives and grade the texture of your wool. Imported bucks can be bought for from thirty to one hundred dollars per head, and one buck is sufficient for fifty ewes. Mexican sheep can be bought for from \$1.25 to \$1.75 per head, according to age and time of year. The advantages in improved sheep are many, and though it is claimed by some that the remuneration is no greater, still it is a lack of judgment and calculation on their part, for it needs but a moment's thought to see that the expense attached is less in proportion, and the income far greater, considering the increased number that must be kept of the common ewes. A graded sheep is worth from \$2.50 to \$3 per head, just double the cost of the Mexican. A graded sheep will shear from five to ten pounds of wool, which is worth from seventeen to twenty-five cents per pound, while Mexicans only shear from one and a half to four pounds, and worth from ten to thirteen cents per pound; thus showing that while the cost is only double for graded sheep, the income from them is about five times as great, and as their amount of increase is the same as in the common sheep, that being one lamb a year, we arrive at the following conclusion: that every improved lamb counts as five common ones in wool producing, and is worth at least twice as much to sell. In keeping five times as many common sheep as improved it is necessary to pay and feed five times as many shepherds, five times as much salt, and have a range five times the extent. Another great item in favor of improved sheep is that the muttons are worth double that of a common sheep for market, thus leaving no inlet for argument on the advisability of handling graded sheep or the profits attached thereto. The average amount of increase in sheep is from seventy-five to ninety per cent. annually. The process of breeding is carried on as follows: The sheep are divided into different flocks; in one flock are ewes and another lambs, in another ewers, and in another are the bucks. Sometimes, however, if the number of sheep is small and insufficient for so many divisions, they are all run together with the exception of the bucks, which are kept separate except in bucking season, that being in September and October. By doing the bucking that time of year it brings the lambs early in the spring when the grass is green and juicy, producing a bountiful crop of milk and fat. By keeping all together the period of lambing is definite, and special attention and care can be paid to it, thereby saving all or nearly all of the lambs. The quality of land necessary for sheep is estimated differently, but from an acre and a half to two acres is about the right amount per head, and in very fine range possibly less. The character of range best adapted for sheep is slightly rolling land with plenty of fine grass and underbrush; though, in such rough country, it is better to have a level, as there is much of the famous cat-claw, which is a bush ranging in height from three to seven feet, and, unless visited by very hard frost, remains green all winter. The origin of the name (cat-claw) and the detriment attached is due to a thorn which is the exact shape of a cat-claw and sets with it point toward the body of the bush, thus making a regular hook-shaped thorn, and in driving sheep through it the loss of wool is great. The advantages of underbrush are undoubted, as it serves as food for sheep in the winter when the grass gets dry; and as sheep will eat almost anything that is green it takes the place of grass, besides being a thorough protection from the biting winds that visit Texas in the winter. The choice of underbrush would be about one-half vanilla with a small quantity of white brush, together with some live oak brush, and a little of other kinds will not hurt. As for grasses, the poorest, in such rough country, is better than any other, as, in the best, as a sheep will eat that kind level with the ground, and thereby get all the nutrition, while of large, heavy grass he will merely nip the tender ends off. In selection and choice of range care should be taken to get it well watered, that is to get land interspersed here and there with water, so that there shall be no great distance to drive to water, and also that grass shall be kept in the neighborhood of it that the sheep may feed to and away from water, thus losing no time in getting to water, and preventing a flock from scattering. Sheep, it is said, can subsist on less water than almost any other animal, as we have instances here of whole flocks having done without water for three or four months. The rule, though, is to water sheep in summer every second day, and in winter twice a week. Another matter in which great care and precision should be exercised in sheep culture is the salting of your flocks, as its benefits are many and as apparent as they are numerous. It serves to increase the appetite and causes them to drink when they would otherwise refuse, at the same time keeping up the general tone of the system. In some countries shepherd dogs are largely used, while in this country they are wholly unknown, as the main and serious objection to them here is that they herd the sheep too closely, thereby increasing the liability

ity to disease and also lessening the scope of ground on which to feed. Herding is done in this country almost entirely by Mexicans, as the life is a rough one and the remuneration small, and there are but few who will subsist on the wages gained and put up with the rough secluded life necessary to a shepherd here. The average wages paid in this State is twelve dollars per month and found, and indeed the word found implies little, as three words will explain all, viz: Meal, bacon and coffee, and a decidedly limited quantity of each. Each man has charge of a flock of sheep, which he follows all day on foot, and each flock consists of about a thousand, sometimes more; but one thousand is regarded as being about the right quantity in each flock for safety in every way.

Sheep, like men, are heirs to many diseases, and as many remedies are recommended for their cure. I will touch, however, on these subjects at another time.

In conclusion, I would say that it is a business which, if given sufficient attention, which means constant and undivided attention, and good judgment is displayed in conducting it, there is no doubt of its paying qualities. If, however, on the contrary, careless and neglectful hands manage it, there is no business that will result more disastrously and in so short a space of time as the sheep business. J. G.

FOOD FOR HORSES.—The German army has adopted as a food for its horses biscuits of three parts each of rye flour, oat flour and dextrinated pea flour, and one part of linseed flour. The biscuits are made with a hole in the middle of each, as they are strung to a string and hung to the saddle-bow or carried by the trooper in his waist. Each biscuit weighs, when baked dry and hard, about two ounces. Seven biscuits are broken up and given to the horse in the morning, moistened with water, if convenient, otherwise dry, twelve at noon and seven at night. After careful experiment in camp, on the march and campaigning, they are reported by all the cavalry and artillery officers better than oats. A trooper can easily carry thirty pounds of these biscuits, which will furnish his horse with full rations for eight days, or will serve, with forage, for twenty days' hard marching.

Dachting and Boating.

A CORINTHIAN CUTTER.

THE designs for an able little clipper, 30ft. on load line, which we publish in this issue, are from the plans of an experienced amateur, whose extensive practice with miniature or model yachts gives especial weight to the ideas expressed in the little yacht of the Corinthian order, which accompanies "Martin Gale's" letter treating upon the subject. The design meets with our approval in all its main features, and corresponds closely to the wants felt by many who desire to enjoy those heightened charms of the sport only to be experienced by the real sailor when aboard a little ship that he feels and knows can carry him wherever he listeth; that will not prove wanting in times of distress; that will not incontinently spill him and his crew into the briny should he carry on in a breeze, and fail to hull-out or cry, "I've a!" The design is an exemplification of Collin Archer's wave system, in which areas proportional to the ordinates of the cycloidal curve are considered in place of only lines themselves, as in the original theory of Scott Russell. The uniform satisfactory results which have attended the construction of such well-known flyers as the 5-ton *Preda*, 15-ton *Maggie* and 100-ton *Jullimar* in England upon the Archer system is a pretty good guaranty for the performances of the design published herewith. Upon inspection it will be found to unite a greater number of desirable qualities than the sloop of the ordinary model. Only in one point can the latter lay claim to any advantage, and that is in the matter of draft. To this we need only say that a deep, sea-going craft has no more business poking round mud-flats than a 2:14 trotter has before a Broadway "bus" or a laden dray. Suit your water to the boat quite as much as the boat to the water. Very few indeed are so placed that they cannot keep their craft in a fathom good and cruise when they want to with a Liverpool liner's water under their keels. Those few for one reason or other cannot get beyond a few feet of the needful, have our sympathies to the fullest extent, for they are debarred from one-half the life there is in the sport—sailing in deep and open water. The shallow centre boarder becomes to them a necessity; but others more fortunate in their opportunities will find in the design published what they have long been looking for: an able, easy, roomy, handy, fast, and above all, a safe craft, which will carry them safely anywhere; in which they can beat off a lee-shore in a gale; in which they can bunk in for a spell below and turn over the trick at the helm to the crew without any anxiety of awakening wrong side up. The design has more stability than the sloop, and will heel less excepting at small initial angles, a difference of no moment. She will cost very little if anything more than boats of the ordinary type, the excess in cost of a handy sailor-like rig and of some wholesome lead on her keel being very nearly covered by the less expense on her hull, due to her moderate beam. She is intended to be flush decked fore and aft, gaining thereby something like a third more accommodation below and a clear deck with 9ft. of room across to work ship in, instead of two narrow gangways and a lubberly mansard with a barn door. But if a cockpit be considered necessary to the ease of the city bred tars, it may be supplied without otherwise injuring the design than sacrificing cabin comforts under deck and increasing somewhat the possibility of having gorgeous fittings below nuke too close an acquaintance with salt water. For our part we much prefer to see the design carried out in its entirety and would make a tolerably high combing do duty in place of the cockpit.

YACHTING NEWS.

BUFFALO YACHT CLUB.—Yachting in Buffalo took a fresh start last fall, when several races were held and reported in the *FOREST AND STREAM*, and a club was also formed with a strong board of officers. The schooner *Fleetwing* proved herself one of the smartest in the fleet during these matches, and as four new craft are now building for racing purposes, the coming season is looked forward to with much interest. The club races generally take place outside the new breakwater to a point up Lake Erie and return and also 10 miles to windward and return. The *Fleetwing* made a lengthy cruise and did considerable fishing off Point Abino, Canada, a regular outfit in the way of guns and tackle being included in her stores for the trip.

HUDSON RIVER YACHT CLUB.—Officers elected for the year as follows: G. P. H. Geissel, Commodore; J. T. Goodwin, Vice-Commodore; O. Frick, Secretary; G. Heitzman, Treasurer; J. Clark, Steward; J. H. Harrington, Sailing Master; W. Palmer, R. V. Freeman, J. Stiller, J. Kelly, M. Robinson, Trustees; G. Tread, E. R. Wilson, S. T. Lynch, Finance.

CRUISING IN GEORGIAN BAY.—Says a correspondent: We were up in Georgian Bay, Lake Huron, not long ago during the fall months. We had a light keel boat, 16ft. long, 4ft. beam and weighing 250 lbs. We started from Lake St. Clair, went up through the river and coasted along old Huron to Goderich. From there a schooner took us round to Midland at the southern end of the bay. We spent five weeks among the islands, the number of which no man can tell. The scenery is enchanting, air and water as pure as any on earth, and the fishing—think of what it must be, for five weeks not a single white face was seen to disturb the swarms of bass, pickerel and muscalonge; and as for hunting, there was game of many kinds, partridges and ducks in great number, and a few bears to give zest to one's hunt. The black fly does not bite in these regions, and even the mosquito is almost inoffensive. The Bay and its shores are a veritable paradise during August, September and October. There are no currents nor tides, you have open water and sheltered sailing to your heart's content; you can camp on smooth and shelving islands of rocks, carpeted with moss, clean, cool and comfortable, and if a storm rages, haul up your boat and seek the protection of the thickets of cedar and cypress. Wild berries in quantity. Georgian Bay offers great inducements for the sailor and the sportsman alike, and as it is within easy reach of the great cities of the North, the Bay and its shores are destined to become in the near future a resort for the multitude and a chosen cruising ground for the Lake yachtsman.

G. F. W.

BOSTON'S FASTEST CATS.—During the past season *Pansey* and *Payche* had many close and interesting races, *Pansey* coming out slightly ahead in the showing for the year as will be seen by reference to our List of Winners, published a few weeks back. *Pansey* took 12 prizes and *Payche* 11, but the former counts in her locker 11 firsts and 1 second against the latter's 6 firsts, 4 seconds and 1 fourth. There is some chance of *Pansey* meeting *Wanderer* of Providence next summer, when a series of races will be instituted between these two little cracks.

STEAM YACHTS AND RED TAPE.—Official red-tape now compels owners of steam yachts to carry licensed pilots and engineers, and subjects them to a great many other annoyances which the safety of those afloat does not demand. Our steam yachts are generally of such light draft that they cruise in waters to which the regular licensed pilot is more of a stranger than the private skipper, and consequently his presence is of no value and his room often more precious than his presence. A movement is now on foot to have these legal restrictions so modified as not to interfere with the development of this branch of the sport, and we hope those who can in any way contribute to the success of the appeal will do so at once. All builders of engines and hulls, as well as the owners of steam yachts, are immediately interested in the success of the application to be made to the authorities for the much needed modifications, and should send a willing heart in championing the proposed petition to Congress and the Secretary of the Treasury as wide a circulation as many signatures as possible. Messrs. Clute Brothers & Co., engineers, of Schenectady, N. Y., had taken the matter in hand, and now that the flag-officers of the Seawanhaka Y. C. have been instructed to investigate the grievances of owners, and also to prepare a suitable application for the changes desired, we have no doubt but that the combined efforts of the two parties will result in an effective appeal, and that the relief sought for will be granted.

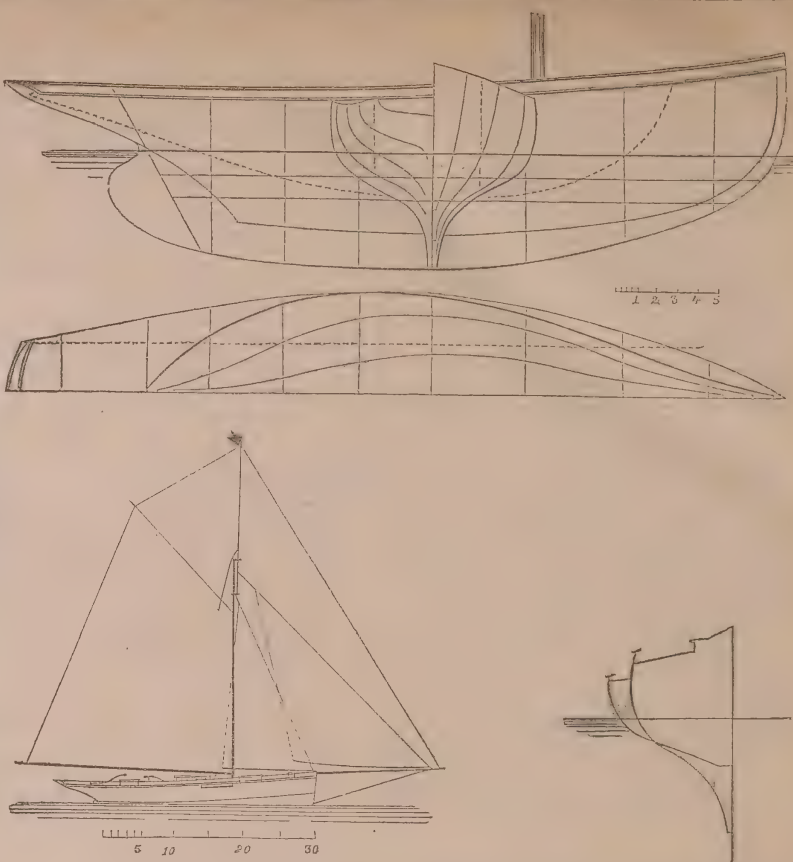
EXPORT TRADE IN BOATS.—The superiority of American woods for boat-building purposes as well as our acknowledged lead in all classes of fine joinerwork requiring skill in fastening light material in such a manner as to get the greatest amount of strength, combined with lightness, has led to a regular export trade in boats, and there seems a new opening for the more enterprising and intelligent of our builders. In this branch T. Desmond, of Peck Slip, has long held an eminent reputation, and only recently he shipped a number of six-rod gigs of handsome model and workmanship for foreign account, while an extension of this business to shells and club-boats as well as yachts will follow as the result of the excellent workmanship which Desmond makes it a point to put into all his work.

A SMALL CORINTHIAN.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 10, 1879.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Having heard a little talk lately about "Tichen boats" I have been persuaded to shed a little link in that direction myself, as few seem to be aware of the merits of those remarkable little vessels. They were originally used as fishing boats, but the competition arising from the periodical races originated by the fishermen gradually developed a type of boat whose speed and ability has become famous. As these races were not sailed under the confining tonnage rule the type was at liberty to develop in every desirable direction, and develop it accordingly did into the very beautiful of a small cruiser. Then the yachtsmen took hold of the type, racing them on length, and what was the result? The fishing boats, which at first were built with a generous amount of beam to give them capacity, gradually became narrower and deeper, with more and more outside ballast, and each season the wider boats were beaten by those of less beam, until from 11 feet or so the average beam dwindled down to from 9 to 9½ feet on a waterline of 30 feet. Let the yachtsman who, having beam in his own eye, pocket and thrustout at the cutter, which is prominent in his neighbor's eye, take heed and tremble, for this is storm reality and



solid fact, and as such is worth more than all the logic and reasoning which can be advanced to refute it.

The accompanying drawings are for an "Tichen boat" 30 feet on the water-line, intended for cruising outside, and any other place where there is over 5½ feet of water, and also for racing whenever her owner feels so inclined. As she is to carry about 4 tons of lead on her keel, besides ballast inside, she is practically uncapable; and, being also possessed of comparatively fine lines on account of her moderate beam, she will be capable of very fair speed when driven. She is intended to meet the requirements of those who, not being able to afford a large yacht, do not wish to restrict the length of their cruises on that account, but prefer rather to tie down another reef in the mainsail and drive her through than to up helm and ingloriously run for the nearest lee. Her dimensions were taken as follows, for reasons which will be stated hereafter: Length L. W. L., 30 feet; beam do., 9 feet; draught, extreme, 5½ feet; displacement, 9 tons; freeboard amidships, 2½ feet. First, in regard to her beam. Only 9 feet were taken that the boat might be able to get out of her own way when running free; and having about 4 tons of lead at a depth of 5 feet beneath her, she will have great stability, and any further additions to her beam would be cumbersome and unnecessary, only tending to make her dangerously lively in a seaway. A little less beam might be of advantage to her as a racer, should she sail under the tonnage rule, but in our cruiser we wish to enlarge our cabin as much as is compatible with speed and weatherliness, even if we do ton a little heavier for it.

In regard to draught, all that can be said is, that as the boat is intended to sail in open water there will always be plenty of it under her, and, as depth is valuable as a lever for the action of her ballast, it would hardly be advisable to give her less.

The freeboard was taken at 2½ feet, for two reasons; first, because it gives her a standing height of over 6 feet under the skylight, which is rather good for a 30 foot finish deck boat; and second, because it allows her to heel to an angle of 30° before her plank-sheer becomes immersed. It may be objected that 30° is unnecessarily large and that no one would ever think of sailing a boat at such an angle. But let us assume that she be heeled by a wind-force to a smaller angle and is then struck by a puff, or sudden increase in the force of the wind, it is evident that the momentum engendered will at first carry the boat over to a much greater angle than would be reached by the same force of wind steadily applied. It is to supply the needed dynamical stability, of great import in a sea cruiser, that a liberal amount of freeboard has been chosen.

On reference to the plans it will be noticed that the overhang aft is 6 feet; this rather large amount of counter was given because it reduced the length of boom outward, increased deck room and diminished the apparent height of freeboard, which without it might appear unsightly.

The accompanying sail plan is for a moderate cruising rig only, and is in consequence very low and rather small for racing, or summer sailing, and 2 feet or so more all round would not injure her. The two sections here given are the midship sections of our little cruiser, and of a sloop of about equal water-line length. My intention in making this comparison is merely to show where our cruiser differs from the best type of centreboard boat and her relative amount of cabin room.

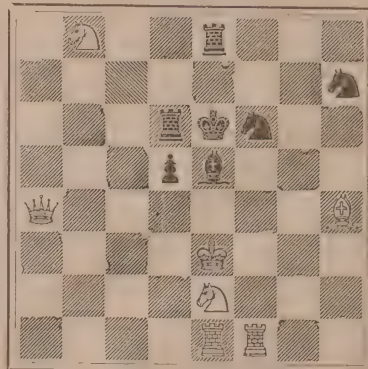
It will be noticed that the sections cross each other a little below where the bunks would come, the small amount of space thus gained by the wider boat being counterbalanced by the room taken up by the centreboard box; hence the width of the bunks and the space between them is about the same in each boat. As the only available cabin room in the centreboarder is under her trunk she is somewhat limited as to its length, while in our little craft it can extend her whole length under her floor deck if her owner so choose, or it can be divided up into an after cabin, main cabin and perhaps a little galley forward.

MARTIN GALL.

The Game of Chess.

NOTICE.—Chess exchanges, communications and solutions should be addressed "Chess Editor FOREST AND STREAM, P. O. box 54, Wolcottville, Conn."

Problem No. 41.
Motto: Festina Lente.



White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 39.

A game in the series between J. Copping, of St. Neots, England, and Daniel Jaeger, of New York, in which Mr. Copping announces a mate in six moves:

White. Jaeger.	Black. Copping.	White. Jaeger.	Black. Copping.
1—P-K4	1—P-K4	10—K-K5 B	10—K-K5 B
2—P-K4	2—P-K4	11—K-K5	11—Q-Q7 C
3—Kt-K3	3—P-K4	12—P-K4	12—P-K4
4—P-K4	4—P-K4	13—K-K5	13—K-K5
5—Kt-K3	5—P-K4	14—K-K5	14—K-K5
6—P-K4	6—P-K4	15—K-K5	15—K-K5
7—Kt-K3	7—Kt-K3	16—K-K5	16—K-K5
8—Kt-K3	8—Kt-K3	17—K-K5	17—K-K5
9—Kt-K3	9—Kt-K3	18—Kt-K3	18—Kt-K3

NOTES.

(b) This defense, we believe, was first introduced by Herr Paulsen, and has found great favor with most of the strongest players. It is still considered the best defense in this gambit.

(c) I-Q? we consider the correct move here, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it superior to the move in the text. Blackburne and other masters generally, if not invariably, play it at this stage.

(d) We have no choice, but must pronounce this move as very careless, especially in a match of such importance.

(e) The correct move. Black has now an overwhelming attack, and must at least win a piece.

(f) White does not appear to realize the fatal consequences of his 7th move; in endeavoring to save his Kt he gets into a worse dilemma. In such circumstances we would recommend him at once to submit to the sacrifice and play Kt-K3.

(g) The student will notice that all the last moves of White were forced.

(h) In this position it is nearly immaterial whatever White plays, as the game cannot be retrieved; both R-K and B-Q Kt3, however, appear to us as offering a better chance for prolonging the struggle.

(i) A very good move and real chess.

(j) Black has played throughout in a masterly style, and now announces mate in six moves.—*Harford Times*.

CURSORY JOTTINGS.

—The Glasgow Herald problem tourney is a decided success. Forty-two three-move positions are entered, two of which, however, a preliminary examination discloses to be unsound. The American Chess Journal similar single-move tourney closed Feb. 1, but we have not yet seen the list of problems entered in it. The problems so far published (36) are not, as a whole, as fine a collection as we had expected to see, although it contains many fine problems, which we shall probably indicate when the award is made public.

—Mr. McKim has escaped 1. The list of competitors in the late tourney of the A. C. and B. Association he published recently in the *Evening Post*. His evasive statement regarding the causes for the long delay in the publication of the names of the competitors is but a poor excuse at the best. We pity the poor fellow, who, we doubt not, despite a realization of his faults and sins, loves himself still. Appended is the list which he could only make public at so late a date: "Around the World in Eighty Days." Ben S. Wash, St. Louis; "Mecat Iron Omnes," Geo. E. Carpenter, Tarrytown; "The Sara Sara," W. W. Coates, Cheltenham, Eng.; "Fair Play," A. W. Shuckman, Grand Rapids, Mich.; "Silo Transit," Dr. C. G. Allen, New York; "Eilat," G. W. Brown, San Francisco; "Make Both Ends Meet," H. H. Seymour, Holyoke, Mass.; "Easy Enough," Chas. Mohr, New York; "Follows, Stand Fast," T. Hawkins, Wolf Carr, Harper's Ferry, Ky.; "Open Locks Whoever Knocks," W. A. Balantine, N. Y.; "And Lang Syne," J. A. Graves, Delaware Water Gap, Pa.; "Leo XIII.," J. C. Meyer, Logan, Ohio; "A Fair Field, etc.," Samuel Lloyd, Elizabeth, N. J.; "I Stand at the Door and Knock," Ben R. Foster, St. Louis, Mo.; "Respecte Pinem," G. B. Flynn, Brooklyn, N. Y.; "Evolution," J. M. Tucker, Cross Roads, Tenn.; "Jordan Knew," J. K. Kupper, St. Louis; "None," Chas. White, Brighton, Mass.; "Qui Facit Unum," C. F. Weinberg, Jonkoping, Barnap, Sweden; "Field of Cloth of Gold," D. T. Brock, Chicago. So far as the names of the competitors are concerned, it was a fair field, and it is only to be regretted that the first tourney of the association is likely to be its last, as it now appears as if its days were o'er. That this or a similar association is necessary no one will deny, and it is to be deplored that one of its officers directly caused its demise. Give us no more secretaries like unto the disgraced McKim!

—Thompson, of the *Derbyshire Advertiser*, is no longer the shyest of the triumvirate—Belden, Morrish and Thompson. His avowal of late, and the indication that he will pick him in the other two, regardless of consequences. We'll wager a billion—that is, if the promised explanation proves satisfactory on Fred. Avenue the claret, or "Will in venery look like whine!"

—The Lowenthal Problem Tourney of the *Westminster Papers*, in which twenty sets were entered, resulted as follows: For the best set, "When shall we three meet again" takes the first prize; the second prize falls to set "My Riddle, the Judges, etc.," and the set under the motto "Many things perplex, etc." is awarded the third prize. Messrs. Duffy and Pierce acted as judges, and Mr. P. H. Lewis as umpire. Mr. Mealy has placed at the disposal of the *Westminster Papers* a further sum of £10 for a second problem tourney.—*The Lowenthal Problem Tourney No. 2*. It is open to the world. Motto, sealed envelope, etc., together with full solutions; the problems, etc., to be sent to the Editor of the *Westminster Papers*, 46 Cannon St., London, E. C., England, by American composers on or before April 29, 1879. The prizes are three in number, viz: 1st, £5; 2d, £3; 3d, £2; to which the proprietors offer a complete set of the *Westminster Papers* to the author of the best three-move problem out of any of the sets or single problems sent separately. A set must consist of three problems in two, three or four moves, at the option of the author. Duals will not disqualify a problem (as on the first move), but will nevertheless be regarded *prima facie* as a defect, and will then be considered from the standpoint whether their occurrence is unavoidable or otherwise, and how far their existence affected the idea sought to be embodied in the composition. The judges will be Messrs. Duffy and Abbott, and Mr. Lewis will again act as umpire. While we cheerfully congratulate the *Papers* on its good fortune, we can only wonder why Mr. Mealy does not place a portion of this fund at the disposal of the *Chess Players' Chronicle* or other chess monthlies.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT FROM CAPT. BOARDS.—The following letter from this noted sportsman carries with it a most remarkable statement. "People can form their opinion of the safety of the Union Metallic Company's shells when they find that the percentage of miss-fires was only two in 6,013! The modest statement of the Captain that he fired over 30,000 shells in one year, has a small of powder about it that makes one marvel:

ASTOR HOUSE, Jan. 23, 1879.

MESSES. SCHUYLER, HANTLEY & GRAHAM:

Gentlemen—It is but fair to state that the excellent record I have made, both at the trap and in the field, is partially due to the style of shell used. During the past two years I have fired over 30,000 of the Union Metallic Company's No. 4 paper shells, and consider them far superior to any in the market, both as regards flash and surety of fire, and cordially recommend them to all sportsmen.

In my late match at Gilmore's Garden I fired 6,013 shots from the U. M. C. shells with only two miss-fires. I have tried nearly all the other makes of shells, both of foreign and home manufacture, and have had more miss-fires in 100 than I had in the 6,013 U. M. C.

Yours respectfully,

A. B. BOARDS.

—That office boy of ours, who has visited Maine and Florida, and reported accordingly, has now been hearing three-dollar whistlers on our columns. He says "it is any hundred dollar watch, and no one need expect it." He can't see how a watch can be made for three dollars which will keep time as well as his has done for the past four weeks. He is determined to try it in the timber next season.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Communications.

WHERE TO GO FOR GAME.—Correspondents who send us specific questions as to where to find best localities for game and fish are referred to our game columns. All the news that comes to us is there given. By keeping themselves informed from this source our friends will save themselves and us much trouble. Read the paper.

E. K., Carmansville.—Bathe your poppy's eyes with lukewarm water and treat him for worms.

R. M. M., Milwaukee.—Plans of 24ft. yacht, with specifications, will cost \$10. Can get up a set for you.

G. W. G., Girard, Kans.—Has any one in the United States walked 160 miles in one day? Ans. Yes; O'Leary has.

A. J. H., Clermont, Ia.—Can I procure a telescope gun-sight for rifle? Ans. From Geo. H. Veris, of Utica, N. Y. Do not know cost.

W. H. N., Philadelphia.—See our game reports for duck shooting. The last news from Long Island reported all the game frozen out and departed.

T. B., Orange Lake, Fla.—Messrs. Turner & Ross, Water st., Boston, sells a cane gun for killing diminutive birds for natural history specimens.

I. L. L., Brooklyn, L. I.—The makers you inquire about are not known in this market. Four drachms of powder are enough for an ordinary charge.

Dexter, Albany.—Please tell me who Tyler & Boyd, gunmakers, are, and how they rank? Where are they? Ans. Gun was made in Boston, but has been out of market a long while.

J. H., Hamilton, Ont.—Price of "Kemp's Manual of Yacht and Boat Sailing" is \$3.00. Can send it upon receipt of price, or send to A. Williams & Co., 283 Washington street, Boston.

S. W. B., Vicksburg, Miss.—I see that Bogardus in his last great match used 3½ and 4 drs. Dittmar powder. Are we to understand that he used that quantity weighed or measured? Ans. Dixon's measure.

WER FEKT, Windsor.—To waterproof your boots apply the following preparation two or three times, thoroughly rubbing it in: Tallow, 4 oz.; rosin, 1 oz.; beeswax, 1 oz.; melt together and mix with equal bulk of neat's-foot oil.

P. B., Milwaukee.—Can send you a design of yacht as wanted, with specifications, etc. See back numbers of *FOREST AND STREAM*, where you will find much information on yacht building. For a model write to Alonzo E. Smith, Isthm, Long Island.

S. B. W., Augusta, Ga.—There are a pair of setter dogs here, brother and sister, which are being bred together. I would ask if you would advocate such breeding, also, if that is what is called close breeding? Ans. We would not advocate such close breeding.

G. F. T.—For charts of Lake Erie write to Merrill's Sons, Navigation Stores, foot of John st., New York and mention our name. Cost of charts merely nominal. Say for boat 15¢ should be about 5¢, ditto, boat, 7¢, gal., and 12¢, bomb. Must fit, from bow.

H. R., Sabattus, Me.—What will remove a skin or white skin from a dog's eye? My dog has one on his eye, caused by being hit in the eye with a twig making him blind in the eye. Ans. There is no remedy unless it is an operation performed by a surgeon.

M. C. W., Chippewa, Can.—Your dog answers the description of a maltese terrier except that the spots are objectionable; the color should be clear white and the coat long, soft and silky; tall curled over back. The riddle you mention would be very suitable for Colorado.

J. M., Worcester, Mass.—Could you tell me, should I buy some Western quail if they are easily domesticated, and would they breed should I place them in a suitable place (confined)? If so, what food do they most desire? Ans. Quail will not breed in confinement, at least we have never known them to, and we have experimented with them many times.

E. G. Jr., St. Charles, Mo.—I have a Parker, 23in. barrels, 12 gauge, about 7½ lbs. What is good pattern at 30in. circle at 40 yds., and what ought I to load for quail and ducks? Ans. Two hundred pellets would be a good pattern unless your gun is a close choke. The load for such a gun should be 3½ drs. powder, 1½ oz. shot for quail, and 4 drs, 1½ oz. shot for ducks.

C. W. R., Princeton, Ill.—My dog is sore and stiff in the fore-shoulders. When he goes to sleep he whines, and after he wakes he can hardly walk. He goes a few rods when he will get all right again; has a good appetite, will eat anything. Ans. Rub his shoulders with the following: Laudanum, liquid ammonia, spirits of turpentine and soap liniment; of each ¼ ounce.

G. W. I., Sandy Hill, N. Y.—On the 17th inst. a friend of mine owning a valuable fox dog sent him to me by express on the N. Y. and Canada railroad. I was delivered mo at this place with his left shoulder broken. I am very anxious for the speedy cure of the dog and your suggestions will be esteemed a great favor. Ans. We can only suggest to you to consult a surgeon.

R. W., Franklin, N. Y.—If a shooter's gun misses fire he has the privilege of another ball. 2. The powder is considered safe. See the correspondence in our columns on the subject. 3. The contestant who questions the position at the score of another shooter should make his complaint to the referee. 4. A club of course has the right to bar any particular brand of powder, kind of shot, gun, shooter, or anything else it desires.

P. A. T., N. Y.—My setter dog gives me great annoyance by barking constantly through the night. What would you advise me to do in order to stop this? He also seems to be very fond of meat, a habit which seems to be very injurious to him. He also is frequently attacked with Cysticele. Ans. Repeated application of a whip will soon teach him to stop barking, and depriving him of meat is the simplest way to cure him of the effects of eating it.

J. S., N. Y.—How long would it take me to train a setter so that I might use him in the field, if I worked hard with him? 2. What is the best age to begin to train a dog? 3. How much would a pair of double-barreled (muzzle-loading) 30 inch 12-bore cost? Ans. 1. So much depends upon the disposition of the dog that it is impossible to say. 2. Six months; yet here again much depends upon the season at which the training is done. 3. From \$30 to \$100, according to material.

W. T. S., Brownsville, Me.—Do not think water-tight compartments necessary in a canvas canoe. When filled she will still have buoyancy enough to hold up a couple of men. For life belt, cushion or pillow, use "deer's hair" life preservers. Send to Deer's Hair Mattress Co.,

West street, above Canal, New York, or ask Mr. West to procure you one. They are cheap and the best thing of the kind.

Ron, Vienna, O.—Mr. F. J. Kaldenberg, of this city, has this to say about meerschman: "The word meerschman is derived from the German, and its literal translation means (meer) sea, and sham (from) sea-foam, but this is not its component parts, as many suppose it to be. It is a kind of clay, composed of magnesia combined with silica and lime. The name was probably given to it on account of its pure whiteness of color and lightness of weight. It is found chiefly in Turkey and Asia Minor."

S., New Brunswick.—I have a bitch about two years old; have kept her a maiden till the last time she came in heat, when she escaped while I was at business and was lined by a big mongrel cur. Of course I don't want to keep any of the pups. Will it be safe for me to drown them as soon as born and do nothing for the bitch to dry up milk? Ans. One or two of the puppies should be kept to suckle the bitch for a few weeks and the milk gradually dried by bathing the teats with warm vinegar.

E. D. S., Jersey City.—1. Can you give me the address of Col. John Bodine? 2. One of your correspondents says woodcock and ruffed grouse, in thick cover, are usually killed at from 15 to 24 yards. What should be the spread of the wings of a woodcock, 10 gauge, at these distances, with a 4 dr. powder and 1½ oz. No. 8 shot? Ans. 1. The spread is at Poughkeepsie, New York. 2. If a choke-bored gun it would put the whole charge inside a 24 inch ring. If an open bore about 35 inch ring.

A. P. S., Boston.—1. Is the auxiliary rifle barrel safe to shoot with? 2. Does it shoot well as compared with a good breech-loading rifle? 3. Is it liable to injure the shooter? 4. Are a black back, yellowish-brown belly, and white marks on breast the right marks for a Gordon setter? 5. What would be the expense of having one trained, and who would do it that you would recommend? Ans. 1. Yes. 2. For its size calibre, yes. 3. No. 4. No, black and tan are the recognized colors of a Gordon, although there have been undoubtedly pure ones black, white and tan. 5. We cannot recommend trainers.

G. H. B., Worcester, Mass.—1. Is the Dittmar powder a safe article to use in a muzzle-loader? Does it possess the advantages claimed for it by the inventor, and is it used by professionals in preference to black powder? 2. I fired forty-three shots at a sheet of paper, 17x18 in., at 75 yards, with a Frank Weston pocket pistol, hitting the paper thirty-eight times. Would that be considered good shooting for such a rifle? Ans. 1. We believe it to be safe if used according to the manufacturer's directions, and it is used by professionals in the exhibition shoots in preference to black powder. 2. Yes; very good.

X. Y. Z., Warren, Mass.—1. Setter for a year had canker in ears; outside sores on back and tips of ears caused partly, no doubt, by shaking head; otherwise appears well. Treated with lead water and Donovan's Solution as usually given in such cases, without effect. Feed much, with slight quantities of meat. Age, 3 years. 2. Bitch with chronic sore eyes, matter and swelled, so for 6 months. Ans. 1. Wash thoroughly with castile soap and louch with nitrate of silver. When eschar is detached apply with camellia hair brush a lotion of tinct. myrrh and tinct. arnica in equal parts. 2. Bcon on the poll.

J. C. J., Tuscola, Ills.—My Gordon setter has had distemper bad for the past few weeks. Followed your treatment. She has a hacking cough, head dropped up and sniffs. In good flesh, good appetite, good on scraps from table. Ans. If the dog is in good flesh with good appetite it is not distemper. We should give the following expectorant and not feed too much. Ipecac powder, 1½ grain; powdered rhubarb, 8 grains; compound squill pill, 2 grains; powdered opium, ½ grain; linseed meal and water enough to make a bolus, to be given night and morning. A seton in the neck might afford immediate relief.

J. V. O., Bridgeport, Conn.—Read our back numbers for information on sea-going craft; also see plans in this number of small Corinthian cruiser. Best books on naval architecture are "White's Manual," being really the only work up to the latest developments in the science, and "Compensation," designed, which, though treating of yachts only, is, next to White's book, the only publication which can lay claim to being a treatise on really modern naval architecture. Cost, 25¢. Can send upon receipt of money. In it you will find the lines of *Hurlet* (Lilly, to tons). For a model can recommend Alonzo Smith, of Isthm L. I.

R. H. R., Canton, O.—If a thoroughbred bitch has been lined by a cur and in her next litter throws tra, or some true and some half-bred, has it ever been ascertained whether the true puppies have or have not any taint in their blood? I have a well bred Irish setter bitch which has fulfilled the first condition and I propose experimenting on the question if it has not been done before. Ans. Our opinion is that effect of a previous impregnation, as shown in a litter, refers more to color than to characteristics. We do not doubt that your "true" puppies are without taint. It would be an interesting and instructive experiment were you to keep some of each.

J. B. M., Strasburg, Va.—1. All other things being equal, is there any difference in shooting qualities between breech-loading and muzzle-loading double shot-guns? 2. What advantages and disadvantages do choke-bore shot-gun possess over those of the old-fashioned bore? 3. What length of barrel and size of bore do I want for hunting squirrels, partridges, pheasants and wild turkeys, especially wild turkeys, and what size shot shall I use for each particular kind of game mentioned above? 4. What is a proper load for said gun (breech or muzzle-loading)? 5. In muzzle-loading shot-guns should the powder be rammed, and should as heavy be put on the shot as on the powder? 6. For long range, say 75 to 100 yards, will long barrels throw shot closer and harder than short ones? 7. Can a gun be made to shoot all sizes, from No. 1 to No. 6 shot, equally well? If so, please describe it. 8. How many barrels, twist or laminated barrels. 9. Most persons seem to use short barrels, that is, they buy long barrels from thirty-six to forty-seven inches, make? Ans. 1. With equal charge of powder and shot, the average muzzle-loader would probably, until quite recently, have beaten the average breech-loader; but of late years the attention of gunmakers has been given almost entirely to breech-loaders, with the result of conferring upon the latter every improvement in the way of boring, etc. 2. The advantage is that they shoot closer than the other; the disadvantage is that the shooter is not so quick to load them straight enough. 3. Either a 10 or 12-bore and 32-in. barrel. 4. No shot for all but turkeys, and for them about No. 5, 6, 7, 8. 5. Four drachms powder, 1½ shot; the latter, perhaps, increase to 1½ for turkeys, but much depends upon how wild the latter are in your country. 5. Yes; lighter would over shot. 6. Longer barrels will burn more powder than shorter ones, and hence are apt to be effective at longer ranges. 7. No; guns vary very much in shooting qualities, some shooting one size of shot much better than they will another. 8. Laminated. 9. Such barrels are only made for duck and goose shooting for the reason given in answer 6.

—The entries for the Seventh Annual Poultry Exhibition, which opened at Buffalo yesterday, number 1,000 or more. Both Green is to give a display of fish.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE PROSECUTION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A LIFELONG INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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All transient advertisements must be accompanied with the money or they will not be inserted.

No advertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms.

*Any publisher inserting our prospectus as above one time, with brief editorial notice calling attention thereto, and sending marked copy to us, will receive the **FOREST AND STREAM** for one year.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1879.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guaranty of good faith and be addressed to the **FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY**. Names will not be published if objection be made. No anonymous communications will be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for dereliction of the mail service if money remitted to us is lost.

Trade supplied by American News Company.

THE MINNESOTA FIELD TRIALS.—We have received from Mr. C. B. Whitford an instalment of a lengthy review of the Minnesota Field Trials and the judges' decisions, which we feel should be printed; but we prefer to wait for the balance so as to make a consecutive publication. The article will appear next week. Meanwhile the promised statement of the editor of this paper is withheld.

PIT, RING AND BREAKFAST TABLE.—Why do our morning papers feel it incumbent upon them to publish full and disgusting accounts of every disreputable cock fight, dog fight and prize fight? There are such things; they lurk in back alleys, isolated barns, cellars; they are enacted in the night with closed doors and sentinel approaches. Let them remain in the obscurity they covet and deserve. We do not want our morning journals filled with descriptions of them. The odor of the pit is unsavory, it offends decency; why must it greet decent people at the breakfast table?

SKATING AT GILMORE'S.—The entertaining paper, "On Skates," in another column is especially timely at this season of the year, when that sport is at its height. There is no more exhilarating and thoroughly enjoyable pastime than gliding swiftly over the ice in the keen winter weather, and skating is deservedly a favorite sport everywhere that the ice gives opportunity for its pursuit. In New York, the lake at Central Park, large as it is, has become too limited to accommodate the thousands thronging to its surface. The managers of Gilmore's Garden have transformed the interior of that structure into a vast field of artificial ice, and have made of it the finest rink in America. The spectacle presented there every evening is a very brilliant one. The arched lights above, the rocky cavern in the background, and the throngs of swift skaters gliding gracefully through the mazes of the course, all this is worth a visit, even if one does not put on his skates and join in the merriment. The garden is open from ten o'clock in the morning till ten in the evening. Mr. Frank Swift, the well-known skater, is in attendance to give instruction to ladies and gentlemen. Saturday evenings there are races for gold and silver medals.

FOREST AND STREAM IN JAPAN.—Mr. Charles F. Orvis, of Manchester, Vermont, writes:

I had an order the other day for an outfit—rod, reel, flies, etc., etc.—from Yokohama, Japan. The gentleman saw advertisement in **FOREST AND STREAM**.

ARCHERY AS A PASTIME.

ARCHERY is making rapid progress in all parts of the United States. Clubs are rapidly forming, and butts and ranges are being fitted up at large expense in our principal cities. There is promise now that archery will become as popular as croquet, if not more so. It is a most genteel pastime, in which both sexes can join; it can therefore be made most enjoyable. As the season for open air pastimes approaches, we shall give especial attention to archery, and impart all the information we possess to aid in the organization of clubs; to assist practice; to give hints as to dress; to designate rules, and to print reports of matches and scores. We therefore urge all those of our readers who are interested in the subject to send us any reports of scores or announcements of meets; to forward essays, suggestions, or field notes of any kind. We are prepared to make archery as important a feature of our pastime department as the character of the sport deserves.

We publish elsewhere a special report from Mr. Wakeman Holberton, President of the Oritani Archers, of Hackensack, New Jersey, who has just returned from an extended tour of observation through the country. He has interviewed the leading spirits of the archery movement from Chicago to Buffalo. What he has written indicates remarkable progress and an earnest of future growth. We have been promised the attentive assistance of this gentleman in this special department; also that of Mr. Will Thompson, who has already supplied our columns largely, and of other toxopologists east and west. Mr. Thompson has done more to promote this exercise and disseminate information regarding it than any other writer, unless it be his brother Maurice.

Base ball has been called "the American game." So widely popular is it that the number of base ball clubs has already reached at least five thousand. Almost every village of any considerable size has its club. But base ball is confined exclusively to boys and men. Archery invites the presence of women. It is therefore refining in its influence upon men. In every village from boundary to boundary of our country there are girls, lasses, maidens and women, who are pining for some diversion from the drudgery of common-place household duties or the routine of society engagements. Secluded hamlets are so monotonous in their daily economy that the mere advent of a strange cavalier sets all the maidens' hearts in a flutter. They need something to occupy their leisure hours in a harmless, helpful, healthful recreation. Archery affords that recreation. It affords the ladies opportunities to cultivate the acquaintance of desirable gentlemen—for he who courts the society of ladies of culture and is ambitious to draw the bow in honorable emulation with them, must have as fine aesthetic sensibilities and tastes as he who admires a rose, or tunes his soul in unison to music. The practice of archery is not difficult to perfect. Some may acquire more quickly than others; but let not the most awkward or stupid despair. Only place them before the butts, and Cupid will teach them to draw the bow.

Will not our lady readers desire to write us an occasional contribution? We prefer a few thoughts on Archery to a dozen columns on Bears.

HANLAN OFF FOR ENGLAND.

WE had the pleasure of a visit, a few days ago, from Mr. Hanlan, America's champion oarsman, in company with his friends Mr. David Ward, of Canada, and Judge Elliott, the well-known boat builder of Greenpoint, L. I. The champion is in excellent health and spirits and will give the men he meets in Great Britain a tough pull over any course they may select. It is gratifying to our national pride to know that he will take with him two boats built by Judge Elliott: one the famous ship he sent across the line ahead of Courtney in the great match at Lechnie, and the other a new boat from the Greenpoint shops. Mr. Hanlan will "take" in England, for his innate modesty, good sense and generous estimate of his rivals will certainly find a responsive feeling abroad and insure him a hearty welcome wherever he goes. The baseless, not to say thoroughly insipid charges of fraud raised against the results of the Lachine race, and the puerile attempts to question and belittle Hanlan's title to the championship of America, have been so fully exploded and exposed as the mere machinations of individuals soured by their losses through being on the wrong side of the gambler's fence, that the onslaught against the honesty and character of Hanlan and the Hanlan Club will fail to prejudice the public abroad, among whom the champion hopes to add fresh laurels to the wreath of victories that now grace his brow. The calumnies and aspersions upon the champion and his associates will fall flat upon the British ear and will dissolve as vulgar slander the moment the great sculler sets foot on England's soil. Hanlan has never yet pulled his level best, and our cousins will do well not to figure too heavily upon his races here, for they may find in him stay and power which he has not so far had the chance or the need of displaying at home. With the best of training and care, and seated in as good a boat as can be got for love or lucre, we look forward to the result of his first match with Hawdon full of confidence in the Toronto man's ability to give his wash to his opponent and add victory twenty-seven out of twenty-eight races rowed.

We are pleased to know that Hanlan and his many friends appreciate the fairness of the course **FOREST AND STREAM** has maintained during the controversy which grew out of Court-

ney's defeat, and they have our assurance that in the future, as in the past, we are prepared to maintain the position assumed pursuant to the dictates of honesty and fair play, and for the sake of the good name of professional rowing in America. Personal preference we do not permit to interfere with the conduct of our columns, nor do we allow a narrow-minded spirit to color our reports in compliance with the demands of a clamorous set blinded by national prejudice or the loss of precious dollars and cents.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

THE story of Rip Van Winkle was originally a German legend.

Yes, we all know that. But in one important particular, at least, Irving's version of the myth is solely and truly American. In no village of the Old World would such a complete and bewildering transformation of all familiar surroundings greet the returning dreamer as that which our own Rip found after his long sleep among the Kaatskills. To be sure, twenty years would leave their traces upon the quiet German burgh. The sprightly young host would be found filling the chair of the old innkeeper long gathered to his fathers; but there would be the same quaint old sign and the same banner flouting from the flagstaff. The busy tongue of the scolding frau would have ceased its earthly jarrings; and, instead of the prattling child of twenty years ago, the matronly young woman, with child in arms, would greet the old man, but the greeting would be at the door of the self-same cottage not at all changed in all these twenty years. In short, people would have changed; things would be found the same. It is just here that Irving's story is a true picture of American life. The new flag, the freshly painted inn sign, the altered village, the newspapers, the life and activity and bustle, the broadening of thought and interest, all these, much more than the changed faces of the children and the old-time cronies, were what puzzled Rip. Twenty years in American life—that means a century, two centuries, of the village life when and where this dreamer's myth first arose.

And there is something of a moral in all this; a warning to us all. It is not absolutely necessary to creep away to the mountain recesses to fall behind these busy times. We may be in the ranks of the wide-awake workers and still we may suddenly fall to rubbing our eyes and wondering if after all we have not been drowsing away while the winters and springs and summers and autumns have been gliding by. "We are living at a tremendous pace here in America!" such has become the tremendous common-place; but even as we say it, some new phase of enterprise and progress presents itself and we mutter the bewildered waking expressions of the confused sleepers who even as they speak do not know that they have slept.

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

IN all ages the migration of birds has occupied the attention of the observers of Nature. Early writers among the Greeks and Romans mention the arrival and departure of various species and often debate gravely as to what these movements may portend. These early writers too seem to have had, mixed up with a great deal of fable, not a few ideas on the subject, which, in the light of our present knowledge, we can pronounce just.

In later times when the swallows were thought to pass the winter peacefully reposing in the mud at the bottoms of lakes and marshes, and when it was considered highly probable that the rails changed into frogs in the late autumn and sought the same refuge, the fact that most birds journeyed southward at the approach of winter was generally acknowledged, and the hibernators were thought to be the exceptions to the rule and that they failed to migrate only because their delicate organizations or their weak powers of flight rendered them unequal to so extended a journey. The larger birds of passage, the storks, the swans and the geese, in their regular spring and autumn migrations could scarcely fail to attract attention and to lead to a true interpretation of these general movements. But the movements of the smaller birds, and especially of such as migrate by night, were puzzling enough in earlier times, and it is not surprising that our forefathers held ideas on this subject which seem to us peculiar. Besides the fact that the sudden disappearance of certain species of birds gave rise to all sorts of hypotheses to explain their absence from localities where just previously they had been abundant, there is, as Dr. Coues in his recent admirable work on the Birds of the Colorado Valley has shown, a certain mass of testimony furnished by people of excellent character and standing to the absolute discovery in winter of certain birds, usually swallows or swifts, in a torpid condition. This testimony, though mainly contributed from Europe, comes in part from this country.

It is certainly a curious fact that little or nothing is known of the winter home of the common chimney swift (*Heterura pelagica*), when we are so well informed as to just where and how the swallows, which so closely resemble it in many of their habits, pass the period of cold. In the work above cited Dr. Coues discusses this point at some length. He believes that the swifts hibernate in hollow trees, and no doubt in the succeeding parts of his work he will give us his reasons for this belief. Published observations on this matter are as yet too few to enable us to reach any definite conclusions on it.

The old idea upon the subject of migrations was that they were governed almost wholly by temperature, and that these long journeys from north to south and back again were un-

deraken solely to avoid the cold of winter. At present, however, it is very generally believed that the food supply is in the main the governing cause.

The periodical movements of the various birds which visit us are to be classed under two distinct heads: the regular migrations and the accidental ones. With regard to the former we are more or less well informed, of the latter we know little or nothing.

Many of our birds are extremely regular in their times of arrival in spring, but the autumnal movement toward the south is usually more uncertain, and extends over more time. The birds seem loath to leave us, and many, even of the more delicate species, linger with us until late in the fall. At length, however, comes a keen frost which nips them sharply, or a snow flurry, warning them to delay no longer, and then, as if feeling that they have trespassed on the good nature of the weather as long as they dare, the word is passed along the line *sautez ouïe*, and they are off. When next you walk abroad you will find in the fields and hedgerows only the tree sparrow and the black cap; in the woodland and cedar thicket only the ringlet and the jay. Silence, where but a short time since had been heard the chirping and rustling of a hundred busy and eager feeders, unbroken now save by the shrill scream of the red-tailed hawk or the clamorous cawing of a clan of crows.

The practiced collector knows well just when each species among the regular migrants may be expected, and holds himself in readiness at the appointed time. Stress of weather may delay the oncoming host for a day or two, scarcely longer. It is different with the second class, the accidental migrants. They are like the proverbial and scriptural insect. They are here to-day and away, no one knows how far, tomorrow. There is no dependence whatever to be placed on them, and often no cause can be assigned for their presence in certain districts.

In a very important article on the "Distribution and Migration of North American Birds," published in the *American Journal of Science and Art*, in 1896, Prof. S. F. Baird brings forward some extremely interesting facts which we shall present to our readers in a future number of *FOREST AND STREAM* in continuing our remarks upon this subject. These reflections have been called up by the perusal of the very attractive work of M. A. de Boman's on *La Migration des Oiseaux*, in which the author gives a very entertaining account of many of the more important migratory birds of France. He divides them, somewhat arbitrarily, into migrants from the southwest, south and southeast, and describes very pleasantly the habits of each species, closing with a delightful chapter on general migration and the use and protection of birds. The book is written for the sportsman rather than the ornithologist and we can recommend the lesson which it teaches to all.

HONORS LATE AND EARLY.—The morning papers last Saturday contained two brief news items which however diverse in subject have something of a moral in common. One announced the fact that the New Jersey Historical Society having formally expressed its faith that the bones in the Cathedral Church of St. Domingo are the veritable relics of Christopher Columbus, makes known its determination to bring before the American historical societies and before Congress the belief of the Society—"that the discoverer of the Western World is worthy of a monument suitable to his greatness and the expression of the gratitude of a Christian continent, and that such monument should be built by the joint contributions of the republics of the Western Continent."

Yes, give him a monument. He is worthy of it. Much good may it do him. We have our misgivings—and possibly we should keep them to ourselves; they are ill-natured—that Columbus cares very little now whether these wise men who have sat in solemn conclave over his rusty old bones see fit to give him a monument or not. If the wise men some hundreds of years ago had done him honor when he was alive, that would have been more to the purpose. No memorial in bronze or marble can ever heal the heart wounds of the dungeon and the chains. The praise of after generations is of little avail in righting the ingratitude of one's own age. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, is all well enough; but of the living anything and everything. It would make an old time cynic laugh to see the Nineteenth Century newspaper vituperation, abuse and slander heaped upon author and statesman suddenly change to fulsome praise and adulation when the cable brings the message of death. We could name a score of men who have died within as many months whose virtues have become known and acknowledged only after they have ceased to exercise them. "Death hath this also," says Bacon, "that it openeth the gate to good fame, and extinguisheth envy." And it is all one—the monument after the lapse of centuries, and the newspaper eulogies which we read in the street cars as the hearses pass by. Each is tardy.

That the Government has finally, as our other newspaper item announces, awarded some public mark of esteem to Ida Lewis the heroine of the Lime Rock Light is something more to the point. Those who read years ago of the heroism of our American Grace Darling will learn with pleasure that she has been advanced to the position of keeper of the Lime Rock Light at Newport, the post being assigned to her by Secretary Sherman "as a mark of appreciation for your noble and heroic efforts in saving human lives." The reward is late in its coming but it is nevertheless vastly better than to have waited a hundred years for a paltry marble tablet.

THE PRINCETON BOYS AT TRENTON.—The Princeton students have again been accorded an unenviable newspaper notoriety. This time it is all about a merry sleigh ride down to Trenton. Arrived there, the Saturday-evening pleasure-seekers were too boisterous in their mirth to suit the staid opinions of the policemen. The whole party were nabbed by the knights of the club, tried before the justice who, being roused from his slumbers, was naturally out of humor, and sent home with light pockets, but, let us hope, with not very heavy hearts. Now all this was the most natural thing in the world. There was never any love lost between the collegian and the pillar of the local law. The former is too full of good-natured and thoughtless mischief to neglect any opportunity of aggravating his uniformed foe, and the constables, or "poelers," as the case may be, are always in spirit, if not in reality, "jugging" "them college fellows." Just what was actually done at Trenton it is impossible to judge even approximately, simply because the sensation scenting reporters and newspaper men have so misrepresented and falsified the actual facts. It is this which induces us to notice the occurrence. A bit of really harmless and unimportant college boys' adventure has been heralded throughout the land as a disgraceful escapade in which the students are represented as profane ruffians and blackguards. We know none of the parties implicated, but we do know enough of college students to warrant the assertion that the papers which have published the story from the standpoint of the Trenton officers, eager to be interviewed and equally eager to malign the boys, have erred. To represent the Princeton men as ruffians may make spicy reading in the police news sensations of the press, but it is wholly contrary to truth and fairness. Collegians are gentlemen.

—We record to-day the death of Mr. Silas Arnold, of Keesville, N. Y., who died on the 24th inst. For nearly thirty years he has been a constant visitor at the Adirondacks, and not only highly esteemed by his brother anglers there, but also at his place of residence by all who knew him. He was a true type of the old school gentlemen.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.] THE TROPICAL WANDERINGS OF FRED BEVERLY.

CRUISING FOR CRUSTACEANS.

JEAN BAPTISTE came in one day with a bunch of "grives," or large thrushes, which are excellent eating and desirable specimens. At my request he went down into the woods and showed me the tree on which, morning and afternoon, they could be found feeding. It was then noon, and I could not find any; but next morning I started out with the intention of bagging a few. Heavy showers came down every half hour, but I donned my rubber poncho, and waded on through the wet forest with my gun securely covered. My course lay down the south ravine. On the hill to the right is a tall *figuier* tree, the fruit of which is liked by the birds. This fruit resembles in shape, size and color, a cranberry, and is attached to the twigs in clusters of two and three.

Now, I could have sworn to the exact position of that tree; yet, having tramped doggedly through the rain for more than half an hour without seeing any familiar tree or shrub, I began to look about me sharply. Though I had noted the direction in my mind's eye when J. B. had shown me the tree, I overshot it in my search and got further down. A group of tree ferns I remembered; farther on, across a brook, was a large rock—all right; but where was the ants' nest in a dead tree that I had especially noted? To understand why all my landmarks were small and insignificant, the reader must be informed that in these woods the trees were so large and shoot up so high that their crowns afford no means of identifying them; and all their trunks are so much alike, enveloped in masses of vines and ferns, that other objects must be chosen to guide the hunter in his rambles here. Under thick foliage, until the roar of the large waterfall came up to me, and I knew I must retrace my steps, as the tree was on the ridge between the two streams.

At once I was stopped by seeing on the ground before me scattered shreds of *figuier* fruit, and looking up, saw the tree above me. As I had approached from the opposite side to that of my first visit, its surroundings had seemed changed. The rain came down in torrents, but glanced harmlessly from my poncho. It was tiresome waiting, but I secured all I wanted of the grives and went back to the main trail leading to the Boiling Lake and sat down on a rock in a more open part of the forest to try to secure a few humming-birds.

The rain had ceased, and the sun was shining outside. Yielding to the overpowering influence of silence and solitude, I was indulging in a day dream, when a voice awoke me:

"Bon jour, Monsieur Fred!"

I looked up, and saw two brown-skinned maidens. One was a little mulattress, about ten years old; the other was Marie—light-haired, sunny Marie—in whose veins flowed the blood of three races. The blood of the African showed in her wavy hair and full lips, and told what was the original stock with which that of the Carib was mingled; and the blood of the jovial Frenchman who had wandered to these wild years and years ago, gave that roundness and suppleness of limb, the quick, merry eye, the oval cheek and little hands and feet—all combined to form a creation fit to become the mother of a new race.

"Bon jour, Mademoiselle Marie; where are you going?"

"Pour chercher pour les écrevisses"—To look for crayfish.

Crayfish! Why, just what I wanted; for I had promised one of the professors in Washington to make collections of these very animals. I glanced up through a hole in the leafy roof above me and judged it was about ten o'clock, unless the sun's rays were refracted in coming through.

"Have you anything for me to eat, Marie?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Then I will go with you."

"It gives me much plaisir, Monsieur."

"Well, lead the way."

Reader, if you look in a work on natural history for information regarding the crayfish, you will find it there given as a "long-tailed decapod;" and, pursuing the subject still farther, you will see that it is also crustacean—a "decapod crustacean." And thus [you might follow the author up to the branch, *articulata*, and back again through all its divisions and ramifications, and about all you will know about it will be that it is a long-tailed decapod and inhabits fresh water streams. Long-tailed decapod, forsooth!

Come with me, reader, and I will show you more of crayfish and their ways than you can learn in a week of books. Follow in my wake, or, as the path is slippery, take good hold of my hand. Marie won't mind you; she don't mind anybody. The way leads up hill and over rocks, wet and smooth, for perhaps a mile. Don't mind the wet leaves that continually dap in your face, nor the vines and creeping ferns that vex your feet. Take a good grip and come along. In the language of the immortal bard (who, by the way, never knew of crayfish like these), "I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow."

We may have completed a mile, when Marie stopped: "Stay there, Monsieur." I stood there while she went behind a large rock and removed her shoes. Then I was allowed to follow on until the path was left and we entered the deeper woods to descend to the river. Opposite another huge rock she stopped again. "Wait there, Monsieur." Behind this rock she darted with her little companion, and shortly reappeared. Satyrs and wood nymphs! I thought these girls about as thinly clad as possible to be when they disappeared behind the rock, but I declare, in all seriousness, they had left a large bundle of clothes behind.

What a mysterious combination is woman! And there they stood, laughing and blushing, in a single dress, each loosely gathered at the shoulders, and at the waist by a girdle. This was becoming serious. If there were any more rocks in our path I felt morally certain they could dodge behind them. And then how would they appear? It was very certain they could not take off much more. My hair began to bristle. What would people say? What would my Sunday-school teacher say? I was resolved to stop it at all hazards.

"Look here, Marie!"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Don't do that any more."

"What, Monsieur?"

"Don't go behind any more rocks; don't take off any more garments." I blushed all over at the thought of it.

"Why no, Monsieur; it is impossible."

No amount of italicizing or exclamation points can render the astonishment in her tone as she thus assured me; and feeling I could then safely proceed, I gave the order to go on. We reached the river—the stream that flows out of the mountain lake—broad and with gravelly beach, with immense boulders as islands, and a wall of vegetation on either side that rose straight up a hundred feet. Here my guides led me to my own devices and waded into the stream in search of crayfish. I saw a bird I had not seen before and pursued it along the shore until stopped by a cascade. It was within shot, however, and at the report of my gun it fell into a little pool. The rocks were smooth as glass, and my great boots, though good protection from the vines and thorns, were but poor aids in clambering over these rocks. The result was that I unexpectedly sat down upon a rock, and very suddenly I came down, too. There was a stream of water rushing over that rock six inches in depth, so that my fall did not hurt me; but the rapid-flowing sheet struck my back with great force, and climbed up over my coat collar so rapidly that I was immediately as bloated as a bull-frog. The rain had long ago drenched me, but, though wet before, I did not care to get wet behind.

My half smothered yells brought Marie to my assistance, and she rescued me and the bird, and then suggested I could wade better with my boots off. Happy thought! The boots were removed. I need not detail, to any one who has had the experience, the pleasure of wading barefoot over stones and rocks for the first time in years. A little torture was enough for me, and in half an hour I was seated quietly drying in the sun, watching the girls at their work. The stream was broad, with deep pools, and it was in these pools the crayfish lurked, looking like miniature lobsters through the clear water. I could only see the small ones, but Marie assured me there were large ones out of sight beneath the cascades. I was glad of that, for several severe nips from these small ones had given me enough of crayfish, and I did not care whether my friends in America ever got a specimen.

Erect upon the rock she stood a moment, then plunged head-foremost into a foaming pool, disappearing from sight. A moment later, rising bubbles preceded a round little head from which hung long, limp tresses; a pair of shoulders brown and bare, and round arms reaching out little hands with sup-
port. She had a cray-fish in each hand, and another, with wig-

gling legs, in her mouth. These she handed to the little girl on the rock near me and then climbed out and stood erect, with heaving bosom and parted lips, and nonchalantly gathered up her skirts and wrung from them the dripping water. Outlined against that wonderful background of tropical leaves, with its depths of shade and gleams of light, with the water dashing against the rock upon which she stood and parting in sheets of foam, what a charming Naiad she appeared! Naiad she may have been, but she could hardly have been called a *Dryad*—as the water had caused her garment to cling closely to her shapely figure, and was pouring from it.

This was repeated, until the basket carried by the little one was half full. Once she came up breathless and excited and came to me with an ugly water scorpion between her fingers, one of which was red and swollen, where the venomous thing had bitten it. Thus we went on up the stream until near the mountain lake, when our way was stopped by a jam of broken limbs. Then we turned down again until halted by a series of wells, worn from the rock by the action of the water, twenty feet deep, into which the flood plunged wildly, ever descending, on its way to the grand leap of two hundred feet into the valley below. While my companions searched a side stream I remained on the banks by the trail. Daylight waned and they came not; the gathering gloom urged me to be up and on my way home; but the trail was obscured and I was not sure of reaching my hut in the dark without a guide. So I waited, perforce. Everything living seemed to have left the river's banks, and the only companion to my solitude was a gayly-colored lizard, which lay upon a branch and watched me. In the interest of science—but against my better feelings—I held a bottle before his nose, and he walked into it. Then I put in the cork, and later he was having his fill of rum; not the first victim of the bottle—and of science.

Their voices reached me not long after, and none too soon, for we had hardly light enough to reach the main path. Late as it was, however, Marie prepared some of the fish when she reached her mother's house, and sent them to me with some fragrant limes and a spicy pepper. The delicate flesh as far surpasses that of the coarse garbage-feeding lobster in flavor as a "saddle-rock" does a coon oyster. With a dripping of lime juice and a dash of West India pepper, some Peak & Pears' biscuit and a bottle of Tennant's pale ale, I supped so delightfully that all my mishaps were forgotten. I even queried whether crayfish hunting, with a pretty, brown-skinned maid of sixteen, who waded bare-legged in open-bosomed dress, extended a helping hand when you slipped, laughed merrily when you fell, talked musical patois as she pattered along,—I queried if it were not better than hunting through musty brooks.

WHAT IS THOUGHT OF US.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 23, 1875.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

I am so much interested in the sports derived from forest and stream, that being now unable to participate in them, because of duties to perform, I gain all the pleasure I can in reading the many accounts so entertaining published in your paper of hunting and fishing adventures; and as I read I am reminded of the many pleasant times I have enjoyed in the wilderness, and hope that I may again traverse the forests, gain in hand, for I am still young.

As I have just been reading the last number, I felt impelled to write to you, and thank you for the interest and pleasure you afford me through your columns, and for the manner in which you are conducting the greatest sporting medium in our country. Well do I remember when the *FOREST AND STREAM* first made its appearance, and with what delight I hailed it as being something much needed among sportsmen. I believed it could not fail to prosper. But its success has been due in excess of my expectations, and has caused its almost unbounded, and in the right direction. What efforts have been made of late years in nearly every State in the country to preserve the game and fish of its forests and rivers, and to restock rivers depopulated of fish. How much interest is taken in rifle matches and shooting contests of every kind. The people are awakening to the great importance of deer sports as a healthy and innocent amusement, and therefore to the great importance of preserving our game. But the *FOREST AND STREAM* is the trumpet which has been sounding in the ears of the public for the past six or seven years, and has caused its awakening; and it has spoken none too loudly or emphatically in behalf of our sporting interests. It is surprising how much influence it exerts directly and indirectly. Its power is felt in every community where there are true-hearted sportsmen. I have seen a copy handled and read with interest in the logging and hunting camps of Maine and Nova Scotia, as well as in the richly furnished rooms of city habitations. Thanking you in behalf of my sporting friends here and myself for the interests your paper affords us, for your willingness and attention in answering our inquiries, and for the honest and impartial manner in which the *F. & S.* is conducted, I remain,

C. W. B.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 21, 1876.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

In your leader of the last number you ask if you have accomplished what you set out to do. Yes, you have done it most successfully. I took the *Naturalist* for a number of years, but found that my business was such I could not devote the time to those purely scientific matters presented in such a way as to "have that ramble my read." John White and John Cotton tell me have suffered for the past five weeks. Judging from figures given me by Budd & Co, shippers of game and poultry, fully 100,000 quails, and the same number of rabbits, have been received and shipped from this point from December 1. One man, twelve miles west of here, caught over 1,200 rabbits in less than a month. We fear that the greater portion of our quails are frozen to death. Even rabbits have been found dead when they were not pecking the even bushes. Suppose you suggest, in your pleasant way, that the girls as well as the boys be taught how to handle a gun. My wife is an excellent shot, and I have greatly enjoyed her company in Florida. In November I thought that I would give an oldest daughter, not quite eleven years of age, a few lessons with my No. 12, Dougal, C. G. lbs. The third shot at a time turkey brought it down. On Thanksgiving Day we went out in the country by invitation to dine. My niece asked me to "bring along my shot-gun and kill the pigeons."

(same ones) which had become a nuisance in his barns and granaries. I loaded some cartridges with two and a half drachms and one ounce shot, and decided that Eliza could do the shooting. She never missed a shot, and at one of the "cracks" broke down three birds! My little daughter has been so inspired that she intends making a hunting suit for herself, and go with me to my farm this coming fall. I merely mention this fact to show that it is not only possible, but a girl will grow up to love nature all the more if she can go with her father to the fields and woods.

My health is better than for fifteen years, and I attribute it all, with God's blessing, to my sweating and waiting and roughing in the piney woods and everglades of Florida.

J. P.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 15, 1876.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

It is seldom now I put pen to paper, only when I think I ought to do so in the public interest. It is nearly forty years since I used to fill, page at a time, the old *Spirit*, when Porter and Richards were in the land of the living, and Herbert and Agassiz were my correspondents. But though sixty-five and rheumatic, I keep alive my interest in field sports, and must thank you for the pleasure your paper gives me.

T. D. L.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Jan. 17, 1876.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

In your issue which reached me yesterday, you ask: "Have we fulfilled our mission?" We answer, You have instructed, interested and elevated the sportsmen of our country; you have created a love for outdoor sports; you have shown that it is wise to make laws to protect fish and game, and you have educated your readers to respect these laws and to force others to do the same; you are fast teaching the farmers that there is no conflict between them and the real sportsmen of the country; that true sportsmen are their friends in place of their enemies.

J. S. B.

GAME PROTECTION.

THE ADIRONDACK DEER SLAUGHTER.—While it is our desire to give all parties in a controversy equal privileges of presenting their views, we must decline to make our columns a medium for personal recrimination. We are in receipt of further correspondence regarding the slaughter of deer in the North Woods, the publication of which we do not consider conducive to the correction of the abuse. That there has been unlawful and culpable destruction of game in the Adirondacks, there is no good reason to doubt. There are officers and societies whose duty it is to rectify the evil. The question is: Will they do their duty? Newspaper talk cannot fill the place of derelict officials.

THE MAINE TROUT LAW.—Some of the Maine descendents of the original penny-wise pound-follish fellow are thinking to put money in their purse by extending the open season for trout from Sept. 21 to the middle of October. This, they reason, will lure late fishing tourists to the easy capture of the gravid October fish, while their shekels meanwhile enrich the coffers of the inhabitants of the land. This is a genuine case of killing the trout that lays the golden eggs. The belated tourist would undoubtedly linger for a season or two and thereby materially enhance the pecuniary interests of his host, but we can hardly conceive how that host could expect this blissful condition of affairs to last very long. Every one who has ever fished in Maine knows that the trout are spawning in September and October, and that they are not fit to be taken in the spawning period, and that even if they were, it is against all reason and common sense to capture them then. If the Maine Legislature alter the present law at all they might with great advantage set the beginning of the close season twenty days earlier than it is at present. We trust that the intelligent anglers and fish culturists of the State will exert their influence against the proposed change.

BLOOMING GROVE PARK ASSOCIATION.—A meeting of Directors of this Association was held at the Hoffman House on Friday, January 24, to fill the vacancies occurring by the resignation of Dudley Field, Col. Sanders D. Bruce, A. H. Wellington, and Dr. Geo. H. Glenney. The following gentlemen were elected in their stead, viz.: Count E. R. Mounzilly, M. B. Brown, Dr. C. Alfred Grimes, and C. F. Fearing. An adjourned meeting of directors was subsequently held at No. 30 Broad street on Tuesday afternoon, 28th, to elect a President in lieu of Dudley Field, resigned. John McGinnis, Jr., of the banking house of Dean, McGinnis & Co., was so elected. John Avery was re-elected Vice-President. The following is the full board of officers of the Association as recently reconstituted:

President, John McGinnis, Jr.; Vice-President, John Avery; Treasurer, Cassius H. Reed.

Executive Committee:

John McGinnis, Jr., M. B. Brown, E. Bradley, M. D.

Directors:

Dr. E. Bradley, Charles Hallowell, John Avery, John McGinnis, Jr., C. Alfred Grimes, M. D.; C. F. Fearing, Count E. R. Mounzilly, A. H. Glenney, Cassius H. Reed, M. B. Brown, Geo. A. Greene, Jr.

After the election the following gentlemen were duly elected members:

Messrs. C. M. Vanderbilt, C. Fellows, H. J. Nicholas, W. T. Wharton, Jas. M. Dunbar, and Martin Van Buren, all of the Union Club; W. H. Henderson, Beverly Robinson, and E. G. Field, of the New York Hotel.

Financially our numbers 142 live members, and stands financially as strong as any in the country. It has a large balance in the treasury, and its assured receipts from annual dues alone are amply sufficient for all current and contingent expenses. For the fiscal year beginning April 1, 1876, the annual dues have been fixed at \$35. The South Side Club, a large number of whose members are also members of the Blooming Grove Park Association, have offered a donation of trout from its own preserves to stock the streams at the park, while Director M. B. Brown has purchased \$100 worth of black bass spawners and made a gift of them to the associa-

tion; these will be turned into the lakes in the spring. The car load of deer presented by Gen. Harding, from his preserves in Tennessee, and a large lot of ruffed grouse will also be put into the premises after the snow leaves. Under the new management, it is confidently believed that all the plans of the original projectors will be fully carried out. The club house is fully appointed, and is one of the most commodious and comfortable in the country. It is now in charge of Major John Stellenwerf, late of the Lake House at Islip, Long Island.

NEW YORK ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROTECTION OF GAME.

The annual meeting of this association was held at Martineau's on Monday evening, Hon. Robt. B. Roosevelt, the President, in the chair. Among other business under discussion was the action of supervisors in tinkering with the game laws, which was strongly condemned. The counsel of the association reminded the members that the amendment of 1876 gives them authority only over such birds and animals as are not mentioned in the law itself. This, he said, did not appear to be generally known, and had been universally disregarded. The consequence was that every county had practically a different law. Even Gov. Robinson, in dealing with the matter in his annual message, seemed to be under the impression that Supervisors had a right to do as they pleased. The speaker was perfectly satisfied with the law as it stands, and disapproved of any attempts to tinker it on account of the difficulty the society had heretofore experienced in getting the Legislature to act sensibly in the matter. He suggested that the society should prepare a condensed edition of the present law, leaving out the clauses giving authority to Supervisors, and adding others making the open season for all game begin and end on the same date, and the time for having in possession also end simultaneously, instead of having different dates for different kinds of games, as now. He thought this would simplify matters so that everybody could readily understand the law. Another wise amendment would be one prohibiting the use of any water of the State of New York for the purpose of Dr. Green, President Roosevelt, Counsellor Whitehead and Senator Wagstaff were appointed a committee to take charge of the subject, and on motion of Mr. Meyer the committee were instructed to give particular attention to the evil of trapping, which still prevails to a destructive extent. The Treasurer reported receipts during the year of \$8,247.65, and a balance on hand of \$864.92, besides \$4,500 previously invested in Government bonds. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Robert B. Roosevelt; Vice-President, Clinton Gilbert; Secretary and Treasurer, Thomas N. Cuthbert; Counsel, Charles E. Whitehead; Executive Committee—H. T. Carey, William M. Fleiss and Wisner H. Townsend. The meeting then adjourned downstairs, where a luxurious supper was enjoyed. After the supper, in the course of the speeches, Mr. Fleiss stated that the South Side Club have succeeded in having their trout in one year of a weight of eight ounces, and they have trout two years old that weigh nearly a pound. These facts have never been made public before. Mr. Roach told of trout which he had seen in Maine weighing three pounds, and which, he had been assured by a reliable man, were only one year old. His informant ascribed their rapid growth to their extraordinary voraciousness. Other trout of the same age in the same pond were mere fingerlings.

THE VERMONT STATE ASSOCIATION—FERRISBURGH, Jan. 7.

I wish you could have been a little more pointed in your hit at our dinner-eating State Association; not that I have any personal spite against it or any of its members, but that it might be shamed from its inaction, which is disheartening to all who really desire the protection of our sadly persecuted fish and game, and who hoped for good work from this organization. To what extent this hope has been realized you can judge when I tell you that the fish laws have been openly violated ever since their passage, from one end to the other of Vermont, and part of Lake Champlain (except in this township, where our little club has done its work faithfully), without an effort toward their enforcement by the State Association. The same is true of the trout lakes and ponds of the northeastern portion of the State, and the illegal killing of deer in the northern counties. In one instance, as Secretary of our club, I notified the State Association of the illegal sale of pike-perch in Burlington. I know that my complaint was forwarded to the Secretary of the association, who lived where the offence was committed, but no notice was taken of it, and the illegal sale of the fish went on as before. All praise is due to members of the association for their effort to introduce migratory quail for carrying a trout's head of deer in the State, but I believe it is a blot on the State Association has done nothing that was expected of it. I firmly believe that our little club, without an influential man among its few members, has done more for fish and game protection than the State Association, with its judges and great men and great dinners. And I also believe, with my present light, that the hope of game protection lies not in such bodies, but in the earnest work of local organizations, towns and counties.

H. E. ROBINSON.

BIDDEFORD AND SAGO GAME AND FISH SOCIETY.—This society was formally organized at Biddeford, Me., Jan. 23, with a membership of nearly fifty and the following officers: Pres., Geo. F. Calef, Esq.; Vice-Pres., Ferguson Haines, Esq.; Sec., Dr. Thomas Haley; Treas., C. F. S. Blake, Esq.; Executive Committee, Dr. E. Hill, Wm. B. Burdett, John H. Andrews, Abijah Tarbox, who were unanimously elected. The new association have abundant work before them. The Saco once teemed with salmon; it can be made a good fishing ground once more.

MASSACHUSETTS—Boston, Jan. 23.—Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in your last issue you call upon Massachusetts game people to look out for the game protection, etc. I would say that a committee of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Association, of which I am chairman, has the matter of game protection in hand, and that we are preparing a bill to present to the Legislature, now in session, which we trust will be satisfactory to all parties concerned, and afford us ample protection. The interest of game dealers and sportsmen should be identical.

JOHN W. ADAMS.

NETTING DEERS IN SHINNECOCK.—Editor Forest and Stream:

Is there no course to be taken by sportsmen to put a stop to the netting of ducks in Shinnecock Bay? We understand that large numbers are being thus caught in the openings

of the land on the feeding-ground. It seems difficult to enforce the law there, if there is such a law, as the bay-men and neighbors fear to complain on each other, and as the trial would be before a jury a conviction would be very uncertain. But we appeal to you is there no course a sportsman residing, say in this city, and in the habit of visiting that section occasionally for a few days' wild fowl shooting, can take to put a stop to this nefarious practice? At this rate we shall soon have no duck shooting in the vicinity of Gotham.

JACOBSTAFF.

We editorially called the attention of the authorities to this thing two weeks ago. It rest with them to correct the abuse.

SPORTSMAN'S ASSOCIATION OF WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.—
Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 15.—At a meeting yesterday evening the following named officials were elected to serve the ensuing year: President, Robert Dalzell; Vice-Presidents, D. C. Phillips, Col. B. F. Ruff, F. H. Kennedy; Treasurer, W. C. Macrum; Secretary, J. F. Wilcox; Assistant Secretary, Howard Hunt; Naturalist, S. A. Shuart; Directors, J. C. Brown, J. C. Brown, J. C. Brown, J. C. Brown, J. C. Brown, Howard Hartley; Elective Committee, John Caldwell, Jr., Edward Grege, N. M. McDowell, Charles Hays, J. H. Bughman, B. Bakewell, C. A. Carpenter.

WILD RICE.

JANESVILLE, Wis., Jan. 21, 1879.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

You may easily believe that I have been a peculiarly interested reader of the recent communications in your valuable journal concerning the propagation of wild rice, and especially so as to the article of "Howard," copied from the *Tuolumne*, inasmuch as that gentleman purchased his seed from my brother, and his directions as to procedure concerning the same, fully tallied with those which we shall now hear from other parties on the same subject. Speak out, gentlemen, and give us your experience, good, bad or indifferent. We are all comparatively tyros in its culture, and need all the instruction we can get. I am not selfish in this matter, for my experience thus far has been that the wild rice trade won't do much good, especially as it is now being monopolized by a few wife and children. The dividends are not enormous as yet. I find others think the same, for Cantwell writes that his stomach is full and this is his last year in the business. Indeed, we were rather forced into it by your paper referring so many to us as probably being able to procure seed for them. We hadn't any then, but at last getting desperate at not being able to do so, we decided to try it. I have the greatest interest in the matter, however, is that of every sportsman—i. e., "Will it grow successfully and attract wild fowl to otherwise barren waters?"

"Howard's" experience has certainly been remarkably flattering, and his account of his success in spring planting fully carries out my own ideas. I always believed that it could be planted in the spring as well as in the fall, and with as certain results. The only reason why others thought differently was because none had ever tried spring planting, thinking that because the seed sowed itself in the fall—as all self-sown seed do—that must be the proper time. There are many advantages in favor of spring as against fall sowing. In our cold and winter-prone climate, and in our periods are frozen in the ground, November, thus preventing planting in the seed in the next fall. Spring sowing not only does away with this, but it gives everybody plenty of time to secure the seed. Then again, in the spring there are no ducks about to gobble up the seed, as, no doubt, they do in the fall.

However, I intend to experiment in the matter myself, and I hope those who have already done so will give us, through the papers, the benefit of their experience. By the way, I see that another gentleman—a Tennessean—gives a favorable account of spring planting. He need not fear the destruction of his fish-pond; in fact, it's the most valuable plant he can grow there, affording both food and protection for his fish.

Another problem to be solved in connection with this rice is the culture is: "What is the greatest depth of water in which it will grow?" The minimum is already known, as it will flourish in only an inch of water. It must, however, be covered the year round. The question of depth I shall endeavor to solve. Some of our small lake owners have been growing rice. I have planted some in my aquarium, and am anxiously waiting for it to sprout. We have found a great difference in the weight of seed coming from different points—in fact, it might be graded like wheat. Our directions to buyers always say, "Do not wash the seed, but dry it in the sun." I have now sink stalk without soaking; indeed, we have sold but little that would not do so. Whether the difference in seed weight will make any difference in the crop, as in other cereals, is also an interesting question. I am inclined to think that lighter seed will beget light seed, and that being the case, but little seed will come from the bottom of the lake. The seed dropping from the stem, floats for any length of time without sinking, most of it will be eaten by the birds, and thus the wished-for result will not be attained. However, no doubt all these points will soon be solved, now that the sportsmenmen are so numerous. I have been told that the sportsmen of "Howard" and the Tennessee gentleman (his name escapes my mind) do much toward spreading the good work.

A. M. VALENTINE.

way down for thirteen days, and killed twenty-one deer. It is said the distance is 300 miles from Crawford to Au Sable.

G. W. SNIDER.

EAST SAGINAW, JANUARY 31, 1870.

Deer Mephars: There were four of us in the party at first, but one fellow from Sandusky got scared out and left us for home. We built a shanty on the old ground, but there were no deer on that side of the river. Lynxes had killed a goat many, and drove the rest across on the other side. There we found them thick enough, so we moved our camp to the west side of the river, where we were sure to find them where we were. The deer came back on the old ground very thick a few days before we left. We killed three over there the last day. We left Saginaw on the 6th of November at six in the morning and arrived at Crawford at one in the afternoon, got our lumber and worked on our boat until bed-time. We had a sail for a tent. It thundered and rained very hard, but soon turned cold and snowed until morning. After breakfast we went to work on our boat, finished the cabin and stove, and took some of the deer with us. We had a half-past ten; we ran on mill dalk, pulled up to the bank, landed, scraped away the snow, put up our tent, cooked supper, ate and went to bed, slept on our wet blankets, and had wet ones for covering; got up about four o'clock, built a fire, cooked our breakfast, and as soon as it was light enough pulled down the river. We began to come to the hunters along the banks, and hear the notes of the grouse, and see occasionally a deer. We passed West Branch, then Big Creek, and about noon came to some of the best hunting ground in the State. We were inquired to some number of deer killed. They said they had killed seventy-three, and the party had all left but six, and they were going next Sunday. Passed the camp, saw the usual number of dogs around the camp, and some deer hanging up. About five miles down we came to another party; inquired the number of deer killed. "Thirty-five," was their answer. The party was small, but they hunted with dogs. Passing their camp, we saw the saddles of four deer hanging from the sides of a small cabin. We were inquired how many, which had been killed. We pulled hard for an hour, before night. Saw a good many deer signs along the bank, and some bear signs. About four o'clock we turned a bend in the river, and spied the ever welcome habitation of Mr. Cummins. The banks of the river were lined with the boats of parties which arrived here ahead of us. We were greeted from the house with a yell. We answered, and passed on about three miles, and came to our camp. Went ashore and found our old shanty, stove and everything just as we had left it. It was a good thing, miles from civilization, but in a very nice place.

early 100 miles from daylight camp, but in a very rapid ascent to the top of the mountain, and then down to the valley, we arrived in Glenade's old camp. They told us there were no deer on that side of the river. Brundage and I went back to the hills and found deer signs very scarce. There appeared to be nothing but old bucks, and they very wild. We found a good many dead deer that the Lynx had killed. We hunted about a week on that side, and then moved down the river to hunt on the other side, so we built a new cabin and moved into it. One evening, as I was down by the swamp hunting deer, I shot and killed an old doe and wounded another. She ran into the swamp, and as it was getting dark I concluded to let her alone. I went back to the cabin and found the deer had been about half eaten up. A lynx had killed her. He had had a big time doing it, but he had done the job better than half a dozen large dogs. Jess, my son, was with me. We went on down the river about a mile; I found five deer tracks going into the swamp. The boy went in, and I got upon a runway and watched for the deer to come out, but they had crossed the river. The boy turned to come out on the back track, and met a lynx going in after the deer. He turned and ran. The boy followed him to the edge of the swamp, then left the tracks and came to me. About that time I saw the lynx jump over the river and follow the deer. I was very much surprised. I drew signs on him and fired. He gave one awful scowl, and that was the last of him. He was four feet ten inches from his nose to the end of his tail; the tail was about four inches long. He stands almost three feet high, has a very large head, with black tassels on the points of his ears, and a large black ruffe around his neck. I brought him to Seguin and sent him to New York. We had very good luck hunting on that side of the river; killed nineteen deer there in about two weeks. I did some very bad shooting, but Brundage did worse. My gun does not shoot powder enough. I shot twice at a doe that was about half eaten up, but I did not know I had lost them. I shot one old buck, the largest deer I ever saw, and I hit him through the neck, and he fell. I stood watching for another to move into sight, when the old buck began to baw and kick. At last he got up and started off. I thought he would soon fall again, but he ran off and I lost him. The Indians found him, cut his head off, and sold it to Cummins for \$2.50. I had one prong growing out on the under side of one horn that was over a foot long. It stuck straight down. If I had had my traps with me I could have got some fur-

I think the most suitable gun is a heavy breech-loader, about ten or twelve pounds, with two sets of barrels, one eight and one twelve gauge. I have seen some hunting men with such eleven pound guns. So far, he told me saw two bucks fighting each other, one took a shot off, and he killed one of them with each barrel; they dropped dead in their tracks. We came out by railroad. We hired Cummins to take our stuff out to Roscomomon. There were about thirty of us came out together. Brundage, Jess and myself walked that fifty miles in just thirteen hours, in from ten to twelve latches of snow. How is that for traveling? Ate but one meal, and saw but one house in the whole fifty miles. There were no bear there this fall, but up the river at Ball's place they were plenty. Ball killed forty-five bear in this section this fall. There were no acorns where we went. The Indians had been eating acorns all winter long. In the fall, there were about 100 deer killed at Cummins' place up to the north fork. It is said that 855 deer were shipped from Roscomomon, most of them killed down the An Sabie.

A. G. SCHMIDT

A. C. SCRANTON.

RUNNING DEER WITH DOGS.

QUEBEC, Jan. 22, 1879.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

to see your column on frequent discussion about the practice of running deer with dogs. The place most referred to in these articles is the Auldrondack range, but I suppose that what experience teaches there will be applicable to other places. Near my old home in Ontario is a very long and wide cedar-swamp, thick throughout its whole length of forty miles or more is a swamp broken by roads or clearings, and which I have often used for the purpose of hunting deer and a few bears. There is no noveler of any kind near it with the exception of a few rivers, which is almost dry in summer, so that running the deer into the water to kill is an impossibility. In several places along the edge of the swamp were small numbers of settlers who had tried their hand at clearing, but who had in no case managed to make a good farm. Nearly all of these men during the fall and winter did nothing much else than hunt, and for this purpose each one kept from one to three dogs, and these were used in the same manner as those of the first or September the cry of their dogs could be heard night and day. These men managed to kill a good many deer for the market, but they drove away many more than they killed. After the legal season for killing was

over they did not dare to bring any more to market, but after killing the animal they took the hide and as much meat as they required for their own use, and the remainder was left in the woods. Of course this kind of thing could not last forever; still, if they had been content to hunt only in the winter the damage done would have been less, though, but not so bad as it has been. While attending to their fur-trade in the spring and summer the deer were left alone as far as the men were concerned, but the dogs were allowed to remain in the woods, and the wolves and the bears of the West of course were not far off. The only cause was the house at intervals. At the turn of this life they were as bad or worse than wolves, and the consequence of their depredations is now easily seen. I have seen a party of sportsmen get out from the town for a day or two, and return with from one to five deer; but now I would defy the largest party of sportsmen in Canada or the States to find a dozen deer in the whole swamp, and this miserable result has been attained in the short time of about seven years. Since the constant persecution, have been completely driven out, and, as far as I know, have been exterminated from the whole of Muskoka, and along the shore of Georgian Bay, where they are seldom hunted, they are still very plentiful, in spite of all the wolves to be found there; and the swamp I have spoken of is only an extension of these same woods. The last deer I saw there was two years ago while building a road through the swamp. One morning, while my men were running out on an engine, three deer sprang from the cover on one side of the track, and, crossing it, were soon lost to sight on the other side. I followed the new line to the next village, and the same afternoon about twenty new ones turned out, but I did not have time to say they did not get them, and my best wish for them is—*long may they live.*

—AT SAGINAW.

AU SAUBLE.

The Rifle.

THE FOREST AND STREAM AND ROD
AND GUN TOURNAMENT

For the Short-Range Championship of
1879

And three team medals, which will be awarded to the teams making the first, second and third best scores. Other prizes will be offered also, to take place at Conlin's shooting gallery. Open to teams from any organized rifle club.

Conditions—Teams—Each team shall consist of ten men. The teams participating must be composed of members of the various clubs which they represent. **Kides**—Limited to ten pounds in weight; minimum pull of trigger, three pounds; 22-360 cal. Teams may furnish their own rides and ammunition, or use those at the gallery, as they may desire. Number of **Shots**—Ten by each competitor. **Sighting Shots**—Two shots will be allowed each competitor. **Position**—On the **Targets**—200-yards target, according to the regulations of the N.R.A. **Range**—The range will be at the gallery. **Practicing**—No practice allowed on the day of the match. **Entrance**—\$10.00 dollars to be paid at the office of the FOREST AND STREAM AND ROD AND GUN, No. 111 Fulton street, N. Y. The match to be governed by the rules of the N. R. A. relating to teams.

The captains of the several teams, entered before 9 o'clock on the evening of Feb. 23, will meet at Conlin's Gallery at that hour and fix upon the arrangements for carrying out the match, choose referees, and decide in what order the respective teams shall shoot. The assembled captains shall decide upon the date of opening the matches, and the date at which the entries shall close. The referees shall elect an umpire, whose decision in all cases shall be final.

The championship team tournament is creating no small discussion, and from the number of letters already received there is every indication of a large line of entries. These letters come not only from the clubs in town, but from Rahway, Bergen, Newark and Elizabeth, in N. J., Boston, and even from Chicago, where the team of the Thos. Post, G. A. R., are discussing the question of coming on. The South Brooklyn Rifle Club will be represented by a team, and such clubs as desire to take practice in the gallery may have special practice by writing the gallery master.

MASSACHUSETTS—*Boston, Walnut Hill, Jan. 25.*—The bright glistening snow on the range between the winter-sled and the targets did not in any way help the marksmen out today. During the afternoon a gray light came on, and good scores were made in consequence. The wind was quite gentle, coming from the west, and the conditions were favorable to the sport. There was a large attendance of spectators, in fact the largest there has been at any time since the winter shed was erected, several ladies gracing the range with their presence. In the Maynard rifle match at 200 yards there were 104 entries. The leading scores were:

L Kirkwood.....	4	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5
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Medford, Mass.—The directors of the Medford Rifle Association have decided upon holding rifle competitions every Wednesday (if possible) and following Friday, during February. The matches will be classified, and the conditions as follows: *Low*s; Distance, 200 yards. rounds, seven; the aggregate of two individual scores to count; off-hand firing; rifles, any within the rules; non-members to be placed in the first class. The prizes will consist of 50 per cent. of the entire entry fees in each class, divided as follows: First prize, 25 per cent.; second, 15 per cent., and third, 10 per cent.

CONNECTICUT.—In his recent report to the adjutant-general of Connecticut, Major J. E. Stetson, Brigade Inspector of Target Practice, expresses the opinion that, instead of sending representatives to Creedmoor, the State should, by the offering of prizes or assistance in some form, encourage the establishment of an annual State meeting on some central range.

DEER SLAUGHTER IN MICHIGAN.—We print the following communication, not by any means on account of its literary merit, but to show how abundant deer are in some of the Michigan wilds, as well as to expose the wanton persistence with which so-called sportsmen are rapidly exterminating them. The letter is also interesting in its description of one of the favorite grayling streams of Michigan, and of the methods of roughing it in the bush by the hardy but inconsiderate men who seem to find sport in wholesale slaughter.

WOOSTER, O., January 13, 1879.

EDITOR FOREMAN AND STREAM:

Having received a very interesting letter from my uncle, giving the particulars of his fall hunt on the Au Sable River in Michigan, I forward it to you for publication, hoping it will be of some benefit to those who are interested in the dispute going on in the Chicago *Field* between the Battle Creek party and others. Last year (Nov., 1878) I was one of a party of four, including my uncle, who made the trip down the river in one boat in just four days. Stopped about half-

in the third or fourth class is to be a recruit in the awkward squad. There were many men in this regiment—no less than 377—who did not go to Creedmore to practice last year. Undoubtedly the weather was disagreeable, yet many, perhaps most of them, were men who make it a point of honor to be in the ranks; whenever their regiment is called upon to perform any duty by which its reputation would be affected. Yet if these men had been present, and had shot even though poorly, the Seventh to-day would stand the first in order of merit, instead of the third.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JANUARY.

SOUTHERN WATERS.
Pompano, *Trachinotus scrotonius*. Groupers, *Silopomus nigricans*.
Drum (two species), Family Sciaenidae. Black bass, *Centropomus viridis*.
Kingfish, *Menticircus nebulosus*. Striped bass, or Rockfish, *Morone saxatilis*.
Sea bass, *Sciaenops ocellatus*. Broadsides, *Paralichthys oblongus*.
Sheepshead, *Archosargus probatocephalus*.
Scuppers, *Stenotomus xanthurus*.
Saber, *Lutjanus blackfordi*.
—See Bogardus' advertisement.

FISH IN MARKET.—RETAIL PRICES.—Bass, 25 cents; smelts, 10; bluefish, 12½; salmon, 55; mackerel, 20; shad, 40; weakfish, 10; white perch, 15; Spanish mackerel, 50; green turtle, 14; terrapin, \$18 per doz.; frostfish, 6; halibut, 18; haddock, 6; kingfish, 15; codfish, 6; blackfish, 12½; flounders, 8; sea bass, 15; eels, 18; lobsters, 10; sheepshead, 30; scallops, 35 per quart; whitefish, 18; pickerel, 15; salmon trout, 18; black bass, N. C., 15; red-snapper, 12½; pompano, 60; smoked haddock, 10; hard crabs, \$2.50 per 100.

THOSE FLORIDA FISH AGAIN.—Who is Professor Knapp? We have some curiosity to know because it seems that Professor Knapp once made an awful prediction. The juxtaposition of certain planets to the earth is such, says the Professor, that one-half of the population of the world, including man, animals, fishes and vegetables, must perish before 1880. All this desolation is to begin with the dying of the fish in the sea, and pestilence and famine; and a Florida paper calls attention to the fact that the Chinese famine and the yellow fever scourge in the South may be put with the fearful fish pestilence in that State, and—yes, the world, or one-half of it at least, is coming to an end. We thought those fish were not to waste their sweetness on the Florida desert air for nothing. They are filling their place in Professor Knapp's prophecy. But who is Professor Knapp, anyhow? Because this is 1879, and next year is 1880, and if Professor Knapp is anybody, it's high time for us to move to the other side of the world.

FIRST SALMON OF THE SEASON.—Mr. E. W. Messenger, of the Bromfield House, Boston, informs us that the first salmon of the year was exhibited at Shattuck & Jones', 128 Faneuil Hall Market, in that city. It came from the Penobscot River, a short distance below Bangor, Me.; weighed twenty pounds, and was a perfect beauty. See article in Natural History department on winter salmon.

A RARE FISH.—Professor Spencer P. Baird has written to Mr. E. G. Blackford, of this city, regarding the large pompano caught off the Florida coast and mentioned by us last week: "Dr. Bean reports that the pompano is a *Trachinotus greenis*, a species of wide range and originally described, I believe, from South Africa, and but very little known in northern waters. It is a second specimen only that I have ever heard of as being taken in the latitude of the United States." Excellent casts of the fish have been prepared, one of which Mr. Blackford is to receive.

—"The 'angling catch' of salmon in the Restigouche division during the past year, 1878, were over 1,000 fish, and the 'commercial catch' during the same period 500,000 pounds, fully 100 per cent. over that of the former year, 1877.

CANADA.—Perce, District of Gaspé, Jan. 7.—We have had a remarkably open season; not sufficient snow for traveling; no ice along the beaches; navigation still open; codfish caught here up to the 23d ultimo. PHILIP VIBERT.

MOVEMENTS OF THE FISHING FLEET.—The number of fishing arrivals reported at this port the past week has been 11, viz.: four from the Banks, with 102,000 lbs. halibut; four from Georges, with 128,000 lbs. codfish and about 5,000 lbs. halibut; and three from the Bay of Fundy and Grand Menan with fresh herring. Three of the Georges men landed good fares, showing the presence of fish on the Bank, and the stock here reduced and prospect favorable, the early Georges fleet will soon fit away in considerable numbers. The weather has been unfavorable for shore fishing and but few have been landed of late. —Cape Ann Advertiser, Jan. 24.

FLORIDA.—Orange Park, Jan. 20.—Plenty of quail, ducks, larks, a few snipe, etc.; deer and turkey scarce; geese not very plenty. Last week the thermometer for two mornings stood at 23 and 23 deg., which made orange growers look blue. The past season has been very unhealthy. Almost everybody has had fever; many have it yet. The river is very low for the season. NAUTICS.

WISCONSIN.—Baraboo, Jan. 23.—Fishing through the ice has commenced. Gillson's slough seems to be the best fishing-ground. Waltr. Palmer caught, last Monday, twenty-eight perch, and Will Harris caught a fine pickerel the same day that weighed fourteen pounds. E. H.

A GOOD WORD FOR THE EDGAR BARBLESS HOOK.—An intelligent correspondent at Twin Lakes, Florida, writes:

I have seen in the FOREST AND STREAM some comment on the Edgar barbles fish-hook, and have used them bass fishing. They are a No. 1 hook when once you have hooked your fish. I have lost none that were hooked, but there is one objection to them I think, and that is the difficulty of putting on the live bait (if you use through the back) without tearing it. Nevertheless I had rather suffer delay in doing this than have a fish spit the hook out at me as he comes up to

say, "Howdy," or run into the bonnets and take a double bill, round a stalk with the line, while he is trying to get the feeding grounds, leaving me to spoil that ground in disencumbering my line. Tried the bass with the fly last year with good success, but in these waters one has best success near grass or bonnets in fly-fishing, and with a 12-oz. rod it is not always possible to keep the fish in clear water, so that many fish are lost. B.

EFFECTS OF MOONLIGHT ON FISH.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 23, 1879.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

While you are awaiting the results of tests proposed by Professor Goode, I will give you a bit of my experience in regard to the action of moonlight on fish. I have communicated it in person to Prof. Goode, and he thinks the evidence so strong that it should be contributed to your columns, he reserving his judgment until he becomes thoroughly convinced that the phenomenon I described was unmistakably due to the action of the moon's rays, and nothing else. After a day on a trout brook I obtained lodging at a farmer's house, and his wife selected from my basket enough trout for our breakfast, placed them in a pan, and the pan on the roof of a little porch to be safe from the cat; the remainder of my fish, four or five pounds, were restored to the basket which was hung up on a nail in a post in the wood-house.

The fish selected were simply the small ones, with a couple of larger for myself. In the morning the trout in the pan (which had not been covered) were spotted; those in my baskets were sound, and remained so until eaten, after a twelve-mile wagon ride and twenty-four hours' longer keeping. The farmer attributed the spoiling of his fish to the moon's effect, and chided his wife for not covering them. I imbibed the belief that the effect was produced as he asserted, and believe so yet. I confirm the views of your correspondent, "W. K.," as to the effect of the moon's rays upon men sleeping unprotected by awnings, for I have known two instances where sailors have been most singularly affected under such circumstances. In one case a boy, sleeping upon his back in the full glare of the moon, was snatched to such an extent that vigorous medical treatment was necessary, his face being inflamed and distorted as he had been bitten with paralysis of every muscle in it. Our doctors differed; some attributed it to the moon, others to epilepsy. On the other hand, men frequently sleep exposed to the moon's rays and are not so affected. Nor are fish always spoiled. Hence, Prof. Goode's test, while it might prove the positive side of the question should the effects take place, would furnish but negative evidence should it not. It is probable that there may be other causes or atmospheric influences which, when combined with the moon's rays, produce the described effects, which the rays alone are powerless to produce. L. A. B.

The foregoing testimony is from a source which makes it most valuable. Perhaps we may be permitted to say that the writer is a prominent naval officer. Hitherto the question of the lunar effects seems to have been confined to salt water—to fish exposed, or sailors sleeping, on decks of vessels. Now let us hear something of its effects on land. Has not one of the many thousands of emigrants, traders, soldiers, surveyors, meteorologists, and travelers, who have crossed the great plains and the bare exposed prairies no evidence to bring? What of those who have been stampeded and put afoot, without wagon-cover or saddle cloth for a shelter? What of the hairy trapper who seems any covering but a blanket—he who lies out for weeks at a time on prairies so level that not even a sage bush or iron weed breaks the monotony, or offers protection to the upturned faces of the sleepers? It is true the old hard cases roll themselves in their blankets, Indian fashion, and drawing the corner flap over their heads, sleep well. But do they never kick out with the nightmare? never turn over on their backs for a change? never toss in the restlessness of a fever or the torture of an arrow or bullet wound? Have the gentlemen no word of testimony to utter? And if they do allow the pernicious effects of the moon's rays, what scientist will account for it? Our paper circulates at thirty army posts; will not some of the intelligent officers who read it, render us their service?

THE STEAMER VOLCANO OFF THE COAST OF FLORIDA.—The following letter from a most intelligent contributor seems to confirm our theory of a submarine volcano off the coast of Florida, by whose recent eruptions countless numbers of fish have not only been killed but the business of market fishing, upon which so many of the coast dwellers depend for a livelihood, put a stop to altogether. The drift of pumice stone along the shore of the gulf would seem to be almost conclusive evidence in itself. That these eruptions are intermittent, as in other known volcanoes is proven by the data pertaining to similar occurrences twenty-five years ago in the same locality. Inversely, that there have been intermittent phenomena of precisely the same character, proves the absolute fact of volcanic eruptions.

If we were to be allowed to speculate, we might inquire what relation or connection these oceanic disturbances may have with the mysterious smoke inland, near St. Mary's, which has been visible for the past three years, and whose locality and source so many persons have made futile efforts to discover. The evidences of extreme volcanic action, not very remote, are visible all over the western part of Texas, while volcanoes are still burning in Mexico, localities not so far removed as to make the disturbances in the Gulf of Mexico unreliable for conclusive data.

PENSACOLA, FLA., Jan. 21, 1879.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Noticing that there is at present considerable inquiry being made as to the cause of the discolored waters along the south coast, I herewith give my mode of evidence, hoping that it may assist those who are able judges. Although not so well acquainted along the southern coast as from this section, I know the "lay of the land" well enough to believe that it is hardly possible, and not at all probable, that fresh water from the interior could color the sea such distances, and not inundate the land in the vicinity before reaching the sea.

In April, 1859, there appeared along this coast just such a band of discolored water as is now along the southern coast. It was first seen fifteen or twenty miles off shore, extending all along the light from Cape San Blas to within about ten miles of the Mississippi Passes. In about a week it had spread inland, and finally entered the bays

within its range, which up to that time had been clear and pure waters. The appearance of this so-called poisoned water was as though colored with brick dust. After about two months from its appearance it gradually disappeared; whether it drifted off or settled I know not.

Fishing with snags on the banks outside was impossible, and the markets of New Orleans and Mobile were supplied with such fish as could be caught in the bays and bayous where the waters were brackish. The common kinds of fish caught were channel bass, sheepshead and salt-water trout. Captain Destin, my informant, is sure there was no unusual rise of the Mississippi or Alabama rivers, as at that time he caught fish all along the coast for the New Orleans and Mobile markets, and would have been known of any heavy freshets which in those parts. Any time after a heavy wind on shore a person may pick up on the sea beach pieces of pumice stone, varying in size from a square inch to a square foot, and almost all colors from black to white. I send you specimens by mail. Can you tell me where it comes from?

Yours respectfully,

SHAS STEARNS.

Since writing the above we have received the following letter corroborative of the other testimony:

TWIN LAKES, ORANGE COUNTY, FLORIDA, Jan. 18, 1879.
On Sunday night, Jan. 12, we were given our first dose of earthquake at 11:35 o'clock. It was preceded and succeeded by a hoarse roar, an angry rumbling, and I think came from the southeast, vanishing in the northwest; but every person has a different idea of this, owing to the soundness of sleep and amount of scare. The shock was severe enough to rock houses to quite an alarming degree, and lasted about half minute. Does not this shock prove correct the theory that the mortality among fish on the gulf coast arises from sulphurous gases liberated by volcanic action? I think undoubtedly so. The fresh water theory I think laughable. B.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME IN SEASON IN JANUARY.

Hares, brown and gray. Wild duck, geese, brant, etc.

FOR FLORIDA.

Deer, Wild Turkey, Woodcock, Quail, Snipe, Ducks and Wild Plover. "Bay trouts" generally, including various species of plover, sand, piper, snipe, quail, quail for deer, snipe, snipe, plover, avocets, etc., coming under the group *Littorina* or *Storer*.

MOVEMENTS OF SPORTSMEN.—Dr. Carver has gone to Europe, and Capt. Bogardus has gone to his home in Illinois for a two month's rest. Haulan, the oarsman, sailed for Europe yesterday.

THE COMING QUAIL SEASON.—Our suggestions that the suffering game birds be cared for having been so generally and heartily received and acted upon by our readers, a word for the future may not be amiss. A Pennsylvania correspondent very pertinently recalls the great cold season twenty years ago when the birds were all frozen and the sport destroyed. Not only were new birds introduced, but with a far-sighted forbearance and denial of immediate pleasure, the sportsmen refrained from shooting the following seasons until the stock had become again replenished. This course should be imitated the coming season in those parts of the country where the birds have been destroyed this winter. Nature must be allowed an opportunity to recuperate. Let the gun hang idle for a time. When the season comes again it will bring with it the reward.

LYNXES IN MASSACHUSETTS.—Framingham, Mass., Jan. 26.—A wildcat (probably *Lynx canadensis*) was shot a few miles to the westward of this (Boylston, Mass.). He was trod by the hounds in a fox hunt. The first individual of the species that I have heard of in this vicinity was killed in Concord, fifteen miles north of us, about 1855. F. C. B.

NEW YORK.—Lewiston, Jan. 26.—A fine bald-headed eagle has been seen around this place some time. Being the freshest in December, two of our sportsmen, S. S. Haine and J. J. Richardson, shot 101 muskrats in one day on the Black River Marsh, near here. Parker guns and chilled stool did the business. H. W. H.

Shelter Island, Jan. 22.—The bays in this region are all solid with ice, and the ice-gatherers and eelers are out in full force. The wild fowl are not plenty, yet numbers of whistlers, coot, and old squaws have been killed in battery, but the birds are shy and will not come well to stool, though the boat is concealed with ice. MEI.

BUFFALO GUN CLUB.—At the annual meeting at the club rooms, January 13, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Captain B. Hammond; Vice-President, Richard Edge; Secretary, R. P. Tipton; Treasurer, J. G. Gibbons. Board of Managers—R. Edge, Charles Rogers, C. G. Strong, W. W. Rancom, W. H. Price. J. G. G.

THE FRONT OF GESE.—Good Ground, L. J., Jan. 20.—Editor Forest and Stream: I see by your paper of last week that your correspondent from Shelter Island, under the heading of "Flights of Wild Geese," has made some gross mistakes, as, for instance, he says "we have had no flight of wild geese." Now, I have made a business of shooting in Shinnecock Bay for market for thirty-six years, and I never have seen such a flight of wild geese before as I have seen this fall; but your worthy correspondent is twenty miles away. Again, he says we have no ducks. We have a good inlet, and it has been running for five weeks, and he has not found out yet. Again, he says we have no shooting at ducks. Now, I have never seen so many ducks in Shinnecock Bay as there was during the past fall. They did not make as good shooting as they do at times when the feed makes more on shoal water, but we had some very fair shooting. Again, he remarks that the inlet being closed the feed for the ducks is all killed. Now, I will say a small inlet is just what we want for good feed for ducks. Brackish water is the best what we want for ducks. We want to make good feed for broad-bills, red-heads, canvasbacks, black ducks and geese. I will admit that coots, old squaws, shellcrakes and loons want plenty of tide, and that is why your correspondent from Shelter Island goes for. We can dispense with these birds without much effort. Your correspondent also says that the inlet closing up has caused all the fish, clams and oysters to die. Now, we never had in this bay better fish than we had all last summer. I am on the bay every day, and I have not seen the first dead fish yet. Perhaps they went over to Shelter Island to die. It is only twenty miles. Clams and oysters never were better, and as for stagnated water, the water never was purer, and it never was healthier than last summer. The inlet closed up in April, but we have got a good one now, and it looks like a permanent one. W. N. LANE.

DUCKING ON THE SUSQUEHANNA FLATS.—*Philadelphia, Jan. 9.*—*Editor Forest and Stream:*—Under certain conditions the Susquehanna Flats are an excellent place to kill ducks. At other times not worth a button, and in any event not worth the price charged for box, attendants, etc., unless indeed you are an Astor or Vanderbilt, and even then a few days would clean you out. Great bags were made at the opening of the season, noticeably by Messrs. Soule and Prosser, of this city, also Hamilton Disston, Sheriff Wright and Register Wells Neal. All these gentlemen are experienced and have very conceivably plenty of game and comfort that go to make up successful shooting. They are also excellent staggers at the business and would as soon face a nor'easter as an oyster supper. The sport at times is immense, and so is the cost. H.

THE MOORS AND FORESTS OF SCOTLAND.—Mr. Winans and his two sons, accompanied during the last week of the season by Lord Lytton, have killed 170 stags in Glenstrathfarrar, Inverclyde Forest. In the forests of Glunzie and Glenquish Mr. A. B. Bass, M. P., and friends have shot 70 stags. In the Merry Forest the Earls Cowper and Brownlow had 114 stags, the heaviest weighing 224 stones. In Strathvalch Forest Lord Dacre shot 45 stags. At Dundreggan, Mr. Grant, Mr. Macdonald, and Mr. Fraser shot 69 stags. On his own estate, the Canna-Crommoriston, and partly shot 35 stags. The Earl of Argyll shot 100 stags on his own estate. His son, the Hon. the Viscount Torcarrow has finished his stag season in 23 days at his Forest, where, with his sons, Messrs. Colville, James, and Edward Ross, 40 stags were shot, the heaviest weighing 18 stones 3 lbs., and six of the number were a few pounds over 16 stones. The Earl of Cadow left on October 5 for Wales. During the season the party at the Castle had excellent sport, the list of killed (including salmon) amounting to 4,024 heads. This total is made up as follows: Grays, 3,062; black game, 17; partridge, 493; and rabbits, 2,362. Of the latter, 2,362 were taken on the moor, and 1,000 in the forest.

Our present camping ground is located on what is known as Hammock Islands, differing from the cypress or boggy islands that are abundant throughout this swamp. Even on these we cannot keep the feet dry. Much of the cypress lands which are located near streams or bays, are covered with a growth of water lilies, and water lilies are everywhere, except one near Myrtle Island, upon which are about two large bucks feeding at midday the 15th. They did not start for the island, half a mile distant, until they had been driven at three times, and then halted to view us once more. This so-called prairie is always interspersed with open water, making a desirable location for ducking, as they are connected throughout by water courses which are filled with bass and many other kinds of fish. Mallards, blueheads and wood-duck are the most abundant. We had three inches of snow a little over a week ago, but the past few days' warm weather has opened the maple blossoms, and the hum of the bee is heard all along the banks of the Suwannee, which gives the greatest portion of the swamp a decided water course at a distance of eighteen miles from its western end. Near Milton's Ferry, at which place we commenced investigations by boat only, leaving it to draw over some sunken log, or walk upon the hammock islands to sleep, which is not always easily found, and when found is a camping ground for large swarms of mosquitoes, which take a lunch one has half completed supper. Alligators, otters and turtles keep one anxious, when a gun is on board, by their constant plunging, as many of them have not seen a boat since the war with the Indians, who undoubtedly availed themselves of its vinelined water when in quest of game, and to escape their foes. Mounds of turkey bones are everywhere, and the quail will endeavor to gather crumbs about camp every morning. To-night the air is fragrant with spring blossoms and mosquitoes, making this an undesirable pastime.

MONROE.

TO RENDER PAPER SHELLS IMPERVI-
 OUS TO DAMPNESS.

To claim that the simple process renders paper shells absolutely waterproof is a strong assertion, but unless there is some way for water to get in around the primer immersion all night has no effect on them; at least I find my own so treated sure-fire. My experiments were made with the Union Metallic Cartridge Co. paper shells, and they were all first class. Our club has used some 10,000 of them this winter, and the most diligent inquiry has failed to bring forth a single mis-fire. Lately I have been using well-sifted bran to fill shells—a Dixon scoutful between the two wads over the powder. It does not seem to foul the gun any more, and makes an admirable cushion.

BEGGAR.

PIGEON MATCHES.

[illegible]

PENNSYLVANIA— <i>Carlisle, Jan. 17.</i> —Match for a 700-lb. "porkey";															
glass ball, 21 yards rise, Bogardus rises; bust score for boys; second															
bust, special prize:															
J C Rupp (for Rea).....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	17
J C Rupp.....	1	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	16
H McKeegan.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	15
H McKeegan.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	15
H Wolf.....	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	14
D Umboltz.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	14
D Umboltz.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	14
K Keefe.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	13
K Keefe.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	13
Noble (for Knutson).....	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	11
Noble (for Knutson).....	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	11
Reed (for Miller).....	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	9
Reed (for Miller).....	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	9
J J Kingwatsch.....	0	1	1	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	9

Wisconsin—*Parabeo*, Jan. 20.—Score at glass balls; 15 yards rise,
Bogardus trap and rules; six degrees below zero:

Strong.....	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	7
Warren.....	0	0	1	0	0	1	1	1	0	0	1	6

ENAT, Jr.	0	0	1	1	0	1	1	0	7	1	1	8
Whistance.	0	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	0	1	0	7
Elliott.	1	0	1	1	1	0	0	1	0	7	0	1
Brewer.	1	1	0	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	9
Kartack.	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	1

—See Bogardus' Advertisement.

The Kennel.

RICHMOND DOG SHOW.

A DOG show was held at Richmond, Va., last week in connection with the Second Annual Exhibition of the Virginia Poultry Association. It was the first attempt at a dog show in Richmond, the various years of course, not numerous, but the quality was very good, and next year, no doubt, the show will be largely patronized by breeders. The following is the report of the judges, which includes the prize list:

To the Managers of the Richmond Bench Show of Dogs:

Gentlemen—The undersigned, who were requested to act as judges at the exhibition, respectfully report to follow: At 10 o'clock on Monday, Jan. 13, 1879, we assembled to discharge our duties. Our associate, Dr. J. D. Wood, was prevented from attending by sickness. We secured the assistance of S. G. Tinsley, Esq., in judging setters and hounds. The following are our awards:

Class 1—English Setter Dogs—None exhibited were worthy of mention.

Class 14—Pointer Dogs—None exhibited were worthy of mention.

Class 19—Pointer Bitches under 50 lbs.—Two specimens deserving mention, but lacking size, sufficient to be awarded. At 10 o'clock on Monday, Jan. 13, 1879, we assembled to discharge our duties. Our associate, Dr. J. D. Wood, was prevented from attending by sickness. We secured the assistance of S. G. Tinsley, Esq., in judging setters and hounds. The following are our awards:

Class 21—Pointers over six months and under twelve months—Bitch—J. F. Gibson exhibited a very pretty liver and white tick.

Class 26—English Setters—Dogs—1st, T. F. Taylor, Richmond, blue, white and tan dog.

Class 27—English Setter Bitches—1st, T. F. Taylor's Queen Doss.

Class 28—English Setter Pups over six months—Dogs—1st, T. F. Taylor's Violet, black and white, under one year.

Class 32—Champion Black and Tan Setters—Dogs—T. F. Taylor exhibits Champion King, winner of prize for pups under two months old at Baltimore in 1878. We do not think highly of this dog.

Class 33—Champion Black and Tan Setter—Bitch—1st, Fan, with litter of pups by Champion Rupert.

Class 34—Black and Tan Setters—Dogs—1st, T. F. Taylor's Scott. Very handsome dog.

Class 39—Black and Tan Setter Pups under six months—Bitches—1st, C. H. Epps.

Class 42—Red and Red and White Setters—Dogs—1st, T. F. Taylor's Scout. Handsome dog.

Class 43—Red or Red and White Setters—Bitches—1st, T. F. Taylor's bitch Jane, by Rufus.

Class 46—Red or Red and White Pups under six months—Dogs—1st, T. F. Taylor's Scout. Handsome dog.

Class 47—Red or Red and White Setters under six months—Bitches—T. F. Taylor exhibited three gyps of same litter as last named.

Class 69—Foxhounds, best couple—Richmond Hunting Club exhibits Brandt and Joe Johnson—a fine pair; also handsome brace of pups; also lovely bitch of very delicate texture.

Class 62—Beagles—Mr. W. L. Bradbury exhibits a brace of very diminutive beagles, of which we are not judges, and as to us we could scarcely see them.

Class 65—Fox Terriers—Dogs—Mr. W. L. Bradbury exhibits a beautiful specimen.

Class 74—Ball Terriers, dog or bitch—George Ives for dog named "Buck."

Class 73—Bulldogs—None worthy of mention. Terriers—Several exhibited; wanting points of any specific breed; pretty, but mongrel.

We cannot conclude without saying that we regard the show as in all respects most creditable, considering the short notice given. We think it unjust to dog-owners in other portions of this State to do more than express that the prize-winners are entitled to the awards among those present. We think full opportunity for exhibition should be given to all portions of the State before any awards attempt to declare a State or other supremacy. We suggest that the State Fair presents a fine opportunity for a display where the whole State can be represented. We doubt, however, whether the State can furnish a handsome room for the exhibition of dogs than we had at your exhibition. We cannot conclude without expressing the gratification we feel at seeing in our midst a kennel of such varied, well selected, approved and carefully separated strain of setters as Mr. T. F. Taylor possesses. It is already doing much toward restoring the prestige of Virginia dogs, and we doubt not, will continue to do great good. All of which is respectfully submitted.

JOHN S. WISE, W. RUSSELL ROBINSON, Judges; S. G. TINSLEY.

SCOTCH TERRIERS AT DETROIT.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 21, 1879.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

Your correspondent "Druid," speaking of the Scotch terriers at the Detroit Dog Show, says: "The winner of the first prize should have received no notice, for being a red dog, but a blue one." I have no knowledge of the facts of the case other than the above words, and am not personally interested in this particular case, but I ask for information if the fact of a Scotch terrier being red should be against him in judging? Mr. Tilsen's book of points, compiled from Stonehenge and adopted by the Westminster Kennel Club, gives the colors as either pepper or mustard (which I understand to include all shades from red to yellow). At our last show here the first prize was given to a dog of the mustard or red variety, though there were some pure blue dogs exhibited which were not noticed. The second was taken by a light blue dog with buff legs (owned by the writer), and two remarkably fine seven-month pups of a red color were marked "V. H. O., but too young for prizes." I shall exhibit at our next show a pup from one of these two and the first prize dog, and I will add blue to the pup, as I suppose is a prettier color in itself, I think I have good authority in considering that, point for point, a red or mustard Scotch terrier should be judged as high as a blue or pepper colored one.

Very respectfully yours,
R. S. R.
Our correspondent is probably confounding a nondescript class which has found a place at our shows, known as the Scotch terrier class, which admits any broken haired terrier with the true Dandie Diamond class. If there was no class for Dandies at the Detroit show the judge was quite right in placing a red dog first, all other things being equal, as certainly the Dandie has a perfect right among Scotch terriers. It is true that this Scotch class was abolished and a class made for broken haired terriers other than those for which specific classes are provided.

MR. DAVIDSON TO "DEAD SHOT."

MONROE, Jan. 25, 1879.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

To "Dead Shot," in the Chicago paper of Jan. 25, on "Why Mr. Davidson should have received no notice, for being a red dog, but a blue one," who cowardly shoots from behind a screen I consider unworthy of notice. A ting cannot be either straight or square.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

ETHAN ALLIN ON DOGS FOR RUFFED GROUSE.

POMFRET CENTRE, Jan. 13, 1879.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

In the FOREST AND STREAM, of Jan. 2, I saw my name mentioned in an article on spaniels, in which the writer infers that my breed of setters have been made by crossing the clumber spaniel on the setter. To set this matter right I would say that I never bred from a clumber spaniel or had one in my kennel. Nor have I ever bred to anything but a pure setter. My breed of setters have been made from different crosses of setters that have come under my own observation in the field. I have always made it a rule to get blood from a dog until I have first seen him on game in the field. If all right there, and he showed indications of being purely bred, I did not hesitate to breed to him. It is by judicious crossing for forty years that I have made my breed of setters what they are at the present day. I have always bred for quality, irrespective of color, and the result has been color in all varieties except solid colors. I have always been a stickler for white, or part white, in preference to solid colors, so my dogs now are invariably part white. Ruffed grouse has always been my favorite game bird, and I have bred my setters with special reference to that kind of game, and my success in the matter I leave to those who have witnessed their field performance on that bird. Different writers entertain different opinions in regard to what constitutes a first class ruffed grouse dog, yet all agree that an obedient, easy controlled dog is indispensable to success. Some class a trailing, pottering dog, that depends on foot scent to find his game, as No. 1. I admit more ruffed grouse can be shot over such a one than over a fast, headlong one, that expects to be within ten feet of his game before he points. I do not class either as No. 1. A ruffed grouse dog does not matter how staunch they may be. A No. 1 ruffed grouse dog should carry a light head and have scenting powers sufficient to carry a fresh trail without losing the ground, and be able to point his game staunchly at from thirty to fifty yards with the wind in his favor, and have sufficient judgment, when roading before the wind, to point before he comes within flashing distance, and unless he can do it I do not class him No. 1. In the FOREST AND STREAM, of Nov. 14, 1878, Mr. Everett Smith speaks of the habits of ruffed grouse in the wilds of Maine, and tells of good sport to be had with them by riding along wood roads and shooting them from a horse, and I do not think it is too much to say that he called that sport I have yet to learn what sportsmen generally call sport. I reckon he would have a long ride in this part of Connecticut before he would make a big bag in that way. He also classes them as favorite runners, but here I do not think they are as much inclined to race as quails. With us they are the most shy game bird to approach we have in this part of New England, and it is only the most keen-scented, cautious dogs that can be depended on to point them. The idea of the prying a fast quail dog of his range that has been instilled into him once and again, and has been told him over to clear work in thick cover as an expert on ruffed grouse, is, in my opinion, like putting the ear before the horse, and to me seems ridiculous. Would it not be much easier to teach a dog to range in open than to shorten his range in cover after he had learned to range in open, especially on ruffed grouse, where a single word will often dash them; when they scarce mind the presence of the dog? Now, in this matter I do not claim to be right, but this is merely my judgment.

ETHAN ALLIN.

JUDGING AT THE DETROIT SHOW.—Editor Forest and Stream: I see your contemporary is still banging away at John Davidson. It only goes to prove what was originally asserted by Mr. Whitman, that it is not his great desire that fairness shall be shown at all trials and bench shows, unless a slight departure may be occasionally taken in favor of the blues. I, by chance, happened to meet Mr. Davidson at the Detroit Show, and he expressed himself well pleased with the judging of sporting dogs, and felt highly complimented that Mr. Stoddard should have corroborated his opinion regarding the merits of those he had formerly judged. I have heard that Mr. Davidson was solicited to judge the Detroit Show, but the decision was put off until after the Nashville trials, and in the meantime Mr. Davidson's article regarding Nellie appeared, and he was then informed that that article settled it—he could not act as judge. If Mr. Davidson did say the show, except in setter classes, showed but few good specimens, he was correct, as worse specimens than were shown in several classes on seldom seen. The management was good. I think the trade of abuse heaped on Mr. Davidson and others had much to do with there not being a larger show than there was. Sportsmen do not view with favor the rule or ruin policy of your contemporary; they believe in justice to all. No "ring" for them. FAIR PLAY.
Detroit, Jan. 24, 1879.

POISONING BY STRYCHNINE.—We are indebted to a correspondent at York, Maine, for the following account of a successful treatment of a case of poisoning:

December 15, 1878, Susie was discovered in a tetanic convulsion about 4 p. m. She was taken into the house in a state of complete rigidity. From the tetanic-like seizure, and the frequent recurrence, as well as the increasing severity of the spasm, I diagnosed strychnine poisoning.

In the *Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal* for July, '78, an article is copied from the *Daily Graphic*, which set copied from *Nature*, an account of a Skye terrier having been poisoned with strychnine. The article was copied from a hydrate. I determined to try it in this case. The experiments of the British Medical Association made last year proved conclusively that a fatal dose of chloral hydrate would neutralize a poisonous dose of strychnine, and that the minimum fatal dose of the former for a rabbit was twenty-one grains. Having only a syrup of chloral at hand, of course hypodermic medication was out of the question. I gave her a tablespoonful of the syrup three times a day, with the effect of relieving the convulsion in a few moments. When there were signs of a recurrence I gave her another spoonful. After having taken four tablespoonfuls of the syrup she slept quietly for a few minutes, and by 9 p. m. she was able to stand, although she had not the power of co-ordination. At 11 p. m. the action of the heart was at times somewhat irregular, but all symptoms of convulsions had disappeared, and the next day, except a slight stiffness of the legs and arms, she was as well as usual. If twenty-one grains of chloral is a poisonous dose for a rabbit, certainly one hundred grains would be a fatal dose for a dog of less than five times the weight of a rabbit, and the whole amount taken by Susie (about 240 grains) of itself was sufficient to kill her. From my experiences in this case I am led to the conclusion that chloral hydrate is as true an antidote for strychnine poisoning as is albumen for the ordinary quinine. The main point in the treatment seems to give a fatal dose of chloral to counteract the fatal dose of strychnine. J. C. STEWART.

SALT AND ICE.—Editor Forest and Stream: Our Board of Health has recently passed a resolution prohibiting the scattering of salt on the side-walks and horse-car tracks, on account of the very deleterious influence that this freezing mixture has on the feet and boots and shoes of pedestrians and the hoofs of horses. There have been some letters in the daily papers referring to the suffering which this process causes to dogs. My setter a few days ago, while following me through the slush on a side-walk, began to limp in a most extraordinary manner, very much as though he had a thorn sticking in the ball of each of his fore-feet. While I was looking at him in astonishment he knuckled over on his side and began licking his paws furiously. On examining I could not see any cut or foreign body in the ball of the paws, but I noticed that they felt very large and stiff, and further examination showed that between his toes were solid masses of ice, which stuck so hard he is very thickly furled there, that it was with difficulty that I removed them. I should think that it would not require a very long exposure of the feet in that mixture to freeze them enough to permanently disable a dog. Of the danger to bipeds of this practice this is not the place to speak, but I merely mention the fact as showing the advantage, even to canine companions, of having a competent board of professional men to watch over the health and well-being of a large city. MIO MAC.

Boston, Jan. 17, 1879.

A NEW RETRIEVER.—A correspondent writes: "A few days since I was out shooting wild duck on a pond some miles from Los Angeles, Cal. Some of them fell in the middle of the pond, which was deep. I had no dog with me and was casting about in my mind what I should do in order to get them out, when a boy came along from a neighboring ranch-house accompanied by a greyhound. I asked him to try whether his dog would bring out my ducks. He replied that he thought the dog would not do so; but at the same time he threw a small stone into the pond near to one of the birds, and immediately the dog started in, made up to the bird, took it into his mouth, and, without mauling it in the slightest degree, brought it out and laid it at the boy's feet. The boy threw in a second stone near another bird, and again the dog went in and retrieved the bird in the same handsome manner, just as though he had been regularly trained to the work. The whole performance struck me as a very unusual and remarkable one, especially as the dog had no previous training. I wonder whether any one ever used a greyhound as a retriever before. C. B.

NOTE.—We shall feel indebted if persons who desire to claim name will give the breed of their dogs and their age.—Ed.

—Mr. John N. Meyer, of New York, claims the name of Brenda for his liver and white pointer bitch pup, out of the Westminster Kennel Club's Flirt, by Sensation.

—Mr. R. M. Harvey, of Philadelphia, claims the name of Cora Black for his black and white bitch by Levering's Harry out of Levering's Dot.

—Mr. H. R. McLaughlin, of Baltimore, claims the name of Chance for his Gordon setter by Palmetto out of Belle.

—Mr. E. M. Kellum, of Vincennes, Ind., claims the name of Rupert, Jr., for his puppy bought of T. F. Taylor, Richmond, Va., born Jan. 2, 1879, out of Champion Foss, by Champion Rupert. Rupert, Jr., is full Gordon setter, black and tan, no white; exact color of Champion Rupert.

—Mr. Jacob Eckstein, of Philadelphia, claims the name of Roll for his black and white ticked setter puppy out of Puck's Queen, by Levering's Harry; whelped Oct. 14, 1878, also Lady Jane for a red setter bitch out of his Gypsy by Hart's Patsy.

—Mr. Geo. H. Thomson, of Philadelphia, claims the name of Diogenes for his red Irish setter pup, but gives no pedigree.

Rational Hastings.

THE PEDESTRIAN FRODO.—Incited by the success of Madame Anderson, a host of ambitious pedestrians are rushing into the sawdust arena, eager to surpass the feat of the English pedestreine. In East New York a woman is attempting to walk 2,700 quarter miles in 2,700 consecutive periods of twelve minutes each; in the Fifth Regiment Armory, this city, two men are on the track, one to cover 2,000 half miles in 2,000 consecutive twenty minutes, and the other to walk 2,000 half miles in 2,000 half hours; at the Browster Building, Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth St., Miss Annie Bartol is on the way to fame and fortune. Her task in 3,000 quarter miles in 3,000 consecutive quarter hours. Washington, D. C., has an exhibition of similar character, and there are others throughout the country of which we cannot begin to keep track. They are wise women in their day and generation who take advantage of the present interest in such exploits to bring a generous fortune from the sight-seeing public; for the time is coming when that same public will be so satiated with the spectacle of femininity propelling itself around a sawdust track that it will refuse to put its hand into its pocket for the chink; and the homely old proverb has it: "Money makes the mare go."

—Toward the close of her late walk in Brooklyn, Miss Anderson made many laps very fast—asleep.

—One of the pedestrians who recently undertook a long distance walk was named Trot. Trot ought to be barred Why not give Walker, Foote and Leggett a chance?

—A pedestrian who has been attempting to cover 450 miles in six days at Mozart Garden, Brooklyn, retired at the expiration of his time with 411 miles to his credit. Next!

—C. A. Harriman, who is to meet O'Leary, completed 150 miles in three days in Brooklyn last week.

FIFTY-HOURS' WALK.—The walk of fifty hours between Miller and Ross at the Baltimore Academy of Music terminated Saturday evening. Miller had forced the pace from the beginning, and had broken down his opponent. The score at the end was Miller, 131 miles; Ross, 105 miles. Miller was off the track 16 hours and Ross 20 hours.

For Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.
ON SKATES.

IN these degenerate days we have no such skaters as there were in the sturdy old times. Notwithstanding the great popularity to which it attained only a few years ago, the average skater now requires more territory than ever in order to exhibit his spasmodic skill. He is very much such an artist as that ambitious academical who ordered a hundred square yards of canvas on which to paint a landscape that would have looked much better if reduced to ten feet by seven. In skating, as in many other arts, we do not condense and concentrate. It is only the most perfect among artists who can reproduce in perspective upon infinitesimal surface. The ability to do so is gained only by constant practice and earnest application. The vast area of our country and our lack of funds seem to lead us into corresponding ideas of doing things, and unless we attempt them on a grand scale—like that fellow who went "around the world on skates"—they attract no attention, although to compass the globe on skates requires less preparation than to write one's name backward on the ice with skates, or dance a minuet under the same conditions.

No doubt the god Uller, of ancient fame, derived much of his reputed beauty by reason of his fondness for skating. At all events, with the single exception of walking, there is no more natural or healthful exercise than skating. But as with dancing, swimming and various other amusements, we are apt to overdo it in the attempt to make excess answer for frequent and regular practice. It is only the strong, healthy man or woman, with plenty of leisure and funds, who can undertake long-distance skating. To those in suitable condition, however, this affords the keenest pleasure imaginable, especially if the additional charm of accomplished skating has been acquired. It is stretching away upon a frozen lake or river, where the ice has no mole limit, is a magnificent sport. In Scotland and Ireland, and other extremely cold countries, it is not an unusual thing to see parties of three or five spending weeks and months on the polished blades, visiting widely several localities, and making an average of fifty or even seventy-five miles a day.

It is only at rare intervals that such expeditions can be undertaken in the United States, owing to the extreme of almost unrelenting and frequent heavy snows; therefore, we must be content with fine-art skating and a day's excitement "all along shore," in pursuit of deer and fox. A thrilling adventure of the latter description once came under my observation, not far from the headwaters of the Chenango and Susquehanna rivers. I was skating with a friend on the former river, about five miles north of Binghamton. It was a clear, cold day, with a bright sun, two feet of snow on the ground, including a light crust, yet not a flake in the beautiful ice, for the swift river had not closed until most of the snow fell, and the little that had lain for a day or two had melted in the February sun, which came out genial and kind after the long storm. It was near the close of the month, and the sun was high, his welcome smile having tempted us out in pursuit of ducks, which came a long distance to one of the many coves in that vicinity, where water from several living springs kept the ice from becoming too hard. We ran an average of five inches of ice in mid-channel. This place was on lands belonging to the old half-mile square Indian reservation, known as "Glen Castle" and "Cascadel," the latter a beautiful brook, which empties into the river further south. The farm then belonged to a gentleman in New York named Pierson. The "Castle Farm," as it was sometimes called, contained 800 acres, and had every variety of landscape within its bounds. At that time a grove existed near the mouth of Cascadel, in which the ring where the Indians danced round their camp-fire was plainly marked, as no tree or underbrush would grow where so many feet had stamped the sod in days and nights gone by. This grove covered an acre or two, and had chestnut, pine, beech and oak within it, and several fine beech trees, as well as oak sprouts grow in the centre of this camp-fire-ring, as we then called it. This was a famous place, for the red men were buried at the base of the knoll on which the grove stood, and the brook which comes down from the northwest, makes a graceful curve to the southward around the knoll, so that during high water it washed out not only flint arrow heads and old Queen Anne cents, but bones of the fated red men as well. As a boy I have picked up many curious relics of the vanished race thereabout, and remember reading in Wilkinson's "Annals of Binghamton" the particulars of the sale of the reservation which, by means of this water-mine fraud, the Indians were induced to part with for our old rifles.

The cove is formed by setting back of the river upon marshy land extending southwestward to a circular ridge in the old orchard where the Indians had a stockaded or palisaded inclosure which they designated as "the castle," and within which some twenty or thirty families kept their lodge fires burning. The river abounded with fish of many kinds—I have seen very large bass caught there in my time, and the river was alive with deer and small game of nearly every variety. It was a paradise for the braves, and but for the red man's love of the pale-face's firewater their descendants might have been enjoying it still. On the day described my friend carried a double barreled side and shot-gun, and I had my splendid little top-and-bottom ride and shot, built by Stuart, of Binghamton—a capital gunsmith, by the way, who still lives, notwithstanding the terrible accident in the winter of South and Central America—he was a boy then, and our guns were muzzle-loaders. The "brecc-butchers," as we named the other kind, were only just making their appearance, and we did not like them, for our old guns would not only reach further but shoot more accurately than the breech-loaders, which have since been greatly improved, I am glad to add, and consequently my prejudice has been softened; but so strong is habit within me that I was going ducking to-morrow I would much prefer the old muzzle-loader, for the others have a "measly trick of missing" yet, which I do not like or care to get better acquainted with.

The traveler coming south over the A. & S. or S. & B. branch of the D. L. & W. may see the cove, as it is in plain sight of the Iron bridge, a few rods south of Chenango Bridge Station, on the latter railway. The river makes a sharp bend to the southward about half a mile west of the bridge, and in the elbow of the curve thus formed is the scene I have described.

As my friend and I were skimming on up the river with

our guns thrown into the water of our left arms and our skates making a subdued "ch-r-r-r" in the hard glacio ice, we caught sight, almost instantaneously, of two birds apparently covered with blood from head to foot. They were half or three-quarters of a mile distant up the river and near the opposite or eastern shore. They were on skates and had guns like ourselves, and somewhere further to the eastward, behind a strip of woodland, we could hear that long musical cry of a bound, which is unmistakable evidence of a strong scent.

My friend elevated his toes with an exclamation of astonishment, and as his skates ground into the ice, making a shower of its glittering dust fly right and left, he asked:

"What now? Are the red men returning?"

Before I had time to reply a loud shout and violent gesticulations from the red men, who were designated then, induced us to look down stream where, not more than thirty yards away, a string of three foxes were making a bee-line for the opposite bank, which was about 1,000 feet ahead of them.

While my friend and I stood looking at the tempting sight, but withholding our fire, a rifle cracked behind us, and a heavy ball passed between us, killing the middle and suggesting fox instantly. We never measured the distance between us, but I should judge it was all first shot, although my impression at that time was, and continues to be, that it did not exceed three feet. The free flight of the ball was not less than half a mile, and may have been a hundred feet more. To say that we were frightened does not do the occasion justice. I never shall forget the vicious hiss of that long ball if I live a century. There was nothing to be said and we said nothing. I saw my friend's knees tremble as he turned to look at the fellow who had fired, and I saw him start and rear and leading fox went up the bank like a cat, and the hound came down across the eastern flats at full speed. Not an instant did he lose at the dead fox, but gained the western shore and was gone several seconds before the hunters came up to us. We could now see that they wore red flannel underclothing, and nothing else except boots. I afterward learned that I did not know at the time, that the flannels were double, and each man was wearing two sets.

"Was you scarte, boys?" asked the larger fellow as they came up.

"No," said I; "but we are now. Don't you consider such experiments rather dangerous?"

"For the fox—yes! Come down, and we'll have a look at him."

"What's your name?" asked my friend, as we turned about and skated leisurely back.

"Ain't any—folks too poor to gin me one."

It was a year or more before we could learn his family name, which was Soper. The fox had an ounce ball through his heart, and I am morally certain that it passed within a foot or two of my friend's shoulder, as he always assured me that he felt the whiz, and more accurately, the quick quiver of the air as the bullet rushed between us on its fatal errand. Such experiences are very much the same as those attending earthquakes—the more one has of them the less one wants—for the fear increases with the repetition, and there is no such thing as getting used to it.

There were ducks enough that day, but we did not kill many, as we were a long time getting our nerves quieted.

We are indebted to Holland for the skate—*secaut*—wherein is used as we use boots and shoes or horses and steam, for the same convenience and conservation of time. It is a custom so ancient that there are no records of its invention, and yet good skaters are almost unknown in Holland. As a nation the Dutch are awkward on skates, flinging their arms about like the wings of their native wind-mills. Until recently it was an unheard-of feat to skate ten miles continuously. They would not do it any more than the average American would walk that distance. Several centuries ago the people of Edinburgh and London led the world in popularizing the art. Strutt records the fact in his "Sports and Pastimes" and describes four gentlemen who danced a double minuet on skates with a degree of elegance and ease far superior to that displayed in the ball-room. William Hone states that "the elegance of skaters on that sheet of water is chiefly exhibited in quadrilles, which some parties go through with a beauty scarcely imaginable; those who have not seen graceful skating." If we except a few of the northern countries of Europe, there is no place in the world where more accomplished skaters abound than in this modern city of New York, although many of them are foreigners. Outside the court circles of St. Petersburg very little skating is done in Russia. Mr. William H. Fuller nowhere met with greater success and attention than during his tour of Russia. True, most of his time was spent in the parlor skates, but it was art, for all that. He was dived and won by the ladies, especially the ladies, and more than once he enjoyed driving a team of four, and could only please the Dutch by skating with folded arms, which was the easiest part of his programme.

Probably one of the finest exhibitions of this description ever witnessed was that of the dancers, Dumas and wife, at Paris, in the opera of *Prophete*, roller skates having been introduced there as early as 1819, and the long, smooth avenues and boulevards were frequently enlivened by the swift skaters, who also flocked to the public gardens just as we do to go to Central Park and Prospect Park to see the crowd and skate awhile.

Mr. Fuller, the athletic gentleman who circumnavigated the globe with a pair of roller skates in his vest pocket, giving successful exhibitions of his wonderful skill in most of the large cities of Europe, is a native of Boston, which he left at the age of twenty, and going to Calcutta, thence to Liverpool and back to New York, where he soon became a master of a yacht. His first attempt at skating since he was a boy took place at Central Park subsequent to the events already mentioned, whether he went one day to see if he had forgotten his skill. Unconsciously he attracted instant attention, and before he realized what had happened to him the thousands around him divided into knots and long lines, watching his splendid efforts, and soon cheering him as he performed feat after feat of the most extraordinary kind.

He became the lion of the hour in no time, and throughout the winter delighted immense crowds who visited the park on purpose to see him and witness his unsurpassed exhibitions of skill.

The transition to parlor skates was quite natural, and a little practice gave him full command of them; and shortly, combining business with pleasure, he was engaged with the manufacturer in their sale. A little later he sailed for Australia, to Copple, the Baroum of Australia, to Sydney and Melbourne, where he made his first appearance as Dunderoy on ice—served hot—with all the side-dishes of that incorrigible character. But it did not wholly please the esthetic taste of that bourn; "his attacks upon the constitution and respectability of the old country were not, after all, just the thing, you know," and he ventured to return—to India—after seven

months of popular entertainments in the cities and large towns of that auferious isle.

At Calcutta the Nabob of Surat caused a platform, 50x100 feet, to be laid in a grove of evergreens, where the skater gave a superb exhibition, beginning with a waltz, then varsovienne, which created great excitement and applause. A polka and figure skating followed, and Dunderoy closed the fun; for all of his falls were free, my countrymen, and were intensely amusing. After the entertainment, was over an official presented our hero with a purse of 700 rupees.

The Nabob gave no visible hint of satisfaction or displeasure, but two or three months after Fuller left Surat the Nabob sent him a magnificent golden star of the most ingenious manufacture. The points were composed of diamonds, and the whole was valued at \$1,200.

He went to Suez, giving exhibitions of his skill on the deck of the steamer which attracted passengers and crew. At the hotel in Suez he was invited to give an entertainment, which was much more elaborate than that on the steamer, and he was rewarded with a purse of silk, which had been filled with rupees, to the number of 150. Very likely it was the first skating ever done in the desert of the Pharaohs.

At Constantinople our Knight of the Golden Star met with an equally cheering reception, but the countless dogs which infest that city nearly killed him.

Odessa was his next objective point, where he has won glory and his manager took the cash. Here he received his first bouquet from a princess. People shook hands with him in the street, and informed him confidentially that he had made a decided hit. He concluded such must be the case after his second appearance, when the same lady who gave him the bouquet stopped her carriage in the street, gave him a ride with her through the suburbs, and invited him to make her house—the Governor's official residence—his home while in the city. He dined there occasionally during the six weeks of his stay, but never with the lady, as that was not in accordance with court etiquette.

He went next to the handsome city of Kherson, thence overland to Katherinoff, Karkov, and Poltava were his next skating places. On again to Orel, where other ladies of high rank paid marked attention for his fame, had him in front, and everywhere his appearance was a signal for an ovation. He proceeded to Zula and Moscow, remaining in the latter city three months, and visiting the famous Williams' iron works. He tarried at St. Petersburg seven months, and often skated before an audience of a thousand people; once in the great national theatre, for which the Government paid him, on the 10th of the Opera, with and under the patronage of the Russian Noble Club, an organization as famous in its way as the N. Y. C. C.; then to Prussia and Germany, and finally to the paradise of skaters—Dolland. He spent the ensuing winter in Amsterdam, where he enjoyed only three days of ice skating. At Rotterdam he had one fine day, and skated in the harbor before thousands of spectators who lined the river shores. At the Hague he skated before the Queen, and there closed his engagements on parlor skates, having been away from home about five years.

The autumn of 1869 saw him once more in his native land for a short visit, after which he went to Paris and repeated his triumphs.

Those who have nothing else to tempt them from the fire cannot do better than acquire the art of skating. It brings every muscle into full and natural play, knits the bones and cartilages and stirs the blood so that it insures a course so conducive to health. Besides, it is a realization of the poetry of motion in its widest sense. "*Dem vletnits, vletnits.*"

Ego.

[Reprinted for Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.]

APPROACH OF THE ARCHERY SEASON.

Mr. Dorrton: Hearing there was to be a convention of archers in Chicago the middle of January, I concluded to take the trip to that city, as I was anxious to become better acquainted with the already famous members of the Western Archery Club, an organization of which I was desirous to find the meeting postponed. My friend, Mr. H. C. Corvair, one of the best shots with a bow in the West, and President of the Chicago Archery Club, introduced me to a number of the members of that association, and showed me their arrangements for shooting in-doors. They are fitting up a 100-yard range at the Exposition building, and will soon be practicing regularly.

From Chicago I went to Crawfordville, the home of the brothers Thompson, who have done so much toward creating the great archery craze in this country. Unfortunately, Mr. Maurice Thompson, the author of the charming book, "Witchery of Archery," was absent, but I spent a very pleasant evening with his brother Will, who entertained me with his hunting exploits with the bow, and with whom I talked archery to my heart's content. Mr. Will and Maurice Thompson are masters of the subject, and their experience is very thorough. They and other members of the Wabash Merry Band were very much pleased with the patent split bamboo bow now being made by Messrs. Conroy, Bissett & Malleon, as also were the members of the Chicago Club. They subjected the bow to the most severe tests, but failed to break anything but a few bow-springs; in fact, Mr. Will Thompson pronounces them unbreakable. The texture or fibre of bamboo is entirely different from that of wood, and, as it runs the whole length of the cane, it makes the bow much tougher and more difficult to wear, and the severe and constant straining. They believe these bows will take the place of imported wood bows and drive them out of the market. It seems to be the experience of all clubs that no wood bows will stand the severe shooting at long range, and though I could not believe it possible at first, I am now satisfied that even the finest wood bows will give out after a certain amount of shooting. The heavier the bow pulls the sooner it will break.

I stopped on my return at Buffalo, where I found the archers very much in earnest. Their in-door arrangements for shooting are perfect. The City Armory, a well heated and lighted building, affords them a splendid range up to sixty yards. The club have a regular practice night, and the ladies are frequently found practicing there pleasant afternoons. This, of course, gives them a wonderful advantage over us, who have not the facilities, and the Buffalo team win nearly the rest of the archers in the great tournament at Chicago next season.

I will be happy to send the plans of the bows, etc., used by the Buffalo archers to any club wishing to use them. The cost is small, and they answer perfectly. Let them send their address to W. Holberton, President Orient Archers, 63 Fulton street, N. Y.

GEOGRAPHICAL DERIVATIVES.

"Now," in a chill tone she said,
 "I will be Frank, his true—
 Altho' you Arab brilliant catch,
 I do not Cafrize you!"

"O lady, Dame to beat my suit—
 This heart is Scot by thee!"

"Nay, sir, I can not make your words
 For you Arnaut to me!"

"The Welsh," she added freezingly,
 "Since Siam pressed so far,
 To Hindoo you, no longer here,
 And so, good sir, Tartar!"

"What Ottoman like me to do?"
 Bewailed the stricken man;
 "I'll finish up my life and career
 And wed the Gallian!"

—St. Louis Times.

SECRET OF SNAKE CHARMING.—In India the favorite snake for exhibition is the cobra, partly because of its magnificent appearance, and partly because its deadly character being so well known, any trilling with it appears to the uninitiated public the more wonderful. Nor, indeed, do the performances of the Hindoo snake charmer lose, on better acquaintance, all their marvellousness, for courage of a high order, arising partly from the confidence acquired in long practice, is manifested in seizing and bagging the dreadful ophidian.

In most cases the charmer renders the reptile harmless by drawing their poison fangs, and the exhibition becomes then merely one which exhibits the snake's highly trained condition. On the other hand it often happens that the basket contains the veritable death-dealer, and a cobra with his fangs undrawn is nearly always forth-coming if the temptation in money be sufficiently strong. But in the handling of the creature when once exposed there is no hesitation, for hesitation means death, and in the swift seizure and sudden release there is a daring of an exceptional kind. A cobra strikes, and before it has made up its mind to strike, with lightning rapidity, and to dodge lightning successfully requires considerable agility.

The snake charmers, however, when put on their mettle will grasp the erect cobra with impunity, owing solely to the superior speed of their movements, for by a feint they provoke the reptile to strike, and before it can recover its attitude seize it below the jaws. In the same way the ichneumon or mongoose secures in contest with venomous snakes a comparative immunity. It was for a long time an article of faith with writers of popular works on natural history that this animal enjoyed a complete immunity, but scientific experiment has corrected this fallacy. A mongoose and cobra confined together fought fiercely, and though the latter seemed to the eye to strike his antagonist repeatedly, the mongoose, it being examined after it had killed the snake, was found to be untouched.

Another cobra was then brought on to the scene, and, being made to close its fangs on the mongoose's leg, the animal confessed its susceptibility to the poison by dying in about four minutes. It was, therefore, by its superior activity alone that in fair fight with the reptile it had escaped unhurt, and to the same cause the snake charmer owes the immunity that attends his exhibition. But as in the case of the mongoose the snake charmer, who is actually bitten, dies as rapidly as any other creature, in spite of all the powers of his charms, roots and snake stone. The Hindoo spectator refuses to believe this, and enjoys, therefore, by his credulity, a pleasure denied to more intelligent audiences, for if we could only accept as truth the snake charmer's statement that he has really been bitten, and the red drops on the bitten spot were actually blood exuding from the fatal puncture, and could then believe that the root he smelt, the stone he applied to the wound, and the charms he muttered were veritably counteracting the magic of the cobra's poison, the spectacle would be of surpassing interest, since it would be a miracle. —London Telegraph.

PLANTING TELEGRAPH POLES BY THE AID OF AN EXPLOSIVE POWDER.—The Titusville (Pa.) Herald publishes the following: "A new and improved mode of planting telegraph poles has recently been discovered and tried with success in this city. The method being stacked off at a distance of about 200 feet apart, a man starts off with a pocketful of four-ounce cartridges containing the wonderful new explosive known as 'electric powder,' and with a crowbar in his hand. A hole is punched from 4 to 5 feet with the bar in a few minutes, and a cartridge dropped to the bottom of the hole thus made, fill in with gravel and earth, and the job is complete. It matters not what soil is perforated with the bar, wet or dry, loam, clay, gravel, slate or boulders (provided the bar can be inserted), the effect is the same. A gang of four men, with the poles delivered on the ground—one man to blast and three to erect the poles and tamper them—will put from 100 to 150 poles a day of ten hours each. The cost, therefore, of this new and improved process is about two-thirds less than the ordinary method of planting telegraph poles, as now practiced.

Admirers of Artistic Pottery and Glass are invited to inspect some choice examples select- ed by Messrs. TIFFANY & CO. during the Paris Exposition, including:

New Plaques by Minton, decorated by Mussill with novel marine designs.

Salvati's latest reproductions of the Venetian Glass of the Sixteenth century.

Fac-similes of the Trojan iridescent bronze glass exhumed by Dr. Schliemann.

New Plaques by Copeland, decorated with strongly drawn heads by Hewitt.

Reproductions, by Doulton, of old Flemish stone ware.

Reproductions of the Scinde Pottery made by the Bombay Art Society.

Recent examples of Ginori's reproductions of old Italian majolica.

Specimens of Capo di Monti ware, Austrian iridescent and enameled Glass and Limoges Faience of new colors.

UNION SQUARE.



A SLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. FIRST GRAND DISTRIBUTION, CLASS B, AT NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1891—Monthly Drawing, Louisiana State Lottery Company.

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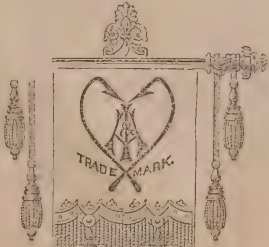
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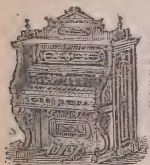
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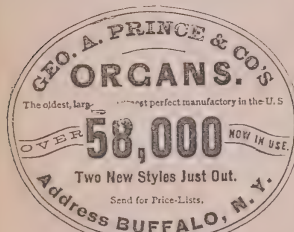
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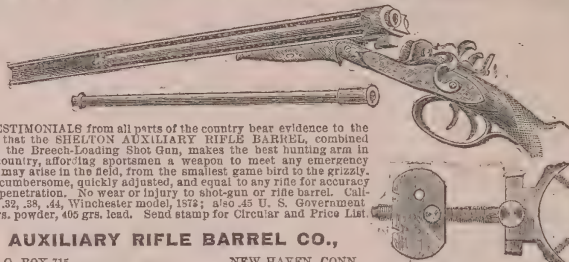
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